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Arthur's magazine

THE

LADIES' MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, FASHION AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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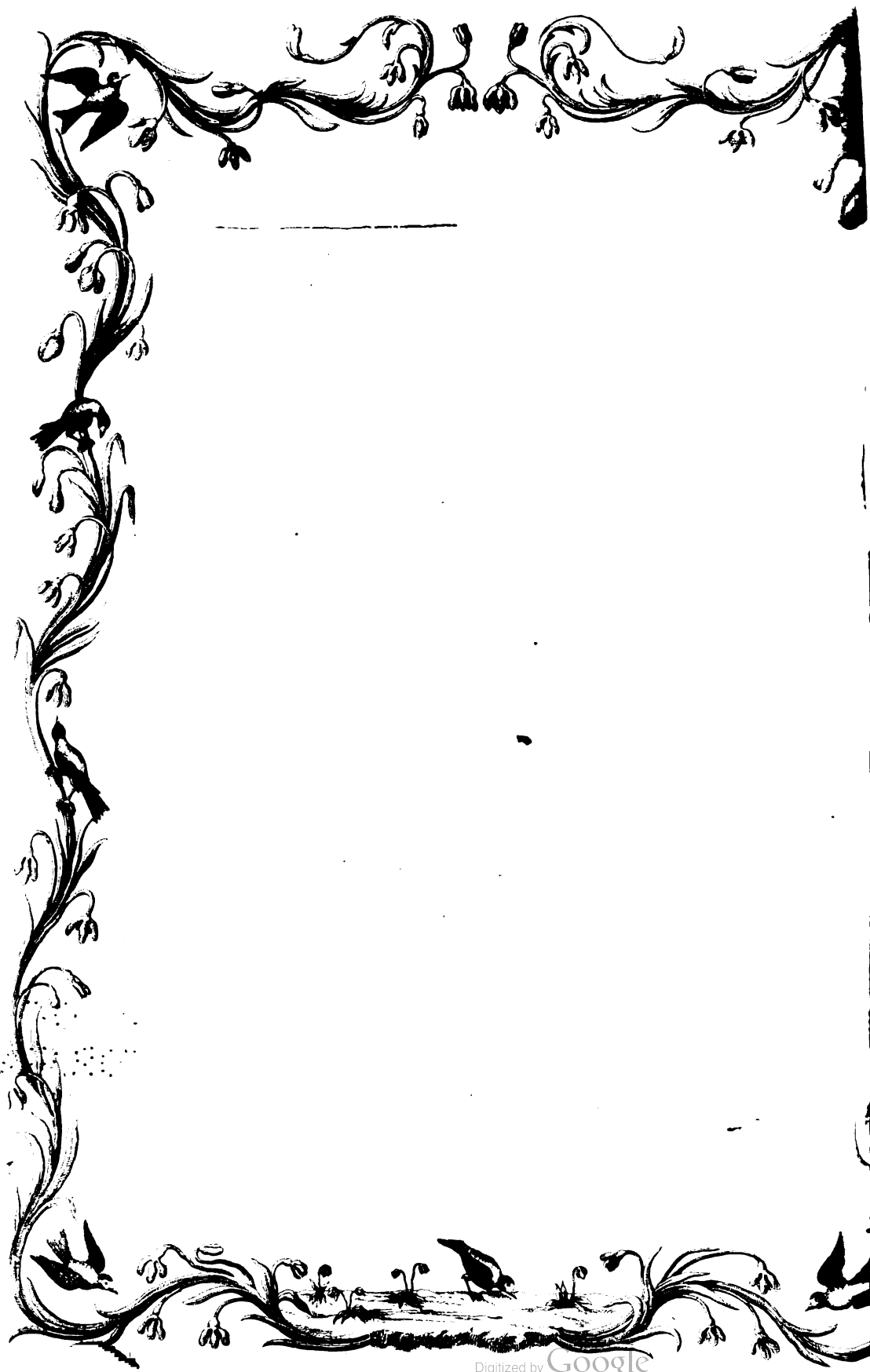
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Drawn by J. G. Zorn

Engraved by J. G. Zorn







THE ORPHAN.

Designed expressly for the Ladies Magazine

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MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1844.



REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FAMILY CARRIAGE.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING.

It was an old coach—very old—I can't say exactly how old; for my memory is not very good on these points. I know I have been re-painted no less than seven times; and as to lining—I would not like to say how many I remember; for nobody would believe me, and my good name would be lost at the beginning of my story. I have seen a good deal of my life, in my day, having been in many excellent families. Let me see; the first thing I remember of myself was, being put into the coach-house of Mr. A—, a very worthy gentleman. Here I used to sit every day with those sweet young ladies, the sight of whose faces was enough to cheer the most melancholy and misanthropic carriage that ever ran upon wheels.

It was summer time; and Miss Annie being in perfect health, the three sisters would ride every day through the quiet shady lanes; but I never was allowed, I hardly felt the weight of their slight forms. Miss Annie was the youngest, the others were Mary and Lucy—all of the same cast of countenance, the same blue eyes, the same light brown hair; but as an observer, such as I was, could detect a something in Miss Annie's face—I don't know what to call it, a peculiar expression in her eyes, a placidity on her brow that distinguished her from the others. Oh! how she used to love those sunny afternoons; but she grew paler and paler, and weaker and weaker; I could feel her little hand tremble as she leaned on me. The family became uneasy; the

mother had died of consumption, and they were afraid that she would fall a victim to the same disease. I used to listen a good deal then; and I overheard all this, and often wondered what it could mean; for being young I was very inexperienced.

So the summer passed away. In the autumn a man who used to come and feel Miss Annie's pulse every day, ordered her away to the West Indies. I thought it was a very strange thing for him to do, and wondered at his impudence; but the family appeared to think differently, for long before the cold weather came they shut up their house and went away.

Meanwhile the coach-house was shut up dark, and I was left to my own reflections. I don't remember exactly what they were; but I know I had some skirmishes with the mice, who gnawed me sadly, and I believe I slept a while; for, at last, one day, I was as it were, awakened out of a deep sleep by a loud noise, and the coach-house doors being thrown suddenly open, let in such a glare of light upon me, that I could not see or understand what was going on for some time. After a while I felt myself drawn out, and I recognized the old servants I had been accustomed to. Mr. A— was there too; but he looked grave, and there was a long piece of black crape on his hat; but I supposed this was some new fashion he had brought from foreign parts; I was surprised to find myself led into a long procession of carriages filled with people in black.

I did not see any of my young mistresses. We went very slowly for some distance, and stopped at the churchyard, but I did not think any thing of this, for I had often been there before.

After this I sometimes saw Miss Mary and Miss Lucy, but they were dressed in black, and never took any rides now. Miss Annie never appeared again.

I remained in the old coach-house a year longer, when the family removed to another city, leaving me to be sold. After being put up for sale for some time, I at last became the property of a Mr. Smith, a retired paper-hanger, who had amassed a little fortune and given up the business to his son, who was now married and anxious to set up for himself. The old man lived in the third story, and talked about how pleasant it was to be able to rest for the remainder of his life. The daughter-in-law was a lively young woman, very much pleased to be mistress of the house. This old man had a singular fate, and I suppose there is no harm done in telling it, now that his son and daughter are both dead. As I said, he was always talking about how fortunate he was now in being at nobody's beck and call, but at liberty to sit in his arm-chair and do nothing all day, or to diversify the scene by taking a little ride in the afternoon. But this did not last long. By degrees he became restless and peevish; he would slap the children and kick the dog. The son and daughter said nothing; for he had not made his will yet. One day as they came home, the eldest child came running to them:—

"Father! Mother! come look! grandfather is papering his walls."

And sure enough, so he was. There he was at work, papering and papering, and whistling as he smoothed it down with his hands, as happy as possible.

It was like a mania. His early tastes had come back. He *would* paper, nothing could stop him. There he was at it, early in the morning and late at night; and when it was all done he would begin again with another paper, whistling and papering, papering and whistling—he kept a bucket of paste in his closet—he was now a healthy and a happy man. It was delightful to see him, they said, sitting in the middle of the floor, his coat off, his head nearly bald, looking up with ecstasy at the work of his hands. They told him of damp walls—but he felt no damp—he laughed at them; and if they had let him, would have papered the whole house, but he was obliged to confine his genius to his own room, except when he could lay hold of any stray articles, which invariably fell victims to his ruling passion. The cook left the house because her pots and kettles were freshly papered every Monday morning;

the dining-room tables were in great danger, the roof was one polished surface of medallion paper, and one day his daughter coming in late, found the baby's cradle neatly papered inside and out, and did not know but that, if she had not come in just then, the baby might have been papered too.

So he went on for years; his own room meanwhile, by dint of so much papering, becoming necessarily smaller and smaller.

He was now nearly eighty, but his ardour was unabated.

"James," said he, one morning to his son, "I am beginning to get old now, I cannot expect to live much longer, I wish you would buy me a large roomy coffin, and I will paper it—Just heavens! suppose I should die and my coffin not papered!"

Overcome by this harrowing thought, he was very unhappy until the coffin made its appearance, but to his sorrow it was too small!

"I ordered it the full size, sir," said the patient James, who thought the coffin a very good idea. As the numerous rolls of paper were beginning to swallow up the little property on which he placed his hopes.

"Well, never mind, James, never mind, it is small for me, but you can get me another, I'll paper this one down to your baby's size, I don't think I will live long."

A coffin of the proper size was procured for him, and he had the greatest pleasure in ornamenting it inside and out, with a gay flowered paper. When this was completed he laid it by carefully, and went to work again at his walls.

A few years more, and we beheld the old man in his death-bed, his room papered *down*, as he himself expressed it, to a little place, no larger than a closet.

"I feel better now," said he, in a weak voice, "I feel better now, I think I will get up and give the room one last papering, it only wants that to make my coffin fit it exactly."

He did so, and only lived to complete the task when he died. He was laid according to his wishes in his papered coffin. Upon opening his will, his property was found to be left to his son, on condition that he would have a papered tombstone erected on his grave; but I believe the will was set aside, for the son had the money, and I know the tombstone was never papered.

During all this time I had not been idle. No indeed! I had been well used, and at the old man's death, was parted with to become the property of an old lady, who bought me for the sake of sending her lap-dog out on an airing every day. What a household we were there! always quarrelling from morning till night—the old lady scolding—the dog barking

MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD FAMILY CARRIAGE.

—the servants fighting, and even in the coach-house we were not exempt from the general spirit. There was an old carriage, that had belonged to my lady's father, a fat lumbering concern, who was my companion there. To be sure I spoke very little to him, for I knew he was beneath my notice, with his worsted fringes; but he never could bear the sight of my slender wheels and graceful form. He would look at me and swell with anger. His envy burst his leather, and his jealousy tarnished his paint. The servants talked about the mice and the damp; but I knew better.

I also figured at this lady's funeral, and very soon after fell into the possession of her nephew, a young spendthrift, who inherited all her property. In his stable I remained until he had spent every thing, by which time he was shot in a duel, and I again was thrown upon the world. I always enjoyed being *for sale*. I had at such times nothing to do, and plenty of time to observe all that was passing around me; and as numbers of people came to look at me, I had opportunities of seeing all varieties of characters. Brides and bridegrooms pretending to look at me, but never taking their eyes off each other—plain fathers who thought me entirely too dear, and ambitious daughters, who never saw any thing so cheap in their lives—old, deaf couples who hobbled in to try if I was easy, and hobbled out, shaking their heads. Oh, it used to amuse me very much; but there is an end to every thing, and I was at last bought by a rich old bachelor, who lived by himself in the country. I can't imagine what he bought me for, for I was never used except for a few days, in the end of the summer, on the occasion of an annual visit paid to the old gentleman by his sister and brother-in-law, bringing with them eight small children, to ransack the house and grounds. Poor man, how he used to hate it, but there was no help for him, they would come uninvited. "They wanted country air, poor little dears," said their mother—and the poor little dears broke their uncle's windows, ran knives into his sofas, and forks into his chairs, upset buckets of milk down his staircase—rang his bells till the wires broke—threw stones at his horses; and finally making their way in a body to the stable with a horse-pistol they had found somewhere, instituted me their mark, and began to indulge their shooting propensities. I never had much fear of fire-arms, never. Indeed, in the quiet easy life I had led, I scarcely knew what they were; but I confess I found this by no means pleasant. Fortunately before I had sustained any serious injury, their martyred uncle came to my relief. After this there was no more heard of these annual visits; so that the old gentleman used to say, for he was sometimes jocular, that this pistol had

brought him good luck, for with it he had shot his relations.

I said I sustained no serious injury, but I was so defaced, and my curtains so torn, that I was considered unfit to remain there any longer; so with my wounds, of which I bear some of the marks to this day, I was sent to the city to be sold; but I found to my great distress, that I was considered unfit for any station but that of a hack. It required a great struggle with my pride to descend in this manner, but I was obliged to do it. I remembered the contempt I had always felt for hacks when a private carriage myself; and when I became a hack, I often used to feel very shy upon meeting an old acquaintance. Time, however, heals all wounds; and after a few years, when I saw them all becoming hacks too, I used to look very complacently at them when we met. Of course there were always low-bred ones, as I have since found there are in every station, but in the presence of these I was content with being dignified. But I have nothing to complain of, I have been well treated, and have seen a great deal of life in this capacity.

I have been employed to convey affectionate children heart-broken to boarding school, and have felt their tears on me. I have taken a grinning idiot to the hospital, and returned home minus half a yard of my fringe, which found its way to his pocket. I have been at christenings without number. I have taken the young and beautiful, crowned with roses, to the midnight scenes of gaiety, their eyes glistening with delight, and their hearts beating with expectation. I have brought them home silent and sleepy, vexed and disappointed. I have taken an anxious husband the last stage of his journey homeward, after a year's absence, and remained a day or two to take a place in the funeral of her whose remembrance he so truly has kept.

I have carried a man to a duel trembling with fear, and brought him home desperately wounded; but exulting that he had killed his adversary. I have taken fine ladies an airing, who would have talked less of the delights of riding, if they had known that half an hour before, I had conveyed a small-pox patient to the hospital. I have been attacked by robbers, who searched me in vain, and went away entirely unconscious of my having a bag of gold concealed in the pole.

I am now very old, as I said in the beginning of my story, and almost unfit for use. I suppose my end will take place before long, though I know not what it will be.

I had a friend once, he was an open carriage, but in time he grew old and faded, and by some means or other transported to some small island, where being yellow and a good deal ornamented, he has

had his wheels taken off, and is worshipped as an idol by the natives. I do not hope for such a fate as that. It would be the height of presumption. There is a Spanish saying, that every tree is born to a different fate, some are made into gods, and others into charcoal. I am afraid I shall be one of the latter class; but I am resigned; I have led a long and useful life, and now I am thankful to say that I am entirely free from the envious feeling which

is so prevalent among us, towards cabs, that new race which has sprung up as if to extinguish us. Let them have their day, it can be but a short one. This is the age of temporary follies, and they are one of them. Yes! and I feel my old springs shake as I say it, the day will come when cabs and cabmen will have passed away, and the universal cry, a hack! a hack! will resound from pole to pole.

THE MONARCH'S DIRGE.*

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

* These fine moral stanzas were written, two centuries ago, by James Shirley. They were set to music, and (strange to tell) became a favourite song with Charles the Second.

MARIUS AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee;
Thine eye beam burns as proudly now
As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,
Though friends and fame depart;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life
May melt like mist away;
High thoughts may seem, 'mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay;

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurl'd;
Like mould'ring monuments of art
Heap'd on a sleeping world;

Yet there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there.

RAMBLES IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.

BY B. M. NORMAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN YUCATAN."

MY DEAR WEC:—In looking over one of your old letters to-day, I was reminded of a promise which you swindled out of me when you were with me last, to give you an account of my vagaries for the season. I don't know that you are so generous as not to remind me of the obligation, and besides I scorn to be beholden to any man's forbearance. So if you will adjust yourself to a comfortable, and patient frame of mind "*et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum*," then the things which I saw and the things which I did, and the way they were seen and done, you shall straightway hear.

You know my passion for pedestrious expeditions. To gratify it and my curiosity at the same time I determined in my humble way, following the example of modern scientific travellers, to investigate the social, political, scientific and religious condition of the Louisiana Swamps.

It had become firmly impressed upon my mind, that if somebody did not do this it would never be done, and by parity of reasoning, if it was never done, that it would be because no one had done it. So without further deliberation or delay, save what was necessary to gather up my "plunder," which consisted of leather trowsers and hunting shirt, and the old companions, my gun and compass, I set forth on the third day of May last, from the Levee on board the "Grace Darling," determined to make my exodus from the comforts of civilization as heroic as possible by forsaking one of its noblest monuments for the unreclaimed and uninhabitable wilderness. After thirty-four hours contest with that wilful and most obstinate "Father of Waters," I very quietly withdrew from the lists at the beautiful town of Natchez. Here after refreshing myself with a bath, and a most memorable night's rest, for which I desire to be grateful as long as my days shall be in the land, I proceeded to make the inquiries which were to be preliminary to my further progress. They resulted in determining me to proceed westward through the forests or swamps, along the Washita, and thus up into Arkansas, and on to the frontier of Mexico.

It was on the sixth of May at high noon, the thermometer at 90° in the best superterranean shade in the vicinity of Vidalia, (a small town in Louisiana opposite Natchez—whither I had proceeded to take

my departure)—indorsed with my knapsack, my gun in my hand, and "afoot and alone" that I started for the Washita, distant about thirty-five miles; for which journey I set apart in advance my three first days travel. My first twelve miles, lay along the borders of Lake Concordia, a beautiful sheet of water not less than twenty miles in length. This used formerly to be the bed of the Mississippi; but since she changed her route, this part of her deserted channel has set up for a lake, in which it gets along "excellent well." Seldom have I seen more picturesque scenery than is presented from different points in the margin of this lake, so little known to the travellers on the "lower Mississippi."

The banks are studded with the comfortable looking residences of wealthy planters, who still hold fast to the scenes of their former prosperity, and present honourable repose.

I stopped for the night at the "Panola plantation," where I was received and entertained with a stout and princely hospitality. Early next morning I had breakfasted and was on the road, my route lay through a dry swamp inhabited chiefly, as I discovered, by charred trees whose leafless and branchless trunks seemed to look at the heavens in grim defiance of all its destructive engineering of elements; they did not move, neither did they regard wind, rain or heat. There they stood, black, lifeless and unsocial, like the ghosts of the once beautiful forest, waiting their silent decomposition and restoration to the earth again. They reminded me of those hapless shades of the departed dead, whom Æneas encountered on the banks of the Styx waiting the lapse of the hundred years fixed for all "*mortis honore carentes*" before they can be permitted to pass the "*stagna exoptata*" to their new estate of being. I trudged along diligently among their dingy ghostships until noon, when finding myself before a settler's hut, I determined to commend my appetite—which had been in training since six o'clock—to the hospitality of its inmates. I found a woman apparently thirty-eight or forty years of age in an attire, the texture and cut of which must have commended themselves to her taste, chiefly if not entirely for their utility. It was one of those dresses which you may have seen, for I know you are a close observer of these things, so

distressingly shapeless that there was no kind of use in putting a pretty figure into it, or making a pretty face look out of it. No power of abstraction could discriminate an angel's face, no power of imagination conceive an angel's figure in such a guise. She was sitting on the rough plank floor of the hut pounding corn, while her nerves were being disciplined by the protracted and tearless screams of a little tow-headed pretty faced child of sixteen months, rolling on the floor beside her. My appearance at the threshold, suspended the nervous discipline of the mother and the pounding of the corn simultaneously. The mother rose from the floor, and while giving my person a thorough inspection from head to foot, and walking around me twice to verify her impressions, permitted me to learn that her *man* was about the woods, that he would be in soon to dinner, that they had lived in these "diggings" fifteen years, during which she had been to the *settlements* but once, and her husband six or seven times. I felt for an invitation to partake of their approaching prandial festivities, but with only partial success. She said she was not used to getting things for quality folks, (as she took me to be—she afterwards informed me—by my glasses,) and did not think she had any thing good enough for me. I began to feel a little alarmed at this reception, but before I had occasion to urge my necessities, her "man" came in, whose acquaintance I was most happy to make, and perceive was more than kind to her, but not more kind to me.

He directed "*Mehitable*" to stir around at once and get the dinner "*fixens*" ready, which were already in a state of forwardness. Baked corn and bacon were soon before us, and between my voracious appetite and a miscellaneous conversation about Millerism, and about my peregrinations which neither of us could understand, I made a very satisfactory dinner. I remember some of the remarks my kind host made, whilst putting on my knapsack, previous to my departure, and they did not quicken my digestion, about the Indians, alligators, wolves, snakes and other varmints, which I should find before I should proceed far upon my route, and then like a good talker who is satisfied with the impression he has made, very cordially bid me good bye. I forgot to say that he spake of some Indian mounds about five miles off my track, and that I had resolved at once to visit them. Traversing the swamp by devious paths and after a very fatiguing walk I reached them, but found nothing to reward my curiosity. These remains of the aborigines—like others I have visited in the south-west, are not all demonstrative. There is nothing in their appearance indicative of their history; and the imagination is provoked to as high activity by a descrip-

tion, as a sight of them. It was dark when I turned my back upon them, when for the first time it occurred to me that I had not bespoken any lodgings for the night. I was not long in debating the course I should pursue. I was immediately on my way back, to the hut of my recent acquaintance. But alas, it is oftentimes given to finite beings, to conceive of things which they cannot execute. Night was upon me before I recovered my path; after struggling more than an hour with the sharp cutting palmettos, the thick long grass and rank vegetation, and stumbling every tenth step over the half concealed logs which overlaid the whole country, and which had probably escaped the attention of the road inspectors, I felt myself quite fagged out, and compelled to take such shelter as the woods could furnish me. I had to reason with myself some time before I could realize that I must positively lie down here in this disgusting all-out-of-doors sort of a place with alligators and wolves, who have no more respect for the laws than if there were no such things, and who would think it a good joke to make sausage meat of me in the midst of my most important dreams without having even the civility to wake me to witness the performance. But my fatigue wrought the conviction which my reason could never have established, so I quietly cast about for the means of tabernacling most comfortably for the night in this dismal solitude. I soon found a large and exemplary looking cypress tree, at the base of which I proceeded to build a fire of such combustibles as were to be found in the vicinity. I had always understood that fire was the best *seraphotic* known to the western traveller, and the tracks of the "varmints" I had observed in the forests had impressed upon my mind already more deeply than perhaps I should like to confess in a mixed assembly, the necessity of some prophylactics besides the gun that lay at my side. With my shirt drawn over my face to protect it from the moschetos, my feet towards the fire, my knapsack under my head, my gun at my side, and my trust in God, I laid me down at once to rest. I was almost instantly fast asleep. I dreamed that I was trying to ascend the Cordilleras with bare feet and they were so hot that I could not advance, stand still, or recede without burning me. Fortunately for me I did not wait to experiment longer upon the matter, but awoke, and pulled away my feet from the fire, which had taken to the grass and was eating its way along up towards me, and in a half minute longer would have enveloped one of my legs in the flames. It had already disposed of a part of my bed, from which I was at once obliged to migrate. I rose hastily and checked its farther progress, replenished my fire and composed myself again to rest. Near daylight my

slumbers were again interrupted in a way which was near being more serious. I heard the crackling of brush and leaves which at first I supposed was occasioned by the fire, but on raising my head, I discovered a wolf taking advantage of my almost extinguished fire to pay me his early respects. I did not wait long to learn his object, indeed I had no curiosity about it, but gently raising my gun to my shoulder, I sent that "*varmint*" to kingdom come without giving him time to wink his acknowledgments. I did not like this interruption, I had heard that there were as many fish in the sea as ever were caught, so there may be as many wolves in the forest as ever were shot. However, as I was ready to attribute his impertinence to the condition of my watch fire, I repaired it once again, and having carefully reloaded my gun, resumed my nap where I left off.

I slept soundly until sunrise, and then rose as much refreshed as from any bed I had ever enjoyed in my life. My first business was to consult my compass, which had now become to me of vital importance. To my utter discomfiture it would not traverse. I shook it a little, then I looked beseechingly at it—it did not stir—what the deuce to do now! Here I was in the midst of this infernal swamp, so thickly shaded with trees that I could hardly see daylight, much less the sun, with nothing to give me any idea of my latitude and longitude, and utterly unable to distinguish North from South, or East from West. Not a sign of a human footstep, or of a human habitation was to be seen, while the tracks of wolves and alligators were to be seen all over the exposed soil, and their traces covered every log. Wild and poisonous vines obstructed my path at almost every step, all around too upon the trees I could descry the marks of former overflows of the adjacent rivers at least a foot above my head. It reminded me that the river was rising when I crossed it, a few days before, and that I should soon perhaps be compelled to betake myself to the trees, and substitute death by starvation, for that by drowning. These *unpleasant* imaginings were not at all ameliorated by the remembrance of a flock of buzzards which I had seen but the morning before holding grand carnival over the carcass of a dead alligator which was lying upon the banks of a stagnant bayou—and then to think too, that, surrounded and hedged in as I was by such a catalogue of menacing calamities, yet I was not probably twenty puffs of a steamboat from the plantation, where I had been so hospitably entertained but a few nights before, I was really alarmed at first at my condition. I now became sick to think, that I had been such an unmitigated goose, as to tempt the devil by such

a fool-hardy expedition as this, right into the very jaws of destruction.

I put on my knapsack, and took up my gun, and started to go on in what I took to be an easterly direction, but had not gone far, before I was reminded that I had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. I very soon brought a fine large bird to my feet who was dead before I had an opportunity of inquiring his name, and cooked and eaten before I had felt any curiosity to know it. The effect of this breakfast was enchanting. My spirits mounted to the level of unconcern before I had half finished, and when I rose from my seat, I felt an involuntary impulse to sing which nothing but the consciousness of being alone among entire strangers enabled me to repress.

I was soon again upon my way, and for three days I journeyed to and fro, and up and down those swamps, being, as I described, but apparently approaching no nearer a better country, or a happier prospect for myself than I opened upon the morning after my first encampment. I finally resolved to build me a house of some kind, and settle down, until my strength should recruit, and, meantime to plan some new mode of extricating myself from the network of calamities, which compassed me about. I selected a place near the bank of what proved to be one of the largest bayous in the state, with a view of being taken up by some boat which might chance to pass by in the progress of events, and transport me from my involuntary seclusion. After gathering together some broken branches of trees and stripping the bark from the bodies of the logs that were lying about, I undertook my first experiment in the science of architecture. I found my work was going to do very well, for my present purposes. It did not aid me much when I contemplated it from a distance after it was finished, in realizing the notion that architecture is frozen music, though if I had been compelled to remain in it during the winter, the result might have been different. I next went out and collected several armfuls of dry leaves for my bed, and large quantities of wood which I piled up near the entrance of my hut for my fire. When I found myself fully established as a householder I took a look at my larder, where I found one gray squirrel, and one red-headed woodpecker. I immediately set about dressing the squirrel and preparing a supper; every thing went on prosperously, and I began to feel really happy. When I had finished my supper I replenished my fire, stirred up my leaves and went to bed.

My enjoyment of my new home was of a short duration. The following morning as I was loitering about in the woods in the vicinity of my cabin

with my gun in my hand, picking wild berries here and there from the bushes, I heard a noise like that of oars moving in the row-locks of a boat. I ran in the direction from whence the noise came, and what did my delighted eyes fall upon but a boat rowed by two men coming down the stream towards me. I leaped for very joy, and yelled until the woods resounded with my voice, and the frightened birds returned the cry as they flew up in terror from their perches. The attention of the boatmen was immediately arrested by my noise. They pulled in their oars and at the same time reached down to the bottom of their boat, and the next thing I saw was a pair of rifles pointing at me, either one of which could have made a bridge for me between time and eternity, and walked me over it, before I could have uttered the shortest compliments to their promptitude. As they were not frightened, I was not. If they had been however, I fear they would have treated me as I did the wolf, shot me first, and asked

my business afterwards. I soon made them understand my condition and receive me into their boat. I never experienced so much pleasure in looking upon any face of man as now upon these two boatmen. They soon observed that I was exhausted with fatigue, and one of them handed me a jug which he commended to me with a sort of welcome I do not know how to describe; to prove my gratitude to him, however, I appropriated about a half pint of its contents in satisfying my suspicions that it was real Monongahela. They then handed me out some corn bread and bacon, with which I was soon very much refreshed. So absorbed was I in the discussion of these stores that I forgot to inquire the destination of my good Samaritans. You can, dear Wic— imagine my delight, when I was told that we were now passing through the bayou to the Lake Concordia, and that we would soon be within magnetic distance of the Seat of the Muses—the home of the Poet of Vidalia.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
The shuttle athwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes;
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true-love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!
Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and weave;
'Tis better to work than live idle;
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
The colours of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
Let beauty about ye blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
Then nor time nor chance shall your work untwine,
But all like a truth endure.
Sing—sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and weave;
'Tis better to work than live idle;
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

ENDURING LOVE.

Our love has been no summer flower,
For joy's bright chaplet braided;
Drooping when tempests darkly lower,
By grief's bleak winter faded.
We have not loved like those who plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To tread life's paths together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds o'er-cast, and cause to dread
Still deeper gloom to morrow.

That thorny path, those cloudy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And render'd us, by holiest ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker days gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.
It looks beyond the clouds of time,
Through death's dim, shadowy portal,
Made by adversity sublime—
By faith and hope immortal.

THE MOUNTAINEER OF THE ALPS; OR, THE BENEFITS OF SELF-IMPOSED RESTRAINT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK JACOBS, BY SARAH HOWITT.

ON the right side of Lake Bartholomew, near the ice-chapel, extends a road deep through the mountain ridge. On one side, the rocks rise like hewn walls, perpendicular and barren towards heaven; on the other, lie detached granite blocks heaped upon each other, as if steps for a Titan-race, between which naked pine trees have taken root, above whose rigid, bald points in the clouds, the home of the eagle and the vulture. These are often seen with the prey in their claws, speeding from away over the lake and shrieking, announcing their return to the impatient younglings in the nest. A narrow footpath leads on the forest side of the glen, always deeper into the mountain ravine, while here and there a torrent issues forth like an arch, bedewing the wanderer with its soft, watery spray until he reaches a spot where immense marble cubes hang over his head, forming a gateway within which rocks range behind rocks as in the scene of a theatre. From all around dangles rich brushwood; vines and ivy twine in festoons above and below, waving about and encircling the lofty vault which at some places, is arched over the road, at others again opens in wide crevices to the illusive, trembling light of heaven; an awful temple of nature in which the deep stillness is only interrupted by the trickling of isolated drops which at long intervals come down from the height above, or by the startling of some wild water fowl from its nest in the clefts of the rocks. At the end of this immense dome, the path descends again towards a deep, rocky wall which seems to close up the passage. The vault opens now above the head of the pilgrim, and as he steps out and turns aside from the rocks to the left, he is surprised by the sight of an open valley. Before him stretches a green carpet of variegated meadows, as if sunk in a wide lap of mountains, adorned by the trembling, bounding silver-stream of a forest creek, which is meandering in all directions, and which after having refreshed the sweet scented mint and the many-coloured water-lilies, turns off to the right and spreading over a range of black marble steps, foaming and roaring, is lost in a rich thicket of thorn bushes. As the skirt of this extended vale, the ground on the right and left swells to gentle hills, which crowned with shrubs,

ascend above each other, leaning against the rocks that, barren and rugged, rise behind; between these hills wind again new valleys, like a range of apartments, which protected by the mighty frame-work of nature, offers a lovely image of security, peace, and quiet.

In the depth of one of these side vales, I perceived a red roof smiling between a green thicket of chetsnut and hazelnut trees, which with their branches had built over it a second roof. Long open avenues passed by the house where large bunches of herbs hung drying on strings; a barn appeared in the centre, and on either side large windows hospitably invited the daylight to enter. Before the house was a clean yard, surrounded by an enclosure. Exhausted as I was, and standing in need of some refreshment, I approached the little fairy palace, in front of which some rosy-cheeked, black-eyed children were pushing and teasing two young mountain goats. By the door of the house, within a grove of honey-suckles, sat a slender, blooming woman by the spinning wheel, with a sleeping infant in a cradle, which she from time to time moved with her foot. I approached, and asked whether I might stop to rest here.

- "And why not," answered she, with a kindly tone, and made room for me by her side, and after having pushed once more the cradle of her child, she went and placed bread and milk before me.

"Take of it in God's name, and may you relish it. I have somewhat to attend to in the house; but my husband will soon return and keep you company."

With these words she took the cradle in her arms and disappeared in the house, too timid, as I think, to remain alone with a stranger. The children continued undisturbed to play, until the young goats, tempted by the smell of the bread, approached me and partook of my meal. Then came also the children gazing at me with their large, laughing eyes, and answering each of my questions with such frankness, as if they had known me for a long while.

I had just finished my frugal meal, when a tall, elegant man entered the yard, in short jacket and green hat, after the fashion of the country. His

complexion was ruddy, like that of a strong and hardy man, his hair black and curled. A gun hung below his broad shoulders, and at either end was attached, by a string, game and young venison, which he had shot on the chase. A boy of twelve years followed him, carrying likewise a gun and some game. As soon as he entered the yard, the children left their play, ran towards him and clung around him; and he, lifting each one up by turns caressed them, and after some questions put them down again. He then saluted me with a plain "welcome," and "whence do you come?" but in as friendly and kindly a way as if addressing an old acquaintance. He then entered the house, leading the children one by each hand, but returned soon again to me, released of his burden. After some conversation, he invited me to follow him, and as it would at any rate be too late for returning to Berchtesgaden, to put up with his house and table for the night.

Even if the lowering night had not induced me to accept of the invitation, the friendly manner of this man would have done it. Nor did I repent it. I spent a pleasant evening and a part of the succeeding day with these cheerful and sensible people, who in their quiet, warm-hearted intercourse with one another, presented the picture of a real patriarchal family scene, and when I parted from them, my host had the complaisance to escort me on another road which, while less fatiguing, offered a pleasing variety of mountains, valleys, and waterfalls. His conversation entertained me agreeably. From an irresistible desire to see the world—a desire which, as he said, was hereditary in his family—he had scarcely passed the years of childhood, when he, with a small pedlery of Berchtesgaden wares, set out to visit foreign lands. He wandered far through cities and countries, observed the manners and customs of people, less bent on profit than on acquiring knowledge and experience. But as he travelled with open eyes, and was modest and moderate in his habits, he could also attend to his interest; and his trade succeeded so well in the first year, that he was able to have a mule, and later even a wagon, to carry his goods. Thus he reached the shores of the ocean; and as he one evening, after having finished his business for the day, saw the sun dive into the waves, and the long golden stripe shot across the vast, immeasurable expanse to his feet, and the little soft waves so sweetly murmuring, washed the sand, ever and anon gliding away and returning; then it was to him as if something summoned him thence, and he could not resist the longing to see what there was to be seen yonder in the far distance. And away he travelled with the sun over the ocean, had intercourse with

many people and experienced always anew as he said, that honesty is a better help than fortune.

"More than once," continued he, in his narrative, I was tempted to establish myself in distant countries, under very favourable circumstances; but however enticing the prospects were, and however inclined I might feel to the offers proffered to me, still presented themselves ever to my mind the mountains of my home, the gardens where I, yet a boy, had been playing, the creek in which I had been fishing, and the quiet hearth where, by the evening lamp, I so oft had listened to the story of my father and grandfather, who like myself had wandered out into foreign lands; but who finally had returned into the harbour of the lonely home; and however great my desire, constantly to see new scenes, still our lonely valley appeared ever in the background as the goal of all my wanderings, and to every enjoyment which the glorious sight of magnificent cities and beautiful countries procured me, attached itself always the image of my native land and my affection for it. For this reason I never abandoned the costume of my country, nor otherwise the parental manners; and if people at first perhaps thought such a course strange; yet I often perceived that I was liked the better for this very attachment to my native land. For there are few people who as far as regards 'the Fatherland,' are not in their hearts inclined as we are, though they may not always betray it in the same manner. Thus I had wandered during six years, encountering both good and bad luck—though always more of the good—when I came to London, just at the time when the affianced bride of the Prince of England arrived. I sold but little of my wares; but saw a great deal and heard still more, so that every evening my head felt giddy from all the boisterous noise and wild rejoicings, which, if I had been a bride, certainly would have caused me more terror than pleasure. But as I returned to my lodging from the ceremony of the wedding—for I had no rest until I had seen every thing—then the sight of the bride with her sparkling jewels, and all the princes and great lords with their broad ribbons and glittering stars, passed incessantly before my mind, and I could not help thinking on the weddings as they pass off among us, and said I to myself, my wedding will not be as magnificent—though ribbons and glitter may not be wanting, yet it will be finer and far more merry."

Occupied with this thought I could not sleep the whole night, so great became now my longing to return home to take a wife, resume the life of a hunter, and tend the herd. I lingered still a few days in London, but the immense city appeared indescribably tiresome to me; for I could think on

nothing else but the bride I would choose, and on the mountains over which I in future again should ramble with my gun. As soon, therefore, as I found an opportunity, I embarked, and hastened without stopping, through the Netherlands towards my beloved home. I will leave untold how I felt, when at Munich, on descending the heights, I beheld for the first time again our Alps, and the whole long, rugged ridge, with its peaks and crests, like a blue crown of the earth rose before me on the horizon. I could not refrain from kneeling down and stretching my open arms towards the land that had sent me out into the world and now again invited me back, as if every thing behind me had vanished, and but this single corner of the earth was still remaining.

The sun had not yet risen next morning, when I was already on the road to Wasserburg. In the course of a few days, during which I allowed myself no rest, I arrived happily at my home, not much richer than when I left it; but somewhat more experienced, and cured of my insatiable love of rambling and sight seeing. I found my parents still alive, as well as the aged grandfather; but the latter closed his wearied eyes for ever, some weeks after my return. My thoughts of marrying had not left me; on the contrary, these became still more vividly excited in the parental home by the vivid recollection of the days of childhood and the sight of my parents' mutual devotion.

While yet a boy, and not a long time before setting out in my wanderings, I had once in the Inster-valley, as I came very thirsty to the inn, received a glass of wine from the hand of the landlord's daughter. I was then about fifteen years old, and she scarcely eleven, but she was slender and tall for her age, and it seemed to me that I had never before seen a more lovely face, more beautiful eyes or a finer figure. I spoke nothing further with the child, and went away after having drunk my wine and paid for it. Shortly after I set out on my journey.

Years passed by without my ever remembering the lovely child. But as in London the marriage thoughts got into my head, I was at once again in the Inster-valley, before the inn, and Nanny handed me again the glass, and it was to me as if in all my wanderings, I had never met with any thing more charming, or could love any one else in the world. From that moment and during my whole journey home, I could think on nothing else but my Tyrolean bride, and it never occurred to me that she in the long interval might have married another, or even could have died. I felt sure of my object, and doubt first overpowered me when I again was at home, and began to picture to myself my future household.

As soon, therefore, as my grandfather was buried, I had no rest; but on a fine morning started on my wandering to the Inster-valley. I walked and walked without resting, but the nearer I approached the end of my aim, the heavier I felt my steps grow, and when towards evening, I even perceived in the distance the hazelnut-trees which shaded the inn and distinguished the smoke rising above the roof, then my heart began to palpitate so violently, that I was not able to make a step further, but had to sit down on a stone. The house which the setting sun illuminated I kept in sight, with its glittering windows and reddish columns of smoke rising above the roof, while in my head and heart it twirled about so strangely, that I will not even attempt to describe it. It was to no purpose that I scolded myself for cowardice and tried to take courage; for as the sun suddenly disappeared behind the mountain, and deep shadow covered the house, it seemed as if, at once, all my hopes had vanished; and such a depression of spirits overpowered me that I had to rest my head in both my hands, while in silence and bitterness of spirit I wept.

As I thus sat in my unhappiness, uncertain whether I should advance or retrace my steps, I suddenly heard behind me the sound of a guitar, and a well known Italian love ditty. Shortly after the singers themselves came up to me and saluted me. Feeling ashamed to betray my weakness before the strangers, I collected myself as I could and asked

"Whither are you bound, my merry folks?"

"Not far hence," answered the guitar player, and pointed with the guitar to the inn!

"Then we may make companionship," said I cheerfully, yet uneasy at the same time, for I expected to hear somewhat about those in whom I felt so deeply interested.

When the singers had finished their music, I asked them in an assumed careless tone how the house was, whether the people were friendly, and if the entertainment was good.

"The house," said the youngest of my companions, a black-eyed lively fellow, "is probably the best in the whole Tyrol-land, and the entertainment nice and clean, though the landlord is dead some years ago. The widow and her daughter keeps up the establishment."

My heart began to beat, hope returned again. The singer went on: "but the old woman, she is a shrew! Since I have rambled about in this part of the country taking sketches, I come at least once in a fortnight here, and think every time that I shall succeed with the girl. But a long way to that. Scarcely can one get a sight of her, and when one is just about beginning to talk a little reason or un-

reason with her, there is the old witch with her hawk's eyes in an instant, and sends her up to the garret or down into the cellar."

"Has she then a pretty daughter?" asked I timidly.

"What a question," exclaimed the painter, "whence in the world do you come, since you have not heard about the lovely Nanny of Inster-valley, who has turned my head and those of many more sensible people than I!"

"I have been a long time abroad, and know nothing. Pray, tell me something about this little wonder."

"You will soon have a sight of her," said the elder one of my companions; "though not so enraptured with the girl as this poor fellow here, yet, had I not my share, I fear I should not be much better off than him. You may have been ever so far about in the world, but scarcely will you have seen such a beauty." And then the talkative fellow pictured to me the maid of the valley; how beautiful and lovely she was, and how modest and sensible at the same time. I lost not a word. "It is she," thought I, "only taller, handsomer, more blooming," and my thoughts pushed me now so rapidly on, that my companion observed, laughing, "There! as soon as you hear about the pretty child your feet get impatient. But your running is not enough. As yet not a single one of all those who walking, riding, or driving come to court her, can boast of greater favour than the others."

This last remark supplied what alone had been wanting to complete the narrative of my companion. I felt again full of cheering hopes, and when the painter on approaching the house, took his guitar in his arm and commenced a new song, I joined him with a contented heart, and sang in particular the repetitions which expressed the promise of reward to long and faithful constancy, with much spirit and in a high strain.

The song was finished as we reached the house, where the landlady stood already indeed, waiting in the door—a stately dame who appeared to have been formerly very handsome. She saluted the singers like old acquaintances; and scarcely had they interchanged a few words before they were engaged in a sprightly conversation, in which railery and wit chased each other like snow flakes. Nanny was not forgotten,—“You are not going to lock her up again, I hope,” said one of them, “though she may be a jewel, we are, however, no thieves. You may safely let her out.” “Though you may not exactly be a thief, yet your black eyes do not look too honest; and I have often heard it said, that opportunity makes thieves. Nanny is very well where she is; and you will enjoy your wine just as well without her.”

The singers shook their heads; but after having in vain looked about them, they resolved, as it was a warm pleasant evening, to have their supper outside the house under the nut-trees. The guitar was again tuned, and many a song repeated.

I could not now join in the singing. Anxious feelings were again uppermost, and the lively tittle-tattle of my companions had almost rendered me sad.

The song was in its best train, when it was suddenly interrupted by an anxious call for help proceeding from the upper part of the house, and at the same instant flames ascended from the chimney. I sat nearest the door, and not doubting, for a moment, that it was Nanny who had called for help, I rushed into the house, firmly determined to save her were it even out of a burning oven. The flames proceeded from the open door of a smoking room up stairs, and threatened to reach also the staircase where, right opposite the burning room, on the threshold of a chamber, stood a girl with upraised, clasped hands, as if petrified by terror; and as the flames flew towards her, she looked like a picture of the virgin surrounded by a glory.

In two leaps I ascended the steps, caught her round the waist, and snatched her out of the flames which burned my hair and clothes. Having put her down outside the house, I returned to look for the mother; but she had already saved herself through the back door of the kitchen. The painter and his friend, in the mean time had not been idle; and as there was no scarcity of water, our united efforts succeeded in a short time in mastering the fire.

To me it was a happy occurrence, for Nanny—who else but she could the rescued one be—regarded me from that moment as her friend, to whom she owed the preservation of her life; and when I told her the next day, how her image had lived in my heart, and that all my future happiness depended on the possession of her, I soon gained entirely her affection. Having thus settled all between us, the mother gave also her blessing; and after the lapse of six months, Nanny accompanied me, as my wife, to the solitary home, where you have seen her surrounded by her children. From hence we undertake once a year, a journey to Inster-valley—the whole family, the youngest children even not excepted, in order to visit the aged mother, who still keeps the establishment. But except to go to church on festival, we otherwise seldom leave home; the winter months keep us often a long while imprisoned, nevertheless we live in our solitude as quiet and happy as if it were a paradise, and we the monarchs of the earth. Our children are our only company and recreation. The inherited desire to travel seems already roused

MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

CHANGES OF TIME.—RICHES AND POVERTY.

in our eldest boy; and I only detain him yet a few years, that his mind and body may grow stronger, then he may try it likewise. But I know beforehand that he will end like me, and after having roved long enough about in the world and seen sufficient, he will again return home, choose his wife and close his life as a shepherd and a hunter."

Thus ended the simple story of this intelligent mountaineer.

How often has it given me food for reflection! How often have I, dreaming or waking, in my fancy, returned to this Oasis, to these plain but happy people, who require nothing else for their contentment but the simple gifts of nature, the quiet, affectionate intercourse with each other, and the memory of the independent life of their youth.

Indeed, there is a singular contradiction in human nature! Innumerable instances of one's own experience as of that of others, teach man that his well being and quiet are linked to **RESTRAINT**—restraint in his desires, his enjoyments, his possessions, his aspirings; yet, scarcely has he passed beyond the next moment, before there awakes in his inmost feelings a hatred to all constraint. As soon as he is able he hastens away from his narrow home out into the wide world; to hurry his steps he employs horse and vehicle; but even the swift vessel appears soon too slow for him. He wishes himself away with the eagle beyond the clouds; nay, even

with the clouds themselves, he would like to journey from star to star. Thus it is also with regard to the acknowledgment of truth. Scarcely has he commenced to examine himself and nature, when he feels himself surrounded with darkness, and then he boldly plunges into the waves and restlessly struggles. He will, however, finally acknowledge that the ocean of science has limits too, and banks which repulse the most undaunted swimmer; and that, while here, if he wishes to fathom any thing at all, he must restrain his aspirings, and passing by much that excites his desire of scrutinizing, he must resign himself to stop short before the concealed sanctity of truth. Happy he who by his exertions arrives to this conviction! With greater longing returns the navigator of the world to the formerly despised home, leads a wife into the small, snug cottage, and finds in the interchange of mutual affection; in the education of his children; in the fulfilment of the duties of a citizen and a friend, and in *self-imposed restraints*, the happiness which deserted his restless coursing over land and sea. Also, the honest inquirer for knowledge finds, no doubt, repose at a similar goal. Well for him who finds it before he plunges into fatal errors! who after long exertion arrives at the knowledge of the limits prescribed to him, and has learned to venerate the infinite **TRUTH**, in the obscurity which surrounds it.

CHANGES OF TIME.

THE presence of perpetual change
Is ever on the earth;
To-day is only as the soil
That gives to-morrow birth.
Where stood the tower there grows the weed;
Where stood the weed, the tower
No present hour its likeness leaves
To any future hour.

Of each imperial city built
Far on the eastern plains,
A desert waste of tomb and sand
Is all that now remains.
Our own fair city filled with life
Has yet a future day,
When power, and majesty, and might,
Will all have passed away.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

FEW, save the poor, feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.
Their paths are paths of plenteousness;
They sleep on beds of down;
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With pale thin faces round;
No fire upon the dreary hearth
When snow is on the ground.
They never by the window lean,
And see the gay pass by;
Then take their weary task again,
But with a sadder eye.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING THE SAME STORY.

The following narrative was introduced some years since at a recitation given in Philadelphia by Mr. James Wallack, and received with unbounded applause. It is from the pen of George Colman the younger, and has never till now been printed in America.

AN English ship of war was cast away on her voyage home from the West Indies, and the circumstances of the wreck were related by two persons (very different in their characters and education) who were snatched from the fury of the waves; the chaplain and the boatswain, who stuck by the vessel till she went to pieces, and then clung to a loose plank till they were picked up by a merchantman and safely landed in England. The chaplain thus began:

"The chief passenger on board our unfortunate ship, was an officer in the army, whose manners and sentiments, while they commanded that deference due to the bravery of his own profession, claimed the respect which is given to the morality of mine. His wife accompanied him on the voyage. Her beauty was dazzling to the eye (that indeed is little!) but there was a mild expression of feminine goodness in her countenance, which interested the heart. They had two children on board: a boy six years old, and a girl who seemed about a twelvemonth younger than her little brother. They were lovely infants! but they have perished—A faithful negro (a man-servant) was the attendant on this family."

"On the tenth day of our voyage, the sailors had expressed their fears of a storm, from indications with which I am unacquainted. Their predictions were but too true. The night seemed gloomy, and the moon, which had risen watery and pale, was frequently obscured by black heavy clouds that threatened to deluge our devoted ship. A hurricane ensued—the ocean heaved—the strained planks yielded to the lashing waves—the thunder rolled—and the lightning played on the faces of the despairing wretches that clung to the masts and ropes, expectant of their fate. The captain and crew toiled through the horrors of the night; and the passenger, whom I have already mentioned, was no idle spectator of our distress. The English officer ran nimbly up the shrouds; the negro servant followed him with equal intrepidity, but as the officer reached the top, a cord gave way. He had just time to exclaim—"Oh! God! my wife and children!" and fell headlong into the raging deep. The negro dashed in to save, but perished with his master. The wife at this instant, rushed upon deck, grasping

an infant in each hand. She glanced wildly upon the roaring ocean—a sudden flash of lightning presented to her view her husband, clasped by the faithful negro, both sinking together beneath the foaming waves; she uttered a dreadful shriek of agony, and fell lifeless on the deck.

"The storm continued, and the morning's dawn was ushered in by increasing peals of thunder. In vain the poor innocents called upon their mother! Alas! they were now orphans. 'Do not disturb her any more'—said the boy—'perhaps she is asleep; let us go and look for my father.'—And he threw his little arms about his sister's neck. At that instant with one tremendous crash the vessel burst asunder."

"The boatswain and myself, of all our unfortunate crew, alone remain to pay our adoration to that Providence who stretched forth a saving arm and snatched us from the deep."

The boatswain's account as given to his messmates on his next voyage, is that of a man accustomed to danger, and considering an occasional shipwreck as a thing of course.

"Life's but a short voyage—though it's plain sailing to some folks and cramp navigation to others. I have had my share—but what then! Why in that there last voyage of mine to the West Indies—my limbs! there was your works! Sailed from Kingston harbour—crew aboard—all well—cabin passengers—captain and his wife and children, and Bumbo, his black negro—Splinter me! the tenth night—moon shining—after a while the clouds begun to muster, and the moon looked as round and as dull as an unwashed platter; and then all the night grew as dark as pitch. The wind set in from the norrad, rough as a Norway bear; and roared loud enough to blow old Davy's head off. Down we hauled the top-gan't sails, with the lightning whizzing about our sconces. I could scarcely keep my bearings, and staggered as if I had got my grog aboard. The officer, our passenger, thought as how he'd bear a hand aloft; but being a land-lubber, d'ye see, he missed his stays, and tumbled down clean overboard in the turning of a handspike. Poor blackey never waited for sailing orders, but slipt the cable of an honest heart, and took his depart-

MISS LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

ure after his master, and they both set sail on a voyage of discovery. The poor lady screamed as if the cordage of her life had given way, and capsizing, fell upon her face as if the storm of grief had upset her. But when the little ones began to pipe—I was forced to swab the spray from my bows, and sheer off to my duty. It blew great guns!—bang went the mizen!—all was confusion from the jib-boom to the crageck-yard. A sea unshipped the rudder, washed overboard sheep, goats, hen-coops, pigs, and water-casks.”

“The sailors sung out fire! from the starboard-quarter—the timbers groaned again, unshipped their seams, and she blew up with an infernal crash! My eyes! how I stared when I found my life-stays had not give way, and I was still rated able on the books of mortality. I thought at first, I had been in Davy Jones’s locker. But I looked round and saw myself seated on three planks that had stuck together, with the chaplain alongside to pray for me.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

At the time when he was highest in her favour, Queen Elizabeth presented the Earl of Essex with a ring as a pledge, that, by sending it back to her, she would pardon any offence he might commit. When under sentence of death for high treason, Essex entrusted this ring to his relative, the Countess of Nottingham, to be delivered by her to the queen, as a claim on her promise of forgiveness. This ring the countess treacherously suppressed at the instance of her husband, who was the bitter enemy of Essex. The deceived queen, having waited in vain for the return of the ring, and being induced to believe that Essex was too proud to accept a pardon at her hands, and that he obstinately persisted in preferring death at once to a life granted by her clemency, she, after much hesitation and with great reluctance, brought herself to sign the warrant for his execution. He was beheaded within the Tower of London;—and with him perished the peace of Elizabeth. Within two years after this event, the perfidious countess found herself on her death-bed. Agonized with remorse, she sent for the queen, confessed to her the suppression of the ring, and implored her forgiveness.

DEATH stood beside a lordly dome
As pitiless and dread
As when within the peasant’s home
He smites the unhonour’d head:
“Haste! call the queen!”—a feeble tone
In fear and anguish cried,
And she who sat on England’s throne
Bent at the sufferer’s side.

The dying countess strove in vain
Her last request to speak,
Till tears of woe and dews of pain
Blent on her ashen cheek.
At length her quivering hand unclos’d,
And, lo!—a ring was there,
Of rare and radiant gems compos’d,
Such as a king might wear.

“He for whose hand this ring was meet,
I dare not speak his name,
Bade me to lay it at your feet,
And spare the scaffold’s shame.
But I—and be my sin reveal’d,
And my repentance keen,
I—in stern hate that pledge conceal’d—
Oh! pardon—gracious queen!”

What did the jewell’d toy restore
Within that royal heart?—
Did maddening love revive once more
In that convulsive start?—

But who can scan her spirit’s frame
As that fond pledge she view’d?
While stern, her idol Essex came
Back from his grave of blood!

Regret, confusion, and remorse
Her warring thoughts distress’d,
And every heart-string’s rebel force
Made conflict in her breast;
Fierce passions o’er her features spread,
And, with a maniac grasp,
She shook the countess in her bed,
Even at the latest gasp.

With flashing eyes and tottering knees
She shriek’d, in accents shrill,
“God may forgive you, if he please;
But, no! I never will!”—
Cold horror, like a blighting frost,
Upon the dying fell,
And, with one groan, the wretched ghost
Bade its pale clay farewell.

Yet scarce a few more suns serene
O’er the proud palace sped,
When, lo! high Tudor’s haughty queen
Was with the crownless dead;
And she th’ implacable did stand
Before that Judge in Heaven
Who gave the great, the dread command,
“Forgive!—and be forgiven!”

THE VICTOR'S WREATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

LATE one evening an old knight came wearily down from one of the lofty Hartz mountains into the valley beneath. His name was Leuthold; he had once been lord of all the neighbouring lands, but had been driven from the noble castle of his fathers by the might of a rich count; and all that old Leuthold could now do, was every evening to climb the woody heights above his cottage, and to gaze down from thence on the lofty towers of the castle till sunset. Then would the old man return to the valley, where he was allowed to live undisturbed, as unable to struggle for his rights, his only son having fallen in the defence of his father's hearth.

On his way home, the gray-haired knight always passed by a chapel which he had built in better days, and where now lay entombed the body of his brave son. Then the father would kneel before the door of the lowly building, and offer up a prayer. He did so on this day; and as he rose from his knees, he looked wistfully through the window; but he in vain tried to see his Sigebald's tomb, for it stood in a niche in the wall behind the altar; and Leuthold had no means of getting into the chapel, since, in his overpowering grief after the interment of his son, he had flung the key away into the rapid stream of the Bude. Often had he repented of this, for, poor as he now was, he had not gold enough to have another key made to fit the delicately worked lock; and thus he had shut out himself, his good-wife, and his niece Diotwina, Sigebald's betrothed bride, from the sight of all that remained of him who had been their dearest treasure.

But never had this longing been so intense as on this evening: he gazed upon the door with keen sorrow, he had almost entreated it to give way and let him enter, and thought it must grant his prayer, but it remained firm and unmoved, and the rusty lock yielded so little to his repeated efforts, that he became but the more aware of the great strength of the bolts and hinges. At last, after the old man had rattled for a long while at the door of the burial-place of his son, he turned away, and proceeded to his cottage, with tears in his eyes, and mournfully shaking his head at the recollection of his own rash deed.

He found his wife awaiting him for their late evening meal. "Where, then, is Diotwina?" he asked: "Gone to her chamber," answered the old woman:

"it is to-day the anniversary of her betrothal to Sigebald, and, as thou knowest, she always spends it in fasting and solitude." The knight sighed deeply, and remained silent for a long space; at length he began again, "How much money have we altogether?" "Nearly two rix-dollars, but not quite," answered the wife. "And the smith asks for a new key—" "Three gold florins." Then the old man sighed again, and looked inquiringly round the room. "Ah!" said his wife, "there is naught here to sell. There might be one thing. . . . The smith thought he could readily give two florins for it." "Dost thou mean *that* up yonder?" said the old man, pointing to his sword. His wife nodded. But he sprang up hastily, saying, "God forbid! I may, indeed, never again use my old weapon in this world, but it shall rest honourably at last on my coffin. My Sigebald in paradise would hardly forgive me if I parted with my noble sword." His wife hid her face in her hands, and began to weep, for she could not but remember how often her dead son, when a beautiful joyous child, had played with this sword, and lisped of his future conquests with it. Then both the old people remained silent, put out the light, and went to bed.

It might have been about midnight when the old man heard wonderful cries and noises sound through the valley; and there shone from the woody heights a light, as of a bright flame, through the shutters of the narrow window of their room. He would have got up to see what it was, but his wife said, "Keep still, husband; I have heard it for some time past, and I am praying to myself. It must be a long procession of the wild huntsman." "Well," said Leuthold, "I have often heard the wild huntsman hurry past me by night in the forest, but these are very different sounds." "Then it must be some work of the witches," answered the old woman: "Who knows what they are doing up yonder on the Brocken? I pray thee keep still, and do not give way to foolish thoughts."

The knight hearkened to his wife: he lay still, and prayed softly. But after a while he began again: "wife, some one is riding past our window on a gray horse, just as our blessed son used to ride." She trembled, and with a low voice asked him to be silent. But again the old man spoke: "Dost thou hear how some one on the mountain is

crying out 'Strike hard! hew them down?' The night-storm almost carries the sounds away. But just before our Siegbald fell, he would so have called out." "If thou wouldst kill me with horror and fright," said the wife, or make me go mad, go on with such discourse,—one word more will do it." Then Leuthold was silent; and he drove back into his own bosom the thoughts which were stirring and thronging within him. The wonderful sounds ceased, or were lost in more distant valleys; and towards morning the old couple both fell asleep.

The bright light of day shone again over the mountains. Leuthold's wife sat already at her spinning-wheel, and the knight was going forth to work with hatchet and spade in their little garden; he turned back as he reached the door, and said, "It is very strange. When the wild fancies and mysteries of night have once made their way into a man's brain, he can get no peace from them. I have been dreaming till break of day of our harvest-feast, as we used to keep it in better days in the castle of our fathers." "Strange indeed!" interrupted the wife; "I too have dreamt of it. The peasants were thronging into the castle-hall, with their shining scythes, their wives and daughters with rakes adorned with gay ribbons. The harvest-wreath shone on high against the bright blue summer sky; and, ah! before them all came my own dear child, a lovely boy, with garlands of corn-flowers wound round him; a wreath, as for a marriage, was on his head, and a large red flower in his bosom. I knew that flower well!" Her head sank mournfully; and the knight, to turn her from the thought of her only son's death-wound, said: "The singing was the strangest part of my dream. Even when I awoke I still heard the hymn which the peasants used to sing as they entered, and now I could almost fancy that the same sound is coming over the mountain, and descending the woody hill-side; as I opened the door, it seemed to me that the sound came in stronger." His wife listened likewise, and rose in silent wonder; she took her husband's arm to go out and seek whence came these mysterious sounds. Emboldened now by the cheering morning light, which gilded the stems of the trees, and the dewy grass beneath them; still more emboldened by the solemn strains of the hymn, which drew nearer and nearer, the sounds of flutes and pipes blending with the voice.

As the old couple went forth from their cottage, a multitude of peasants appeared amongst the trees, with green branches in their hats, and glittering scythes in their hands; some of them also carried halberts and spears. "O heavens!" cried the wife of Leuthold, "it is not yet harvest-time. And whither are they going with their songs and music! See

only how the morning glow colours their scythes." "They must have been at some very dreadful hay-making," murmured the knight; for he knew the red tinge of their weapons much too well to take it, like his wife, for the glow of morning.

In the mean while the peasants had formed a half-circle round the venerable pair; and while they ended their song with a joyful clashing of their arms, Diotwina stepped forth from among them, approached her astonished parents with a radiant countenance, and spoke thus: "They who go forth early to pray, do not return without a blessing. Here at the entrance of the wood I met these brave men, and they desire that from me you should first hear of their noble deed. They have won back your castle—the country is free—the oppressor dead!"

The old knight gazed around as if yet in his last night's dream. Then drew near to him the oldest of the armed band, gray-haired like his lord; and taking gently from his hand the spade, he put in its stead an old silver staff, inlaid with gold, which the ancestors of Leuthold had possessed from the remotest times, and which was now recovered with other sacred heir-looms of the family. Then the men shouted triumphantly the words of Diotwina, "The country is free! the oppressor dead!" and again clashed arms and scythes. "It is indeed so," said the old peasant to the wondering and doubting husband and wife. "Your brother's son Richard is returned from his crusade, my noble lord, and has brought to pass all these wonders since yesterday evening, when he first appeared in the outer court of the castle. He might well guess how in our hearts we longed after our rightful master, for he spoke to us thereof, and bade us take spears and scythes in your cause, as if it was a thing decreed long before, till the most irresolute felt it could not be otherwise. So the alarm-bells rung from the towers, and signal-fires kindled on the hills, and we peasants poured forth in troops, and were quickly marshalled by the young hero, and inspirited by his words. We scoured through the valleys wherever we caught a glimpse of an armed follower of the count. At length we stormed the castle, and the count, in his despair, threw himself on his own sword. The young victor led us on till we came near your abode, and then galloped back to the castle, no doubt that he might have all things prepared for your reception. If it is now your pleasure to let us escort you back, there are here three gentle well-trained horses out of your own stables, ready to bear you and the noble ladies."

With outstretched arms the old lord blessed his brave, true-hearted people; the horses were led forward, the honoured knight and the ladies were placed

upon them, and they all took the way to the castle with devoutly joyful hearts.

The old peasant walked beside the knight's horse, and spoke of the last night's fight, and of the wonderful deeds of Richard. As Leuthold heard with ever-growing joy and surprise of the magnanimity, and skill, and heroic valour of his nephew in many encounters, his heart swelled within him with thankful pride, till in the eagerness of his delight, at last he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all around him, "Here I pledge my knightly honour and faith, that our brave deliverer shall have for his own that which I hold dearest on earth, my niece Diotwina. She shall be betrothed to him before God and man." He stretched out his right hand towards heaven, as if making a vow. The troop stopped short in amazement, and gazed upon the eager old man; but his wife turned deadly pale with fright, and at last articulated with difficulty, "Husband, husband, what hast thou done? why this unhappy impatience in thy old age? Look around thee where we are. Yonder is the chapel wherein sleeps our only son; and when he died, thou didst receive the vow of Diotwina to live and die the spotless bride of our Sigebald. Which vow shall, then, now be broken, hers or thine?"

The old knight, greatly troubled, let fall his hand, and sighed out, "So it is! Heaven scatters its most precious gifts; and man, in his reckless joy, turns them to his own destruction!" The whole troop looked sorrowful and affrighted on their repentant lord; but Diotwina opened her sweet lips with an angel-smile, and said, "Father and mother, be not troubled. I think our vows are not so very different as you fear." Then turning to the old peasant, she continued, "How know you that your leader last night was Richard?" "What other could it have been, noble lady?" answered the old man; "he wore the colours of our master's house, and its badge on his scarf and shield! Then his words, and gestures, and way of riding, were all quite and entirely after the fashion of our lord. He gave the war-cry of the family with his loud soldier's voice each time that his horse dashed among the enemy. Ay, and oftentimes he repeated to us that we were fighting under a branch of the old tree. Who could it have been but the young lord Richard? It is true no one saw his face, for he wore his vizor always closed."

"Now, then, let me relate what befell me last night," said Diotwina, with a distinct voice and earnest look, "and give good heed to me, for I speak the simple truth, as befits a simple maiden. I stood at my window, and watered, partly with fresh water, partly with my tears, a bright blooming myrtle, which in my happy days was to make my bridal wreath. It was still flourishing and beautiful to

behold, but my hopes of earthly bliss were withered for ever. A noise at my door roused me from these and the like thoughts. I could distinctly hear a step on the stairs; it was light and soft, but with a clanging sound, as of armour. My father and mother were long since asleep, and it was midnight; a cold shudder crept over me. Then the door was half opened, and an armed hand was extended, holding the scarf which I had worked for my betrothed, and which had been laid in his coffin. A voice—it was that of Sigebald—spoke from without, 'It is I; can I enter without causing thee to die of terror?' 'Enter, in God's name,' I answered, trembling with fright, and with longing desire to see him. Then a pale, armed figure with open vizor walked slowly and solemnly into the room. I well knew his noble features, and yet I had not the courage to look into his face so as to discern whether his eyes were hollow as those of a corpse, or mildly beaming as of yore. 'Dost thou yet need the myrtle-wreath for thy wedding-day?' he asked gently. I shook my head. 'Never more wilt thou need it!' I again shook my head. 'Ah!' continued he, caressingly and tenderly as when yet alive, 'then weave me a victor's wreath, my own dear bride. For see, it has been granted me to complete the work of vengeance in this pale mortal body; and when it again lies down on its bier, it will take the wreath along with it.' I diligently wove and wove till all the branches were woven into a bright wreath. My betrothed stood at the door silently watching me. When my work was done, he bent a knee before me; I placed the wreath on his helmet; and as he went forth, he looked back and spoke: 'Fear not, sweet love, if the noise of arms reaches you from the valley. God has given the victory into my hands.' Then he greeted me so tenderly that all my awe vanished, and I smiled after him as formerly, when he left me to go forth to a gay tournament. It was not till I saw him on his gray steed passing so lightly and rapidly through the darkness, that dread came upon me again. You now know your deliverer, dear parents, and your true vassals. If you will grant my prayer, and open the chapel and the tomb, I doubt not but that the myrtle-wreath on my bridegroom's helmet will give token of the truth of my words."

They all looked at each other in silence and doubt: there arose, indeed, in many minds the thought that Diotwina's pure spirit had been bewildered by the strange events of the night and a fearful dream; but when they recalled how calmly she had met them on leaving the cottage, this thought could no longer remain. Then they remembered that their leader, after he had assembled them, had disappeared for a while, and returned with a wreath on his helmet. Diotwina's request

was granted—the chapel was opened, the fears of his mother lest the beloved remains should be irreverently disturbed being quieted by the promise of the vassals to keep guard over the spot till the fastenings to the door were again carefully closed. But as now the rusty hinges offered a strong resistance, it seemed that a faithless doubt destroyed in all hearts the belief in the apparition. Diotwina's smile alone gave confirmation to her words. The lid of the tomb was at length removed, and there lay the young hero in full armour, a calm smile on his countenance, and on his helmet the myrtle-wreath woven by his bride. Then all fell on their knees, and thanked and praised God. Diotwina joyfully accomplished her own and her uncle's vow—she remained the faithful bride of Sigebald to her death, dwelling near to the chapel in a small house, which Richard, when many years afterwards he really returned home, and had inherited the old knight's possessions, consecrated as a nunnery, under whose shelter the chapel of Sigebald long remained in holy repute, and the object of many a pilgrimage.

NOTE.

"The wild huntsman."

The tradition here alluded to bears, that formerly a wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Hackelnberg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and at the same time so profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this amusement on Sundays and other holy days, but accompanied it with the most unheard of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. After his death, the people conceived they still heard the cry of the wildgrave's hounds; and the well known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet and of the pack and the sportsmen, as well as the rustling of the branches before the game, are distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. His favourite haunts are in the Hackel, from which he derives his name, and more particularly in the district of Dumburg. He is often heard at midnight, as he drives through storm and rain; or in the dim moonshine, when the heavens are overcast, he chases through the clouds with his swart hounds the shadows of wild animals he once destroyed. Most frequently the chase goes over Dumburg, straight athwart the Hackel, towards the now ruined villages of Ammendorf.

Three travellers had once sat down to refresh themselves not far from Dumburg; the night was gathering fast, the moon shone fitfully through the fleeting clouds, and all was silent as the tomb. Suddenly was heard a rushing like a strong current over their heads. "That," cried one of the travellers, "is the sound of the wild hunter. Hackelnberg is not far off." "Let us fly,

then," exclaimed the second, in great alarm, "before the monster overtakes us." "There is no time," said the other; "and you have nothing to fear, if you will not provoke him. Let us lie down on our faces while he passes over us, and say not a word,—remember the fate of the shepherd." The travellers laid themselves down among the bushes: the loud rushing of the hounds as if trampling down the grass, and high above them in the air the stifled cry of the hard-pressed animal, mingled from time to time with the fierce sound of the hunter's "hul hu!" Two of the travellers pressed closer to the ground, but the third could not resist his desire of seeing what passed. He glanced sideways through the bushes, and saw the shade of the dark hunter, urging on his dogs as he speeded by. As suddenly again every thing was still. "But what became of the young shepherd of whose fate you spoke?" said one of the travellers. "Listen to his strange adventure," was the reply of the other. "A shepherd once heard the wild hunter drawing near the place where he fed his flock. He could not resist giving the hounds a cheer, and called out, 'Good luck to you, Hackelnberg!' The wild hunter checked his speed, as he shouted with a voice of thunder, 'Hast thou helped me to urge my dogs? so shalt thou have a share in the quarry.' The poor hind shrank trembling away. But Hackelnberg flung after him a half devoured thigh bone of an animal, which smote him as he sat in his cart so severely, that he has never since been able to hold himself upright, or to move backwards or forwards."

This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany. The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter who frequented the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall, grisly figure. The notion seems to have been very general, as appears from the following poetical description of a similar phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire in Scotland:—

"E'er since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross—
So to the simple swain tradition telle—
Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunter, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks and riper din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise; and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round;
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what or whom he owes his shuddering fear."

Sir Walter Scott's beautiful ballad of the "Wild Huntsman," alluding to the same tradition, is well known.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF FRIENDSHIP.

'Tis not while the fairy bark fans the green sea
That the strength of the bark may be known;
And 'tis not in prosperity's hour that the truth
Or the fervor of friends can be shown.

No! the bark must be proved when the tempest is high,
When dangers and mountain-waves press;
And the friend when the storm of adversity's high
For the touchstone of friendship's distress.

HOWEL SELE'S OAK.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

"I mark'd a broad and blasted oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare,
Hollow its stem from branch to branch,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare.
E'en to this day, the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound."

How beautiful is this wild spot, with its accompaniments of lawn and thicket, with its clear stream, now prattling over a rocky bed, and now dancing in playful eddies beside the tufts of grass and yellow flowers, that skirt the margin of the water! Innumerable boughs shut out the distant prospect, and neither a church-spire, nor curling smoke, ascending from some lone cottage, betokens the abode of men. In the midst of this fair spot stands a "caverned, huge, and thunder-blasted oak;" its dry branches are white with age, the bark has long since fallen from them, and most impressive is the contrast which it presents to the lightness and the freshness of the young green trees among which it stands, as among them, though not of them. Beyond their verdurous circle are a variety of romantic dingles, covered with blackberry-bushes, with moss, and ivy. Gigantic trees fling the shadow of their noble branches over the green sward, and the spaces between them are filled, here and there, with an exuberant growth of underwood. The music of almost every feathered songster that frequents the woods of England is heard in this wild spot; but except the buzzing of flies that rise in crowds from the copses, and the pleasant rippling of the stream, no other sound meets the ear.

The old tree with its bleached and skeleton arms has a fearful name, and stout of heart must the man be who would pass within sight of it when the sun is set behind the hill, and the trees cast their lengthened shadows on the grass. It is called the 'haunted oak,' the 'spirit's blasted tree,' or the 'hobgoblin's hollow tree,' and dismal is the tale to which the name refers.

Howel Sele, whose sad history is associated with this blasted oak, was lord of the wide domain which extends around it for many miles. We know not whether his heart was secretly inclined to espouse the faction of Henry IV, or whether he loved a life of ease, and preferred to dwell in his castle-hall,

hoping that the storm which threatened to overwhelm his country might pass away. Certain it is that Owen Glendour thought not well of him, and perhaps with reason. He came not forth to assist in delivering his country from the aggressions of a foreign enemy; some even said that he had been induced to desert her cause, and that he only waited for an opportunity to avow himself. Others whispered, that he looked with a jealous eye on the generous Glendour; and that he feared not to speak of him as the sole leader of a desperate faction, who, if deprived of their head, had no other hope.

Glendour knew that such evil rumours were abroad, and it seemed as if he wished to set his kinsman at defiance; for having taken with him his chosen companion Madoc, he set forth to drive the red deer from the forest brake, in the domains of the unbending lord of Nannau. But the lord of Nannau could not brook that his red deer should be thus vexed and driven, and when one of these noble animals crossed his path, closely pursued by the fiery Glendour with hound and horn, he rushed from the forest and summoned his cousin to single combat. It was a fatal one for Howel; he fell on the green sward, in the very place where all is now so verdurous and joyful, and his corpse was dragged by his enraged kinsman beneath the tree, whose bare and sapless branches and high top, bald with dry antiquity, whose gnarled and rugged trunk, and large projecting roots are almost fearful in their decay.

The tree was hollow at that time, and the companion of Glendour having, with his assistance, lifted the corpse of the unhappy chieftain from off the ground, dropped it within the oak. This was a ruthless deed, but the natural gentleness of Owen Glendour had been perverted by the scenes in which he mingled, and by the oppression that was exercised towards him. He saw only, in the husband and the father who had fallen by his hand, one,

JULIA BRACE.

who, if he favoured not the cause of the usurper, was yet indifferent to the welfare of his country. He, therefore, sought not for him Christian burial, in consecrated ground.

Glendour could no longer tarry in the domains of the murdered chieftain, for he knew how greatly Howel was beloved, and that when the hour of his return was passed, every glen and forest-path would be sought for him. Calling to his companion, he hastened back to his stronghold, Glyndwr dry, where, amid rocks and waterfalls, and the howling of fierce winds, he passed a few more unquiet years. The wretched day which caused him to become a murderer, and deprived Nannau of her lord, was one of anxiety and grief. Far and wide did his vassals haste, now down the glen, now in the depth of the still forest, now scouring over the wide moor, and now making every rock resound with his name. But in vain did they hurry along the forest paths, or dash amid the torrent's roar, or scour over the wide moor, echo alone answered to their loud shouts. In vain did the sorrowing wife of Howel look out through the gloom of evening, and listen for his footsteps; and when the moon shone bright, and louder sounded the wild torrent, and the whoop of the owl was heard, did she pace her lonely chamber, and strain her sight through the gathered mist, to see if he was coming.

The next day, and the next, did the vassals of Nannau renew their search. Again every glen was visited, and every forest-walk was traced and re-traced; the base, too, of every hill was carefully examined, lest the chieftain should have fallen from some height, which the creeping bramble and thickly-tangled underwood had concealed. But no trace of Howel was discovered.

Thus one year succeeded to another, and no tidings of the chieftain were received, till at length an armed horseman was seen to urge his weary steed up the hill that leads to Nannau, from the

neighbouring town of Dolgelly. The rain fell fast, and the wind blew a perfect hurricane, but he seemed not to heed either the one or the other, or to spare the horse on which he rode. The vassals hastened to the castle-gate, and the lady looked anxiously from the window. Perhaps a faint hope flashed across her mind that the Lord of Nannau was returning. But it was not he, although the stranger brought tidings where he might be found. He told the lady that the enemy of her house was dead; that he in dying, had conjured him to bring to her ear tidings of her husband, and to make known the dreadful mystery of his sudden disappearance. He then told his tale; for it was Madoc, who came thus late, and he referred to the blasted oak in confirmation of the truth. The vassals of Nannau hurried thither, and with them went Madoc, but he could not bear to see the bringing forth of him, whom he had helped to sepulchre within its trunk; he shrunk from witnessing the awful sight that was about to be revealed, and plunging into the forest was soon on the road to Dolgelly. The evening was far advanced when Madoc reached the castle, and now the night had closed in. The vassals worked by torch-light, for such was the lady's command, and their own eagerness confirmed it. Their strokes fell heavy on the trunk of the tree, which sounded hollow, and somewhat of a rattling was heard within, as if of iron and of bones. Some feared to continue, and truly it was solemn work, for the night was dark, and the wind exceeding loud, and the tree stood forth in its sepulchral whiteness, with its long skeleton-looking and bleached arms, which the lightning had riven. A few strokes more, and the horrid mystery was revealed. There stood the skeleton of Howel; his right hand grasped a rusty sword, and those who saw it, well remembered that it had often been wielded by their chieftain.

JULIA BRACE.

This unfortunate female, who has been blind, deaf, and dumb from early infancy, is an inmate of the asylum in Hartford. Her intelligence and acuteness are almost incredible to those who have not seen her, and truly astonishing to those who have. The following stanzas are by Mrs. Sigourney.

A MINGLED group from distant homes
In youth and health and hope are here.—
But yet some latent evil seems
To mark their lot with frown severe;
And one there is, upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid,
Mute stranger 'mid a world of sound,
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

Amid that group her curious hands,
O'er brow and tress, intently stray;
Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,—
For inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

THE FEMALE MISER.

BY JULES JANIN.

THERE recently died, in a lone house of an obscure street at Fontainebleau, a wretched woman, nearly a hundred years old: this woman lived on brown bread and unwholesome water, and was covered with tatters. The rivulet of the street became more muddy when she ventured to cross it, the smell of the sewer more poisonous. It was dreadful to see the abominable creature, thus crawling along in the filthy attire of the most abject avarice. Her house was not a house, but, a fortress, built of freestone, cemented by iron plates; for in it were contained immense riches. There this miserable being, with whom neither alms nor charity had any thing in common, either to give or receive, had heaped, not only gold, diamonds, and pearls, but the choicest furniture, the most exquisite marbles, the rarest paintings, the most charming master-pieces of every art. The smoky hole, in which this woman, on Sunday, cooked her food for the whole week, contained the finest and most delicate chefs d'œuvre of the Flemish masters; the Dutch enchanters, the joyous fairs of Téniers, the elegant scenes of Vandenberg, the whims, caprices, and beautiful countenances of Gerard Dow; more than one simple and whimsical drama of Jan Steen's, more than one beautiful heifer of Paul Potter's, more than one fresh and glowing landscape of Hobbema's, more than one sweetly-lighted forest of Cuyp's or of Ruysdale's!

These beautiful works which had been the ornaments of the palaces of Marly, of the great and little Trianon, or at least of the galleries in the Palais Royal, were dying for want of air and sun. Smoke, cold, and time, which consumes every thing, overpowered with their formidable tints, the splendid colours, which but lately had rivalled the wonders of creation. So that the stupid rage of this woman crushed, at pleasure, the joy of the future, the glory of past generations, the ornament of the present time. In her fits of ill humour, oh shameful abuse! the horrible old woman struck with her abominable foot, these delicate gems of the fine arts, she treated them as she would have treated lovely, chattering children, as if she could have heard, for her delight, their groans and sobs. How many did she break! what numbers did she destroy! Did she want a board to hold her breakfast of onions, she made a

table of some panel of Watteau's; did she want a piece of copper to mend her saucepan, she took a little painting of Vandyke's. The rarest cloth served her to mend the tapestry which hung on the poisonous walls. The same abuse was found in the smallest details. The mug from which the toothless hag drank her cold milk, milk weakened by dirty water, was nothing less than a beautiful porcelain vase of the Sevres manufacture, on which was yet visible, though cracked, the noble and beautiful likeness of the queen Marie Antoinette. Oh, profanation! that such a mouth should touch the edge of the limpid vase, on which had rested the soft lips of the greatest and most lovely woman in the world! Such was the frightful and startling confusion of this house. A dirty apron stained with the blood of some unhappy pigeon fallen in this dwelling, ignominiously concealed the richest laces, magnificent remnants from the small apartments at Versailles; a golden spoon, graven with the arms of a Montmorency or a Crillon, was put into a wooden porringer. When the hag returned to her hole, she extended her limbs upon the gilt sofas which she had bought at the revolutionary auctions; she placed her half broken *sabots* upon marble brackets, she looked at her wrinkles in the finest Venetian glasses, she covered her hair with a greasy hood, but round this frayed cap she hung, in derision, pearls large enough to be envied by the princesses of the blood royal. Around her, all was gold and dirt, purple and the coarsest cloth, the finest art and the commonest utensils. She put her vinegar in cut glass, and frightened away the bold flies that rested upon her forehead, with a fan that Greuze himself had designed. Her bed, or rather her pallet, was covered with the richest brocades; the straw upon which the monster sought sleep was inclosed in embroidered velvet; but sleep did not come, remorse took its place; during the sad nights, the life of the miserable creature unrolled itself before her, her life of luxury and fêtes, of vices and crimes, of shameless profligacy, for she had even put profligacy to the blush. A melancholy dream was her's and sad was every awaking! Dreams carried her through an endless turmoil, in which mingled blows and caresses, good fortune and misery, brown bread and Champagne. At the same time, to amuse her

for a moment, to draw from her a smile, (always in her dream,) she had at her service, poets who sang loudly of wine and love, she had at her table, hungry philosophers, who attempted to show that Providence was an idle name; she surrounded herself with men, whose aim it was to prove, that the soul was not immortal. It was to amuse such women that Voltaire wrote *Candide*, that J. J. Rousseau, the simple orator, told the melancholy story of *Saint Preux and Heloise*, without reckoning young Crebillon, who, every morning, placed upon Madame's toilette, his little page of wickedness and vice.

Thus she lived on the purse of some, the license of others, the impiety of all. Miserly among the spendthrifts, skilful and prudent among the dissipated, the sole desire of this depraved creature, was to enrich herself with the spoils and sophisms of all these men. She swallowed up every thing: she was like the north sea, in which nothing re-appears after a shipwreck. Thus, in the great shipwreck of former times, she alone survived. She saw all her admirers, one after another, depart for the scaffold, or for exile; they left without a louis in their pockets, a coat upon their backs, or a hat upon their heads, and yet it never occurred to her, to lend them so much as her coachman's cloak. She saw crawling to the baker's door, those, whose husbands she had ruined by her extravagance; and for these poor, weak, emaciated beings, she had not even a piece of black bread! Even in 1792, this woman could think of counting her money in her strong box! Even in 1793, when distracted kings listened to the noise of the falling axe, she counted her gold! She was accumulating heap upon heap! She went round the scaffolds, to collect the last garments of the victims; she entered the deserted houses, to buy for a mere nothing the spoils of the absent masters. She would not trust land, even to buy it cheap, for land is faithful, and often returns to its owners; but she trusted gold, which is a vagabond and a traitor, like herself! It was her delight to carry all to her closet, the beautiful ornaments and master pieces of former days, and to insult them in her own fashion! This was her way of revenging herself upon those good ladies, who would have washed their hands immediately, if they had happened in passing, to touch the cloak of this despised creature.

Such had been her life, and this life was repeated, set in remorse, every time that she attempted to sleep. But after these frightful slumbers, she again became the pitiless harpy, whose very name for three leagues round, made people tremble with fear. The poor who passed turned from the house, lest a tile should fall to strike the beggar; the child who sang in the street became silent, at the sight of that

livid wall; the most joyous bird hushed his warbling, when he flew above the court of the house. In the garden, the lilac had no flowers, the bush sprouted reluctantly, the turf withered under her footsteps, the indignant fruit escaped from her soiled hand, at the approach of the monster the tree was tempted to fly! Her dog would not eat what her hand presented to him; he would rather have died of hunger, than to have gnawed the bone which she had picked with her iron-like gums. The poisonous caves, the avenues of which Virgil speaks, the pestilential seas, are nothing compared to this green sink, where even the toad refused to show himself. The very thieves, when this heap of treasures was named, shrugged their shoulders with an oath, they preferred stealing a crown from an honest man, to attempting all this woman's money. She was as effectually protected by her baseness, as if she had been surrounded by the cannon of the Invalids. The miserable wretch knew this universal horror, and after having rejoiced at it, finished by discovering that men were right in overwhelming her with hatred. She hated all the world, but she could despise no one; it was in vain to attempt it, although this would have been some consolation.

What a life and what a death! what a dreadful old age! She, to whom vice was as necessary as money, had been suddenly arrested in her career, by a revolution, and this revolution had startled from their sleep all honest minds, soldiers, magistrates, princes of the blood; it had despised only women like herself, and had left them in the depth of their degradation. Suddenly was arrested the life of foolish joys, intoxication and delirium, which had so long prevailed; suddenly the storm had lowered, which restored these old and young men to duties too long forgotten. Madmen! during these days and nights of dissipation, they had left royalty defenceless; they had abandoned to insult, the altar of God, just as they had overturned the king's throne; they had allowed ancient prepossessions to be sacrificed to that ardent wish for novelty, which is only satisfied with murder and suicide; they had abused every thing. But now a thunder-bolt had restored them to themselves. By the light of this ominous fire, they had found a little of their good sense; they were alarmed at so many disorders; they had come to themselves, in this fatal night of their wandering intellects; they had cried out, *help, help!* then, panting for breath, without finishing the half emptied cup, with scarcely time to place upon the table the ivy crown of the drinker, or the rosy crown of the lover, they rallied at once round the throne of France, to fight and to die; and there they fought, and there they fell. And when the good king of France, Louis XVI, had left this world, not one of

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the men who had led such a life, could recall without shame and remorse, that forgetfulness, which had caused the ruin of every thing. But with such feelings this woman had no sympathy. The utter neglect which she now experienced, produced no good effect upon her mind; she was still as despicable as ever, in the midst of her ill-gotten fortune, amongst the treasures she had heaped up, with so much of rage and despair. Sometimes she felt jealous of those unhappy beings who, feeling their sin and misery, began to think of repenting and turning to God; but these were transient rays in the hideous darkness; in all the bitter language of remorse, there was one word, which this woman never could, and never would, pronounce, the word repentance!

Dead to the world, dead to all human joys and afflictions, overwhelmed by public contempt, which weighed upon her heart, as heavily as the earth of her tomb now weighs upon her body, she nevertheless had strange and sudden fits of anger. It is said, for instance, when Charles X. hunted in the forest of Fontainebleau, she was in the habit of seating herself in some crossway of the forest, in the middle of the road, and there she waited till the king passed. Then she would stand up, shaking her rags; she would gaze intently at the howling pack, who uttered plaintive groans on their road; then, when it was the king's turn to pass this woman, he would hesitate, become pale as death, and shiver from head to foot. Alas! she recalled to the king of France, now old and threatened on every hand, the folly and madness of the young Count d'Artois.

But at last this woman is dead; she died alone, in her remorse, without one charitable hand to close her eyes, without the voice of a priest to impart to her any instruction. Her agony was silent and terrible, the agony of a venomous being who has no longer anything to bite. During the ninety-two years that she had been upon the earth, this woman

had found no one person and no one thing, to love or to help; not a child, or an old man, not a poor nor a wretched woman, not an innocence, nor a virtue. And so, in dying, she left nothing to any one, but her strong and powerless curse. All those treasures of art which would have formed the pride of the noblest mansions, she had broken; all the master-pieces of the greatest painters and sculptors, she had annihilated; her gold, she had melted; her notes of the bank of France she had burned. What would she not have given, to have been able to take with her, her lands and her house! Or, at least, if she could have cut down the trees in her garden, destroyed the hope of the next autumn, crushed in their nests the eggs of the singing birds, poisoned the fish in her ponds! If she could have set fire to her crops, and herself disappeared in the flames! But she had hoped to live longer, and now she had not breath to light the spark which would have devoured all.

It was necessary to break open the door to find the corpse, which was stretched upon the ground where it had lain some days;—a volume was by her side: it was the poem in which Voltaire covers with slander the sainted Joan of Arc, the purest and most heroic glory of the history of France. The last rattle of the depraved woman was a blasphemy.

She was thrown into a hole, away from consecrated ground, and upon the dishonoured pit was found, written in a bold hand, this funeral oration, *Here lies the Courtezian who has dishonoured even her own trade.* Oh that this woman may be the last of such a character.

She was called Euphrosine Thevenin, Euphrosine, the name of one of the graces, and if you ask me why this recent history occurs to me, apropos of the royal almanac, it was because this strange being was in the habit of requiring from each of her lovers, that his name should be inscribed in the royal almanac.

THE POET'S LOT.

The poet's lovely faith creates
The beauty he believes;
The light that on his footsteps waits,
He from himself receives.

His lot may be a weary lot,
His thrall a heavy thrall,
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And cares and griefs the crowd know not,
His heart may know them all.

But still he hath a mightier dower,
The loveliness that throws
Around the common thought and hour
The beauty of the rose.

BELISARIUS AT ROME.

BY ZEITENSTIMMEN.

THE great body of our American people, has always rejoiced in greatness of action. The popular demagogue never harangues an audience without recalling to their remembrance the heroes of battles and sieges. And often, often amid our Academic halls, the man of genuine taste—the true scholar, is sickened by the continuous drumming noise of a monotone, and that, the warriors, of ancient and modern days. This peculiar national taste, for it is one of the few things wherein we are national, is attributable to many, and it may be believed assignable causes. And those causes are so interwoven around every American's heart, that it will be long, we venture to predict, very long, before the influences of contrary tendencies, shall destroy or deaden them. And though this, in itself is a noble love—though none but freemen in soul, could appreciate greatness of action, yet when a love for that, predominates to the exclusion of admiration for other manifestations of greatness, it becomes an error, which brings down upon us, the reproach of the wise and enlightened. A sound and genuine philosophy however, a philosophy which the great and good of all ages, have held, teaches, that in *all* greatness the grandeur of man can be seen; and whether the hero stalks across the stage, corsetted in steel, and armed with his battle axe, or treads like the giant Napoleon, with steps, as though his feet were fire, while the small and weak cower in their palaces and hovels as he passes by, or guides the “body politic,” and whispers into its ears, prudence and wisdom, or in the stillness of recluse life, thinks, and writes *for* men, or buried “amid the trees” paints on a never fading canvass his own forms of beauty, upon which a universe shall gaze—there is still, greatness, to which the good and genuine will gladly pay a tribute. The greatness of one, never destroys the greatness of another. But when, during the same epoch in the world's history, the giant stands amid little men, or dwarfs, when in wandering through the picture galleries of any one age, one sees painted on the same canvas the bold iron-muscled warrior, and tiny, mole-hearted courtesans, almost ever buried in the cloistered halls of guarded palaces, the power of contrast becomes disagreeably strong. Two conflicting emotions are warring within him; a nameless

power urges him to idealize the one as the embodiment of the great, and the other as the embodiment of the mean and contemptible. Gibbon, with his strong pencil, has sketched many a bold outline, and often when travelling with him, amid the thorns and sharp rocks of unproductive seasons, he has paused, and drawn some stately oak, with lofty branches, and dark, tremulous leaves. Yet, too often his prepossessions, or prejudices got the mastery over him. Especially when a Mohammedan, or heathen of stern virtue, could possibly be contrasted with a professed christian of doubtful piety. In his delineation of Justinian's reign and character however, wherein no possibility occurs, for the display of his extreme partiality to men, who have disliked the Christian religion, we may suppose that he has been as faithful as possible.

In the reign of Justinian, lived Belisarius. But we do not intend to contrast the sovereign and subject, for the one, spent his life amid the tumult of battle—and the other, amid the intrigues of the cabinet. Justinian by the most partial, cannot be called great: and his services to the law, are monuments not of genius, but of honest industry. We shall direct our attention to his glorious general, as to one, from whom something can be learned. And since our space is clear to us, we shall pass over what can be found in any Encyclopedia, relative to his birth—his early Persian conquests—his African campaigns—and his first career in Italy.

The veteran, after having faithfully served his master, was again called, in the autumn of his days, from the city of Constantine to defend or rather recover Rome. The Goth, Totila, was besieging it: a mercenary governor was starving it. The rich were crying over the loss of gold and silver—and the poor, for want of bread! Belisarius reached Italy. The report of it, cheered many a desponding heart, and roused the barbarian to action. He begins building a strong bridge across the Tiber, ninety furlongs below the city. He raises two towers there, and fills them with Gothic archers. The towers and bridge are fastened together by iron. All is strong, and tight. Yet see! On comes the Roman general, sailing up the river with his fleet in fine style. He has grappling ships, which are filled with sulphur, bitumen, and other com-

bustibles. He sends a body of cavalry along the road side to distract the enemy's attention. The fleet almost reaches the bridge. And now the Goth exultingly waits to see the ships driven back, and when that is done, the heavy horsemen can be attended to. But closer nears the fleet! The archers from the towers let fly their arrows. An occasional sail is pierced, and some men fall. Belisarius halts not, he tarries not. The barbarian wakes as from a dream, he sees the grappling ships. There, they are now fast to the bridge. The towers burn—the archers, two hundred of them, fall. Listen, hear the splash of the water, as they sink! They go down with their heavy sandals, and iron quivers! The chain is broken—the bridge yields, and the way to Rome seems free, and open. Along the shores of the Tiber lie the bodies of the rude enemy. But why does not the Roman proudly advance? Something is wrong, his officers do not co-operate. Bessas, the governor, loves his purse. The youthful lieutenant of the general has done too much, and is defeated! The news of his catastrophe reaches the ear of Belisarius. For once in his life, writes the historian “he betrays some emotion of surprise, and perplexity.” Wild feelings are battling within—he sounds a retreat; he wants to save his wife, and Rome is again given up, to the mercy of plunderers!

In a short time, the Northern enters the “seven hilled city.” She had long ago been robbed* of her glory; for it is now A. D. 546. Yet there is an undying grandeur about her. The Goth seems bent on destruction. What are those marble halls, and lofty palaces, and beautiful temples to him? The soft, Italian sky is his palace's measureless roof—and the arched pathways of the proud forest are the vaulted aisles of his stately cathedral! He knows not human art. His ancestor in barbarism, had already destroyed and disfigured many a fair column, and statue, and architrave: and Totila is ready to follow so illustrious an example. When, strange as it may seem, a voice from Belisarius is heard, beseeching him not “to sully his fame by the destruction of those monuments which are the glory of the dead, and the delight of the living.” He listens to that voice: for his apprehension of human dignity, is clearer far than his knowledge of art. Therefore—for *this*, Totila is not to be despised. He goes however to work, to defend his possession. He stations an army below the city to watch the movements of Belisarius, and himself marches into Lucania, and occupies with his soldiers a spot,† upon which once rested the host of the proud, the

great, though unfortunate Carthaginian.‡ Thus far, Belisarius, though not triumphant in arms, hath triumphed over the barbarian. And the barbarian has been softened by his mild, yet commanding request. But the dauntless spirit of the hero, hath yet a lingering fondness for the city. He remembers her Gracchi, and Bruti, and Scipios, and Catos, and Ciceros, and Cæsars. He hears the measured tread of the iron-soled warriors as they follow their general in the gorgeous array of the processional, laden with the spoils of conquest. He remembers the unflinching virtue of the elder sons of the Republic, and the old Roman spirit—that dares all things. He cannot leave the shores of Italy, without once more visiting the empire city. A power, to which he gladly subjects himself, bids him—let wave from the capitol the old standard, which he has borne about, on many a bloody battle-field. He places himself at the head of a “thousand horse,” resolved to accomplish his purpose, or die. He must cut his way through the barbarian forces. His followers are stout men, and they march! The enemy is scattered, and once more he enters Rome. He sends the city keys again to Constantinople. He fortifies the walls, he calls his army to him. The gates are broken down, and while new ones are making, a Spartan rampart of soldiers stands in their place. Belisarius is active, and desires to establish a perpetual possession for the empire. But a sickly voice comes from Constantinople. There is no aid afforded him. The Byzantine court is busy with discussions about palace-grounds—circus races—ear-rings, and horses, while the toiling veteran is neglected abroad. And shortly after this splendid feat, he is permitted, after leaving a garrison in the city, to return home and receive the “cold embraces of the Emperor.”

This restless desire of the hero's to revisit Rome in the decline of life, is the grandest feature that can be traced on his soul. For it arose like a sun upon his life—it haunted him ever—this remembrance of the old Roman spirit. When resting amid the luxuries of Constantinople, his eye and heart would cross the sunny sea—and retreat the home of glory, and of power. The waves that broke along fair Italy's shores, were musical and clear, and living for him. Had he not some kind of a foreboding that the “Eternal City” would be the wonder of future generations: had he not the anticipation—that she would be the theme of many a poet's song—as in after days he would muse upon these glorious relics! The green-eyed lizard did not then sleep lazily in the tall grass of the deserted arena—nor were those now voiceless halls, then

* She was plundered A. D. 490.

† Mount Garganus.

‡ Hannibal.

so still, and *past*-like. Hail, thou brave old Belisarius! Thou voice of a better day—thou warm sun, amid the stars! Where is the historical scholar that stops not to weave for *him* a wreath as he passes by? Where is the poet, the philosopher, the historian, who has not admired that hero, of bold heart, and daring hand? Glorious product was he of ages, that have been called—strangely called *dark*! Belisarius, Alfred, Charlemagne, Richard of England, were some of the heroes of action, during those midnight times!*

We have thus for thee, O reader! held up, the old Roman, in one particular portion of his history.

* The opinion is beginning to gain ground that people have made a mistake in calling those ages so dark—there was great illumination in some of them—and there were heroes scattered along their tract, which justify us, in not using hereafter the odious appellation of “dark ages.”

If thou wilt read his life and character, as portrayed by Gibbon, there will be enough for thee to meditate upon for a long while. We have set much value upon a single desire of his. And he who fathoms the depth of that desire, will have made considerable progress in his knowledge of the human soul. He will know what can be a hero's feelings, and what the power of his determination. Were it not that *this* could be seen—that some glimpse into his inner life could be caught, the bare recital of facts would have no more meaning for us, than a long list of arithmetical numbers. History would be a barren, decayed trunk, instead of a stately, beautiful, and blooming tree. The past would be as voiceless as the depths of ocean—instead of eloquent as the human soul itself. Belisarius would be a lifeless marble statue, instead of a warm, genial hero!

THE ORPHAN.

See Plate.

DESIROUS, among the various novelties with which we present our readers, to introduce an occasional reminiscence of the great masters in art, of former times, we have for this month caused to be engraved one of the beautiful designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Warner has done justice to the picture. It retains the spirit of the original. No artist was ever more successful in delineating childhood than Sir Joshua. He was accustomed to take little children into his studio, often selecting the healthiest and most beautiful from groups in the street for the purpose. There he amused them and suffered them to play, till they were weary and fell asleep; and then the

great master would take his pencil and draw one of those touching and lovely sketches—destined to attract the admiration and win the hearts of kings and courts. Childhood in his hands was attractive; for he painted from the life. It was in one of those happiest moments of nature's aspiration that he painted the beautiful picture of the Orphan, which we now offer to our readers. How touching is the picture! How full of innocence and pleading helplessness; and how well the landscape accords with the figure! The heath is wild and desolate—the sky lowering and threatening. All the features of the scene speak of the desolation of THE ORPHAN.

LINES ON BEING STOPPED BY A LADY FROM PLUCKING A ROSE.

Oh! spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnotic'd, overthrown.
Oh! hasten not its destiny—
Too like thy own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find its playmate gone:
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.

Oh! spare!—and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
To see the sky.

Spare then this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill,
And let it at His shrine present
Its homage still.

He made it, who makes naught in vain;
He watches it, who watches thee;
And he can best its date ordain,
Who bade it be.

THE QUEEN'S OAK.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

O lady! on thy regal brow
The shades of death are gathered now!
What matter, if in queenly bower,
Was past of life thy fitful hour?
In cloister gray, where meet at eve
The whispering winds that softly breathe;
Or, if in leafy glen afar,
To some lone cot the guiding star
Of him, who turn'd with weary feet
Thy joyous answering smile to meet?
What matter, if in hut or hall,
Was spread o'er thee the funeral pall;
If mutes and banners waited round,
Or flowrets decked thy simple mound?
If wrought on earth thy Maker's will,
No meddling fiend shall work thee ill:
O blest thy waiting place shall be,
Till the grave shall set her captive free,
Through His dear might who came to bless
Man in his utter helplessness — M. R.

WHAT see you in that old oak more than in any other tree, except that its trunk is white with age, and that gray lichens hang in tufts from out the interstices of the bark? That tree, stranger, was a silent witness of scenes long past. It stood when England was rent asunder during the fearful contest of the Roses; and beside its noble trunk met those, in all the pride of chivalry and loveliness of beauty, who are now resting from life's weary pilgrimage beneath the tomb of Quentin Matsys.

Who has not heard concerning the Duchess Dowager of Bedford, how she left her high estate to wed a simple squire, and to dwell with him in the beautiful solitude of her dower castle of Grafton, far from the scene of her former greatness! The noble trees that grouped around the castle wall, mingled with those of the wide forest of Whittlebury, a royal chase, on the verge of which, and at no great distance from the castle, stood this aged tree, then in all the pride of sylvan majesty; and far as the eye could reach, extended one vast sweep of woodland scenery, with breaks of lawn and thicket. The inhabitants of Grafton Castle passed the first years of their wedded life in comparative obscurity, exercising hospitality, according to the manners of the age, yet keeping as much as possible apart from the dangers and excitements of public life. At length the necessity of providing for the elder branches of an increasing family, rendered it desirable to strengthen their connections, and the Duchess of

Bedford, whose rank was more exalted than her fortune, resolved to introduce them at the court of her friend, Queen Margaret, to whom her eldest daughter, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, was appointed maid of honour.*

Years passed on, and Elizabeth was united to John Gray, son and heir to Lord Ferrars of Groby, possessor of the ancient domain of Bradgate,† by reason of his descent from Petronilla, daughter of Grantmesnil, one of the proudest of the Norman nobility. Withdrawn from her quiet home by the stirring incidents that attended the fierce contest between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, Elizabeth accompanied her husband during the campaign, and shared with him in many of its perils. It was even said that queen Margaret persuaded her to visit king-making Warwick in his camp, under the pretence of requesting some little favour, for the stout earl was ever kind to her; but in reality to make observations relative to the number and condition of his troops. This was on the eve of the great battle of St. Albans, which took place at a short distance from the abbey. The abbey stood, in peaceable times, like a vast granary, which continually received and gave out its produce, into which was gathered both corn, and wine, and oil, barley, and the fruits of the earth, and to which not fewer than

* Hall's Chronicle, p 365. Parliamentary History. Vol. II. 345.

† Afterwards the home of Lady Jane Gray.

twelve cells and hospitals were appended. And scarcely was there a forest, chase, or wood throughout the greatest part of England, which did not in some measure contribute a supply to the abbey of its timber or venison. Successive monarchs banquetted within its walls, and while the abbots were distinguished for their extensive hospitality, the poor were not forgotten. Thus stood St. Albans, often in stormy times a place of refuge, into which the peasants drove their cattle and were secure, and while the storm of war raged furiously without, there was safety and abundance within. But it was not always so, and St. Albans was sacked more than once. The infuriated followers of Wat Tyler set fire to the papers and written records of the abbey, and in after times it was exposed to all the horrors of civil war, when the rival houses of York and Lancaster battled close beside its walls, and beneath the floor of our Lady's chapel rest the remains of many who fought and fell in those murderous conflicts. Showers and warm sunbeams contribute their aid oftentimes to repair the ravages which war has made in the aspect of nature. The trodden fields were again covered with corn; dwellings which had been set on fire, were speedily rebuilt, and all went on as before. Tributes of corn, and wine, and oil, were brought into the abbey, and the poor and destitute received their daily doles. But men had not yet learned that war and misery are synonymous. The second battle of St. Albans, at which the forces of Queen Margaret were, for a brief space, triumphant, was deeply felt within the abbey. Wounded men, borne by their companions from the fray, were continually brought in; and when the battle ceased, it was fearful to hear the continual tolling of the bell, sounding daily from morning till night, while the dead were being interred; if holding rank among the living, within the precincts of the monastery, if otherwise, in an adjoining field.* The husband of Elizabeth Woodville, Gray Lord Ferrars, was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Handsome, valorous, and intrepid, and devotedly attached to the cause of Henry VI.; he was appointed commander of the Red-rose cavalry, and, while leading on the memorable onset by which the field was won, he received a mortal wound, of which he died a few days after, at the village of Colney, on the twenty-eighth of February 1461.† Henry VI. visited and endeavoured to console the dying youth, and sought, with the usual kindness of his nature, to reconcile him to the thought of death, by pointing to the only Refuge, on whom his own hopes rested. Some chroniclers relate, that, according to the fashion of the age, he

conferred the honour of knighthood on the wounded earl, for the sake of his sons, for although his father, Lord Ferrars, had died two months before, the distracted condition of the country had prevented the young nobleman from taking his place in the house of peers. A deep and rancorous feeling seems to have existed against the memory of this brave and devoted adherent of King Henry; his harmless children, the eldest of whom was not more than four years of age, were deprived of their inheritance, and his widow was not permitted to remain on the family estate; the fine old mansion, with its broad lands, was confiscated; it became the property of another, who repaired thither to take possession, and with him his family and dependants, who filled all the offices and places of trust and profit which the adherents of the house of Gray had hitherto enjoyed. Elizabeth, therefore, sought again the paternal roof. Sad was the day of her return, yet she only was changed. The avenue of noble trees waved in the breeze, fresh and shady as when last she passed; the fields, too, looked as green and lovely, and through them lay the pathway, fringed with wild flowers, where she had often gathered, with her young companions, fresh garlands of sweet flowers, with which to bedeck themselves. The mansion had not been altered, since the family returned from court, at the accession of Edward IV. There was the open door, down the steps of which the train of sisters had followed their stately mother, when they set forth a few years before, at the invitation of Queen Margaret, to visit her court; the eldest, appointed to be her maid of honour;* the others, with promises of favour and promotion. They had now returned, for there was neither favour nor promotion for adherents of the Red-rose, and Catherine, and Anne, and Mary, were waiting to receive Elizabeth with blended feelings of joy and sorrow; joy, to welcome back their sister; sorrow, to see her widow's weeds and orphan children. Time had not changed them, nor were the faithful servants, who had seen, a few years back, their young mistress depart, with tears and blessings, yet broken down. Here, then, at a short distance from this time-worn tree, Elizabeth continued to reside in Grafton Castle, devoted to the education of her sons; for whom, as well as for herself, she was dependent on the bounty of her father.

Edward came at length to hunt in the forest of Whittlebury, for this great forest was a royal chase abounding with shady coverts and open spaces where the fern grew wild and high, and dancing lights and shadows seemed to sport over a wilderness of broken ground and coppice-wood. Elizabeth heard that he would pass at a short distance from

* History of St. Albans.

† Whethamstede and Guthrie.

her mother's dower castle, and she resolved to wait for him under the shade of the tall tree, which bears her name. The mingled sound of hounds and horns, with the trampling of horses on the green turf, soon reached her ear, and presently the monarch passed that way with his gallant train of hunters. She was then, for such is the tradition of the neighbourhood,* with her fatherless boys, on this very spot, for she had thrown herself on the ground, and besought him, with many tears, to have pity on her impoverished and bereaved children. The sight of beauty in affliction softened the stern heart of the monarch, while the anxiety of a mother for her children seemed to awaken in his heart feelings of kindness and compassion, to which he had been so long a stranger, and he raised her from the ground, with assurances of favour and consideration.

Legends tell, that they met again under the same old tree, for that Edward seemed to prefer that their interviews should take place where he had first seen and loved the beautiful Elizabeth. History relates that the espousals were privately solemnized early in the morning of the first of May 1464, at the town of Grafton, near Stony Stratford. None were present excepting the Duchess of Bedford, the priest, and two gentlewomen, with a young man, who assisted in singing. The priest who wedded them lies buried before the altar, in the church of the Minors at London-bridge.†

O what a mingled throng are passing now,
As in a mirror, which time seems to hold
For men to gaze in! Actors in all scenes,
Mingled, and yet distinct, with names on each,
Given by Him who sent them forth to bless
Their homes or kindred—dwelling where they may.
Kings, with their crowned heads, and he who serves—
The anxious tradesman, and the gentle one
Who walks with peace, looking on meads and streams—
Loving the sound of whispering winds at eve,
Of warbling birds, and prattling streams that gush
'Mid flowers and ferns, and green hills meeting round;
For such are seen, e'en near the deadly fray
Of battle fields, where meet the sire and son.
The Red rose conquering now—and then the Pale;
And he, who skulks in forest haunt, or cave
When morning dawns, walks as a chief at eve.

Look, then, at the strange eventful scenes in the life of Elizabeth Woodville, as they pass before the mental vision, now in brightness and in beauty, and now in shade and sadness.

Observe that gallant gentleman, holding a lady by the hand, in a large and antique apartment, for the scene has changed from Grafton Castle to the old palace of Reading. That gentleman is Edward IV.,

and standing round, are peers and princes of the realm, adherents of the house of York, whom the king has convened in council, that he may present to them the lady Elizabeth as his rightful queen,—one whom he had wedded because of her exalted worth, for he could never hope to espouse a foreign princess, on account of the house of Lancaster.* The queen is apparently little more than twenty-eight years of age, and her delicate and modest beauty is not impaired by either time or sorrow. Her head is encircled with a high crown of peculiar richness, the numerous points of which are finished by fleur-de-lis. Rich pearls, strung in an elaborate pattern, encircle her beautiful neck, while a small ring, in the middle of her forehead, divides her pale yellow tresses, which descend in waving curls of great length and profusion. Her face is exceedingly fair, and her eyes are timidly cast down. She is royally attired in a splendid kind of gold brocade, woven in stripes of blue and gold, of which the wearing is restricted to the royal reigning family, with a close bodice and tight sleeves, and ermine robings, turned back over the shoulders, and the whole dress is girdled round the waist with a crimson scarf. Her skirt is full and flowing, with a broad ermine border, and a train of many yards in length, held up by a trainbearer, a fair and gentle-looking damsel, most probably one of the queen's sisters, who has gracefully folded the extremity around her arms. A rich blue satin petticoat is seen beneath the drapery, and the shoes that peep forth occasionally are of a pointed form.†

From that old room of state, where stands the fair young queen, thus regally attired, passes on the pageant of king and lady, and bearded counsellors, in solemn pomp, to the stately abbey church of Reading, the lady led by the young Duke of Clarence, where she is publicly declared queen; and where having made her offering, she is receiving the congratulations of the assembled nobility, among whom, some people say, is the earl of Warwick. Brilliant fêtes and tournaments succeed, such as have not been seen in England, since the gorgeous days of Edward III., when he held high state in Windsor Castle. Elizabeth presides in all, with her lovely train of sisters, and around them gather, as shepherds to "the star of Arcady, or Tyrian cynosure," many a gallant knight and noble, proud to tilt in honour of those fair damsels, and to receive from them the prize that beauty awards to valour. Listen now to the loud hum that mighty London sends through all her gates, for sights and sounds of revelry pertain to this bright act in the life of our sovereign lady. Knights, and citizens, and throngs of people are

* Baker's Northamptonshire.

† Fragment Chronicle, printed by Heane, at the end of the Spratt. Chronicle.

* The Spratt. Chronicle.

† Lives of the Queens of England, by Alice Strickland.

filling every street, and crowding every window. The queen is passing through the city to her palace of Westminster, in a litter borne on poles, and supported by stately prancing steeds; and right and left, behind and in advance, ride valiant men, whom the king has deputed to this honour. The queen has come from Eltham Palace, where the hawthorn-trees are all in blossom, and the little birds are singing blithely, as if to hail their queen on the day of her coronation. And when the train of knights and citizens is seen passing beneath the lofty portal of the ancient abbey, sweet sounds greet them, not of joyous birds that warble their harmonious concerts among the trees in Eltham park, but deep solemn music, and glorious human voices chanting in unison; and thus welcomed and attended, enters Elizabeth, to pass forth again a crowned and anointed woman. And with her is Count James, of St. Pol, uncle to the Duchess of Bedford, with a hundred knights and their attendants; a sovereign prince, and near the kinsman of the queen, whom Charles the Bold had deputed to be present at the coronation. King Edward desired that the peers of England and the citizens of London should be assured that the lady whom he married was worthy, by her high descent, to share his throne, and he had requested the French king to induce some of the princes of the house of Luxemburg to visit England, and claim kindred with his wife. Count James set forth accordingly, for now that his fair cousin wore a crown, he was proud to acknowledge the connection. It was otherwise a few years before with the house of Luxemburg; they had not only chosen to forget the mother of Elizabeth, because she married a private gentleman, "though he was the handsomest man in all England, and the duchess was an exceeding handsome gentlewoman." They had not only chosen to withhold their countenance, but had even spoken such harsh words, that neither the knight nor lady dared to claim kindred with them on the continent, for the father of that same count, who was now in England, would have slain them both, had they ventured within his reach. All was now forgotten, and he who looks with the mental eye through the long, long vista of past ages, may discern in the dim distance, gorgeous pageants, and tilts and tournaments, ladies coming forth from their old Gothic castles to grace the court, with chevaliers of France and England, each from their baronial residences, mingling in feats of arms and festivals. And then, beside the small couch of a fair infant, are seen standing the haughty Cicely of York, and the royally descended Jaquetta of Bedford, grandmothers of the young scion, made friends that day, as they bend with looks of love over the unconscious sleeping one. Sleep on, fair child, thy brow shall

wear a crown, but weary years of woes and wanderings are before thee.*

The hand of the reaper
Cuts the ears that are hoary:
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.—SCOTT.

It is the middle of corn harvest, and reapers are cutting down the rich brown ears, on the verge of the great forest, where first met the Lady Elizabeth and King Edward. All around the Queen's Oak, the oak of Whittlebury Chase, is one vast joyous solitude of woods and waters, lonely, yet cheerful; without any habitation, yet not unpeopled, for noble antlers are seen emerging from the brushwood, and joyous birds and butterflies fly in and out among the trees, or flit from one flower to another. All is stillness, and beauty, and luxuriance; and let him who has found a covert within the woody range, venture not far away, for there are fearful doings in the land.

Gradually melt away the mists of time, that have hidden for a while the court of Westminster, but the king is not there, nor yet the queen, nor the couch on which the young child lay; but instead of these, strange men are seen hurrying from room to room, as if in quest of plunder. The moon is up, and her pale beams shine on the white sails of a small vessel, that urges its way, as in fear, from the shores of Lynn, in Norfolk.† They shine, likewise, on a mother with three little girls, and a noble looking dame, the Lady Scrope, who have taken refuge in a strong and gloomy building at the end of St. Margaret's church-yard. That lone mother is the beautiful Queen of England, she has fled to sanctuary on the approach of Warwick's army, for the ship, whose white sails glisten in the clear cold moonbeams, conveys her husband abroad in quest of succour. Stern men are prowling round the gloomy building, but no one dares to go within, for the queen has registered herself and her three children, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, and the Lady Scrope, as inmates of sanctuary. That gloomy place has sheltered murderers and robbers, men, too, who were in peril of their lives, for treason against their king; but in the present evil times, ladies and young children often find a home within its walls, when all other homes are broken up. And thus, all comfortless and forlorn, is waiting the Queen of England, for the birth of that fair child, who first saw light within the sanctuary of Westminster.‡ No distinction is there between the kindred of a prince or peasant, when the crown is put aside, no

* Monstrelet.

† Hall. Comines.

‡ It is conjectured that the prince was born in the Jerusalem Chamber, which the king's abbot relinquished to the queen.

royal spell with which to chase away either want or sorrow. The Queen of England soon began to be in need, and must have been constrained to surrender to the army of Queen Margaret, had not provisions been secretly conveyed to her by a kind-hearted butcher of the name of Gould, who could not bear, he said, to think that the lady and her children should be distressed for lack of food.

The infant prince is about to be baptized, and this with no greater ceremony than if he had been a poor man's child. A poor man's child might have more to gladden him, smiling faces and fresh air, but around this son of a throneless monarch are sad countenances and gloomy walls. No costly gifts are presented, and for attendants there remain but one or two kind friends, faithful among faithless thousands. No cloth of gold adorns the Gothic font of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends are gathered, while the sacred ceremony is performed by the sub-prior, who gives to the young prince the name of his father. Those who promise for him, poor child, that he shall renounce the pomps and pleasures of the world, when his noble patrimony seems lost to him, are his grandmother and the Lady Scrope, that devoted woman, who adheres to the queen in all her trials. The good abbot, Thomas Milling, performs the office of godfather, no other man being either willing or at hand to do the desolate one that service.

Hark now to the sound of cheerful voices. They come from those who no longer fear to be regarded as adherents of the house of York. King Edward is returned, and with him a gallant company of gentlemen are seen pressing onward to the sanctuary. One moment more, the bolted doors fly open, and the king and queen, with their three little girls, are preparing to leave the sanctuary; the infant prince, borne in the arms of his nurse, and his blithe and gladsome sisters, making the old walls resound with their joyous voices. Men speak much concerning the valorous conduct of Queen Margaret, and all which she has done and suffered in order to replace her husband on the throne. But they speak more of the gentle Elizabeth; how she had sat down in meekness and in patience within the walls of that dismal place, where murderers and traitors had harboured in other times, waiting quietly till it pleased the Most High to send her better days, sojourning, indeed, in trouble, heaviness, and sorrow, yet sustaining it as became a Christian woman, having much to fear, yet hoping against hope.*

The queen is playing now with her ladies at a courtly game called the marteaux, while others are amusing themselves as best befits them, according

to the fashion of the times. King Edward is dancing with the Lady Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, and all is mirth and revelry, and joyousness, and well may those rejoice, who but a few days before knew not where to find a hiding-place. Who is that stately gentleman, whose dress and accent bespeak him from foreign parts, on whom all eyes are turned, and even the king salutes with more than kingly courtesy? The Lord of Grauthuse, Louis of Bruges. At once a nobleman, a merchant, and a man of letters, acting as deputy in the Low Countries for his master, Charles the Bold. He received and welcomed his royal guest, when in the preceding year the king fled from England, with a few attendants, "the most distressed company of creatures that were ever seen, for Edward had left his military coat, lined with martin's fur, with the master of the ship, having no other means of paying him, and was put on shore in his waistcoat. Unlike many in those days, who made the exiles of either faction, whether of the red or paler rose, pay dearly for their prison-houses, or hard fare, the Lord of Grauthuse fed and clothed the king and his attendants. He lent him ships and money, without which he could not have returned to his family, and afforded him every facility for making good his landing on the shores of Britain.* The minstrel has ceased now, and night and silence pervade the castle. The moon, which looked down on the white sail of King Edward, passing in its swiftness and its loneliness over the dark waters, shines now on the ancient turrets of Windsor Castle, wherein the king is sleeping. And there, too, his wife and children, his courtiers and his guards, are resting, and no sound is heard except the heavy tramp of the warders as they go their rounds, or perchance the deep bay of some listening hound, which the leveret's light step on the damp grass has roused from his slumber.

Morning returns, and the cheerful sights and sounds of busy life. St. George's Chapel, with its painted windows and knights' banners are brightening in the sunbeams, while our lady's mass is sung, with the full harmony of the choristers' sweet voices. The king is there, Lady Elizabeth and the Lord Grauthuse, for it seems as if his late deliverance from so much peril had wrought good thoughts within him.

Again the scene is changed, from the chapel to the quadrant. The innocent young prince is being carried by Sir Richard Vaughan. He can hardly speak as yet, but his chamberlain has taught him to bid the Lord Grauthuse welcome, who saved his father, and brought himself from his dolorous birth-

* Fleetwood's Chronicle.

* Narrative of Louis of Bruges, Lord Grauthuse, edited by Sir F. Madden.

place, to enjoy at once his liberty, and the sun's cheering light. That faithful chamberlain who carries the young prince everywhere, after his father's footsteps, will yet be called upon to act in a very different scene. He is attending the king and count from place to place, now in the lodge at Windsor Park, where the royal family dine together, afterwards through the garden and vineyard of pleasure, for the king desires to show his guest the many and varied excellencies of his kingly dwelling.

Pageants sweep by, and nobles are presiding in halls of state. See the monarch, too, in his kingly robes, with his cap of maintenance, and right and left his lords, both spiritual and temporal. And list to that grave man, who declares before the king and nobles, the intent and the desire of the commons, with regard to the queen and Lord Grauthuse; upon the one is bestowed all honour and commendation of her womanly behaviour and great constancy during the nation's peril; to the other, is conveyed that nation's gratitude for his kindness and humanity to her sovereign lord, by the king creating him Earl of Winchester. And surely the ceremony of that creation is one of no ordinary interest. The king is passing now into Whitehall, and thither too goes the queen from her own apartment, wearing a crown upon her head, with the young prince in his small robes of state, borne after her in the arms of Master Vaughan. And thus the king and queen, and that fair child, proceed through the abbey church, to the shrine of St. Edward, where their offerings are presented. Next, in the review of pageantries and banquet halls, hunting scenes and revels, in the beautiful bowers of Eltham Palace, rises from out the mingled scene, the rich and gorgeous spectacle of the betrothing of the young Duke of York with Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the duchy of Norfolk. St. Stephen's chapel is being hung with arras of gold, and men are employed both day and night in putting up the drapery, which standing in its richness, must yet be gracefully arranged in broad folds around the pillars and the columns. All this is done, and the closed doors are opened for the entrance of stately ladies and train bearers, great lords and their attendants, the beauty and the chivalry of the house of York. And now the flourish of loud trumpets and the clang of cymbals announce the king's approach, and the full quire is pealing forth its melody of mingled voices and high minstrelsy. The king is entering with the young Prince of Wales and the three princesses, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely; the queen follows, leading the small bridegroom of five years old, her brother, Earl Rivers, conducts the baby bride, who looks awestruck and wondering, at the unusual sights and sounds. Thus striking its

roots deep, with young scions rising round, stands the red rose of England in all its richness and luxuriance.

Look at that desolate woman, who is sitting all sorrowful and dismayed on the rushes that strew the floor of a large and antique apartment. Her long hair, once her richest ornament, has fallen from beneath her widow's cap, and flowing in all its wonted beauty, over her slight form, is resting on the pavement. Fearful scenes have passed before the view of England's queen since her proud day in St. Stephen's chapel—her husband's couch of death, his deep remorse for sins committed or duties passed over; his funeral, his empty throne, murder, and usurpation. There is the sound of many footsteps treading heavily and in haste, and the putting down of boxes; men are seen busy in conveying household stuff, and chests and packages, but that desolate woman does not seem to heed them—she is thinking only of her sorrows, and the dangers that surround her family, for intelligence was brought to her at midnight that the Duke of Gloucester had intercepted the young king on his way from Ludlow to the metropolis: that he had seized his person, and caused the arrest of her brother, Earl Rivers, and Lord Gray, her son, together with the faithful Vaughan, who used to carry prince Edward when an infant.*

Bitterly does she lament having listened to the evil counsellors, who prevented her from placing a strong escort around the person of her son; but she remembered, even in the midst of her exceeding grief, that herself and her young family had before been saved by taking refuge in the sanctuary, and she resolved to go thither without delay. Rising up, therefore, in the midst of the dark night, she caused her innocent children to be brought to her, and hastened with them from the palace of Westminster to the residence of the good abbot. She knew that if able to keep her second son in safety, it would ensure the life of the young king; but she did not go as heretofore into the ancient sanctuary, for the whole of the abbey, with its rooms of state and spacious gardens, was equally privileged, and she felt that she was welcome. Never yet has the right of sanctuary been violated, even in the worst of times; and, perhaps, a ray of hope is lighting up in the breast of that lone woman; but now the door is opening, and the venerable Archbishop Rotherham, who resides in York-place, beside the abbey, enters, with a cheerful countenance, and communicates a message, sent him by Lord Hastings in the night, and which he believed to be of good import. Bouchier, the primate, accompanies him, and they

come in full credence of the duke's good faith, who has endeavoured, with much sophistry, to convince the privy council that his designs are just and honourable.

The queen seems unwilling to receive their message; her just apprehensions are not to be removed by the hopes which they endeavour to excite. The good archbishop seeks to comfort her by saying that he trusts the matter is none so sore as she takes it for, and that he is in good hope, and relieved from fear by the message sent from the Lord Chamberlain Hastings. "Ah, woe worth him," replies the queen, "for he is one of them that labours to destroy me and my children." "Madam," rejoins the bishop, "be of good cheer: I do assure you, if they crown any other king than your son, whom they now have with them, we shall, on the morrow, crown his brother, whom you have with you. And here is the great seal, which, in likewise, as that noble prince, your husband, delivered unto me, so here I deliver it unto you to the use and behoof of your son.*

This sad scene, like others of joy and sorrow in the life of poor Elizabeth, is fading from before the view, but, while it lingers, look well at the spacious hall wherein the queen has taken refuge, with its circular hearth-stone in the centre, and an opening in the roof above, through which the smoke escapes in winter. The further end is nobly screened with oak panelling, lated at the top, and having several doors of ancient workmanship, that open on winding stairs, leading to numerous small stone chambers, with carved windows and stone mullions. There are also state apartments, of which the walls are covered with richly carved oak; an organ-room, and the abbot's grand reception-room, with its Gothic window of painted glass, but with such we have no concern.

May, sweet May is come, and the hearth-stone is decked with green branches and bright flowers; the birth of the young day, but withering before its close. Emblems of the failing hopes of her who sits all desolate beside them, and with her are two beautiful and serious-looking maidens, the princesses Elizabeth and Mary, and four young children, from three to eleven years of age; Richard, Duke of York, Anne, Catherine, and Bridget. At one time the terrified children hide in the folds of their mother's robe; at another, their cheerful voices are heard, calling to each other as they run from room to room; now in the state apartment, and now in some winding passage, or asking leave to wander forth among the bees and flowers in the quiet garden of the abbey. Poor children, your grief is light,

and it passes soon, like an April shower; but darker clouds are gathering, and their crushing rain will fall heavily even upon you.

An aged man is seen advancing towards the abbey, and with him a deputation apparently of no mean rank. His robes and crosier denote his dignity, for it is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is about to pay a visit to the queen, with a message from the Lord Protector, who has placed the young king in the Tower, under the pretence of awaiting his coronation, and who also desires to gain possession of his brother. A long and stormy debate had taken place in the star-chamber, close to Elizabeth's retreat. It was argued there, that men and women might remain in sanctuary, but that young children had no need, they being guileless of all crimes that might affect the state; that consequently the Duke of Gloucester might possess himself of his nephew whenever it pleased him. The archbishop was extremely concerned when he heard all this, and he proffered his services to speak with the queen, rather than force should be used.*

The scene has changed from the great hall, with its fresh flowers around the hearth-stone, and its floor strewn with green rushes, to the great Jerusalem chamber, with its Gothic window of richly stained and painted glass, its curious tapestry, and ancient picture of King Richard. Observe the venerable man, beneath the surface of whose placid and pale features deep feelings are at work. He knows not what to say, nor how to prepare the mind of the poor queen for the stern resolve of the hunchbacked protector, with regard to the young prince. At length he began by urging that the king required the company of his brother, being much cast down for the want of a playfellow.

"Troweth the protector," replies the queen, (heaven grant that he may prove a protector,) "that the king doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the king but only his brother, who hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes so young as they be, could not play without their peers, or children could not play without their kindred, with whom, for the most part, they agree worse than with strangers!" The archbishop knew not what to say in answer, he liked not to tell her that the protector was resolved to gain possession of the young prince, and he waited in the hope that she might be inclined to accede to his request. At length the queen, taking her son by the hand, said, in a compressed and solemn tone, "My lord, and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truth. Lo here is this gentleman who, I doubt not, would be safely kept by me if I

were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood, that if they wist where any lay, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred; brothers have been brother's bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle! Each of those children is safe while they be asunder; notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you shall require them before God and man. Faithful ye be, I wot well, and power ye have, if ye list, to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear too little! Farewell, my own sweet son! God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." Tenderly embracing the afflicted boy, she is seen "weeping bitterly over him, and he too is weeping as fast in his turn."*

Fearful tragedies are acting now in the dim distance of time's perspective. They flit before the mental view, fading, and seeming to appear again; yet not the same, though like in terror and in kind. The shadowy figures of Hastings, of Gray, and Rivers, are seen passing from the block, and then the innocent forms of two young children, emerging from the gloomy range of fortresses belonging to the Tower. And loud is heard the sobbing, and the pitiful screams of the poor mother, as she beats upon her breast, and calls her sweet babes by name; and, kneeling down, implores the vengeance of the Just One, on the guilty head of him who has thus cruelly deprived her of her sons.

The vaulted door of a spacious room is opening, and across the furthest end seems flitting a strange succession of sad scenes—a young child's† funeral passes, and then a burst of anguish comes remotely to the ear, as if across wide waters, from a stern man, who yet cannot hide his sorrow; then a woman's wail, but the wail soon dies away, and a scene and a funeral pass in faint review.‡ Then the great fight of Bosworth, where a king is slain, and another takes his crown; a bridal follows and a coronation.

Thus they pass; events of other days are shadows now; terrible, indeed, at the period of their reality, but when ended, how soon forgotten! yet not forgotten by the aged woman, who is resting, as in a quiet home, within that spacious room in the Abbey of Bermondsey. It is her right to be there, for the prior and monks are bound by their charter to entertain, and that most hospitably, the representative of their great founder, Clare, Earl of Gloucester. Edward VI. was the sole heir of that family, and the

queen dowager is privileged to occupy the nobly panelled halls, and state-chambers, that are expressly reserved for the descendants of the founder.*

The waves and billows of life's deepest waters have passed over that aged woman who is sitting in a richly carved chair, at the great oriel-window, watching the summer clouds as they flit over the smiling landscape, and cast their shadows on the abbey fields. Her venerable figure, beautiful even in its decrepitude, though not with the beauty of sunny youth, yet such as the bright ray of the setting sun sheds over an autumn landscape, recalls the faint remembrance of a lovely woman who once stood, with two orphan boys beneath the oak of Whittlebury, to sue for the restitution of her broad lands, from the gallant Edward.

Hark to the toll of the convent bell. It is tolling for Elizabeth Woodville, late Queen Dowager of England, and the requiem is being sung, which breathes peace to the passing spirit. The moon is up, and yet the night is dark and gloomy, by reason of the heavy clouds that are rolling past, and he who looks narrowly on the deep dark waters of the river may discern a small boat gliding on, with the coffin of the queen on board, and four attendants, but when the moon shines out you can distinguish the prior of the Charter-house by his robes, with two others in deep mourning, yet without insignia, by which to designate them, and one female figure. Now the rowers stop, and the coffin is being carried through the little park into Windsor Castle, a few torches serving to guide the bearers, which appear and disappear among the trees, like the twinkling lights of glow-worms in the grass.

Stately figures are kneeling round the coffin, where it remains for a while, ready to be borne to its last resting-place, and among the mourners one is discerned in the dress of a nun. Again the coffin is upborne, and the queen's daughters fall behind, with a train of shadowy forms, ladies, and earls, and viscounts, moving onward to St. George's chapel. Strange it seems, that neither plumes nor scutcheons are to be seen; that when the dirge is being sung, the twelve old men, whose office it is to chant the requiem for the dead, are not even clad in sable vestments: appearing rather like a dozen old men indiscriminately and hastily brought together for the purpose, and permitted to retain the garments of poverty, in which they were found, and, instead of flambeaux, they light on the funeral with old torches and torches end.† Some say, that the queen when

* Hall, 355 Sir Thomas More, 358.

† Only son of Richard III.

‡ Death and funeral of Richard's Queen.

* Annals of the Abbey of Bermondsey.

† Arundel MSS. 30, referred to in the Lives of the Queens of England.

dying, expressed an earnest wish for a speedy and private funeral. If so, her request was punctually fulfilled. Yet still it is remarkable that no more of pomp should appertain to the obsequies of her who

had been Queen of England—that scutcheons and nodding plumes, and other mourning tokens, were wanting to distinguish that illustrious one's last sojourn on earth.

THE PIRATE'S WELL.

(See Coloured Plate.)

Among our embellishments for this month, is "The Pirate's Well," a celebrated watering place of the buccaneers and freebooters, who used formerly to infest the southern coast of the United States, and especially the neighbourhood of Key West. A party of pirates are filling their water casks at the well, while their "long, low, black, rakish, suspicious-looking son of a gun of a schooner" is waiting for them in the offing.

The plate is a beautiful specimen of a new and sketchy style of art called *lithotint*, that is to say, in plain English, printing in colours from the stone. The wonder of the thing is, that the paper is laid white on the stone and comes off coloured exactly as we present it to our readers. "What will they do next!" as the sailor said after he was blown up at the raree show.

RECEIPTS.

The receipts that follow may not be ill-timed or ill-placed.

A simple remedy as a preventive to children being burnt.—The following simple but excellent preventive to children being burnt, by their dresses at this season of the year accidentally taking fire during the absence of parents, was recommended and found to be an excellent preventive, by the late Thomas Stirling, Esq., Coroner for Middlesex, viz., the dresses, after being washed, should be dipped in strong alum water, which prevents either muslin or linen dresses blazing, and which would be the means of preventing numerous fatal accidents.

Mrs. Child has published a communication in the Newark Advertiser, in which, after describing an offensive breath as a most unpleasant thing, she says that the careful removal of substances between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth, will always cure a bad breath. Charcoal used as a dentifrice (that is, rubbed on in powder with a brush), is apt to injure the enamel; but a lump of it held in the mouth two

or three times a week and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying around the gums, and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. She adds: "A friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black, gradually crumbled, and broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature was set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was sound as before. Every one knows that charcoal is an antiputrescent. It thus tends to preserve the teeth, and to sweeten the breath."

After this number was put to press, with the exception of the cover, the present publisher undertook, with the assistance of a lady of great talents, to publish it as *THE LADIES' MAGAZINE*. The editing by Miss Leslie ceased with the December number.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



THE WOODMAN.

*He cut down the tree that bore
The wood that built the house.*

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Helen:

THE WOODMAN.

*London: Printed by J. G. & J. S. Smith,
15, Abchurch Lane, 1841.*



Helen.

To what
amount is?

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

JACK KETCH.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Not long since, under the sentence of his country's violated laws, a wretch, whose hand had been lifted against his fellow man, and imbrued in his blood, suffered death upon the gallows. Although the execution occurred in my native town, I did not go with the crowd to witness the solemn sacrifice made upon the altar of justice. My taste did not lie in that way.

I was not a little surprised, a day or two afterwards, on calling upon some ladies, at being interrogated on the subject of the execution, with the manifestation of no little interest. More particularly, as it soon appeared that the ladies had witnessed the appalling scene. It had excited their nerves to such a degree, that nothing which did not appertain in some way to the "hanging," possessed for them a particle of interest. In vain did I attempt to get away from the revolting subject. I struggled like a bird tied to a stake, moving in a circle, and ever returning and returning to the same point.

"How I wanted to knock that Jack Ketch off of the scaffold, when he went up and fixed the rope around the poor fellow's neck, with such professional coolness," remarked one of these ladies, during the conversation.

"Yes, so did I," was the response. "After the drop fell, the wretch had to be protected from the indignation of the crowd by the police. No wonder there should be so instinctive a hatred of the hangman. Debased, indeed, must that man be, who, for hire, will perform such a service!"

"Was there any thing wrong in his acting in simple obedience to the law? Was he any more censurable than the rope, or the beam that sustained the rope?" I asked. "He did not condemn the man to die. He was not the law—but the mere executor of the law, and therefore irresponsible."

"All that may be," was retorted. "But it does not take away the cold, blood-thirsty feeling that must possess the man who can, for the mere sake of money, perform such a service. None but he who would commit murder himself, could be induced to do such an act."

"In your opinion," I could not help saying.

"Yes, in my opinion; and that, I presume, is worth something," was a little warmly replied.

"He'll never come to any good, of course," said another of the ladies. "How could he? A Jack Ketch! Horrible!" And the lady shuddered.

In about a week I called again, hoping that some new and less revolting subject had, by this time, pushed aside the absorbing interest of the execution. But no. The first words, after the compliments of the day, were these:

"Did'nt I say that fellow would come to an evil end?"

"What fellow?" I asked of the speaker, not comprehending her.

"Why, the fellow who acted as Jack Ketch!"

I was thrown all aback. "Oh, yes!" I returned, showing as little distaste as I well could to the subject, out of mere politeness.

"Well, what of him?"

"He is dead!"

"Dead! How have you learned that?"

"We have heard it from a true source. He went home that night, and died in horrible agonies. A just punishment of heaven!"

"Why do you call it a just punishment of heaven?" I asked.

"Because the deed was one that heaven cannot look upon with approval. Because the man who puts the rope about the neck of a poor criminal, and launches him off into eternity, must have a heart as hard, and as black as the heart of a demon."

"If the heart of the man you now allude to had been so hard and black, it is not presumable that he would have died from any horrible agonies resulting from the deed he had been called upon to do. Demons, instead of repenting an act of cruelty, delight in its contemplation. So sudden a death, accompanied by agonies of mind, indicates something more than you seem to imagine. Poor wretch! While execrated by the multitude for his agency in a deed as revolting, perhaps, to his soul as to theirs, his own mind has, doubtless, been maddened, as calm reflection came, and showed him the depths of degradation into which he had fallen. As I am inclined to look at the matter, the hangman is much more to be pitied than execrated. He performs one of the most painful and revolting duties that society requires of any of its members."

This sort of reasoning did not, however, appear to have much weight with my gentle friends. Their sympathies were all committed in favor of the criminal who had suffered; and, as poor Jack Ketch had been the instrument in inflicting the horrid death, for him, of course, they had none left. After battling with them for a time, I drew off from the contest, apparently, but not really, silenced.

A short time subsequent to the event which had awakened into so much activity the sympathies of my lady acquaintances, I happened

to learn the history of the individual whom they had execrated so bitterly. It interested me deeply. And, as it affords one of those striking moral lessons so useful to society, I have determined to put it upon record.

The clergyman who attended the criminal in prison and upon the scaffold, was my personal and intimate friend. It was several days after the execution before I met with him. When I did, I found that the whole scene, trying as all such scenes must necessarily be to the minister of the gospel whose duty calls him to a position from which all our natural feelings shrink, had deeply affected his mind. After detailing, with a minuteness that was painful, the conduct of the criminal through the whole terrible scene, he paused, and remained silent for some time, breathing heavily all the while. At length he said,—

"But I witnessed another scene on that same day that touched my feelings with acuter anguish. You remember Fennel, who, a few years ago, was a merchant of wealth and standing in our city?"

I replied that I knew nothing of the person to whom he alluded, except that I remembered to have seen his sign up many years before.

The history of that man and his family, resumed the clergyman, is an affecting one. They were members of my church, and this relation brought me into intimate contact with them. Mr. Fennel was a man of great probity. I have rarely met any one immersed in business, and tempted as all business men necessarily are, whose sense of honor and honesty was so acute as his. He never was known to take any advantage in bargaining—a mercantile virtue of too rare occurrence. The manly, generous tone of his character, was proverbial. His word was as good security as his bond.

Not less admired in her own sphere of action, was his accomplished wife. Amiable, intelligent, yet strong minded, her character presented that combination of qualities that causes us to love as well as revere their possessor. It was, to me, always a pleasure of no ordinary kind to spend an hour in her company. The sphere of her mind's quality surrounded her as the sphere of the quality of a rose, in its odor, surrounds that flower, and I never approached her that I was not penetrated and affected by this sphere. It was felt in a peculiar elevation of thought and feeling. Well might it be said of her,—

"None knew her but to love her—
Or named her but to praise."

Mr. and Mrs. Fennel had two children,

daughters. At the time to which I am now referring, the oldest was about eight years of age, and the youngest six. A younger child, a son, had died about a year before. This loss had been felt acutely, and had thrown over Mrs. Fennel's character a shade of thoughtfulness that, sometimes, deepened into sadness. Instead of finding this pensive tone of mind wearing off as time passed on, I was pained to perceive that it increased. It was not a rare occurrence for me, on visiting her, to find the traces of tears upon her cheek. For a time, I was under the impression that all this was occasioned by the loss of her child. But its long continuance, and increase, rather than diminution, led me to fear that there was for it a deeper cause. What that cause was, I could not imagine.

One afternoon I called in, and found Mr. and Mrs. Fennel alone in the parlor. They received me with unusual reserve, and in an embarrassed manner. The eyes of the latter were swimming in tears. I sat for half an hour, during which all of us exerted ourselves to converse, but there was no freedom of intercourse. I went away at the end of that period, perplexed and much troubled. I saw that there was a cause deeper, and more active, than the loss of a child a year before, operating in their minds. What could this be?

On the next Sabbath they were at church as usual, with their children. Mr. Fennel looked graver than common—at least I thought so. There was no mistaking, however, the meaning of his wife's countenance. That was sad, very sad. What could be the reason? I felt so acutely this change, that I was oppressed during the service. Guard myself as I would, ever and anon I found myself looking too steadily upon the pensive face of Mrs. Fennel, as she sat leaning forward, her head resting upon her hand, and her earnest eyes fixed upon her minister, as if seeking consolation and hope from heaven through him.

All this was a mystery to me—a painful mystery. So sudden a change in that quarter, I could not account for in any way. This was about mid-summer. During the next week, they left town for the springs, and remained away from the city for a month. I looked for their return with a good deal of anxiety. One Sunday morning, they, unexpectedly to me, came into church, and took their accustomed place. I had not been apprised of their having left the springs. I saw them enter, and come up the aisle, but as Mrs. Fennel was behind her husband, I could not get a view of her face until she was seated in the pew. As she did this, and looked up, I almost started

at the change that a single month had wrought in her usually placid face. For a little while, I could hardly believe that it was indeed my much esteemed and valued friend and parishioner. There was an anxious, care-worn look about her, with a dreaminess that told of some internal source of trouble that prayed deeply upon her mind. As for her husband, he too was changed. But I could not define to myself the character of that change, nor draw any inferences from it. Its predominant trait was coldness, that bordered on to something stern. I noticed that the husband and wife did not sit in their pew just in the order that had formerly been regularly observed. Their two daughters had always entered first, so that Mr. and Mrs. Fennel could sit side by side and use the same book. This time the wife sat at one extremity of the pew, and her husband at the other—the daughters were, of course, in the middle.

I was more than ever perplexed and troubled. On the next morning I called in to see Mrs. Fennel. She was glad to meet me, and made, as I could see, a strong effort to appear cheerful. But this was impossible. That which weighed upon her spirits, be it what it might, pressed too heavily. I felt anxious to know what had wrought so sudden a change in her, that I might offer those consolations of religion peculiarly suited to her case. But she did not seem inclined to confide any thing to me, although I endeavored to open the way for her. This only increased the solicitude I felt.

A week after I met her in company, with her husband. Over both had passed a pleasing change. She was cheerful, even animated, and threw around her that inexpressible charm that delighted every one. Mr. Fennel was not quite so much his former self as was his wife. Still, no one would have remarked the shade of difference but one whose attention, like mine, had been particularly called to it. On the next Sabbath, their old relative positions were resumed. Mrs. Fennel looked like herself again. I could see that as she sat while I read, or stood while the congregation sung, that her body was slightly inclined towards her husband.

Evidently, such was my conclusion, there had existed some cause of coldness between them, that had been put away. It was painful, however, to think, that between such a man as Mr. Fennel, and such a woman as his wife, any cause of coldness could exist.

Nothing occurred to draw my thoughts more than usually towards them for several months, when, to my great grief, I saw Mrs. Fennel enter the church one Sabbath morning, accom-

panied only by her two children. Her countenance was anxious and even haggard. She seated herself far back in the pew, and sat throughout the whole service, the most part of the time with her eyes upon the floor, and her hand shading her face. I called upon her on the day following. No change had taken place in her appearance. Her face was pale and anxious.

"My dear Madam," I said, as I took her hand. "I am grieved to find that, from some cause or other, a shadow has fallen upon your heart. Is it in my power to offer you words of comfort?"

Her lip quivered a moment. But self-control was soon acquired.

"There are causes of pain," she replied, calmly, "that you can reach. Wounds for which you have a healing balm. But the trouble that oppresses me I cannot utter—no mere human agency can minister to it. I can only look up in the silence of my own heart, and pray for the sufferer's portion—patience and resignation."

There was a solemn earnestness about Mrs. Fennel that deeply impressed me. I knew not what to reply. For a time I remained silent. Then I said—

"You do well to look up for strength, to Him from whom, alone, all strength can come. He will hide you in the cleft of the rock, and keep you under the shadow of his wings. Pour out your soul to him, and he will regard your prayer, and send you the healing balm of consolation."

She did not reply, and I could only—to break the embarrassing silence that followed, more than with the hope of saying any thing that would minister to her mysterious grief of mind—repeat to her various encouraging passages from the Bible, to which she listened with meek attention.

This interview perplexed me greatly. It was evident to my mind that there was a coldness between herself and husband. But the cause of that coldness I could not imagine. On the next Sabbath, Mr. Fennel came to church. But I noticed that his wife did not sit by his side. I saw her face but a few times during the services. It was anxious and troubled.

Months passed, and the mystery was yet unraveled. I conversed with several of my parishioners on the subject. All had noticed the change—but of its cause, they were ignorant. Many conjectures were ventured. Some more suspicious, or less guarded than the rest, suggested reasons that my mind could not ascertain for a moment. Of the real cause, I had not the most remote suspicion until

about a year after I had first noticed the depression of Mrs. Fennel's spirits, and ascertained that it did not arise from the bereavement she had months before been called upon to suffer. During that time, there had been periods, when the cloud had lifted itself up, and the sun had looked down with some of his brightest smiles. But these periods were not of long duration. A deeper obscuration of light always succeeded.

A large party had been given by a wealthy parishioner, and I attended it. Mr. and Mrs. Fennel were there. The latter appeared quite cheerful. I sat by her side, and conversed with her for some time, charmed, as I had often been before by the pure beauty of her sentiments, that flowed forth in language that of itself delighted the ear. Mr. Fennel was rather graver and thoughtful. Something evidently weighed upon his mind. During the progress of the evening, however, he became cheerful, and seemed to enter the social pleasures that surrounded him, with a lively satisfaction. It did not escape my notice, that the eye of his wife was frequently turned towards him, and with a look of anxiety. The meaning of that look I could not understand. As the evening progressed, and wine had been once or twice handed round, I noticed that Mr. Fennel's manner changed more and more, until, from the grave reserve that had, at first distinguished him, he became more talkative than I had ever before seen him.

A new suspicion glanced through my mind, half corroborated by an expression of strange meaning on the face of his wife, as I noticed her with her eye fixed upon him. There was a sideboard covered with liquors and refreshments in an adjoining room. To this, I now remembered that I had seen him go two or three times already. While pondering the matter over in my mind, I observed him pass out with two or three of his mercantile friends. My curiosity led me to follow. He was at the sideboard again.

I went back into the parlor. Mrs. Fennel looked troubled. I sat down by her side and entered into conversation with her. But there was little life in it. Her thoughts were wandering. Five minutes elapsed, and her husband re-appeared. He was talking in rather a loud voice, to one of his friends, and seemed quite animated. In less than a quarter of an hour, I missed him from the room again. Shortly after, I saw him on the floor dancing with all the activity of a young man of twenty-five.

So great a change as had taken place in him during the evening I at once saw could only

be accounted for on the presumption, that he had been drinking too freely. The troubled expression of Mrs. Fennel's countenance, as her eyes sought, every now and then, the form of her husband, confirmed my already too well strengthened conclusions.

"I don't like to see that," remarked an elderly lady, who happened to be seated near me, as her own eye rested upon Mr. Fennel, moving lightly through the cotillion.

"Don't like what?" I asked.

"Don't like to see Mr. Fennel quite so gay as he is to-night," was her reply.

"This is a festive occasion," I replied, wishing to draw her out—You would not have him continue as sober as he was for the first hour after he came in."

The old lady looked at me a moment enquiringly, and then said—

"I suppose it is hardly necessary to tell you, that he is not himself just at this moment."

"Do you think he has been taking wine too freely?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say that I do," was the reply. "Have you not noticed a great change in Mrs. Fennel in the past year?"

I replied that I had.

"And have you not known the reason?" she added.

"No," I returned. "The great change in her has been to me a painful mystery. Not once until this evening, have I had a suspicion of what I now presume to be the real cause."

"I have known it for many months past," she said. "And it has grieved me deeply. Its effects upon his wife are painful in the extreme. I think I have never known any one who has changed as much as she has changed in so short a time."

"But, surely," I said, "Mr. Fennel cannot have become so much enslaved, already, as to have lost the power of self control. He is a man of strong mind. A distinct consciousness of danger must be all that is necessary to prompt him to place himself beyond the reach of that danger at once and forever."

"I have thought so. And have more than once resolved to speak to you upon the subject, and declare my conviction that you are the one who can best and most effectually perform the duty of warning him."

"Me?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes, you," was the firm answer. "As his minister, you can venture upon ground with him, that no other man dare tread. He may listen to you in a matter that would cause him to spurn interference in any other quarter with indignation. It is then, it seems to me,

clearly your duty to go to him alone and remonstrate in the most solemn manner against his present course. You may save him."

This unequivocal declaration as to my duty, choked me up. My natural feelings shrunk away from the performance of such a task with instinctive reluctance.

"I will see you to-morrow, and have a fuller and freer conversation with you about this matter," I said.

On the next day I called upon this lady, and conferred with her more seriously. I learned that Mr. Fennel had been, within the last six months, several times so much intoxicated as to be obliged to go to bed. And that his daily indulgence in drinking, was uniformly carried to excess. This she had learned from undoubted sources.

The whole truth, when I became fully conscious of it, stunned me. The more I reflected on the sad condition into which his appetite, too freely indulged, had brought him, the more distinctly conscious was I, that I had a duty to perform towards him and his family, painful as it might be to my feelings, from which I dared not shrink. To the immediate performance of this duty, I was strongly urged by the individual who had first apprised me of the extent of Mr. Fennel's dereliction. Reluctantly I prepared to obey the prompting voice which would not let me be at peace.

It took me some time to decide when and how, and where I should begin. The settlement of these preliminaries were longer delayed than they would have been, if I had felt the slightest affection for the duty I was called upon to perform. But I shrunk away, and made excuses for putting off the painful task. At length conscience smote me so hard that I was compelled to go forward in the only path that lay before me.

It was nearly two weeks from the time when I became apprised of Mr. Fennel's derelictions, before a sense of my obligations as a minister to him and to his family, drove me into the way of duty. Even then, I should not have gone forward, if I had not chanced to meet him in the street so much under the influence of liquor as not to know me. On the day succeeding this, I called, under a feeling of oppressive reluctance, at his store, and asked the favor of a private interview at his house or mine, whenever it would be most convenient for him.

"We will be perfectly alone here," he said, closing the door of his counting-room that communicated with the store. "If you have anything particular to say to me, I am ready at your service."

There was, now, no way of escape. The duty which I had continued to look at as in the future, suddenly became a present duty. It was some moments before I could collect my thoughts, during which time the merchant looked at me steadily and enquiringly. At length, with an embarrassed manner, I began—

“Mr. Fennel I have come to you, urged by the high obligations of my sacred calling, to perform a very painful duty,—nothing less than to admonish you, as one of my parishioners.”

“To admonish me!” the merchant replied, looking into my face with surprise.

“Yes sir—that, as I have said, has become my painful duty.”

“Speak out then, fully and freely.” As Mr. Fennel said this, he compressed his lips, and fixed his eyes upon me with a sort of stern defiance. I felt choked up. But there was no retreat.

“I am afraid, sir,” I said, coming at once to the point, “that you have, unwittingly, fallen into the habit of indulging too freely in wine.”

I paused, for the face of the merchant became instantly pale. Before I had time to proceed, he replied in a quick, half-angry voice—

“Mr. —, I permit no one, not even my minister, the liberty you are now presuming upon. I am responsible to no man for my conduct; and cannot, therefore, suffer any man to take me to task. If that is the subject of your interview with me, I beg that it be instantly concluded.”

I attempted to remonstrate, and thus soften him down, but he was firm: and threw me off with even more decided language. When I left him, it was with painful and gloomy feelings. Most reluctantly had I gone forward at the imperious call of duty, to meet a stern repulse.

On the next Sabbath he did not come to church. Mrs. Fennel had a care-worn look. She sat, through most of the service, with her eyes upon the floor. My heart ached for her. But I could do nothing to ward off the danger that threatened utterly to destroy her peace. From that time forth, her husband came but rarely into the house of God. His too excessive indulgence in drinking soon became known to all.

Thus matters went on for two or three years, during which time the deep distress of Mrs. Fennel urged me to repeated remonstrances; but all to no purpose. I was, at each attempt, repulsed with anger.

At last I was startled by the intelligence that he had failed in business. Long before

this, the unhappy wife had unburdened to me her whole heart. I could, therefore, call upon her at once, and as a friend into whose ear she could pour out all her feelings. I found her in deep distress, as I had expected. The extent of the disaster that had befallen her husband's business she did not know. For months Mr. Fennel had maintained towards her a strict reserve. As well as I could, I strove to encourage her.

“This disaster, I trust, will awaken him to a distinct consciousness of his true condition. It will cause him to feel the absolute necessity of preserving a well balanced mind in order to recover himself and regain the business position he has lost.”

“I hope it may be so,” she replied, despondingly. “But I fear a different result. Trouble of mind, too often drives men who are at all given to drinking, into greater indulgence. The apprehension of this, distresses me deeply. If it would cause him to reform the course of life he has pursued for some time past, I could say, cheerfully, come reverses, and welcome them as my friends.”

“Let us hope for the best, my dear madam,” I said. All events are in the hands of a wise and good Providence, who, out of seeming evil, is ever educing good. He never visits us with the loss of earthly blessings, such as wealth, or friends, that the end is not to bestow upon us some higher and purer gifts. Look up for them. One of them, perchance, may be the full restoration of your husband to his right mind.”

“God grant it!” she ejaculated, fervently, lifting her eyes upward, as she spoke.

“Amen!” was my heart-felt response.

Our earnest hope proved fallacious. The settlement of his affairs left him without a dollar in the world. His beautiful residence, with all its rich and tasteful furniture, was sold under the hammer, and himself and family thrown upon the world. Instead of rousing up, and going through the trial like a man, he was more than half intoxicated during the whole period that elapsed from the time his paper was dishonored, until his creditors released him from all obligations, and turned him penniless out of house and home.

With a scanty portion of furniture, all that remained of past luxurious elegance, Mrs. Fennel retired with her two daughters, into a small house which her husband had rented, in an obscure neighborhood. He procured employment as a collector of moneys for a large estate, from which he had an income of nearly a thousand dollars. If he had then only abandoned at once and forever the use of wine and

strong liquors, he would soon have risen again; for he had great force of character, activity, and a thorough knowledge of business. "If Fennel would only quit drinking," said a merchant to me who was engaged largely in trade, "I would give him an interest in my business to-morrow. He could increase the profits ten thousand dollars in the first year."

But the accursed appetite of the drunkard had been formed, and it proved an overmastering temptation. A few days after the afflicted family had removed to their new abode, I called in to see them. Mr. Fennel was not at home. I found the change indeed a sad one. From a large, elegantly furnished mansion, replete with every thing that a refined and luxurious taste could desire, the mother and her two daughters, young girls ten and twelve years of age, now occupied a small house, poorly built and greatly out of repair, in which, to them, there was scarcely a single convenience. The scanty remnant of their rich furniture formed an unsightly contrast with the dark, coarse, soiled paper on the walls, and the wooden mantle pieces, window sills and wash boards from which the paint had long since been worn. As I took the hand of Mrs. Fennel, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly for some time.

"It is, indeed, a sad change," I said.

"I could bear all this change with patient resignation," she replied, after she had gained control over her feelings, "if he were only as he once was. If he came in and went out with the calm, pure, well-balanced mind he once possessed.—But, alas! I fear this will never be. Daily he seems to sink lower and lower. I can scarcely believe at times, that I am not in the midst of a frightful dream."

She paused, for, at that moment Annetta, her eldest daughter came in. My feelings were touched as I looked into the innocent face of the child, over which was cast a shade of unnatural grief. The young and pure hearted should be happy. It is the dower of innocence. Sad, sad indeed it is to see them robbed of this precious dower! She came up to me, and took my offered hand, with downcast eyes; and then shrunk close to the side of her mother. I did not speak to her, for I could not. Words, I felt, would be but an empty mockery. In a little while after, her sister Marion came in also, and after taking my hand in silence, like her sought her mother's side. It was long, very long, before the picture of that grief-touched mother and her two children nestling closely to her side, was effaced from my imagination. As for me,

I was choked up. What could I say? For a little while I sat in embarrassed silence, and then, feeling the insufficiency of all mere human efforts to mingle in this cup of affliction even a single drop of peace, I said—

"Let us pray."

He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—He who loveth his children with unutterable tenderness—gave, I trust, to the afflicted mother and her children, while I lifted up to Him my earnest supplications, strength to bear their hard lot. This I know—when I pressed the hand of Mrs. Fennel at parting, her face wore a serener aspect than when I came in—but the serenity was derived from a resolution to bear her affliction as sent from Him who loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,—and this derivation was painfully apparent.

From this time the downward career of Mr. Fennel was steady and rapid. For two or three years, while he retained his position as collector, he supplied, scantily, the wants of his family. But constant and free indulgence of his appetite during that period, gradually increased that appetite, until he became really unfit to attend to business, and was removed from his place.

Now came severer trials for his family. No employment offering, the duty of procuring the means of subsistence at once devolved upon Mrs. Fennel, and Annetta now fifteen years of age. During the rapid decadency of Mr. Fennel, the mother had devoted many hours of each day to the instruction of her two daughters. Well educated and accomplished herself, she was able to do this with success. Annetta had shown from early years a talent for music, which, looking forward, as she well might, to the time when she would be thrown upon her own resources for a support, Mrs. Fennel had led her, since their removal, to cultivate with steady assiduity. At the age of fifteen, she was, therefore, far in advance of most young ladies, and, indeed, able to give lessons in the art. Family afflictions always have the effect to develop early the characters of children, and to give them thoughts, resolution, and decision beyond their years. They had this effect upon Annetta. While her mother was in sad doubt as to what she would now do, after her husband's loss of his situation, and even before any settled plan of action was fixed, Annetta said to her—

"I believe, mother, that I could give lessons in music."

Mrs. Fennel looked at her child, her mind half bewildered, for some moments, really

unable to think with sufficient directness of thought, to decide what reply to make. Annetta continued.

"Father has nothing to do now, and perhaps will not get any thing to do for some time. We shall have to support ourselves. I am sure that I could give lessons in music, at least to young scholars, and, if you are willing, I will go to Mrs. Whitmore, who will do any thing she can for us, and ask her to try and get me some scholars."

Reluctantly Mrs. Fennel consented that her generous, noble minded child, should make the effort she proposed; should go out at her tender age, and enter the world in contention for a living with the great onward struggling mass. She was successful as she deserved. In a little while, several who knew her, and could esteem and love her for her purity of character, engaged her to give lessons in their families, at regular hours. This brought in a slender income—far less than was required for the support of the family. To add to this, the mother took in sewing, and devoted many hours of each day closely to her needle, while the youngest daughter attended to the household. But with all this, they were able to do little more than provide food and clothing. Rent could not be paid.

My visits as clergyman were regular to this afflicted family. Sometimes I met Mr. Fennel. But he invariably left the house as soon as I came in. Several times I tried to converse with him. But he turned a deaf ear. About six months after the loss of his situation, I called in. There was a change in the appearance of the little parlor, that at first I could not make out. Something was wanting. What could it be? Ah! The exquisitely toned instrument, which had been spared them by the creditors, was gone. Annetta's piano was not in its wonted place! I understood in a moment the meaning of this. It had been sold! Rent day had come round, and there was nothing to satisfy the landlord.

My heart ached, as it is too often made to ache over human distresses, as I turned away from my parishioners' humble abode. They had not yet gotten to the base of the declivity. Their feet were not yet upon solid ground.

"How much lower are they doomed to sink!" I said, half aloud, as I walked slowly away, with my eyes upon the pavement.

Alas! I dreamed not of the bitter dregs that lay at the bottom of the cup they were drinking.

One morning about six months from that time, a domestic entered my study, and informed me that a lady was in the parlor, and

wished to see me. It was Mrs. Fennel. When I met her, I found her in tears, and much agitated.

"Is any thing serious the matter?" I asked, with much concern.

"O yes," she said, "Last evening Mr. Fennel did not come home. We set up all night for him, in much alarm. Daylight came, and he was still away. I then went out to look for him, and soon learned the distressing news that he had been sent to jail by a man who had trusted him for liquor, until he had a bill of thirty dollars against him. I saw the man and plead with him to release him—but he peremptorily refused, adding gross insult to his refusal."

I knew not what reply to make to this. The first thought I had, was, that this imprisonment might be productive of good. Its tendency might be to restore him to his senses. One, two, three, or four months' of confinement, with his mind unexcited and unobscured by inebriation, would afford time for calm and serious reflection. But I saw, that his wife was not prepared to take this view of the subject; and I hesitated to present it for her consideration. When I did, she could not bear it.

"Oh, no, no," she said, the tears gushing from her eyes, "he cannot, he must not lie in jail. My husband in jail for debt! Oh, no. It must not be!"

It was to no purpose that I urged the use to him of this incarceration. Her woman's heart could not endure the idea. Reluctantly, and against my better judgment, I offered, at length, to see a few of his old friends and obtain, through them, his release. I found no difficulty in doing this. The sum to be raised was but a small one. I took it myself to the magistrate who had committed him, paid the debt, and obtained an order for his release. With this in my pocket, I went to the jail. The appearance of Mr. Fennel affected me a good deal. He was deeply humbled. When the keeper told him that he was free to return to his family, he covered his face with his hands, and stood, for a moment or two, overcome with emotion. I hardly knew what to say to him, or where to begin. To endeavor to deepen and make permanent the impression for good now made, was my duty. In every previous attempt at exhortation, I had been sternly repulsed. It might be so again. But there was only one way before me, and rough, and thorny, and full of difficulties though it might be, I could do no less than walk in it. The iron door was swung open by the jailor, and Fennel walked forth a free man. I was by his side, and, as he came out, moved on in

silence, searching in my thoughts for some form of words by which I might most safely address him. While yet in doubt, he broke the embarrassing reserve, by saying, with much feeling,

"It seems to me as if I had been spell bound by some evil power, for the last few years. I have been in a horrible state, Mr. ——. But I have this day resolved, that if I possess the power, I will burst at once and for ever the bonds by which I have been so long held. I go home to my much enduring, much abused family. How shall I meet them? How can I look in the face my patient, long suffering wife, and my neglected, abused children? My heart fails me when I think of doing so."

I encouraged him in the best way I could, and by many varied precepts and illustrations, endeavored to give to his mind some basis for his incipient and hastily formed resolutions to rest upon. He listened with fixed attention, and then assured me, again and again, that he was resolved to enter at once upon a course of reformation. I promised all the assistance that it was in my power to give him.

The scene, when we reached his home, affected me to tears. I entered with him and said, smiling, as I advanced by his side towards Mrs. Fennel, who had started to her feet glad, but irresolute—

"Receive back your husband, again free, I trust, in mind as well as body!"

"Yes, free in both senses!" was his emphatic response. "From this hour I am resolved to be as I once was. To have a sound mind in a sound body."

For a brief period Mrs. Fennel seemed bewildered. But she quickly understood the words, and tone, and manner of her husband.

"God be thanked!" she ejaculated, and then springing forward, drew her arms about his neck and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed aloud.

When I left them, it was with a lively hope. I looked forward with pleased anticipation to future days of peace, prosperity and happiness, for this long tried, much enduring family. Alas! The sun that shone out with sudden brightness, was soon buried again in thick clouds. For a few days Mr. Fennel remained sober, and during that time obtained employment. But, in a week the morbid appetite which long indulgence in drink had created, proved too strong for him. He again fell, and into a lower depth.

I will not pain and disgust you with a minute detail of the gradations through which he passed in his still further descent—nor with the too vivid pictures which I could pre-

sent of his family's exquisite sufferings during a period of two more years. One scene more, and that to which all else I have related has only led me, I will relate. Twice he was cast into prison for debt, and as often released by my efforts, stimulated by the urgent importunities of his wife. Again a liquor seller who, in spite of repeated remonstrances, continued to trust him, had him committed to jail, under the confident hope that some of his old friends, as they had done before through my intercession, would pay off the paltry debt. But this time he was mistaken. I steadily refused to yield to Mrs. Fennel's tears and entreaties, once more to procure his liberation. He had been in jail about two weeks, at the time the execution alluded to took place.

On the evening succeeding that horrible tragedy, I remarked that I had not seen Mrs. Fennel for several days. She had left my house, at our last interview, when I had positively declined to make any effort to procure her husband's liberation, the image of sorrow. Nothing but the all-absorbing duty I had to perform, in attending the culprit, soon to expiate his crime on the gallows, could have driven that image from my mind. It returned again, vividly, when that solemn duty was done. The feelings it produced, determined me at once to go and see her.

I found Mrs. Fennel deeply depressed. Annetta, and her sister, were sad and gloomy. I had spoken only a few words, when the street door was opened quietly. We listened. The sound of well known footsteps was heard along the passage. Fennel himself, in the next moment stood before us. His appearance was frightful. His complexion, naturally ruddy, was now of a pale sickly hue; his eyes almost protruding from his head, and his lips, wan as his cheek, drawn tightly across his teeth. Mrs. Fennel sprang to her feet as he entered; but he did not seem to notice her, and seated himself slowly and mournfully in a chair. To the eager questions put to him, he made no reply, but muttered in a low, alarmed tone, something which we could not at first understand. Every now and then he would start back and shudder, and shrink as from the effort of some invisible thing to get hold of him. Annetta burst into tears and wept violently, while her sister covered her face with her hands, and turned away from the dreadful sight. With my assistance, Mrs. Fennel got him upon the bed, and at last soothed him into something like rationality. The first word that indicated any thing like returning reason, was his eager exclamation to his wife, of "Oh, is it you!" and his clinging to her arm like one

awakened from a terrible nightmare. Gradually he became composed, and there was a calmness and intelligence of manner about him, such as I had not observed for a long time. But on his countenance sat an unearthly expression; and when he called his wife and children around him and told them in mournful tones that he was about to die, I felt the truth of his situation. As we all stood by his side, the poor man raised himself up, and spoke his last words, the import of which I can never forget. Upon the hearts of those neglected ones who wept beside him, they must have been graven as with a pen of iron. Oh how my heart bled for them.

"Let me lean on you, for I feel myself growing very weak, and I must say something before I die"—began the poor creature, looking up into his wife's face, and leaning his head back upon her. "You have been a good wife to me—too good, and I have repaid you sadly for your devotion. And you, my dear child, Annetta, give me your hand—how poor it is!—your father has not cared for you as he should have cared for you, yet he always loved the sight of your sweet, patient face, though he felt so guilty in your presence that he could not speak to you familiarly and pleasantly, and was often rough and apparently unkind to stifle feelings of mortification that came over him when he looked upon the child he had so terribly wronged. And Marion too; can you forgive the father who has broken your young spirits, and made your lot hard to be borne? I would not offer excuse for my dreadful conduct, but I must say, that the conflicts and agonies of mind I have endured from time to time have been awful. There have been many moments in which it seemed that reason must desert its throne—but old habits and confirmed appetites have overmastered my resolutions, and I have gone on and on, ever intending to stop some where, until I have come now to the final hour of my life, and my last days have been worst of all."

"Oh, father—dear father! say no more about it—you will break my heart if you talk so," said Annetta, with the tears rolling in great drops down her pale cheeks.

"Bless you my good child for those kind words! It is long, long since I have heard you say 'dear father.' But I have that to tell which I must utter, though I would fain spare you all a keener anguish than you now feel. I have been almost forced, through my degradation, to do an act that has broken my heart. I knew not that old feelings would have come back upon me so overwhelmingly—I had begun to think myself callous to all emotion;

but the current was checked, not altogether dried up. You all know that I have been confined in jail for two weeks; but you know not how I have been liberated."

Here the poor man shuddered, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly as a child. After a few moments he recovered himself—and continued:—

"There seemed no chance of my speedy liberation, as the hard hearted man who had put me in jail, seemed determined to spend in my confinement, through anger, as much money as I owed him. The first three days of my confinement, as I was allowed no liquor, came very near driving me mad. Oh! I cannot describe the intolerable thirst I endured through three sleepless nights and days. You came to see me, but you knew nothing of my sufferings. I begged the keeper, I begged you for liquor, but it was denied me, while I endured what seemed a hell of torments. I wonder that I survived the struggle—hundreds have died in it. A little laudanum which I succeeded in procuring, probably saved me from a terrible death. It stimulated me just sufficient to keep off *delirium tremens*, and saved me from death in that awful state in which the drunkard dies. But nature had been exhausted and could not rally, and I awoke at once to the fearful condition in which I was placed. Unless I could get out and get to my home I feared that hope was gone. Here I fondly thought I might be mended up a little, through your kind ministrations. The fatal cup, I was enabled in firm resolution to renounce, though I felt that it was death almost to do so. My purpose was fixed to retrace, as far as power was given, my former steps, and if I perished in my resolution, I would perish. Only one way was offered me of escape, and such a way! The Sheriff proposed to pay my debt if I would relieve him from the hangman's duty. I could have spurned him to the earth when he first made the proposition, but hope of deliverance being almost gone, and finding myself sinking fast, I at length reluctantly consented. For three days before the execution, I neither eat nor slept. My food I could not swallow, and I sought the sweet oblivion of sleep in vain. This morning, I nerved myself for the dreadful task, conscious that I was doing my last work on earth—I did shrink for a moment, but the thought of liberty was sweet, and I wanted to die at home—even though I had brought there sorrow and desolation. In the final arrangements I adjusted the rope, and placed with a steady hand the fatal knot beneath the victim's ear, while he, poor wretch, shook with a worse than mortal agony.

When I drew the cap over his eyes, and shut out from him for ever the light of the sun, I felt as if I was myself suffocating; but I shrunk not from my fearful task, and when the moment had come, knocked away the fatal prop that had supported the slender plank upon which rested the criminal's feet. Poor wretch! he surely did not suffer more than his executioner. How bitterly did I repent me of what I had done, when I saw his dreadful struggles in the air! But I had finished my work, and hastening back to the prison, threw off my disguise, and in a few moments was breathing the air as a freeman. From that time until a few minutes since I have been utterly unconscious of existence. Where I have been I know not, but I am here now, and I feel that it is to die."

The poor wretch then sunk back upon his pillow with a deep groan. His words were prophetic. Death had indeed marked him for his victim. Nature could no longer endure the shocks she had been compelled to sustain. An hour after, and we stood around the bed

upon which lay the mortal wreck of one who had been a bright and shining light in society for a time—but whose light, alas! had long before grown dim.

The next time I called upon my lady friends, who had been so bitter in their invectives against poor Jack Ketch, I related my friend the clergyman's story. They knew him well, and also the family to which his story related. The current of their sympathies receding, turned into a new channel. I ventured to read them a little homily on appearances and realities, which they bore quite patiently, and then proposed some action for the relief of Mrs. Fennel and her family, in which I encouraged them. These kind intentions, I am happy to say, did not remain unproductive in their minds. Mrs. Fennel and her two daughters were soon after placed in a situation much more suited to their tastes and feelings, and are now supporting themselves comfortably, surrounded by many kind and congenial friends.

THE WEARY CRUSADER.

BY MISS EUGENE D. ST. HUBERT.

Away, away with the plume and crest,
 Away with the glittering spear;
 And bear me back to my beautiful west,
 For I'm way-worn and perishing here.
 O take from my bosom this vest of steel,
 From my wrist these brazen bands;
 And my shrunken flesh once more let me feel,
 With my shrivelled and sunburnt hands.

Away, away with the warrior's fame,
 Away with his false hopes now;
 I have labored for glory and gained me a name,
 But the cold earth pillows my brow.
 I forsook the green hills of my own bright land,
 And vales all blooming and fair;
 I have passed o'er the sea, and the desert sand,
 And here I must die in despair.

Away, away with the gilded star!
 Away with the lance I have borne!
 To gaze on the home of my heart afar,
 I'd give the bright honors I've worn.
 Of what now availeth my tears and toil?
 And the blood that my hands have shed?
 The bones of my comrades cover the soil,
 And the Turk stalks over the dead.

Away, away with the shout that rung,—
 "We swear in the name of God,
 That we'll hang the cross where the crescent hung,
 Though its staff should be stained with blood!"
 Henceforth wave the cross o'er the Christian land;
 Let the crescent o'er this be unfurled,
 Till the banner of God, in his own right hand,
 Shall be waved o'er a wondering world.

LEGENDS OF OLD HOUSES.

SUNDORNE CASTLE.

BY J. F. OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the western counties of England, stood the very ancient castle of Sundorne, in which the old baronial, staid and generous hospitality, were still maintained by its noble proprietor, who had little of aristocratic prejudice, and much inclination to do good to his fellow man. He considered himself the head of his people, as his fathers had done before him, but it was in the kind relation of a parent, not in that of a feudal lord. In a large hamlet that lay under the walls of the castle lived the immediate dependants of the family; a mile or two distant, were some pretty cottages where aged persons were allowed to live on low rents, and the unfortunate who had, as it is termed, seen better days, found a quiet refuge where the means of living were easy, and where there were few to remind them of their descent in life. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, who, sickened by the fraud and chicanery to be found in mercantile pursuits, in which they had lost a large fortune, retired hither to educate their young family, and live in peace on a very limited income.

Lord Sundorne was not slow in perceiving that the Aylmers' garden was cultivated with much taste and assiduity; that they were fine musicians, and that an easel generally stood by a shaded window. He drew the inference that these were very superior people to the fox-hunting, hard-drinking squires, or their dashing wives and daughters by whom he was surrounded, and with whom, to his great annoyance, Lady Sundorne and himself were sometimes compelled to mix. It was easy to induce such persons to throw off reserve; they did not look up with awe to title or station, but they were soon ready to acknowledge the worth and generosity in their noble neighbors. The benefits to be obtained were reciprocal. Lord Sundorne was delighted to find rational people for companions. Mrs. Aylmer was never weary of admiring the exterior and interior of the castle, a beautiful specimen of the true fortress, with its lines of

circumvallation, moat and drawbridge, all in perfect repair; and the noble library was a valuable auxiliary to Mr. Aylmer in his studies, now pursued with more ardor than ever, in consideration of the important task which devolved on him with his sons. Lord Sundorne had two sons, also generally at college, but when they were at home he found the advantage of bringing them in collision with a man of Mr. Aylmer's extensive reading, correct taste, and liberal views of active life.

But it was with Mrs. Aylmer that Lord and Lady Sundorne most truly enjoyed companionship. She was highly gifted, and had just that slight dash of romance in thought and feeling that is always interesting. She was an enthusiast in art, and knew the full virtue of the treasures in Sundorne Castle, which they, though not ignorant in that respect, could not appreciate as she did.

Soon after the commencement of this intimacy, Mr. Aylmer was attacked with serious illness, and now it was seen that amusement was not the only object with these noble friends. Every attention that the most delicate generosity could suggest, was lavished on the grateful invalid, and a closer friendship was cemented between the families, though widely differing in the more serious traits of character. The Aylmers were superior in their intellectual attainments; they thought and lived in the consciousness of a higher state of existence, in store for them when the turmoil of this world shall cease. The Sundornes were just what their forefathers had been; kept a chaplain who lived at a distance—went to church—sometimes, held all old institutions good, even Sunday sports; yet scrupulously practised a lofty integrity, on which Lord Sundorne prided himself more than on his unstained nobility through a long line of ancestry.

A few weeks reversed the situation of the families. Mr. Aylmer recovered, and was obliged to take a journey to the south of the kingdom. Lord Sundorne was seized with a painful, though not serious sickness, and was

for three weeks confined to his bed-room. As soon as he could be removed to a sofa, Lady Sundorne sent to request that Mrs. Aylmer would come to the castle if it were in any way possible, for though Lord Sundorne was in a state of convalescence, he was so low from the total want of society, that she knew not how to manage him. The few families in the neighborhood had contented themselves with sending enquiries, and during his whole illness he had seen but herself and his medical attendant. Mrs. Aylmer did not hesitate an instant to obey this summons, though slightly indisposed and much depressed in spirits from the protracted absence of her husband. She did not believe she could do much towards raising the spirits of the invalid; she could little imagine the relief some persons can feel in relating the minutæ of past sufferings, and in receiving congratulations on returning health.

When Mrs. Aylmer entered the breakfast room where Lord Sundorne lay on a couch, he immediately proceeded to give her a lengthened detail of his illness in a way which needed no additions from Lady Sundorne to shew how exceedingly irritable and impatient he had been, nor did he spare to relate that he had suffered himself to be so overcome in mind and body, that he had actually disgraced himself so far as to faint away in his wife's arms!

"Could you imagine," said he, "that I should ever have been so unmanly! I, the descendant of the iron-clad heroes of Runnymede! But I told you when poor Aylmer looked so 'like patience on a monument,' and was literally 'smiling at grief,' what a fretful mortal I always am under sickness or confinement, though I little thought of exhibiting the fact so soon. But now the worst is over, and 'Richard's himself again!' I am really glad to see a human countenance once more, for you know that for the last three weeks I have seen no one but my Lady there—who has done nothing but scold—and the Doctor, who seemed determined to poison me."

"A pretty compliment, truly!" said Lady Sundorne, "and a handsome return for the patience with which I have borne all your out-of-the-way vagaries!"

"Oh! you may assure Mrs. Aylmer that, in this respect, I have in no wise degenerated from my ancestors, who have one and all been famous for the strangest whims whenever they were ill!"

"And when they were not," said Lady Sundorne, drily.

"Yes! truly! always eccentric! I believe

there are more anecdotes related of my forefathers, than of any other family in the kingdom. Aye, and some of our modern writers have not been backward in availing themselves of some singular circumstances which have taken place—certainly not within the last century. I suppose when a hundred years have rolled by, every one may be considered as lawful property for the pen of a poet!"

It was in the course of this conversation that Mrs. Aylmer discovered what she had often suspected, though Lord Sundorne leaned toward scepticism in his religious opinions, he had a perfect belief in the appearances and operations of supernatural beings. It certainly was evident that among the legends of Sundorne castle, were some which have furnished subjects for a few of the most beautiful ballads of the day; and it was in vain that Mrs. Aylmer tried to lead him to separate the probable truth from the palpable error; he contended stoutly for his opinions, and adduced some proofs even in his own time, when credible witnesses had seen the appearance of a deceased person, but dwelt most on some circumstances in his own family, which he believed to have been the ground work of Sir Walter Scott's "Eve of St. John."

Mrs. Aylmer's vivid imagination delighted to dwell on the sublime and mysterious secrets of another world, and whatever her reason might say, she could not avoid listening to this legend which Lord Sundorne was impatient to relate, as a certain confirmation of his cherished opinion.

"It was in the troublous times of the sixth Henry, that an aged Earl of Sundorne retired to one of his castles in Ireland, while his brave sons were drawing their swords in support of that unfortunate King. The youngest of these was distinguished by more than ordinary valour and learning, but all his honours and all his brilliant qualities were sullied by a criminal passion for the wife of one of his best friends. The moment he was fully aware of the nature of his feelings, he fled society and particularly avoided the Lady Blanche, whose fatal beauty had caused him to wander from the true path of peace. But as he thus refrained from actual sin against human laws, he thought nothing more was required of him; therefore in secret, and, as he imagined, in safety, he gave way to all the fervour and romance of that guilty flame, which, even in its first glimmering, the voice of God and the laws of man called upon him to stifle. He plunged into the recesses of the

wildest forests, where the foot of the traveller never penetrated, that he might call aloud on her name, and gaze unrestrainedly on her picture, which he constantly carried in his bosom. Instead of humbling himself, as a sinner, before that awful Being who requires purity of heart, as well as rectitude of conduct, he gloried in the strength of his love, and even depicted it in passionate sonnets, which he was not sufficiently careful to preserve from the prying eyes of curiosity.

"The heart of the aged father was deeply wounded by this conduct in his darling son. It might be the usage sanctioned by the chivalric spirit of the day, but the house of Sundorne had hitherto been as high in unstained purity of morals, as it was in heraldic honors; and Lord Hubert had given such bright promises in early youth, that the stain on his manhood was more deeply felt. The old Earl retired entirely from the society of his peers, and shut himself up in the solitary castle of Balinagan.

"It was on the night of the twenty-third of October, in the year 1456, that the loud blast of a horn awakened the aged porter of the outer gate of Balinagan Castle. He arose in haste, and looking through the small window of the tower in which he slept, that commanded a view of the gate, he saw Lord Hubert, who was mounted on a spirited black charger. His vizor was up,—though in every other respect he was completely armed. There was no moon, and the night was dark and starless,—yet the old man not only saw the lineaments of the well known face, but distinguished every stud and joint of his armor. He also marked that the horse was barded, and that as he tossed his head, his eyes sparkled with fiery impatience.

"Full of joy at this welcome though unexpected sight, the old man hastily descended the narrow winding stairs, and unbarred the ponderous gate, which delivered the visitor into the first court, from whence the drawbridge led to the second. Lord Hubert passed on without speaking, and his figure was soon lost in the darkness of the portal that overshadowed the bridge.

"*'I must have suddenly lost my hearing!'* said the porter to himself—*'I might have missed the sound of his voice in my own foolish babbling;—but I heard not the sound of his horse's feet! nor the summons to the warder—nor the rattling of the drawbridge! But I shall hear enough to-morrow—if I am not as deaf as a post!'*

"The moment the return of day gave admission to the castle, the old porter hastened to

share in the general joy such an arrival must occasion. No one of the domestics had heard of Lord Hubert's being there! No one had seen him. His venerable nurse, who lived in a cottage on the verge of the domain, and whose infirm husband kept the gate of entrance there, arrived at the same moment to make the same inquiries. All the inmates of the castle agreed that no one had entered the castle during the night. The nurse declared that Lord Hubert had passed the gate, and that she had spoken to him, but received no answer. The porter persisted in his story. Both agreed as to the armor, the plume in his helmet, the color of his horse, and the precise moment of time as near as could be ascertained. Much astonishment was excited; but it was proved beyond a doubt that the drawbridge had not been lowered during the usual time—from sunset to sunrise, and other entrance to the castle there was none.

"On the same night, at the same hour, as the Lady Blanche was sitting in her closet, awaiting the return of her husband from a hazardous expedition, the figure of an armed man suddenly stood before her. As soon as her terror suffered her to distinguish his features, for his vizor was unclosed, she saw it was Lord Hubert. He looked on her with a pale, sorrowful countenance, as he laid his gauntleted hand on a small cabinet beside which he was standing; but the moment she found words to reproach him for his impudent intrusion, he was gone.

"The lady fainted, and was but imperfectly recovered, when her husband returned, in a state bordering on distraction, and covered with blood. He had met his friend; and in the darkness of the night, mistaking him for the enemy he was pursuing, had slain him.

"In addition to the horror of these strange occurrences, the mark of a burning hand on the cabinet, where the lady remembered to have seen Lord Hubert's rest, was found deeply impressed. The unhappy pair immediately retired to different convents, in one of which this legend was found fairly written, where they spent the remainder of their saddened days. The cabinet, with the burnt mark of the armed hand, is preserved and shown in Balinagan Castle, as a memorial of the appalling circumstance."

"I see," said Lord Sundorne, when he had concluded, "that you consider this a monkish legend, and truly conjecture that I have related it word for word as it is written down. I know you will say this was nearly four hun-

dred years ago, in superstitious times, &c. &c. but now I will tell you something that fell out nearer our own times, the evidences of which are unquestionable. My grandfather had a sister of uncommon attainments for a woman, pardon me, Mrs. Aylmer, I should rather say a masculine mind, and a fearless disposition, for learning was not then in fashion either with men or women; but, in spite of her lofty mind, love found an entrance to her heart and perhaps revenged himself by reigning with absolute power, because of necessity it was in secret. You all know the heath that lies due west of this castle, it was her favorite resort of an evening, because from thence she could see the sun set over a beautiful and cultivated landscape. Lovers, you know, are always fond of sunsets, moon risings, and the glimmer of twilight. But few of them that love the dawn or the sunrise. It was in the very eventful year of 1746 that Lady Madelaine walked as usual beyond the confines of the mark, and entered on the heath. She was from some accident later than usual; the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the grey of evening was beginning to replace the gorgeous hues that had but lately prevailed. She suddenly found her beloved youngest brother by her side, he whom she believed to be in Scotland, fighting by the side of Duke William of Cumberland, he of all in the world, the sole depository of her painful secret. She trembled for her lover, in the ranks of Charles Edward; he was come to break gently to her the tidings of his death!—he had fallen in the battle that had been hourly expected!—No, her gallant knight was well and had highly distinguished himself by his prowess. How came he then, her high souled brother, away from the battle field in a critical moment? He waved the answer, but spoke tenderly, and at length on the subject known to no other living being. Lady Madelaine dashed the tears from her eyes, and when she looked up, she was alone—on the wide heath there was no human being but herself. It is easy to suppose that she fell into a deep swoon, in which some peasants found her, and summoned assistance from the castle. She was conveyed to her chamber, and before she could relate the cause of her illness, news was brought that her brother had fallen in the battle of Culloden. Now, Mrs. Aylmer, this was related to me by my grand aunt herself, then a very old, but very fine woman, and one not likely to impose either on herself or others. What can we say to this?"

"I should say, my Lord, that the fit prece-

ded the vision, and many instances have been known that even a common fainting will produce a hallucination of that kind. Have you not felt even in dreams that appearances, I might say apparitions, have been so palpable that you might almost lay hold of them?"

"But what do you think of the coincidence of circumstances?"

"As of the same nature as many that happen every day, nay that happen to myself, who never saw the glimpse of a ghost in my life, anxiously as I have looked over every old house I could get near; who have sat in Westminster Abbey, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at twilight, so far alone that I could hear no sound but the distant closing of a door, and so near to the tomb of the founder, that its shadow made it dark around me; and when I have been excited enough to imagine the statues frowned, and that the banners waved above my head."

"You have been bold, Mrs. Aylmer!"

"Not too bold, my Lord; for I never had any occurrence to occasion even a start, except once in my father's grounds, a favorite dog of immense size, when it was too dark to distinguish the outlines of figures, rose up and laid his tremendous paws on my shoulders, a trick I had taught him, and for which I paid the penalty of a terrible fright. Nay, I have slept in a bed made expressly for Charles the Second, and in which that merry, but cruel monarch has often reposed his gaunt figure. I passed two nights of sickness there, and took my hourly draughts with great punctuality by the dim beams of a solitary rush light, and had even a pleasure in withdrawing the bed-curtains to look round a room larger and darker than ever Mrs. Radcliffe depicted, and I heard no other sound than the swallows that would build in the ample chimney, I saw nothing but the bat that regularly found entrance we could not tell how, and which no endeavors could dislodge. I knew it to be perfectly harmless and became accustomed to its flittings, though sometimes it almost swept my face with its wings."

"Have you always been so brave, Mrs. Aylmer?" said Lady Sundorne, shuddering.

"Not always, madam. This room was close to the sleeping rooms of the family, and as the heavy door generally swung open some time in the night, from the spring lock not being able to sustain its weight, I could have called and should have been instantly heard. I have experienced unreasonable terror in a remote room, small, modern, with a white bed; and so terrified at a fine, full length picture of

John the Baptist, that I have not dared to turn my head towards it."

"And has your reason never been staggered by any circumstance, known or related?"

"Never but once, and I fear you will think it very ridiculous, as I did—and yet it is a fact."

"Oh, pray let us hear it," said Lord Sundorne, a little ironically. "I should like to know what could stagger Mrs. Aylmer."

"I beg you to have patience with my story. I only wish you could have it, as I did, from the lips of a beautiful woman, who, by dint of teasing and entreaties, made one of the parties, a respectable minister, relate it to her. She laughed as she repeated it, and yet she declared the poor man told it most seriously."

"In one of the old towns of Berkshire, there is a large house of the true Elizabethan style; literally answering to the description:

'The antique ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievement clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.'

"In this mansion lived a pious old gentleman of true old English hospitality. Whenever there was a religious convocation of any kind, he made a point of entertaining all the ministers, but leaned evidently to dissenters."

"On one occasion, two gentlemen arriving very late, found every room and bed occupied but one, and that one, *par excellence*, the haunted chamber, which every one had avoided for at least a century. There was no remedy. Every inn and house in the town was full to overflowing; even the parlors were occupied, and this room was made ready in the hope that some one would be found hardy enough to dare its terrors. Two middle aged ministers did not avow any reluctance, even if they felt it, and taking lights from a domestic, they entered the apartment, an ante-room, which led by immense folding doors to that which contained the bed—of unusual size—with curtains to draw round and close at the feet. The hangings of both rooms were of tapestry, dim and grotesque; strange trees, strange animals, and yet stranger men; all more like the creation of a hideous dream than an imitation of living beings. The whole of the furniture was antiques massive, and even magnificent; chairs that looked like ebony, and the old armoire with its delicate carving, and inlaid with different colored woods. The andirons were two figures, much like the Egyptian memnon; and a large picture over the mantel-piece seemed painted by one determined to anticipate Fuseli in his declared intention of

painting what never had been, and never would be seen. The window was embayed, but covered with long heavy curtains, like those of the bed.

"The two gentlemen knelt down on each side of the bed, for their private devotions. At that moment the huge folding doors flew open with a tremendous noise.

"'Ho!' said one, 'so the game is beginning.'

"'I pray you, my brother, speak not so lightly; I fastened those doors with my own hand.'

"They again bolted them securely, and placed two of the heavy chairs to keep them closed. The moment they were on their knees, the doors flew open more impetuously than before, and the chairs were thrown into the middle of the room. As it was not very cold, it was agreed they should be left open, and, with two lights burning, they got into bed, leaving the curtains undrawn, being willing to see what might pass. No sooner were their heads laid on the pillow, than the curtains were drawn furiously toward the foot of the bed, and as furiously drawn back again; the heavy rings jingling on the iron rod; the watch of the elder minister was taken from its place, shaken over his head and thrown behind the pillow of the younger one, who shrunk under the bed-clothes laughing. At this moment both the lights expired.

"The elder again reproved the other for his lightness, and said, 'Come what will of it, I will speak.' He then in the most solemn manner, adjured the spirit to declare what it was that prevented its rest. He received a smart blow on his cheek from a very cold hand, and some one stumped round the bed as if on a wooden leg. The rest of the night passed without disturbance.

"In the morning, all were eager to question these two venturesome gentlemen, who were not very ready to relate their nocturnal experience; but they questioned the host as to the character of the room, and what was alleged as the reason of its inquietude. He said he was utterly ignorant, and he did not know of any one that could tell, except it was a very old gardener who had lived in the place from his very infancy, and was supposed to know more than any one else.

"The two ministers lost no time in sounding the old man, who appeared very reluctant to speak on the subject; but after much pressing, said that, before he was born, that room was used only on state occasions, and had no bed in it. The story ran, that on some grand

occasion—either a wedding or a christening—a large party were playing cards there, and one old lady, having been very unsuccessful in the game, imagined that she had been the subject of unfair play, and fell into such a passion of rage, that she died of suffocation on the spot. This lady had a wooden leg.

"Noises were heard from that time; and, though the best room in the house, it had been generally shut up. No one who ever ventured to sleep there would ever encounter a second night."

"However ridiculous this story may seem," said Lord Sundorne, as Mrs. Aylmer paused, "You will allow that it had a staggering influence on you. You will not question the facts of two respectable men's stating?"

"I did not question the facts, but the agency," said Mrs. Aylmer, smiling. "The hand, however cold, must have been of flesh and blood, and a spirit need not use a wooden leg to stump with. But all my doubts were at an end, when a few years afterwards I met a lady in North Wales, who well knew this town in Berkshire, the venerable mansion, and its truly hospitable owner. She had never heard of these precise circumstances; but she told me that this excellent man had three sons, who were the terror of the whole neighborhood from their mad pranks and mischievous wagery. Wo to the house that had any ornament that outraged their standard of taste. Wo to the antiquated maiden that went out to pay her evening visit, as is often the case in country towns, without a bonnet or umbrella over her head. They had spies every where, and getting into a house which she must pass, a fishing rod and hook from an upper window would dexterously twitch off the lace cap, and perhaps a few extraneous locks of hair. Wo to the house that was about to entertain a dinner party,—the loss of the knocker of the front door was the least they had to apprehend. Some of their doings cannot be named; but they were so great a scourge to the vicious, that the magistrates had little to do. When, added to all this, I understood they had a horror of innovation in the church, and above all things opposed themselves to their father's reception of dissenting ministers, I was at no loss to conjecture from whence had arisen the well connected chain of terrors that had invaded the repose of two ministers of the Wesleyan persuasion."

"Now do you think, Mrs. Aylmer," said Lord Sundorne, gravely, "that mere human hands could effect all this? Could two or

three hair-brained young men produce such awful effects?"

"My Lord," answered Mrs. Aylmer, "one ignorant person in North Wales, contrived to terrify a whole district. A farm house, lying immediately beneath Snowden—I will not attempt its unpronounceable name—was for some years invaded by a ghost of a very remarkable description. Noises, sights, and depredations were attested by creditable people. No day or night passed without some exhibition, to which, at last, the inhabitants became quite accustomed. The noises were sometimes in a clock-case, sometimes in a bed-post; the appearance was at one time a man—at another a large ox. The depredations were principally confined to the thick matting with which the Welsh people in remote places separate their beds from one another, for the double purpose of warmth and privacy. These, the ghost, in the middle of the night, would pull down, suffocating the sleepers with the accumulated dust of many years. Sometimes a heavy weight would roll over the different beds; but, when one of the men declared he would take a sharp pointed knife and stick it upwards through the bed-clothes, this was discontinued; an evident certainty that the tricks were played by some one in the house, who must have heard the threat. I cannot tell half the circumstances I heard; but the doings were always for evil and never for good.' The attention of many persons was excited, and among others, several ministers of known respectability, and learning. One of these was extremely angry, and not only strongly denied all supernatural agency in the present day, but insisted on it, that the people at this farm house must be sotted, and allowed themselves to be frightened at nothing at all. He was determined to go and see for himself, and if they would permit it, to stay all night. He was kindly received, and seated in front of the great fire glowing cheerily on the hearth, on which stood a heavy three legged skillet, simmering some preparation for supper.

"While he sat gravely talking, as became one of his profession, the skillet on which his eyes were fixed suddenly turned over with the bottom upward, scattering fire and ashes in all directions. In the confusion this occasioned, an old pair of trowers came heavily on his neck, with the two legs hanging over his shoulders down upon his knees. Half angry, and somewhat startled, he determined to stay no longer; but just as he reached the door of entrance, a live goose, tied by the legs, was

hooked securely over one of the hind buttons of his coat, and beat him most unmercifully with her wings. He ran for his life, with the struggling bird behind him, till he reached the stable where he had left his horse, when his companion followed, and released him from what he had really believed to be the foul fiend himself.

"Well!" said the gentleman who had accompanied him, and who rode with him homeward, 'are you convinced now?'

"No," said he, 'I am not. I should like to have stayed through the night, but they were evidently bent on insulting me.'

"Who were?'

"Why the whole family together. I never will believe one person alone can carry on such pranks.'

"I can assure you," answered the friend, 'no visible person was concerned in this, and I believe them entirely innocent. They are harrassed to death. No servant will live with them, either male or female, and I wish we could have staid to assist them in unravelling this troublesome mystery.'

"The clergyman declaimed loudly on folly and superstition, which he averred was gaining ground in the otherwise, peaceful vallies of Wales. 'I hear every day,' said he, 'of shadowy funerals; of men with three cornered hats, on white horses, and a servant on a black horse behind them. Of ghosts in the shape of a large hag, and fifty other such absurdities. Then there is my old friend the minister of Gwynne Finlas; he will not stir out after dark by himself for any sum of money, for he says he has been preaching against satan for these thirty years, and he would be loth to meet him in the dark, lest he should be roughly handled.'

"As he spoke, they were descending into one of those deep glens, so common in mountainous countries, with a precipice on each side, overshadowed with fern, ivy and other creeping plants, with here and there a huge tree starting from the rocky crevices directly across the road, and waving its grotesque arms draped with heavy foliage. A clear sky, studded with bright stars, had hitherto given them light, but now they were involved in impenetrable darkness, and accordingly checked their horses, though the road was perfectly sound and good. The hitherto voluble old gentleman suddenly ceased speaking, but his friend much amused at some of his original ideas, endeavored to renew the conversation.

"Hush!" said the minister in a low voice—"Hush!—They do say there is always something to be seen here!"

"The laugh was still loud at the valiant old gentleman when we left North Wales; but no progress had been made either in elucidating the mysteries of the farm house, or stopping the perpetually recurring annoyances. I have inquired several times since, but can get no satisfactory answer."

As Mrs. Aylmer ceased speaking, a soft rap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Aylmer returned unexpectedly from his journey, and not fashionable enough even to affect apathy toward his wife, had come in search of her. When Lady Sundorne saw those true symptoms of affection in this couple, that when sincere, cannot be concealed, she recollected they had been married nearly as long as herself and Lord Sundorne; they had neither eminent beauty, high station, a long line of ancestry, nor even worldly riches, and yet they were happy. She gave one glance at her husband, then turned away and heaved a deep sigh.

FROM THE LOOSE LEAVES OF A TRAVELER.

O'er wavy dale or mountain-crest,
Where'er my foot discursive tread,
Where'er my vision chance to rest,
Are scenes of checkerd beauty spread;
But though my path be through a land
Befitting fairy's errantry,
I'd rather track Zahara's sand
If on my homeward way to thee!

And though each hill were Helicon,
And Grace and Muse beset my side
And sued an arm to lean upon,
I'd sigh for thee my gentle bride—
Oh! that the flesh could take the wing
That speeds my spirit back to thee,
And thy fond arm around me cling
In more than cherish'd memory. H. H. K.

LUCY HEATHWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing daunted, however, the stranger came to where Lucy stood, and holding out his hand with a smile, he said,

"Now, who shall say you are not in my power!" said he, with an exulting laugh.

Lucy was thunderstruck. It was a note she had written to a young friend by the name of Amy Grey, in answer to the latter's wish that they should visit together a mutual acquaintance. She had simply addressed it, Dear A. Ashton had filled up the blank, and by some process, had obliterated the superscription, and written his own name in the place of the other.

"What think you now?" said he. "If I am rejected, who would have you?"

"Ralph Ashton!" exclaimed the widow, rising up as if momentarily endowed with supernatural energy, "Ralph Ashton, you are a villain!"

"Peace, crone!" said he, fiercely turning upon her—"Peace, or I will strike you down."

"Mercy!" cried Lucy, flinging herself before her mother.

"Help—help!"

"You shall have it!" responded a manly voice from behind, and darting forward, the stranger, by a well directed blow, felled the insulter to the earth.

Frantic with rage, Ashton regained his feet.

"Your name—your name?" said he. "You shall answer to me for that."

"I am not in the habit of giving my name to every ruffian I meet;" replied the young man, measuring his antagonist with calm scorn, "but, as you have the externals of a gentleman, however much your present act is at variance with what should constitute a true one; my name—Ernest Walton—is at your service."

Then, turning to the ladies, he said respectfully—"If you will honor me by accepting my protection to your own home, I will do my poor endeavor by seeing that you meet with no violence by the way."

Lucy Heathwood lifted her large, earnest, tearful eyes, to the countenance of her deliverer, and leaning her hand tremblingly on his arm, bowed her grateful thanks. Her mother, also clung to him, but she could not speak.

"Heark you, sir!" cried Ashton, stepping up, and hissing out his words—"I will have satisfaction for this!"

"I neither know who you are, nor—"

"Ashton—Ralph Ashton; I am not ashamed of my name."

"Well, then, Mister Ralph Ashton," said Ernest Walton, turning coolly round to the angry speaker; "if you have any prudence left, pray do not urge me to knock you down again, as I am at present strongly tempted to do. Should you, on reflection, have any thing to say to me, I am very easily found; and, be assured, I shall then take such steps in this

matter, as may best accord with my offence, or your deserts."

So saying, and unmindful of the volley of threats from his baffled antagonist, he supported kindly and soothingly, the faltering steps of his fair companions, until they reached a neat cottage in the suburbs. Having obtained permission to call on them the ensuing morning, and received from them such an account of Ashton, as enabled him to form a tolerably correct estimate of his true character; he retired to his own house, and when he sought his couch, he dreamed the whole night long a series of pleasant dreams, and in the midst of them all, strangely appeared the sweet, pale face of Lucy Heathwood.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY on the following morning, Ernest Walton was seated in his small, but well selected library, seemingly intent upon the pages of a book before him, but, in reality, striving to analyse why it was that the face of Lucy Heathwood haunted him so perpetually. But his pleasant review was broken by a servant announcing Captain Fitz Allen; and shortly afterwards, a gentleman befrocked and befrogged, "*a la militaire*," made his appearance. Evidently uneasy, he yet assumed as careless an air as he could command, and proceeded to open the conversation by asking "if he had the honor of addressing Mr. Ernest Walton?"

Ernest bowed.

"Hum—ha—well"—here the Captain looked at the servant, who at a signal from his master, immediately left the room.

"Hum—ha—unpleasant business, Mr. Walton! my friend—very sorry personally—but—honor you know; must be done. Eh?"

"May I beg you to be a little more explicit."

"Eh! ha—come to the point; little message, cartel—see."

"Pray be seated. You are, I understand, the friend of this Mr. Ashton."

"Friend—of course—very particular."

"May I ask if you have any intimate acquaintance with the person you call your friend? I am aware the question may seem a foolish one; yet, there are times, when in matters like these, a comparative stranger is called upon to perform the office of a friend, without having more than a passing acquaintance with the party whom he serves. It is for this reason that I ask if you know him?"

"Know him!" cried the Captain, eagerly—"like a book—I, I mean, like a brother," he stammered, in confusion.

The voice, the slang phrase, uttered, and hastily withdrawn, drew Ernest's attention more particularly towards the speaker. The Captain winced under the earnest scrutiny, and at length, as if unable to bear it any longer, said—

"What answer am I to bear, Mr. Ashton?"

"That I wish to have nothing to do with him."

"Ho! ho! the white feather—Ha—hum."

"Sir!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Of course, aware of consequences; placards—laughing stock,—corners of streets."

Ernest rang the bell. The servant entered.

"Show this person the door," said he.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the Captain, looking very red.

"Simply what I say; and hark ye, sir! Tell your principal to be more careful for the future in the choice of his messengers, as I wish to have nothing to do with a blackleg whom I saw hooted from Saratoga last summer for swindling and foul play."

"You—you shall repent this!" said the abashed and crest-fallen knave.

"Thomas, follow this man down stairs; and see that he takes nothing by the way."

CHAPTER III.

No sooner was he left alone, than Ernest fell into a fit of abstraction, which lasted several minutes; when it ended, he suddenly arose, and taking up his hat, sallied forth into the street.

"Bravo—*mon cher* Walton!" exclaimed a gentlemanly young man, as our hero turned a corner with more haste than usually becomes a man of leisure.

"Harry Vale! the very friend I want. Come with me."

"With all my heart; but where are you racing so fast?"

"I have just refused to fight a man, and he threatens to placard me;—so"—

"You are going to apologise!" interrupted his friend, in some surprise.

"Yes; in my way," replied Ernest, with a quiet smile.

Stepping into a store, he made a small purchase, at which Vale laughed heartily, as he asked—

"Who is the pugnacious individual?"

"A person by the name of Ashton. Do you know him?"

"Yes—no."

"You contradict yourself; who is he?"

"A gentleman, if you believe his own assertion. He dresses like one; and lives like one; but without any visible means of supporting his pretensions. Added to this, his associates appear to be of a rather suspicious character."

"Rather," said Ernest, dryly.

CHAPTER IV.

ASHTON was in his own room, in a public hotel, surrounded by some six or seven roystering young men, whose ultra fashionable appearance betrayed the absence of that gentility they so sedulously endeavored to imitate.

"How long has the Captain been gone?" enquired a sleepy looking young man, with exquisitely curled red hair.

"Half an hour and three minutes, by my watch," drawled a tall gentleman, with a black imperial, who rejoiced in the name of Johnson.

"Captain!—oh!!" exclaimed a third, and he burst out a-laughing. At this moment, the "*roi disant*" military worthy entered.

"The news—the news!" vociferated several, thronging round him, while Ashton turned deadly pale.

"Patience, patience, gentlemen. Mr. Ashton, your proposed antagonist is a coward."

"What! Ernest Walton! no, no!" cried two or three at once.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Johnson.

"I say a coward!" repeated the Captain, striking his hand upon the table, to give emphasis to the word. And then he went on to state, how he had just returned from a long conversation with Mr. Walton, in which the trepidation of that gentleman was most painfully contrasted with his—the Captain's—own coolness.

"But what did he say?" enquired red hair.

"That, judging Ashton by the company he kept, he could not recognise him as a gentleman," replied the Captain, with sarcastic malice.

"Of course he did not include me," said Johnson; affectedly caressing his "imperial."

"Oh, no! nor me," said he of the red hair.

"If I recollect right, he mentioned you two

gentlemen particularly," replied the lying Captain.

"I declare!—Ashton, you must placard the low fellow."

"Ah! so I say," rejoined the second.

"I will," said Ashton, "and that forthwith."

He seized writing materials and wrote the offensive paper— notwithstanding one or two dissentient voices—and was about to commit it into the hand of the delighted Captain, when Ernest Walton, and his friend Vale were announced.

A bombshell suddenly falling in their midst could not have caused more commotion. Every eye was turned towards the door, and then each looked at the other, as if to ask what was to come next?

Ashton's lip quivered, and he whispered to Johnson,

"You, you will stand by me, if it comes to a pinch!"

"Eh! oh, by no means," drawled the latter.

"I—I can't say that I am particularly fond of these brawls, they are so vastly annoying."

Bowing courteously to those present, Ernest walked gravely up the room to where Ashton stood. As he passed the table, his eye was attracted by his own name written upon the paper, which Ashton in his trepidation had thrown down. Taking it up, he read it very calmly, and after showing it to Vale, deliberately tore it in pieces.

"You see," said he, turning to Ashton, "there is no need of this, as I am here in answer to your challenge."

"But—but this is very informal; very. I—I have placed myself in the hands of my friend."

"Your friend," returned Ernest, with a glance of contempt at the cowering Captain, "is not over anxious, I apprehend, to have any thing to do with this matter. You sent a message to me, sir," he added, sternly; "I have accepted it. If the time, place, and choice of weapons rest with myself, I say; let the time be now, the place, here, and the weapons—"

"This is too abrupt!" said Ashton, trembling in spite of himself. "I appeal to you all, gentlemen! He wishes to force me to combat, unprepared. If I fall it will be murder! Besides, I have not my weapons here. I protest—I—"

"Be not alarmed," said Ernest, with the most perfect imperturbability; "I have be-thought me of the necessary instruments." So saying, he commenced very deliberately untying a long, thin, paper parcel.

"Swords!" exclaimed the affrighted Ashton. "I do not fight with swords."

"So I thought;" replied Ernest, coolly, "and hence, concluded the proper weapon for you would be—"

"What?"

"A cowhide! See, here are two, take your choice."

"I will have nothing to do with them!" cried Ashton, retreating. "They are not arms fit for gentlemen."

"True," replied Ernest, "but they are such as a gentleman sometimes condescends to use, when he wishes to chastise a scoundrel. Now, sir! are you ready?" and Ernest advanced.

"Help! gentlemen, help!"

"Coward! either apologise at once for the insults offered last evening, or take the consequences."

Ashton looked at his antagonist for a moment, but seeing determination written on his compressed lip and steady eye, his own gaze fell instantly.

"Speak! or I strike."

Ashton looked down, and hesitated. Ernest's arm was uplifted.

"Stop! stop!" cried Ashton. "I will, I will; I do beg your pardon."

"So far it is well; and now pray return me that letter you showed Miss Heathwood."

"I have not got it. It is lost."

"Liar! give it me this instant, or take the consequences;" and Ernest, advancing, drew a pistol.

"Don't shoot! I will find it, indeed I will; see! here it is."

"Now, sir," said Ernest, taking the letter, and joining his friend; "this I shall restore to the writer. How you came by it, shall be enquired into. I hope the present will be a useful lesson; and that you will learn henceforth, however weak and unprotected a female may seem, that very weakness ensures her a defender."

The companions of Ashton, as soon as Ernest and Vale had disappeared, surveyed him for a few moments, some with pity, but most with contempt, and all but the captain made ready to depart.

"Ashton!" said Johnson, "of course I don't know you for the future."

"By-by, Ashton," said the red-haired fop, kissing one finger of his perfumed glove. "By-by! sorry for you."

"Who would have thought it?" exclaimed a third. And thus they rang the changes, until the door closed upon them.

Ashton himself was stupified. He buried his face in his hands, and did not speak for

several minutes. When he did look up, the demoniacal expression of his countenance almost startled his only remaining associate, the captain.

Clasping his hands tightly together, Ashton sprang to his feet, and grinding out the words between his clenched teeth, he muttered fiercely, "I will be revenged!"

"You shall!" retorted the captain, pointedly. "I, too, have a little account to settle."

Their eyes met, and though neither spoke, each grasped the other's hand, and ratified the compact in silence.

CHAPTER V.

THREE months passed away, and each succeeding day saw Ernest at the widow's cottage. He had found that the sweet, innocent face of Lucy Heathwood was but the index of as pure and gentle a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom.

The evening walks of the frail invalid were no longer attended by Lucy only. The stronger arm of Ernest supported the feeble steps of her mother, while Lucy walked timidly by his side, listening eagerly to even the slightest word that fell from his lips, or stealthily looking with her deep, earnest eyes, into his manly and intelligent face.

She loved, and loved, too, with that soul-fraught feeling which is a woman's nature. In too many instances, perhaps, not wisely displayed, but oh! how trustingly.

The few brief weeks that had intervened since she first knew Ernest Walton, had been weeks of unalloyed happiness. His devoted kindness, his unassuming manner, and his tender consideration for her sick mother, all combined to render her affection for him as ardent as it was devoted. She looked up to him—she clung to him in spirit—she hung upon his words, as the rich resources of his well stored mind were poured out before her with a lavish measure. She never dreamed of her faith not meeting an adequate return. She never, for an instant, supposed it possible for him to prove false. She only knew he was all the world to her, and knowing that, she was happy.

And Ernest deserved such faith; for he loved her truly, fondly, devotedly.

The growth of this attachment was watched by Ashton with mingled hatred and satisfaction. Hatred, that another should have won the prize, to obtain which he had periled himself so far. And satisfaction, that it was now

in his power to wreck forever the peace of mind of one, by whom he had been so signally exposed and disgraced.

During the progress of the intimacy between Ernest Walton and Lucy Heathwood, the captain was compelled several times to check the impetuosity of his less wary associate, who, smarting under the indignity he had suffered, would scarcely brook the delay necessary to the full fruition of his scheme. "Wait, awhile," said the subtler villain. "The time has not yet come. Let him like her heartily; let her become necessary to him; let the fool think that to lose her, would be to take away the value of life; and then ——"

"I have sworn she shall be mine!"

"Why, so she shall; but wait."

"Aye! you take it coolly. You do not hate as I do."

"Do I not?" exclaimed the captain, with a fierce oath. "Patience, and you shall see."

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT was the astonishment, and numberless the congratulations, when the news of Ernest's engagement to Lucy Heathwood became known. Vale was in raptures. He had been introduced to Lucy, and her meek simplicity, the gentleness of her nature, and her earnest devotedness, extorted the sincerest praise from one who had been, from his youth up, a deep and acute observer of the human heart.

"She is a priceless treasure," said he to Ernest, as they returned home. "Could I find just such another, I would become—the lady willing,—Benedict, the married man,' to-morrow."

"Not so soon as that my friend, I hope, for I was about to ask you to wait on me."

"With the greatest pleasure imaginable: may I enquire, who is to be my partner?"

"Cousin Alice."

"Ernest! I—I am afraid. She is a very Beatrice, with all her merry raillery, and all her power of sarcasm, but without her bitterness. And then, too, she is so roguish-eyed. Why, we have quarrelled a hundred times, and made it up again as often; and each time I have liked her better than before. Indeed, after dinner, I have often thought very sentimentally about Cousin Alice."

"Why after dinner only, Harry?"

"Oh! I don't know, unless because that is a time when a man feels in a better humor

with himself, and all the world. But what does she say of '*la belle fiancée*'?"

"For once in her life she was serious. She took my hands within her own, and said, 'Cousin Ernest! Love and Reason with you have gone hand in hand. I do not think you could have made a worthier choice had you searched the wide world over. I love her as a sister.'"

"I like that!" said Vale, and he fell into a deep fit of musing.

Meanwhile, Ashton and his associate were not idle. They had gained early intelligence of the betrothal, and a few evenings after the above recorded conversation, the two met together at Ashton's room by previous appointment.

"Now! said Fitz Allen, "now is the time to strike."

"I am glad of it," replied Ashton. "I never delayed righting myself so long in my life before."

"Bah!" cried the other, "I always bide my time. They say blood hounds never tire, never give over, but keep on, and on, until they bring down their man, or lose his footsteps entirely. That's like me. I can dog an enemy for years; and while I keep on the track I am satisfied."

"When does the wedding take place?"

"They say next Thursday; but I say to-night. So, Ashton, see that a carriage is ready; and, for fear the driver might be a little tender-hearted, I will take that office upon myself. It must be done this very evening; for the truth is,"—here the speaker lowered his voice—"I am a little suspicious we have been enquired after."

"How?" cried Ashton, turning pale.

"Hush!" whispered the other, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, as if to intimate that some one might be within hearing. "I am not at all positive; but the bar-keeper seemed to look a little askance at me, as if he took a greater interest in my whereabouts than he had hitherto done. I am afraid something is out about that affair of Dr. Grey's."

"Pooh! he is at the Springs, and has been for a long time."

"You are mistaken; he returned yesterday."

"That cursed letter," thought Ashton, but he said nothing.

"Cheer up," said the captain, "it is no matter of consequence; we shall be in another state to-morrow morning."

Their plan of action was now canvassed, together with the best means of avoiding discovery, and eluding pursuit; in all of which the master mind of the elder villain shone conspicuous. Having at length arranged every

thing to their satisfaction, they sallied out to put their purpose into execution.

It was about an hour after this, that two men, one stout, and coarse looking, and the other of small frame, but equally resolute bearing, stood on the steps of the hotel.

"Got into a carriage and druv off!" said the thinner man.

"Oh! I knows the road they took," rejoined the other carelessly. "They can't fool me."

"But see how much more trouble we have got. Why didn't we arrest 'em this morning?"

"Charley! Charley!" responded the stout man, "when will you learn wisdom? Don't you know Dr. Grey hadn't offered a reward for the robbers. I hope I knows my dooty too well to work without the reward; that would be a breakin' up of the bizness. Besides, his daughter had to 'dentify the letter. Bring round the horses, I guess I can find 'em."

The horses were brought, and while the horsemen ride off in pursuit, let us return to Ashton, and his co-mate, the captain.

Somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening, these two worthies drew up their carriage in a retired spot near the cottage of the widow Heathwood. The night was cloudy, but there still remained sufficient light to enable a person to take note of surrounding objects; and, as the Captain observed on dismounting from the box, "the dimness was all the better for their purposes."

"Now, Ashton," he continued, "you go forward and reconnoitre, while I keep a sharp look out for stragglers; if there is any danger I will whistle; and hark-ye! be as quick as you can. By-the-bye, if you see any light valuable," he added carelessly, "you may as well thrust it into your pocket."

There was a light in one of the upper windows of the cottage when Ashton arrived before it; and he thought he recognised the shadow of Lucy as she passed across the room. This was so far fortunate—she had not yet retired. Stealthily climbing the grape vine which covered in part the front of the dwelling, he succeeded, without difficulty, in gaining the roof of the porch; from whence it was an easy matter to throw up the window of a room adjoining the one where the light was, and, this done, to enter so softly as not to alarm the inmates. Creeping cautiously down the stairs, he turned the key of the front door, and leaving it ajar, returned by the way he came to complete his enterprise. Little did he dream how closely he had been watched.

When he climbed the vine as before stated, and disappeared by the window, two figures

emerged noiselessly from an angle of the house.

"Flat burglary, by heaven!" exclaimed the stout man. "There'll be two indictments agin him now, so if he slips the one, the other will hold fast."

"What shall we do?" whispered the other. "The Captain's below: had'nt we better stop and take Ashton first?"

"Charley! Charley!" responded the stout man, solemnly, "I pity you, indeed I do.—You've no talent for the business. See here! If the Captain hears the least noise, he'll be off in spite of us. No, no, come with me, and I'll shew you a trick; and hearkye, tread gingerly."

Totally unconscious of the danger that beset him, the Captain was pacing leisurely to and fro by the side of the carriage. Now, stopping to look about him and listen, lest any one should approach unawares; and now, resuming his brief walk; when all at once, he found himself suddenly seized from behind, a hand placed over his mouth, a gag thrust into it, his arms and feet securely bound, and his person lifted up by main strength, and flung heavily into the vehicle.

"There! that's the way, Charley, to do neat work," said the stout man with a low, chuckling laugh. "Talent's every thing, my boy! It teaches a man to do a thing *well* when he is a doin' it. Now I've a ra'al talent for the business. Howsomever, what's nateral to me, comes by experience to some; and, may be, Charley, you'll larn arter a while; now don't stand admirin' so; git up on the box, take the reins in your hands, draw your hat a leetle over your eyes, and maybe you'll see something else presently."

At that instant, a prolonged shriek burst upon the silence of the night.

"Quiet, and say nothing," whispered the stout man, crouching down; and immediately afterwards, the sound of rapid footsteps was heard, and Ashton, bearing the fainting form of Lucy Heathwood, dashed towards the carriage.

"Here! jump down, be quick!" said he to the man on the box; and as the latter prepared to obey the summons, a grip, like that of a smith's vice, was laid upon Ashton's arm, and he heard the rough voice of the stout man exclaim—

"Mr. Ashton, you are my prisoner! Here, Charley, take care of the lady."

"Prisoner!" cried Ashton, faltering, and staggering back; "prisoner, for what?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the stout man, blandly—"only a leetle job at Dr.

Grey's, and, ahem! mahaps you've borrowed a few things to-night."

Ashton heard no more, his brain reeled, and he fell to the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND so you are to be groomsman," said Alice May, to her old playfellow, Harry Vale, when he called upon her the morning after the arrest of Ashton and his companion. "Dear Lucy, from whom I have just returned, would make a capital heroine for a romance. Would you believe it! notwithstanding the terrible adventure of last evening, I found her as calm and composed as if nothing extraordinary had happened to ruffle her usual serenity."

"Indeed! I am happy to hear that. But what said Ernest?"

"Oh! he, poor man, was almost distracted, until he discovered his bride elect was in no wise harmed. This falling in love is a dreadful thing; don't you think so?"

"Do you speak from experience?" enquired Vale, evasively, while he felt his heart beating a little quicker than usual.

Alice glanced archly out of her merry eyes at the questioner, as she said—

"Some of these days perhaps, I will tell you."

"Ah! but when?"

"When! let me see." She paused for an instant, and then added with a light laugh—

"When you are a grave father confessor, and I your very obedient devotee."

"Alice!"

"Harry!"

"I love you, Alice!"

"Nonsense! I don't believe it."

"Indeed, indeed it is true, and I—I wish you could love me."

"Why—a—" and she hesitated, and her eyes fairly laughed with roguish malice—

"Why, so I do—"

"Bless—"

"Stop, stop, not so fast. In a sisterly way, I mean."

"Oh!"

"You see, Harry, were I to love you more than that, I should have no one to tease and torment, and above all to quarrel with; and *that* you know would be a pity, wouldn't it?"

"But we can quarrel afterwards, Alice."

"Could we! And make it up again?"

"And make it up again!"

"And you would love me?"

"Dearly!"

"And pet me?"
 "And pet you."
 "And let me have my own way?"
 "In all things."
 "Well then, I—I—"
 "Speak, speak, dear Alice!" said he eagerly.
 "I—I will take—" she drawled out the words with mischievous slowness, while he bent forward in rapt attention to catch the sounds that were to confirm his long cherished hopes.
 "I—I will take—it—into serious con-si-de-ration." And with a gay mocking laugh at

her discomfited suitor, she bounded from the room.

But he did not long despond; for some two months from the day which saw Ernest Walter united to Lucy Heathwood, a young couple, in the newest bridal attire, were seen seated together, and the wife, leaning heavily upon the arm of him she had chosen, and looking tenderly into his eyes, was heard to say—

"Harry! I do not love you—do I?"

And she who spake thus, was called "Merry Alice Vale."

THE TELESCOPE:

OR, REASON AND FAITH.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

THEY tell of constellations,
 Where stars unnumbered shine,
 In ether's darksome depths concealed,
 Like diamonds in a mine;
 • That orbs of burning light are there
 Sown thick as flowers appear,
 When spring in living beauty comes
 To crown earth's joyous year.

How wonderful the mystery
 That Learning's key can ope!
 The eye of proud Philosophy
 Directs his telescope;
 The milky-way is paved with suns,
 Revealed before his sight;
 The Magellanic clouds shine out
 Fair worlds of life and light.

And oh! what lovely visions
 Of clustering stars* are seen,
 Like fairies in their floating robes
 Of crimson, gold, and green;
 Or in that "purple light," whose rays
 Seem caught from Love and Youth,
 And thus the blissful mansions form
 Of Purity and Truth.

But vain may prove this knowledge,
 This vaunted light of mind,
 To lead the soul in onward search,
 The Source of Light to find:
 Oh, many wise astronomers
 In doubt and darkness grope!
 You ne'er may learn who form'd the stars,
 With Reason's telescope.

But Faith, the angel, bringeth
 Her lens of Love divine,
 Which needeth not the art of men
 To polish and refine;
 Which needeth not the scholar's lore,
 The science-practiced eye—
 The humblest soul that trusts in God
 Hath learn'd to read the sky.

Beyond the constellations,
 Beyond those primal suns,
 Which seem but diamond points of light
 Faith's strengthened vision runs;—
 Or guided by the clew divine,
 Which links the formless clod
 To Heaven's blest throne, it reads in all
 The workmanship of God!

Ye Solons of philosophy,
 Look up with trusting eye,
 Faith's lens within your telescope,
 So shall ye read the sky,
 And trace the glorious Maker's hand,
 And feel, as saith the Word,
 That "many mansions" are prepared
 For those who love the Lord,

* "Many thousands of stars that seem to be only brilliant points, when carefully examined are found to be, in reality, systems of two or more suns, some revolving about a common centre. These binary and multiple stars are so remote that they require the most powerful telescope to show them separately. The double stars are of various hues, but most frequently exhibit the contrasted colors. The larger star is generally yellow, orange, or red; and the small star blue, purple, or green. Sometimes a white star is combined with a blue or purple, and more rarely a red and white are united."—Mrs. Somerville.

A NIGHT WITH THE POETS.

[THERE is a pleasant interest in the following article, which we find in a London periodical, that commends itself to all. It purports to be from the "Note Book of a Foreign Nobleman," and is dated at Vienna, in 1839. It may have met the eye of some of our readers before. To most of them, however, it will be as fresh as if written a month ago.]—ED.

I was one evening honored with an invitation to Lady Blessington's, at Kensington, when a large party of the English *littérati* were expected; and I confess that I drove down the western road with the expectation of deriving much pleasure from the conversation of so many of the distinguished writers of a country remarkable for its literature, and the grace, eloquence, and classicity of its writers. To say that my expectations were realized, would be to state an untruth; for some of the persons I met there had quite a different personal appearance to what my fancy had sketched. D'Orsay I was well acquainted with, and I had been previously introduced to Lady Blessington, therefore I experienced no disappointment with regard to the *distingué* individuals who did the honours of the house. The Count was in a particularly lively mood, and his witticisms flew about in brilliant sparkles; the effect of which is always enhanced by the ease with which they are produced. Lady Blessington was extremely agreeable, and the look of kindness and the friendly words which she bestowed upon all, were of themselves sufficient to inspire confidence and cordiality. I happened to be the first that arrived, and therefore had the opportunity of seeing the guests as they came in, and of hearing their names pronounced. I had not been long conversing with the talented Countess, before Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer was announced (it was before the author of *Pelham* received his baronetcy.) In him I was not disappointed. I expected just such a man as he is. Bulwer is a handsome well-formed man, with an effective countenance, which a profusion of whisker, and an aquiline nose, very materially assist. He came bounding into the room, with the air and manner of an emancipated schoolboy;

and though there was a little affectation in his style of talking, yet his conversation indicated the perfect and the polished gentleman.—D'Israeli came in soon after. I believe they had both come down in Bulwer's cab, for they are personal friends, although in the sea of politics they have parted company, and are now almost "wide as the poles asunder." There is more affectation in D'Israeli than in Bulwer. It appears that the former believes himself a great deal cleverer than he is, and wishes to pass for a profound and original thinker. He is shorter than Bulwer, and has a dark Jewish countenance. He dresses very gaudily; so much, indeed, that one can liken him only in appearance to a tailor's wooden doll, on which his best works are exhibited. He wears an abundance of rings and chains, and seems proud of them. I do not mean to deny that D'Israeli is a clever man; but he is not such a wonder as he fancies himself.

Presently, Mr. Rogers was announced, and I expected an interesting, fine-looking old gentleman; but how greatly I was mistaken. I saw a person with a very unsightly countenance, and which had not in it the least indication of a poetical mind. Yet Rogers is a true poet, and, as I am told, a very benevolent man.

Miss Landon was announced. Poor "L. E. L." who has gone to the grave in the prime of her life, and just as her fame was becoming established. Here again I was disappointed. I thought to see a pensive melancholy maid, with solemn gait, and consumptive cheek; but in came a merry intellectual-looking girl, with a light bounding step, dressed plainly, but elegantly, and nothing of the "sigh-away, die-away" character about her. Her conversation was lively and witty, and she seemed so happy when her sprightly sallies afforded her hearers any gratification. The circumstances attending her marriage to Mr. Maclean are not generally known, and the following particulars will, no doubt, be novel to the reader of this article. Mr. Maclean, as the governor of Cape Coast Castle, had distinguished himself by every trait that could do honor to the station which he held. No one could better appreci-

ate than "L. E. L." the high and sterling qualities of her lover's character, and she esteemed him the more, in consequence of his not approaching her with the adulation with which her ear had been accustomed to satiety. She was gratified by the manly nature of his attachment. Before he would permit Miss Landon to enter into an engagement with him, Mr. Maclean, in the most honorable manner, stated all the privations incident upon a residence at Cape Coast Castle. Ample time was permitted for her decision upon this important point; but she never for an instant wavered. With a perfect knowledge of the kind of life she would be obliged to lead, the entire seclusion from the society to which she had been accustomed, and the chance of not having a single female companion to cheer her solitude, she determined upon sharing the fortunes of the man she loved. Being desirous to avoid the bustle and parade of a public wedding, and the necessity which custom demands of seclusion from society, which would have abridged "L. E. L.'s" enjoyment of a visit paid to a family to whom she was strongly attached, the marriage ceremony was performed privately, in the presence of a few of the relatives of the bride, who returned to the hospitable mansion, which she only quitted for the purpose of plighting her vows; remaining with her friends until her departure from England, Mr. Maclean not taking up his residence under the same roof, even after the marriage had been publicly announced. During this interval, those who were in the habit of seeing "L. E. L." drew happy auguries from the gaiety and even joyousness which she manifested, the effect produced by the new hopes now cherished, being so striking, as to be universally remarked.

My glance fell upon Mr. Walter Savage Landor, an unsociable kind of man, who remained alone almost the whole evening, and I sometimes, as my eyes met his extraordinary figure, fancied that he was sneering at all of us, whose intellects were so much inferior to his own. Savage Landor is a tall, stout man, with a partially bald head. He dresses well, but not elegantly. He has written several works which cannot possibly become popular. *Pericles and Aspasia* is his best production; but it is too heavy and ponderous in its style ever to be generally admired.

Miller, the basket maker, came in next. He is a kind of pet, or *protégé* of Lady Blessington's, and her house, I believe, is always open to him. He was discovered in a humble abode, by the editor of one of the annuals, who engaged him to write poetry, which

attracted the attention of the Countess, who has since befriended him. He has the appearance of a respectable mechanic, but there is a great deal of intellectual expression in his eyes and lofty forehead. He is rather below the middle height, and generally wears his coat closely buttoned up.

Mary Russell Mitford was announced. I expected to see a genteel tall lady, elegantly dressed, with a bright sunny countenance, and a voice like a silver bell; but here was another disappointment: the authoress of "Our Village," I found to be a chubby, cosy, dame; carelessly dressed, and nothing silverlike in any of the tones of her voice. I wish I had never seen Miss Mitford, for I shall never read the delightful sketches in "Our Village" with half the pleasure I used to read them before my fancy picture of the authoress was destroyed by the reality.

Then came Miss Martineau; and here I was not disappointed. I felt no wish to add this lady's portrait to my collection.

My attention was called off by hearing the name of Leigh Hunt pronounced. This is, perhaps, the most unfortunate of living poets; he has been toiling all his life, and in the course of it written many beautiful things, and yet he is not a rich man; quite the reverse. He is tall and well-formed, with something boyish, however, in his general appearance; his hair, which was once black, but is now grey, he wears parted, and this may give to his countenance that peculiar look I have just described. He also wears his shirt collar loose, without a cravat. His eyes are black and expressive.

I had not noticed the entrance of Tom Moore, and was suddenly made sensible of his presence by hearing the keys of the piano struck, and one of the sweetest voices in the world singing his own "Last Rose of Summer." It was, indeed, a voice which one could wish associated with the author of the Irish melodies; but he does not look like the author of these delightful poems. He is a little dapper man, with a pleasant good-humored countenance, and is particularly attentive to the ladies. The poetry of Moore resembles the *Peris* it has celebrated. It is all light, and life, and beauty, and brilliance. It has a mingled delicacy and a sprightliness to which we can attach no term more appropriate than *aërial*. Its perusal is a delicious dream, abstracting us from the dull realities of the cold calculating world we inhabit, and embodying to the delighted imagination all that the most romantic of youthful enthusiasts can picture in their wildest visions. We be-

come the wanderers of a region where the sunshine of the heart is over every object,

"Whose air is the young breath of passionate thought—

Whose very trees take root in love;—"

A region where the sense aches with intensity of pleasurable emotions, and where only the gentlest and tenderest of our human passions seem to exist; where youth acquires fresh buoyancy and bloom of heart; and age recognizes, at every step, a remembered feeling of tenderness and pleasure; where the spirit reposes in a voluptuousness so exquisite, we scruple to think or name it such—a voluptuousness so divested of impurity that, if severe Virtue sometimes frowns upon its indulgence, Vice has, at least, no definite share in its effects. The former may shrink with a cold caution from the enchanted cup, but the latter can instil no poison into its contents. Moore, seems to possess, in an extraordinary degree, the most intense susceptibility of enjoyment; the power of extracting pleasure from the simplest sources—of assimilating with every external object some emotion of fondness or delight. He looks upon nature with the eye of a lover as well as of a poet, and sees nothing in her beauty or magnificence which does not add to the delicacy and freshness of his perceptions; nothing from which he cannot draw a thousand grateful associations, or which does not quicken his natural zest for all things brilliant and beautiful. The aspirations of his genius are the very reverse of Byron's. *One* would sparkle for ever in the sunshine—mingle with congenial spirits, and revel delightedly amidst

"All that the young heart loves most;
Flowers—music—smiles."

The *other* would dwell eternally in the terrible world of his own dark imaginings; or, if he condescends to *this*, would make his haunt in its sublimest solitudes,

"Breathing

The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite."

Even where his haughty spirit expresses sympathy with human suffering, he indicates a proud impatience of his affinity to its object, and would make us sensible how far he *con- descends in deigning* to feel for men. He

"Feels himself degraded back to them,
And is all clay again."

The only other poet, a stranger in England

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need be anxious to see, I had already made the acquaintance of, and greatest of living poets is he. I mean Wordsworth. He lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the vale of Keswick for a dozen miles, its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains that lift their proud heads over them all around—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grassmere, is above Wordsworth's place, the Rydal is below it. High up the side of one of those, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage, one story, stone, is perched at a point from which he can look down upon both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly in its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach road below, which winds up and down through the valley, along the edge of the lakes. The view is not complete even from the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to shew me here and there, at the end of the dusky walls, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him, which he has thus skillfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as he passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills and dells, and cottages and curling smokes;—it was really like another "Excursion." Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at its soft, silky, cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilizing and soothing to the soul. Virtuous and happy old man!

But I have quitted Kensington, and the guests at Lady Blessington's, and I only return for the purpose of making my *adieu*.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

A STRAUSS WALTZ.

[Translated from the French.]

Doctor.—You see her eyes are open.
Gentlewoman.—Aye, but their sense is shut.—MACBETH.

I.

ON the eve of Saint Sylvester, there was a ball at the Court of F—. The Grand-duchess entered the gallery where the band of the *Kranwinkel* regiment was stationed, followed by her first maid of honor, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, whose appearance produced a much greater sensation than that of the Grand-duchess herself, and who was greeted at every step by kind and complimentary remarks.

"It is really too bad," cried Madame de Rothenwald, "too unsuitable, to come to the ball in a simple muslin dress, without ornaments of any kind; it is incredible!"

"It was not so in my day," said the old Comtesse de Nollingen, formerly grand-maitresse of the court, taking snuff; "the late Grand-duchess would never have permitted such a thing. But the court itself is entirely changed; then we should very soon have assigned to her proper place such an impertinent as this Otilie de Wolkenstein."

"Aunt, aunt," interrupted little Stephanie, "have you observed the flowers which Otilie holds in her hand? A large bouquet of magnificent moss-roses."

"What do you say, you little simpleton?" asked Madame de Nollingen; "moss-roses on St. Sylvester? why they are not found even in the hot-houses of Grand-dukes, at this season."

"Stephanie says very truly, however," replied Madame de Rothenwald. "I have seen the bouquet of Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, and should very much like to know who has been able to obtain them for her."

"It could only have been the Prince," said the ex-grand-maitresse, with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, no! aunt, it was not him; and if Otilie is not more guarded, the Prince will escape her; he is, already, half enamored of the little lady Emily."

"What! that English woman whose long hair falls down to her waist!" asked Madame de Rothenwald.

"Even so: she talks to him of dogs and horses, and it is believed that Otilie will find in this little lady a very dangerous rival. Besides, I think I am able to solve the mystery of this bouquet. On Sunday, Otilie said before Major Ebersdorf, that she would give a great deal for a bouquet of moss-roses on the last day of the year. Now, there lives at Dilsheim, an old American, enormously rich, who expends a large part of his fortune in the cultivation of flowers: at his house roses are as abundant in January as in June —"

"Well!" interrupted Madame de Nollingen, "What of all that?"

"Softly, my aunt. M. Ebersdorf left F— yesterday evening, and did not return till this morning, just in time to take his place near the Grand-duke."

"And you suppose," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that Frederick has been spending the night in looking for roses at Dilsheim for De Wolkenstein? He would have to be very deeply in love, indeed, to take so much pains."

Stephanie burst into a laugh.

"My dear Madame de Rothenwald, where have you been this long while! You have not observed, then, that, for four weeks past, he has danced with no one but Otilie! You do not know, then, that he loves her madly!"

"Mademoiselle, my neice," said Madame de Nollingen, "it would be much better if you were to meddle less with the affairs of other persons. You are too curious, and too talkative: defects which I never could tolerate."

"My aunt never reproves me until she has heard all I have to say," murmured Stephanie.

"If Ebersdorf loves Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that will explain the reason why, notwithstanding the repeatedly expressed wishes of the court, he has constantly refused to marry Henriette

de Frankenthal. The day before yesterday, the Grand-duke, who appears very desirous that this marriage should take place, gave the Comte to understand, that on the day he became the husband of la Frankenthal he should wear the little plate of the Pelican."

"And he refused!" interrupted the old Comtesse Nollingen.

"He asked four days for reflection."

"Four days for reflection whether he will accept or not the plate of the Pelican! Hesitate when such a favor is proffered, and he but twenty-five! Heavens! When I think that my brother did not receive the cross till he was thirty-nine, and the plate at fifty-six; and that the late M. de Nollingen did not receive the *grand cordon* till ten days before his death, at sixty-five years of age, after having been, successively, grand cup-bearer, grand-chamberlain, and intendant of the theatre of the court. Ah! Madame, the times have changed, indeed!" and the old Comtesse rose to dissipate her indignation by walking in one of the gaming saloons.

Madame de Rothenwald took the arm of Stephanie, and they walked to another part of the saloon to look on a contra-danse, which was forming.

"This is strange, however, Stephanie, and does not comport very well with your history; there is Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, who is to dance with the Grand-equery, and directly opposite to them, is standing Ebersdorf with la Frankenthal."

"It is because his Royal Highness has commanded the Major to dance the first *française* with Henrietta. But did you not, also, observe the look which Ottilie threw upon Ebersdorf? I am convinced that she is furious, and that Frederick will pay dear for this contra-danse, for she detests la Frankenthal."

"Do you believe, then, that she loves the Comte?"

"She! the cold, the haughty Ottilie! She will never love,—or even if that were possible, she would die a thousand deaths before she would let it be known. But I believe she desires to hold him in bondage like all other men who approach her."

"In this case, however, she will find her equal, for Ebersdorf is quite as indomitable as herself. Love, between these two, would be a combat to the death between two as haughty beings as could be found in the world."

The object of this conversation, Ottilie de Wolkenstein, was the personification of feminine dignity. Nothing could be more classical than the form of her head, nothing more irreproachably pure than her countenance.

Her hair, of a fine dark flaxen, parted upon a brow truly imperial, and her superb air, and the habitually disdainful expression of her mouth, seemed to say that nothing worthy of her existed on earth. Raised in the middle of the Court, under the eyes of the Grand-duchess, who displayed toward her an affection almost maternal, Ottilie soon found herself the point of admiration of the little circle which surrounded her. Her extreme beauty, with the position she occupied, brought to her feet all the men of the Grand-duchy, beginning with the hereditary Prince himself.

This glittering success, the admiration and envy which accompanied her steps, soon smothered that germ of sensibility and affection which exists in the heart of every woman, and developed, in an extraordinary degree, that love of domination of which none are entirely deprived. The life of Ottilie was to reign over all others. Apparently too cold to appreciate a pure affection in another, she seemed not so much to desire a love exalted and profound, as an absolute devotion to her will, and a perpetual sacrifice to her self-love. In spite of all the disdain she displayed towards her followers—indeed, it was perhaps on this account—she was surrounded by despairing lovers. No man dared approach her except at the risk of losing his reason, and none among them could tell, exactly, in what consisted the wonderful attraction of this magnificent young girl. Some said it was owing to a magnetic influence; others to that air of calm, royal serenity, which attracts one like the aspect of a pure, transparent lake that reflects a sky without clouds. Others, again, thought the charm existed in her voice, whose delicious and silvery tones nothing could resist. But if they were unable to discover the cause of her power, they were not the less under its influence, and they continued to worship without hope.

The *française* concluded, the Grand-equery led Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein to her place; but in pursuing their way, they were frequently stopped by the crowd; in one of the compulsory detentions, they found Lady Emily and her mother just in front of them.

"I do not understand," said the latter, "why you have refused to dance the cotillion with M. de Thalheim?"

"Because I am almost sure of having the Prince for a partner," replied the daughter.

"The Prince! has he really engaged you?"

"No; but he just now asked me if I had seen the stables of the Grand-duke; then, if I ever danced the cotillion, and, upon my affirmative reply, he added, *I dance it also*. Thus,

you see, mamma, it is the same as if he had absolutely engaged me."

The mother gave her head an incredulous toss. Otilie, who, thanks to her knowledge of the English language, had heard and understood all that passed between them, resolved to thwart the plans of the Lady Emily.

"With what happy mortal do you dance the midnight waltz?"* said the Grand-duchess to her beautiful favorite, laughing, when at half past eleven the first measures of *La Gabrielle*, that pearl of Strauss's waltzes, were struck. Otilie had hardly time to say that she was engaged to M. d'Ebersdorf, when that gentleman came to claim his partner.

No one, without he has passed sometime in Germany, can conceive of all the effect produced by these delicious waltzes, successively sad and lively, amorous and warlike, which intoxicate and soften. The inspiration with which they are played, and the rapture with which they are danced, must be witnessed to be appreciated. At a German ball the music and the dancing are not separate—music, alone, does not constitute a Strauss waltz; the clicking of spurs, the rustling of dresses, the noise of feet upon the inlaid floor, are as essential to these waltzes as the instruments of the orchestra.

At the sound of the clock striking twelve, the waltz ceased, and the orchestra saluted, with joyful flourishes, the arrival of the new year, every body embraced, every one laughed. In the midst of this universal joy, Frederick wished to profit by the sweet privilege allowed at this moment so much desired; breathing some unintelligible words in her ears, he attempted to imprint the permitted kiss upon the cheek of Otilie, but she repulsed him rudely, and reddening with anger, eyed him from head to foot, with the air of an offended queen. M. d'Ebersdorf, disconcerted and astonished, had hardly coolness enough to say, with a forced smile,

"It seems to me you owe me that, at least, for my roses."

"I beg you will take them again, and give them to whom you please. I do not wish to keep them on those terms."

"Otilie —"

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, I do not know by what right you address me thus."

Frederick bit his lips.

The waltz recommenced and was concluded

* The midnight waltz of St. Sylvester is very popular amongst dancers, because at the first stroke of the clock which sounds the last hour of the year, the gentleman is allowed the privilege of kissing his partner.

without another word from his lips. Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein returned to her place, and occupied herself with watching the movements of Lady Emily, who, with evident impatience, sought the eyes of the prince, and saw those of Major d'Ebersdorf, who was seated beside Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, whispering in her ear with an unusual degree of earnestness. At this moment the prince himself, his breast covered with the decoration of the Pelican, presented himself before her in all his splendor.

After salutations passed:

"Monseigneur," said Otilie, who understood very well the weak side of this illustrious personage, "will you permit me to ask after Sultan?"

The countenance of his Royal Highness, lighted up at this touching mark of condescension from a person so little accustomed to show it to any one. He seated himself by her side, and she pressed him to give her the fullest information with regard to the health of his favorite horse. Finding that she listened with so much attention, and with such an interested air, the noble heir of the grand ducal crown became expansive. He deigned to submit to his beautiful interlocutor his vast plans for a general amelioration in all the branches of the government, and apprised her of his determination to demand of his august father on the occasion of a great manœuvre which was shortly to take place, new parade uniforms for all the officers of the Grand-ducal army, although the regulations required that they should receive them only once in three years, and these had been worn but two years and a half. "But," observed his Royal Highness, by way of a concluding argument, "the uniforms of these gentlemen are, really, too shabby to be worn any longer."

The complaisance of Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was so perfect, and she listened with such a lively interest to what the Prince said, that he was completely intoxicated with his success, and asked, in leaving, the honor to dance in the cotillion with her.

Otilie accepted and threw a glance of triumph at Lady Emily, and then at Monsieur de Ebersdorf, who continued to converse with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal.

Four days previously, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein had made an engagement to dance the cotillion of St. Sylvester with Frederick. Although she had deeply wounded him, the good breeding of the Comte, and another sentiment which he did not like to acknowledge even to himself, prevented him from forgetting this promise. At the moment when prepara-

tions were making to form the cotillion, he came, with an extreme coldness of manner, it is true, to fulfil his engagement.

"You must pardon my treacherous memory, Monsieur le Comte," replied she, with a disdainful air, "but I had forgotten this engagement of which you come to remind me, and a little while ago made another."

Frederick trembled with anger.

"May I have the honor of knowing with whom?" asked he, controlling himself with a great effort.

The Prince advanced to give his hand to Otilie. At this moment Lady Emily and her mother passed across the gallery to the door.

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, will you have the goodness to lead the cotillion," vociferated the Prince, and Frederick immediately placed himself with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, at the left of his royal highness.

In the thousand and one figures of this capricious dance, it so happened that M. d'Ebersdorf and Otilie were thrown together, and separated a little from the rest of the company.

"I am obliged to you, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said the Comte, in a contemptuous tone, "for the lesson you have given me. You place yourself always either too high or too low. I can only thank you for having opened my eyes before it was too late."

"What do you say, Monsieur le Comte?"

"That I wish to have nothing to do with the favorite of a Prince."

Her royal partner returned too soon to enable Otilie to make any other reply than an indignant look, to these base and outrageous remarks. The proud young girl felt for the first time in her life, perhaps, deeply humiliated. She lost her habitual calm, and endeavored to hide her intense anger and agitation, under a light and gay demeanor; but during supper, seated near the Prince, and the object of his marked attention, her excessive gaiety caused a general surprise.

The next day, at the levee of the Grand-duke, M. d'Ebersdorf asked of his sovereign the favor of being sent immediately on some foreign mission. The Grand-duke consented, at once, to his request. Four days after, Frederick, charged with a special mission to the court of St. Petersburg, quitted F—— with his despatches.

II.

A TEAM rolled round full of very interesting events for the city of F——. The hereditary

Prince was married to the Princess of . . . , which event was followed by numberless fêtes; the Grand-duke on this occasion founded an order of civil merit, which caused considerable anxiety to the counsellors of the Grand-duchy. The Chapel-master of the court, finding a better appointment, eloped with the prima donna, first singer of the grand-ducal chamber, to the prodigious scandal of every body. The principal huntsman was disgraced for having said that Napoleon was a man of genius, and Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was very ill of a disease which the physicians of their royal highnesses did not understand. Some believed that she had taken cold at a wedding party, for she had hardly gotten home, after witnessing the ceremony before she was seized with chills, which continued more than three hours, and remained in her bed six weeks, a prey to an almost incessant fever. Since then, she had suffered a great deal, and it was thought that she had a disease of the heart, for when she encountered anything exciting, or was thrown into circumstances which caused the least emotion, she was subject to violent convulsions, during which she constantly carried her hand to her heart as if to repress its beating, or to confine it within the encasement it threatened to break. The waltz, above all, was rigorously interdicted—she no longer accompanied the Grand-duchess in public, and even begged to be excused from attending the little soirees, for she was unable to hear a waltz without shedding tears.

The eve of St. Sylvester had again come. M. d'Ebersdorf who had returned from St. Petersburg but three days previously, assisted at the court ball, which resembled exactly all those given on the same occasion for the past ten years. Otilie who, on this evening, was more ill than she had been for sometime, was compelled to keep her bed, and the Grand-duchess, before descending to the reception saloon, wishing to embrace and bid good-night to the still dearly loved invalid, went into her apartment, but found her in such a profound sleep that she would not waken her.

A very animated waltz had commenced. M. d'Ebersdorf, retained in the little circle of the court, was waiting until the Grand-duke, who was entertaining them with a hunt of monstrous rabbits which he had projected, had finished speaking to seek his partner. Suddenly a general movement of surprise was apparent, the waltz stopped, the music ceased, and the ladies and gentlemen formed into groups, conversing in a low tone. A female, clothed in white, walked across the gallery, and, motioning those aside whom she

found in her way, went directly to Ebersdorf, who, on seeing her, recoiled as from a spectre.

"Come, Frederick, to the waltz," said she, in a tone, the enchanting sweetness of which no words could describe, "this time you will waltz with me."

"Otilie!"

A prey to the most violent emotion, this was all he could articulate.

"For the love of heaven, Monsieur le Comte," interrupted the physician, to the Grand-duchess, who examined Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein attentively, "do not oppose her! Do all she asks, and above all, do not awaken her. *She sleeps*, and to rouse her up, suddenly, would be to destroy her life."

Frederick was scarcely able to sustain himself—the presence of this phantom suddenly appearing before him, a sad memento of the past. This superb creature, withered by disease, and broken down by suffering, her large blue eyes seemingly fixed upon some invisible object, her royal brow, upon which the angel of death appeared already to have cast the shadow of his wing,—the proud Otilie, white and inanimate as a marble statue, come thus, in her sleep to visit the field of her ancient victories, all appeared to him like a dream, an illusion, a thing too horrible to be real. He trembled with affright, in feeling the grasp of the icy hand which seized his.

"Come," repeated Otilie, "why do you wait?"

Ebersdorf followed her, mechanically, and the waltz recommenced. Light as the perfumed dust of a flower, impalpable as a shadow from the land of spirits, she floated on the air rather than danced, and no one heard the sound of her footsteps.

The waltz was finished:

"It is too hot here, let us go and breathe the fresh air," said she, leading the Comte towards the principal window of the gallery, which she opened, and they both walked out upon a balcony which overlooked the gardens of the chateau.

The earth reposed under a virgin mantle of snow, faintly lighted up by the cold winter moon, in magnificent silence. All was still, even to the wind which slept in the naked branches of the trees; neither upon earth, nor in heaven did the sadness of nature find a voice.

"How calm is all around us!" said Otilie, seating herself, and making Ebersdorf sit down beside her. "Do you see the willows below, on the border of the pond? like Ophelia and Desdemona weeping—I, too, have wept, a year to-day. Oh! Frederick, I have suffered

much; but it was necessary that I should suffer to purchase the felicity I enjoy at this moment. How sublime is happiness! In my misery I cursed heaven—I did not believe in God—since I have been happy He has entered my soul like a torrent of light or fire. Holy religion of love! I prostrate myself before thee. I hear the celestial choirs of the stars, I see open the gates of eternal life; I am surrounded by felicity, it envelopes me like a vestment of flame! Frederick, my beloved, place thy hand upon my heart. Do you feel it beat, that heart they said was so much diseased! It only struggled to reach you, and you were afar off. Now that it feels you near, it is all calm!"

"Miserable fool that I have been!" cried Frederick, forgetting, in the violence of his despair, the precautions of the physician. "All is finished now—happiness, hope for the future, are all gone now beyond recovery! Oh, pride, pride!"

"Pride!" slowly repeated Otilie, "by that I have suffered so much—pride and then jealousy. Why did you dance with la Franken-thal?—why did you talk so much with her? Jealousy devoured me and you saw it not,—my heart was broken, yet you did not suspect it. Where are the roses you sent me? it seems to me that I still perceive their perfume. And the kiss I refused you! Ah Frederick, if you had known what I suffered! Tell me you loved not her! answer me, Frederick, have you loved her?"

"Never!" said the Comte, in hollow voice, choked by emotion.

"And have you always loved me?"

"More than my life," answered he, hiding his face in his handkerchief.

"What a future of happiness opens before us!" continued Otilie, resting her head affectionately on the shoulder of the Comte; we will go through life together, a support to one another. O heaven! I am too happy——"

She ceased to speak; her lips still moved but no sound came from them. She appeared to be sleeping, with her eyes open. Suddenly, the first notes of a waltz were heard. She sprang up.

"Do you hear, Frederick, the midnight waltz! the same that was played this night a year ago—La Gabrielle, my favorite waltz! you will dance with me, henceforth, always with me."

She re-entered the gallery supported on the arm of the Comte.

She traversed with a bound the double line of waltzers, and commenced dancing with a species of fury, without once stopping. She

turned as if carried around by a whirlwind. "Faster!" repeated she each instant, "faster!" and the music increased so much in rapidity, that Frederick was hardly able to follow her movements in this frightful waltz. Midnight struck. Out of breath, and exhausted, she almost let herself fall into his arms.

"That kiss—which I refused thee—that kiss—take it," said she, in a panting voice.

"Outilie, my life, my only love!" cried

Frederick, completely beside himself, pressing her passionately to his heart, and glueing his lips to her's.

A frightful cry was heard. Outilie escaped from the arms of the Comte, and fell at his feet in frightful convulsions. "Thunder of heaven! Monsieur le Comte you have awakened her!" cried the Grand-duke.

"The danger is past, now," said the physician, "she will never awaken again in this world."

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

THOU hast a merry, laughing look, sweet child;
And thy long golden tresses gracefully
Wave to the soft voluptuous breeze. The wild
And flashing glance, that comes from thy dark
eye,

Is eloquent with meaning;—and thy brow,
Hath in its high arched beauty more of heaven
Than e'en the thoughts of many worshipers, who
bow,

Yet scarce know why, then deem themselves for-
given.

Shine on! for thou art very beautiful;

Bright hope hath plumed for thee his rainbow
wing,

And joy hath sought the richest flowers to cull,
To braid thy life's fresh garland.—And the spring
Of thy young fancies, in its upward gush,
Is swelling clearly now; though, soon, perhaps,
Its sources may be troubled.—And the hush,

That soothed thy spirit's wanderings, relapse,
Into a stormy chaos. There will come

Hours, when thy soul aweary of this life
Will seek to close its senses to the hum,

Of gaudy flutterers, and the sons of strife.
Then wilt thou ope the chambers of thy mind;
(When the gay world seems curtained from the
sight,

And all the things of visible sense, confined
To the brief circle of a taper's light,)

And in the quietude of that lone hour,

Will rise the visions of forgotten things,
Of days long past; when in the summer bower

Thou didst enjoy the fairy whisperings,
Of the tremulous leaves. And the soft press

Of that hand fondly clasped within thine own,
Whose eyes met thine with equal tenderness;

Whose voice, e'en now, whene'er its sweet low
tone

Comes up within thy memory, doth start

A quicker pulse; and calls the eloquent blood,
From the intricate wanderings of the heart,

To mantle o'er thy brow. And it is good

That we should have a well, wherein the things
Of other days are treasured; so that the soul,

May drink of its own waters, when the springs
Of the world's fountains are dried up.

THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE enough, oh God! My heart, to-night,
Runs over with the fulness of content;
As I look out upon the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower imperfect!

Rich, though poor!

My low roof'd cottage is, this hour, a Heaven!
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet voic'd wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child, awake upon her knee;

And, with his calm eye on his master's face
My noble hound lies couchant; and all here—
All in this little home, yet boundless Heaven—
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing!

Thou, who look'st
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee!

And, as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God!
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,
Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

THE LITTLE MEMBER.

"In trouble again, I find! Ah Flora! that restless little tongue of yours is a sad transgressor. Why will you not learn to be more careful! Why do you not place a guard upon your lips, as well as upon your actions?"

"So I do, aunt, when I think myself in the company of tattlers and mischief makers."

"I do not think Mary Lee either a tattler or a mischief maker," replied the aunt, gravely.

"Then why did she run off to Ellen Gray, and tell her what I had said?"

"She might have done so from far different motives than those you are inclined to attribute to her," said Mrs. Marion, the aunt of Flora Mere. "And from my knowledge of her character, I feel very sure, that her conduct in this, has been governed by a strict regard to right principles."

"But what possible end could she have had in view in repeating to Ellen my thoughtlessly spoken words! It could do her no good."

"There she is at the door now," Mrs. Marion replied, glancing out of the window. "We will ask the question direct, as soon as Betty has admitted her."

The blood mounted to Flora's cheek as her aunt said this, and her own eye caught a glimpse of the young lady whose conduct she had been so strongly condemning. The aunt and her niece sat silent until Mary Lee entered.

Here we will take the opportunity to mention the cause of the unpleasant state of affairs between Flora and her young friend. On the day before, while in company with Mary Lee, and one or two other of her acquaintances, she very thoughtlessly, and not exactly in the right spirit, repeated some remarks she had heard about Ellen Gray that reflected upon her rather unfavorably. Mary Lee at once attempted to vindicate her friend, but Flora maintained that the allegations were certainly true, for she had them from an undoubted source. Mary asked that source, but she declined mentioning it, on the ground that she did not wish to violate the confidence reposed

in her by the individual who related the facts she had repeated.

"It would, perhaps be better not to mention any thing of this kind," Mary Lee said, "unless the author be given, and full liberty, at the same time, to make the most free enquiries as to the truth of what is alleged."

"And get up to your ears in hot water," returned Flora, tossing her head.

"Even that would be better than to let any one suffer from an untrue statement."

"Ah! But suppose it should be true?"

"Let the guilt rest upon the right head—where it ought to rest. But save the innocent from unjust allegations. That is my doctrine."

"A very good doctrine, no doubt," Flora returned; "if you can act it out."

Here the subject was dropped. On the next morning, Mary Lee called in to see her young friend Ellen Gray. After conversing for a short time she said—

"I heard, yesterday, Ellen, that at Mrs. Harvey's party, you acted towards Mr. Evelyn with much discourtesy of manner, besides actually telling an untruth."

"I am unconscious of having done either the one or the other of these," Ellen replied, in a quiet tone.

"I believed you innocent," Mary said, with a brightening countenance. "But what ground is there for the idle, ill-natured gossip that has got on the wind?"

"Not much, if any. I declined dancing with Evelyn, as I had a perfect right to do."

"Did you tell him you were engaged for the next cotillion?"

"No, certainly not, for I had no engagement then."

"It is said, that when he asked you to dance, you excused yourself on the plea that you were already engaged."

"Who says this?"

"Flora Mere."

"How does she know?"

"That I cannot tell. She declined giving her authority."

"Then, of course, I must believe her the author of the fabrication."

"No—that does not certainly follow. I do not believe Flora would be guilty of such a thing. But, like too many, she is ready to believe another capable of doing almost any thing that may happen to be alleged. And like the same class of persons, too ready to repeat what she has heard, no matter how injuriously it may effect the subject of the allegation—while a false principle of honor prevents the open declaration of the source from which the information has been derived."

"Be that as it may, I shall see Flora Mere at once, and ask her for the authority upon which the statement rests."

It was to give you an opportunity of doing this, that I have come and freely told what I heard."

"Thank you, Mary. I wish all the world were as frank and as conscientious as you are. I shall, of course, mention from whom I derived my information."

"You are at perfect liberty to do so. I try never to say or do any thing that requires concealment."

It was perhaps an hour afterwards, that Flora Mere was surprised by a visit from Ellen Gray. She had an instinctive consciousness of the cause of this visit, which made the blood mount to her face, as she took the hand of her friend. She was not long in doubt.

"Flora," said Ellen, a few minutes after she had entered, "Mary Lee came in to see me this morning, and mentioned that you had made some statements about me, which are not true. As, that I refused to dance with Mr. Evelyn, under the plea of a prior engagement, when, in fact, no such engagement existed."

"I think Mary Lee had very little to do!" Flora returned, petulently, the color deepening on her face and brow, "to tattle about what she hears in company."

"But reflect," Ellen said, mildly, "that the charge against me was one of falsehood—not light charge—and that Mary had every reason to believe me incapable of uttering what was not true. And further, remember, that you declined giving your informant, so as to place it in her power to ascertain upon what basis the statement rested. Reverse the case. Suppose I had heard that you had done some wrong act; and, instead of carefully satisfying myself whether it were really so or not, were to begin circulating the story wherever I went. Would you not deem her a true friend, who, instead of joining in the general condemnation, were

to come to you and put it into your power to vindicate your character? Certainly you would. Just in the relation which that true friend would, under the imagined circumstances, stand to you, now stands Mary Lee to me. She has put it into my power to arrest a report which I find is circulating to my injury. It is true that I declined dancing with Mr. Evelyn. But it is not true that I stated to him that I was engaged. I was not engaged, and to have said that I was, would have been to have told a deliberate falsehood. May I, then, ask you from what source you derived your information?"

Flora cast her eyes upon the floor, and sat silent for some time. Her pride struggled hard with her sense of justice. At length she said, looking up, and breathing heavily,

"I would rather not mention my informant, Ellen. It will only make difficulty. You will go to her, and then there will be trouble. I think you had better let the matter rest where it is. I do not, now, believe what I heard. The person who told me, was, no doubt, mistaken."

"But, Flora, that would not be right. You have already repeated what you heard so publicly, that it is possible at least fifty persons now believe me guilty of having spoken an untruth. You should have reflected before hand. Now it is too late to let the matter drop. My character is at stake, and I am bound to vindicate it. This I shall have to do in such a manner as to fully clear myself from the charge. The consequence will be, as you may at once perceive, that upon you will rest the burden of having originated a false charge against me. Then, if not now, you will feel it your duty to give the name of your friend. This, you had much better do at once. No doubt she has been led into a mistake by a too hasty judgment of my acts, but half understood. She may have observed Mr. Evelyn ask me to dance, and have naturally inferred that I declined, on the ground of a previous engagement. This being in her mind, she may have too hastily concluded, when she soon afterwards saw me accept another offer, that I had not spoken the truth at the time I refused to dance with Evelyn. All this can easily be explained, and the matter put to rest."

Flora hesitated for a short time, and then said—

"It was Araminta Thomas who told me."

"Thank you for this information. Will you now go with me to see Araminta?"

"I would rather not," Flora returned.

"I think it would be better for you to do so,

Flora," urged Ellen. But she could not be persuaded.

"I must then go alone," Ellen said, rising and bidding Flora good morning.

In a little while she was at the house of Araminta Thomas. Ellen entered at once upon the business of her visit by stating what she had heard. Araminta looked confused, but denied saying that Ellen had actually told Evelyn she was engaged for the next cotillion.

"Then what did you say?" mildly asked Ellen.

"I said," replied Araminta, "that I saw you decline Evelyn's offer for your hand."

"But did not say that I told him I was engaged?"

"Not positively; I only *inferred*, as was natural, that you declined on that ground."

"Was your communication to Flora mere inferential?"

"It was."

"But she says you told her that you heard me say I was engaged."

"In that she is mistaken. I inferred that your refusal to dance was for the reason stated. But I did not *know* that it was, and, therefore, only gave my own impression."

"Which Flora has taken for the truth, and so repeated."

"On my authority?"

"Yes. After having been pressed by me very closely."

"In that she was wrong. But I suppose I was as wrong in giving an impression which might not be a true one, as she has been in giving my impressions as actual facts, and making me responsible for them. But will you, as matters have taken this serious and unexpected turn, give me the exact truth. I will then, so far as in my power lies, endeavor to correct what I have done."

"Most cheerfully. You know, as well as I do, that Evelyn has not acted in some things with that honor and integrity that becomes a gentleman?"

"I do."

"It was on this ground that I declined. He asked me if I was engaged in the next set? I said no. He then proffered his hand, which I declined. In a little while after, and while sitting beside you, a gentleman wished to have me as a partner. I accepted his invitation. This is the simple truth."

"And so it seems," Araminta said, with a sober face, "that while you were rebuking vice, and standing up with dignified, virtuous firmness in the cause of our sex, I was misjudging you. And not only that, was so far influenced by an improper spirit, as to impart

to others my wrong impressions to your injury. Alas! poor, weak human nature! I feel rebuked and humbled. More for what I thought, than for what I said, for out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts. If I had not had something wrong here, I would not have been so ready to misjudge you. But, all that I can do to repair the wrong, I am ready to do."

"All I ask is, that you correct Flora, and take some little care to see, that where she has imparted a wrong impression, the true one is given in its place."

"That I will do with all my heart," Araminta replied. "I will see Flora this very hour."

"Do so, and you shall have not only my thanks, but my esteem and love. We are all liable to do wrong. But to confess and repair the wrong we have done, as far as we can, is noble. In so doing, power is given us to conquer in all the temptations that may assail us."

As soon as Ellen had retired, Araminta went out and called upon Flora. She found her troubled and mortified at the turn matters had taken. She tried to excuse herself for what she had done, and insisted, at first, that Araminta had actually stated all she had said of Ellen Gray's conduct. But this point she soon had to give up. Araminta was too positive, and her own memory a little too clear on the subject. In fact, when the whole truth came fully to the light, it was very apparent, that if there were any falsehood in the matter she was the most guilty. Certain it was, that Ellen Gray was innocent, in every particular, of the charge that had been made against her.

Mrs. Marion knew nothing of all this, until the day after Ellen Gray had called upon Flora. Then her neice, whose troubled looks had not escaped her notice, gave a relation of what had occurred. It was in reply to this that the opening remarks of our story were made. When Mary Lee came in, as the reader has seen, Flora received her coldly. Mrs. Marion, on the contrary, welcomed her with genuine cordiality.

"I am glad to see you, Mary," she said—"And particularly at this time. It seems there has been a misunderstanding among you young ladies, and that Flora is not altogether pleased with the part you have taken."

"It is to see her in regard to that very matter, that I am here this morning," Mary said. "I know she blames me for having told Ellen Lee what I did. But in that I acted conscientiously. I did to another, as I would have another do to me. I acted towards Ellen, as I

would act towards Flora, were I to hear any one making statements that were calculated to injure her. The result, I think, should satisfy Flora, that I was right in doing what I have done. Ellen, it now appears, was entirely innocent of the charge made against her—as I knew she must be. Araminta Thomas, to whom the report has been traced, regrets extremely, that upon her hasty inferences, so serious a matter has grown up. She acknowledged that she only *inferred* that Ellen told an untruth. Flora took this inference for a direct assertion, and thence came the charge of falsehood against Ellen Gray. Has not, then, the result proved, that the course I took was the only right one? Does it now show, that I would have been guilty of a great wrong, if, to save the feelings of any one, I had left an innocent person to bear the imputation of wrong?"

"It certainly does, Mary. And Flora cannot but see it in the same light."

"And she will, surely, forgive me the pain I have occasioned her," resumed Mary, "seeing, that I had no selfish end to gain in what I did, but was moved only by the desire to vindicate injured innocence."

This appeal softened Flora's feelings towards Mary Lee. She saw that she was wrong and that Mary was right. Mary had been governed by a high-minded regard for right. Pride soon yielded.

"Mary," she said, taking her hand, while

the tears came into her eyes, "I confess that I have been wrong and you right. I shall not soon forget this lesson. Forgive the unkind thought I have had of you, and say to Ellen, from me, that I do most sincerely regret the part I have taken in this matter."

"Will I ever learn to be guarded in my remarks!" Flora said, to her aunt, after Mary had left them. "This is the third time I have been called to account for speaking of others, within the last few months."

"Never, I suppose," Mrs. Marion replied, "until you learn to guard your thoughts as well as your words. If, like Mary Lee, you were less disposed to give credence to every disparaging report circulated about others, you would need no guard placed over your tongue. It is from the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. *A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things.* Try and keep this in mind. If you are more ready to believe an evil than a good report of others, be sure that all is not right with you, and more especially, if you feel an inward pleasure in convicting them of wrong. A truly good mind is always grieved at improper conduct in others, and ever seeks to palliate, rather than to judge with severity. It gives but slow credence to evil reports. Truly regard the good of all around you, and there will be no need of placing a bridle on your tongue."

A GENTLE SPIRIT.

THERE are not many who can bear ridicule and the unkind criticisms with which their productions are sometimes met. It is much the better wisdom, however, to keep the mind unruffled, and the temper calm, it does no good to fret and be unhappy. The world is generally uncharitable and too often cruel and heartless; but the world will follow its own mood, be we pleased or angry—and surely it is better for ourselves to be as little moved as possible. Lamb has made a pleasant allusion in one of his admirable essays to a farce of his that was treated with signal indecorum. Hear him! what a sea of mimic ire he pours out!

"So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane theatre into the pit something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the

house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me on that occasion. Hang 'em how they hissed! It was not a hiss either, but a sort of frantic yell like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's Temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to council wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breaths through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow creatures, who are desirous to please them."

PSYCHOLOGY.

[THE following speculations on the nature of the soul, by a German writer, have been translated by a lady, and handed us for publication. We give them a place, as containing some curious ideas—true and false mixed together—that may interest a portion of our readers.]—Ed.

PARACELSUS took as the basis of his speculations, theosophy; that is, a direct communication of the soul with God by means of illumination. The soul, resembling God, contains in its own depths all truth that man can know; it is full of sciences, but all these notions, all these divine characters are veiled or obscured. Consequently, it is not by the senses, by books, by reasoning, by factitious intelligence, that man can arrive at science; it is by retiring within himself, by withdrawing into the essential intelligence which is in the depths of his nature; there he perceives the truth, not actively, but passively, by divine illumination, of which purity of heart is the condition and prayer the means. It is there that he recognizes the plan of creation to be one, and consequently, that the universe, the great world, is made after the same model as man, or the little world, which is as its child. Man is a hidden world. God, who is life, has diffused life every where. All parts of the universe are full of souls, who, however, have not been gifted with intelligence, the privilege of man, created in the image of God. Souls

are enveloped in bodies or matter, which is in itself a dark and dead thing; between souls and bodies exists the spirit, a sort of fluid, which is the physical means of the universal life. The soul, the fluid, the body: such is the trinity of nature, which in some respects is a counterpart of the divine Trinity. In the same way man contains in himself three principles, three worlds, three heavens; the soul, by which he communicates with God or the archetypal world; the material body, which puts him in connexion with the elementary world; and the spiritual body, which, being formed of etherial fluid, is in perpetual communication with the angelic-astral world.—This spiritual body, the fine envelope of the soul, reminds one of the subtle person of the Sankhya philosophy. The triple nature of man and the triple nature of the world being identical, there exists in man a force of attraction by which he aspires to the life of the world. He possesses, at first, a magnetic power, which draws from the elements the nourishment of his flesh and blood. There is also in him, a superior magnetism, which attracts the spiritual fluid, the principle of sensations and of worldly wisdom; and this magnetism is itself subordinated to the aspiration by which the soul is nourished from God. But, at the same time that he attracts all the forces of nature, man improves them in himself and recalls them all to God, the universal centre. Thus, the world is a flux and reflux of the divine life by means of man.

THERE are characters so utterly and so unconsciously false and hollow, that they seem like casts or impressions of men, similar to those figures of fossil shells in rock, where there is no remnant of the shell itself,—rather than real men, however mutilated and dwarfed. And some such are plausible, full-blown spectacles, on whom daylight and general opinion

shine flatteringly; while there shall be some crabbed, uncouth, unhappy fragment of genuine human life that the whole universe scowls on, yet in truth far worthier than the gaudy image which overshadows and scorns it. The one is but a glaring figure in nature's magic lantern; the other one of her misshapen, dis-inherited children.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WILLIS, in his correspondence for the *National Intelligencer*, gives a few paragraphs about Dickens, which we copy below. The sketch of his appearance and manner at Macready's complimentary dinner, contrasted with what it was when Willis first saw him at Newgate, is very striking. It illustrates the man. It is just such a contrast as the difference of positions would have produced upon a weak, vain mind. Than Dickens, no one has more disappointed public expectation, or outraged that confidence which the public places in an author. His fine talents have been miserably prostituted to base purposes. From a writer, who had the power to hold the imagination spell-bound at will, he has nearly descended to the position of a villifier of a people who offered him a more flattering (though ill-judged) welcome, than was ever extended to any other man, except the great and good La Fayette, who has visited their country. His *Notes on America*, had some few redeeming qualities, outrageous as were the perversions of truth contained in their pages. The petty littleness of mind that prompted the conception of that book, was in itself some excuse. We may feel pity and contempt for any sudden ebullition of gall in a man disappointed thoroughly in some selfish end. But when, after reflection, he confirms, with something of maliciousness, his previous misstatements, adding to them baser perversions of truth, as Dickens has done in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, we can only despise him, and hold him unworthy to be ranked among honest, high-minded, honorable men. But hear Willis:

"I am very sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been 'within the rules of the Queen's Bench'—realizing the prophecy of pecuniary ruin which has for some time been whispered about for him. His splendid genius did not need the melancholy proof of improvidence, and he has had wealth so completely within his grasp that there seems a particular and unhappy needlessness in his ruin. The most of his misfortune is, he has lived so closely at the edge of his flood-tide of prosperity that the ebb leaves him at high-

water mark, and not in the contented ooze of supplied necessities where it first took him up. And, by the way, it was in that same low-water period of his life—just before he became celebrated—that I first saw Dickens; and I will record this phase of his *chrysalis*—('the tomb of the caterpillar and the cradle of the butterfly,' as Linnæus calls it,)—upon the chance of its being as interesting to future ages as such a picture would now be of the *antebutterfly* of Shakspeare. I was following a favorite amusement of mine one rainy day in the Strand, London—strolling towards the more crowded thoroughfares with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop-windows. I heard my name called from a passenger in a street-cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone—(a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead.) After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab, he said he was going to pick up, on the way, a young paragraphist for the *Morning Chronicle* who wished to write a description of it.—In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the 'Bull and Mouth' inn, (the great starting and stopping-place of the stage-coaches,) we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by long flights of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, and two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens—for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing—(and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself as I sat down on a rickety chair, 'My good fellow, if you were in America with that

fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher! Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described 'Dick Swiveller'—*minus* the 'swell' look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailer to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's,) and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry, on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him naturally enough after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city.

"Not long after this, Macrone sent me the 'sheets of Sketches by Boz,' with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher if he could monopolize the author.

"Two or three years afterwards, I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and withal a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time.—He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest and upset his hay-cart in America.—When all the ephemera of his imprudences

and imprevi-dences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time."

Let us add to this, by way of showing how Mr. Dickens begins to be estimated in his own country, some remarks from a late number of the Westminster Review. They are bitingly severe. Like the reviewer, we wonder that it did not occur to Mr. Dickens that the satire he was writing might tell against himself. "Was *he* only a Martin Chuzzlewit to the people of America, when they crowded to do him homage?" asks the English writer tersely and pertinently. Truly, was he not a Chuzzlewit? But hear the Review—

"But perhaps the greatest fault of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' is an unjust and ungenerous attack upon the people of the United States, in the shape of broad and bitter caricature. That a vast continent like America, somewhat twice the extent of Europe, should contain in its maritime cities a body of slanderers and swindlers is not very strange: were none to be found there, considering how many have been sent from our own shores, the fact would be much more extraordinary; but strange it is and new and unaccountable that such an observer as Mr. Dickens, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, should find all barren of goodness, and discover no other facts worth signalizing in a country, the rapid growth of which is without a parallel, than the knaveries of land-jobbers, and the abuses of a press conducted often by English editors.

"What a false idea of American shrewdness and sagacity as shown in their choice of eligible sites for new townships, one of which, in twenty years from the time of its foundation (Cincinnati,) contained a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, is given by Mr. Dickens, in his description of a new settlement in a swamp, which its land-shark-originators had denominated Eden! But a more serious fault in the work is the ungrateful return, (for ungrateful it must appear in the eyes of every American,) for the enthusiastic reception Mr. Dickens met with in the United States,—in an extravagant satire of their lion-hunting propensities. Martin, with no other recommendation than that of being a dupe, who, with the unconsciousness of a Peter Simple, is about to bury himself in a spot from which no one had returned alive, has his *levée* thronged from curiosity by the whole population from morning till night. We wonder it did not occur to Mr. Dickens that this satire might tell against himself. Was *he* only a Martin Chuz-

zlewit to the people of America when they crowded to do him homage! But in truth his claims to the distinction were of a higher character, and it might have occurred to Mr. Dickens that the universal recognition of those claims was a fact not less honorable to the Americans than to himself. The universality of his reputation in the United States said something for an universality of education of which he would in vain look for similar evidences nearer home. In what part of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, would Mr. Dickens count an equal number of readers and admirers, relatively to the whole population, than he found in every city, town, and village of the United States? We are sorry Mr. Dickens has adopted this course; for it rarely under any circumstances, and in his case least of all, is expedient for an author to

seek materials for satire in other countries than his own. The good sought to be effected by it commonly fails, for even when the satire is perfectly just, it is received as only the offspring of national antipathies, which it never fails to increase; and are not surprised to see from the American journals that Mr. Dickens's attacks are treated as the mere ebullition of spleen consequent upon his want of success of obtaining an international law of copyright; his present writings will certainly not promote that object. We make these remarks more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that they appear to us needed; but we really have felt angry at our monthly disappointments of pleasure from Mr. Dickens's last publication. We trust the source of much former gratification is not yet exhausted."

For the Ladies' Magazine.

MRS. ELLIS.

MR. EDITOR.—In reading the works of Mrs. Ellis—works which should be found upon the table of every woman, I meet with many true and beautiful thoughts that, like precious stones, may be removed from their setting, and still shine with equal brilliancy. I send you some of these for your "Ladies' Magazine," which you can use at your pleasure. I think you will find them worthy to glitter on your pages. I know they will do good; and to do good I trust is the high aim upon which you have fixed your eye. I will not introduce them by any particular remarks of my own, but set them before your fair readers, and let each one peruse them for herself, and indulge her own reflections.

"Not the foolish bird fluttering in the snares of the fowler; nor the flower that has burst into blushing beauty, on the morning of storms; nor the child that has stolen to the brink of the precipice to play, can be more melancholy objects of consideration, than an amiable and lovely woman, who is drawing from the fountains of vanity and love, her only sources of happiness and hope. And yet who speaks of her danger! Those who stand aloof in unassailed security, and have never known the insatiable thirst of pampered vanity, nor fallen into the snare of earthly love. Should the deluded creature awake in a sense of her own awful situation, who rushes to the rescue? She looks back upon her sister wo-

man, and the strong arm of malevolence and envy is put forth to urge her to destruction; to accelerate her fall. She leans upon her brother man, and he, more treacherous, but not less cruel, while he covers her with the garment of praise, and pours upon her head the oil of joy, at the same time places on her brow the poisoned chaplet, crying, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Like the priests of old, who with merriment and dance, and song, led forth the unconscious victim wreathed with flowers, to bleed upon the altar of sacrifice."

"Oh! it is a wearisome, heartless, and life-consuming service, to live by the power of pleasing! The miner has his stated portion doled out to him, and digs in undisturbed security; and the galley-slave knows, while he toils at the oar, that the utmost stretch of his sinews, is all that his tyrant master can require; but the miserable child of genius, who feels that he must starve and shiver in the shade, or tax his talents, and sharpen his wit, and torture his sensibility, to purchase the genial smiles of patronage: may not his life be compared to the lingering death of the dolphin, whose dying agonies produce those beautiful varieties of colour, which astonish the delighted beholder!"

"Excitement is not the natural food of the human mind. It may for a while, give life to imagination, and quicken sensibility; but

like other stimulants, it is destructive both to the health of the body, and to the soundness of the mind; and like other stimulants, it leaves behind an aching void."

"Those who have never heard a name beloved, coupled with sin and shame, and trembling lest it might be justly too, have never tasted the true bitterness of the cup of misery."

"All other draughts may be sweetened; but this is beyond the power of flattery, for it does not reach the object—of hope, for the blackness of desolation has already fallen upon our Goshen—and of religion, for the more we love God, and delight in holiness, the more we linger after the stray sheep, and lament that the gates of paradise should be closed upon the lost one."

"There are those who shut themselves up in retirement, thinking that danger exists only in the pleasures of the world, and safety in their exclusion. But let them look well to the choice they have made, and ask, whether the evils of solitude may not be as offensive in the sight of their Creator as those of society. For themselves, they have an undoubted right, both to know, and to choose, what is best; but there are hearts that can bear witness to the sins of solitude; to the sins, and the sufferings too."

"Hearts, that have been weighed down with the leaden stupor of melancholy, until every affection was swallowed up in self, every feeling lost in the ocean of misery, from whence no gentle dew is exhaled, as an offering of gratitude to heaven."

"Ah! that we could always compel ourselves to institute a strict, impartial, and thorough investigation, into the causes of our unhappiness. That we would make an enquiry which admits of no tampering, why we are not, as the merciful Author of our being designed we should be, numbering our blessings, and counting the favors which his gracious hand bestows upon us? Would not such an enquiry produce the conviction, that we are not giving up the whole heart to him, who has an undoubted right to rule over it? That we are making no better than a conditional covenant, that, if he will grant us some particular request, we will then serve him; or, turning to idols of perishable clay, which in a single moment may be broken into fragments at our feet."

"Let not those who make great sacrifices

to duty, be led on by the hope of immediate reward. When a limb is severed from the human body, the first terrible stroke is not all that has to be borne; there are after seasons of pain and suffering, that must, inevitably, be endured: and when an idol of clay is broken in the dust, it requires time for humbling reflection, before its votaries can be convinced of the reality."

"Those who would devote themselves to the service of their fellow-creatures, must be prepared for many an ungrateful return—for many a heart-rending repulse; to which, nothing but the consciousness of being about their Master's business, can reconcile the sensitive mind. Those who would save a sufferer from death, must often present an unwelcome draught to lips that loathe its bitterness; and those who would save a soul from sin, must bear with that rebellious soul in all its struggles to return; *for it is not by one tremendous effort that the bonds of earthly passion can be broken.* The work in which they are engaged, is a work of patience, not of triumph; and there must be long seasons of painful endurance, of watchfulness, and prayer, which nothing but a deep and devoted love to the heavenly Father, whose service they are engaged in, can possibly enable them to sustain."

"Oh! that women would be faithful to themselves! It makes the heart bleed to think that these high-souled beings, who stand forth in the hour of severe and dreadful trial, armed with a magnanimity that knows no fear; with enthusiasm that has no sordid alloy; with patience that would support a martyr; with generosity that a patriot might be proud to borrow; and feeling that might shine as a wreath of beauty, over the temples of a dying saint;—it makes the heart bleed to think, that the noble virtue of woman's character should be veiled, and obscured, by the taint of weak vanity, and lost in the base love of flirtation; making herself the mockery of the multitude, instead of acting the simple and dignified part of the friend, the wife, or the mother; degrading her own nature, by flaunting in the public eye the semblance of affection, which its sweet soul is wanting;—polluting the altar of love by offering up the ashes of a wasted heart. Oh! woman, woman! thousands have been beguiled by this thy folly, but thou hast ever been the deepest sufferer!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is but natural that our readers should expect to hear a word from us, now that we have assumed the task of catering for their entertainment and instruction. We, therefore, in concluding our labors for the month, appear before them, as in duty bound, to hold a little converse on matters and things in general. And first, as to what may be expected of us as editor of "THE LADIES' MAGAZINE." On this subject we could say a good deal; and promise very freely. But we will not be too liberal in our pledges, for fear we might happen to offer more than can be accomplished. Then there would be just grounds for taking any future promises with sundry grains of allowance. We do intend, however, and that intention shall be fully carried out, to make the "LADIES' MAGAZINE" worthy to lie upon the table of every American woman.

For this number of the work, we cannot but fairly ask a little indulgence. Only ten days were left from the time we consented to take entire control of its pages, until it was to be laid, fresh from the press, upon the counter of the publishers. This was necessary, because, owing to circumstances fully stated in the prospectus, which will be found on the cover, there had occurred a delay in regard to the February number, which it was necessary should not be prolonged a day beyond the middle of the month. Of course, but little time remained for the preparation, reception, or careful selection of articles. Still, amid all this haste, we have been able to present a number of our work, which, if not perfect, will be found by no means deficient in interest. Indeed, in laying it beside other works of the month, we are not much concerned about the comparisons that may happen to be made. In preparing our March number, which we have promised punctually on the first of the month, we shall, of course, have but little more time. That, however, shall be well filled up. After the issue for March, our work will appear as early as any other magazine.

To our cotemporaries, we offer, in a sincere spirit, the right hand of fellowship. We pledge them a fair, open, honorable competition for excellence. The world is wide—wide enough for us all, and we may expand therein to our hearts' content, without crushing in each others' ribs, or stopping the free circulation of the healthy, vitalizing blood in our veins. If we can make a better book than they can, we shall most certainly do it—though, to accomplish this, we are well assured that we shall have our hands full. But we will try; and even if we should not succeed in suddenly eclipsing either

of our friends Godey or Graham, there will not be much disgrace attached to the failure. Eminent success has given them the command of enlarged facilities, which they use with a liberal and judicious hand. A competition for true excellence with them is, therefore, a bold one; but we enter upon it with a firm heart, and a spirit of indomitable perseverance. What we lack at first in extended facilities, we shall strive to make up by increased labor, industry, and a careful winnowing of the wheat from the chaff, so as to offer nothing that shall not be good and true; and beautiful because good and true. At each renewed visit to our friends, we shall endeavor to come freighted with food for the mind, that, while it is pleasant to the taste, shall not lie in the stomach as a crude, nightmare-producing mass, but be freely digested, and, passing into the blood, be carried to every organ and member, and so give health and vigor to the whole internal man. In doing this, we know that our task will be attended with many difficulties. We shall have to guard our pages with a watchful care. Too few of the many writers of fine endowments, whose province it is to prepare mental food, look with a conscientious eye to the quality of that food. If it have attractiveness for any appetite, even though it be not a healthy one, and brings them a reward of fame or money, their end is attained. This renders the difficulty of our position, anxious as we are to set before our readers only a healthy repast, the more embarrassing. And it will, doubtless, sometimes happen, as in the present number, that an article will be approved for publication, not because it is all the editor could wish it, but because the best accessible to him at the moment when matter had to be chosen. As we go on, however, and extend our facilities, and get our contributors fully to understand us, we shall have fewer difficulties of this kind to encounter.

If those whose calling it is to write for the public would aim higher, they would write better. The less selfish a man's ends are, the more easily can he attain excellence, for then his mind is opened inwardly to its higher, purer, and holier regions, where ideas first come into consciousness. Let any man, who is an author by profession, resist and put away from himself, as far as he can do so, merely selfish ends when he goes to write, and steadily keep before his mind some good to his fellows, and he will find fields of beauty opening to him, over whose bosom are spread sweet flowers of perennial bloom, of which he had never dreamed. He will find that he has been lingering by the way side,

plucking here and there a gaudy flower, quick-fading and perfumeless, while just beyond was a boundless region, over which bent skies of sunny brightness, whose atmosphere was delicious and health-giving, and whose earth brought forth with perpetual, ever-varying, and infinite abundance. What makes a true painter or a sculptor? That profound love of the good, the true and beautiful in his art, which nothing can tempt from its high purpose. Could the mere love of reward or fame lead him on to perfection? No! For these would turn his eyes downwards, not upwards, from whence are all beautiful forms. As well might a child attempt to dance gracefully in clogs, as a painter or a sculptor aspire after true excellence, with his feet held fast in the tenacious clay of self-love and self-worship. And just so of the author. If the fire that burns upon his altar be kindled by a base affection, it may throw light around, but it will not be a clear, bright, and guiding light, by which the traveler in benighted ways may see clearly the path he is seeking. It will be the candle that attracts the silly moth; not the clear sun-light, gilding the mountain-tops, and opening up the dark valleys, until even their hidden dells and tangled ravines are exposed to view.

Who, then, would not aspire to the nobler province of the sun? Who would be a little rushlight, around which fluttering moths dance in disordered measure, ever and anon burning their wings, and perishing in the false flame that has allured them? To one, to all of our American authors, we say—*aim high!* Light your torches at the altar from whence comes all genuine inspiration. Fear not that in aiming to do good, you will sink into tameness, or dullness. Whence comes the infinite variety spread all around you? The wonderful beauty of earth, and sea, and sky? Whence comes even the power of thought? From Him who is infinite goodness itself. Take your fires then from His altar. Imitate Him in his works, all of which have use to man as an end, and like all that proceeds from Him, your powers will be ever and ever renewed with increasing variety, vigor, beauty, and power to hold captive the hearts of all.

FREDERIKA BREMER! How natural it is that this name should come into our mind, after the utterance of such thoughts as the above. Is Miss Bremer less popular, because her aim is to do good? No! It is this very thing that gives life and freshness to her admirable works, and covers up or excuses their blemishes. Already she is known and loved throughout Sweden, Germany, England and America. Her name is a household word—the talisman, whose utterance brings up beautiful images before the mind, and makes the heart love goodness for its own sake. In reading a book, the first thing after admiration and pleasure, if these are awakened, is a desire to know something of the author. Who has not felt, with a peculiar activity, this desire in regard to the author of "*The Neighbors*"?—No one who is at all familiar with her works. How eagerly would an autobiography, fresh from her pen, be read. And such, thanks to the German publisher of her works! we have—brief

though it be, and referring more to her inner, than to her outward life. A translation of this has been given in the *Democratic Review*. From thence it has been copied into some of the newspapers. But this will not prevent us from placing it upon our pages, for if there be but a single lover of Miss Bremer among our readers who has not seen it, to that reader we owe the pleasure of its perusal. And certain we are, that there are but few who glanced over it in the pages of a newspaper, who will not be glad to find it here: and who will not go over it again and again.

To Mr. Brockhaus, Leipzig:

HONORED SIR: Your letter has awakened in me feelings of gratitude and pleasure, which would gladly find occupation in complying with your wish, that I should communicate to you something of my life and the course of my education. But this has its difficulties, as I can only slightly allude to the events of my inner life, while just in these lies the principal part of my history.

Hereafter, when I no more belong to earth, I should love to return to it as a spirit, and impart to men the deepest of that which I have suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved. And no one need fear me; should I come in the midnight hour to a striving and unquiet spirit, it would be only to make it more quiet, its night-lamp burn more brightly, and myself its friend and sister.

In the meantime, any benevolent eye may cast a glance through the curtain which conceals the outward circumstances of a life by no means important or extraordinary, and see simply that I was born on Anna's street, and had for my god-fathers a pretty good number of the academicians of Abo; and from this fact, if the beholder have the gift of the second-sight, he may trace an effect which I will not here dwell upon. At the age of three years, I was taken from my home in Finland, and have retained of this period only one solitary recollection; this is of a word, a mighty name; in the depths of heathenism, the Finnish people pronounced it in fear and love, and they speak it still with the same feelings, though ennobled by Christianity; and I often think I hear his word in the thunder of Thor, as he strides over the trembling earth, or in the lonely wind that refreshes and consoles it: that word is *Tumela*.*

If you will kindly go with me from the soil of Finland to that of Sweden, where my father became a landed proprietor, after he had disposed of his estates in Finland, I will not trouble you to accompany me further into my childhood and youth, amidst the superabundance of inner chaotic elements, or the outward circumstances of a family presenting nothing unusual or especially interesting; who traveled every autumn in a covered carriage from their estate in the country to their dwelling in the capital; and every spring, from their dwelling in the capital to their estate in the country. This family contained young daughters, who drew in crayons, played sonatas, and sung ballads, educating them-

* The Finnish word for God.

selves in every way that can be thought of, looking longingly towards the future to see and to perform miracles. In humility, I must confess I always thought of myself as a warlike heroine.

And you may glance again at that family circle, and find them collected in the large parlor of their country dwelling, listening to readings; and if it please you, remark the impression which some of the literary stars of Germany produce upon one of those daughters. If that one could die from violent emotion, she would have fallen stone dead from the chair at the reading of Schiller's *Don Carlos*; or to speak more accurately, had she abandoned herself to her emotion, she had been suddenly dissolved in a flood of tears. But she survived this danger, and lived to learn much of the country which may be justly called the heart of Europe, and from whose rich fountains of culture she yet derives nourishment.

Would you look more deeply into the soul? See, then, how a thick earthly reality gradually spread its dark cover of clouds over her splendid youthful dreams; how twilight surprised the wanderer early on her way; how anxiously, yet how in vain she sought to escape from it. The air is darkened as by a thick fall of snow; the darkness increases; it becomes night. And in this deep, endless winter night, she hears complaining voices from the East and from the West; from a dying nature, and from despairing humanity; and she sees life, with all its love and beauty, buried, with its loving, beating heart beneath cold beds of ice. Heaven is dark and empty; there is no eye there, and no heart. All is dead or dying except sorrow.

Perhaps you have noticed the significant figures with which all deeper mythologies begin. We see in the beginning a light and warm divine principle losing itself in darkness and fog; and from this empire of light and darkness, fire and tears, a God is conceived. I believe something similar happens to every one who is born to a deeper life; and something similar happened to her who writes these lines.

If you see her a few years later, you will find that a great change has taken place. You will see the eye, so long moistened with tears, beam with unspeakable joy. She has arisen, as from the grave, to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been realized? Has she become a warlike heroine, victorious in beauty, love, or reputation? No, nothing of all this. Her youthful illusions have vanished, her season of youth is passed. Yet she is now young again; for in the depths of her soul, freedom has arisen; over the dark chaos, a "Let there be light" has been pronounced, the light has penetrated the darkness, and illuminated her also. Her eyes steadily directed towards that, she has said, amidst tears of joy, "Death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" The grave has opened since then, and torn away many whom she tenderly loved. She has felt, and yet feels, the sting of many a grief; but her heart beats freshly yet. The dark night has disappeared, but not its fruit; for as certain flowers open only at night, so, often in the dark hours of a

great sorrow, the human soul first opens to the light of the eternal stars.

Perhaps you wish to hear something of my authorship. This commenced in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in the French verses:

"O corps celeste' de la nature!"

And for a long time I continued to write in the same sublime spirit, the reading of which I will spare my enemies, if such I have. I wrote under the influence of unquiet, youthful feelings, without design, as the waves leave their traces on the shore. I wrote to write. Afterwards, I took up the pen from different motives, and wrote what you have read.

Now, as I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I see the same objects which surrounded me in my first spring days, and am happy in possessing still, amid many loved ones, a beloved mother and sister. The meadows about our dwelling, upon which Gustavus Adolphus reviewed his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear more beautiful now than they did to the eyes of my childhood; indeed, they have gained in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grasses and flowers.

With respect to the future, I cherish only the solitary wish to complete what I have undertaken. If I succeed in this, I shall consider myself as less unworthy of the great kindness which has been shown me; and the good and honest, whose approbation has inspired me, must thank themselves for the greater part. I thank you, sir, most heartily. Receive this expression of my sentiments towards yourself and your countrymen also, and be assured of the esteem and gratitude of

FREDERIKA BREMER.

NEW WORKS.

LOVE AND MONEY; AN EVERY-DAY TALE. BY MARY HOWETT. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1844. This is another of those practical, moral stories, written to do good, which have become, of late so popular. The name of Mrs. Howett is sufficient to introduce it to public favor. It forms one of the series of Appleton's "Tales for the People and their Children."

SONGS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL. New York, Willis, Morris, & Co. 1844. In a double extra number of the *New Mirror*, we have nearly two hundred of Barry Cornwall's (Mr. Proctor's) songs and miscellaneous poems. There are but few lovers of poetry who are not familiar with many of these songs—As, with

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

or, with

"King death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal black wine;"

and they will feel especially obliged to the publishers

for having made so full a collection of them, in so cheap a form.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED PICTORIAL BIBLE.—In this age of pictorials, nothing half so rich as the Harpers' Pictorial Bible has made its appearance. Certainly, the book they have chosen to get out in such splendid style, is, of all others, most worthy of a handsome exterior. One of the best wood engravers in the country has been engaged on the illustrations for many years, and has produced specimens of his art of a very high order. This Bible

will be published in fifty numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Ten thousand copies of the first number were taken off, as an edition large enough to meet the demand that would probably arise; but these went off in a few days. Thirty thousand copies, we are now informed, will not be sufficient to supply the orders that come flowing in from all quarters. It would, therefore, be well for those who wish to take the work, to commence at once. The earliest impressions of each number will be much better than those taken from the plates after some forty or fifty thousand copies have been printed.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

On referring to the prospectus of this Magazine, which will be found on the cover, it will be seen that a change of proprietors has taken place, and that the work is, likewise, under different editorial auspices than those announced in the January number of the present volume. The reasons for this change, as stated on the cover, arose from the fact of the former proprietor having been chosen by the people to fill a high and responsible public office, the arduous duties of which absorb his whole attention. For some months past, pressing calls upon his time prevented his devoting that care to the Magazine which its interests required; this will account for the want of punctuality in the appearance of many recent numbers; a defect, which it will be our first care to remedy. The late day at which the present proprietors took charge of the Magazine, has prevented their getting the February number ready before the middle of the month. But, when they state, that they assumed the publication of the work on the 5th of the month, and got up the entire number by the 15th—ten days—it will give to the mind of the reader a confidence that lost time will soon be reclaimed, and that future punctuality may be de-

pended upon. The March number is in preparation, and may be looked for promptly on the first of the ensuing month. After that, our distant subscribers may expect to receive their numbers as early as they receive those of any other magazines.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—We present our readers in this number with a beautiful engraving—**THE WOODMAN**—from an original picture by Chapman. It speaks for itself. Also, with a pleasant sketch, a novelty by the way, substituted for a fashion plate, which could not, in the very short time allowed us, be gotten up. Hereafter, we design giving, in each number of the Magazine, one good steel plate, and a print of fashions. The latter will be carefully arranged by one skilled in such delicate matters.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—Please refer to our list of premiums on the cover.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,

When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And miss'd while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

THE

LADIES' MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1844.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CLERGYMAN.

April 10th.—A whole week has passed, and I have not been called upon to dry a single tear, nor to rack my mind for words of consolation to soothe the grief of a single mourner. Happy rest from painful labor! When has a week rolled by without its scenes of human wretchedness? It has been long, very long. My people too often neglect to make me a sharer in their joys—but never forget me when stricken by the iron hand of affliction. To-day I am passed in the street with a bow of frigid politeness—to-morrow I am sought with eager and anxious interest. Why this change? A lovely child has, perhaps, suddenly fallen, like a half opened bud from its stem, and those who held it in their bosoms as a treasure of priceless worth, are inconsolable. Their wealth, their pride, their social standing are now as nothing. These cannot bring back their lost one, nor quiet the troubled heavings of their stricken hearts. Sick, and sad, with fainting spirits, they turn from earthly sources of comfort, and lift their tearful eyes upward. Then I am thought of. Then the minister in holy things is summoned; and then, words of him who yesterday was of little consideration, are listened to and rested upon, as links restoring the suddenly severed connection between them and the spirit of their child, which has gone up to its Father in heaven.

And so, in all the varied calamities that reach the prosperous and happy. While the sun shines down from an unclouded sky, they are satisfied with earthly things, and care lit-

tle for him whose mission is from Heaven. But in the hour of affliction, when human weakness is felt, and the sinking heart realizes the insufficiency and vanity of earthly good, how quickly is he thought of and turned to with eager, yearning confidence!

But this is wrong. This is murmuring. This comes from self, weak, vain, complaining self; and has in it nothing of the true spirit of my office. For their indifference to eternal things, as a minister of the Lord, I ought to grieve; but not because I am forgotten in the hour of prosperity. If I would follow in the footsteps of my Master, I must not set my affections on the good things of earth, nor murmur if honors and flattering attentions be not paid to me. I ought to be happy in the consideration, that to me is given the high privilege of drying the tears of the mourner; of pouring the oil and wine of consolation into the ear of the afflicted; of lifting up the bowed down; of comforting those with heavenly consolations who have lost all of earthly blessedness. How sacred is the office confided to me!—It is the highest and holiest that is given unto man. And yet, how often do I find myself all forgetful of my solemn obligations.—How often do I turn away dissatisfied with the sweet reward that ever attends the unselfish discharge of duty, and pine for the grosser delights of mere natural life! Alas! How utterly unfitted am I for the holy office that has been confided to me. Pure spiritual principles should govern me under all circumstances.

Natural life, should ever be made the minister and sustainer of spiritual life. But how often do I have to lament that the very opposite state prevails! How often do I sadly realize that I am but a man, by nature weak, vain and selfish! When will I —

May 20.—After a lapse of more than a month, I resume my Diary. It is not often that so long a time passes without a record. How have my repining spirits been rebuked in the last few weeks! Blessed, indeed, is the lot of him who offers consolation, compared with his, who, in deep affliction, bows his head upon his bosom and receives it!

While still engaged in penning the last record of my thoughts and feelings, a domestic opened the door of my study, and said that a gentleman was below and wished to see me.

"Did he give his name?" I asked.

"No, sir. He is at the door, and wishes to see you there."

"Tell him to walk up into my study; and say to him that I am alone."

In a few moments I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. My door was again opened, and a stranger entered. He was a slender, but well built man, rather above than below the medium height. His hair was black, shading a high, pale forehead,—his eyes dark, penetrating and restless. As he came in, with a firm step, and something lofty and dignified in his air, I arose and advanced a few paces to meet him.

"Mr. R——, I believe?" he said, his compressed lips parting, as a feeble smile wreathed around them.

"That is my name, and I have the pleasure of meeting Mr. ——?"

"Enfield," he returned, bowing with easy politeness.

I offered him a chair, which he accepted. He then sat silent for some moments, seemingly embarrassed. At length he said, with a slight hesitation in his manner,

"I have, all my life, been disposed to think lightly of men of your profession. Perhaps I have had cause. But no matter. I am, at last, driven to you, as a Minister. Not for myself, however, but for one who has looked to me and confided in me for many years—my wife. At her earnest request I went with her a few times, to hear you preach. That was some months ago. Since then she has not been able to go out; and now, she has become so restless and anxious in mind, and so desirous to see you, and converse with you, that I have yielded, I must own, with no slight reluctance, to her wish that I should call upon you,

and ask the favor of a visit. Will you go with me to see a sick, perchance, a dying woman?"

As he said this, his voice quivered and choked; but he instantly regained his self-possession, though evidently with a strong effort.

"I am the servant of Him," I replied, "who loves all his children with surpassing tenderness. Whose ear is ever open to their cry. Whose hand is ever extended to help them. As His servant, therefore, I strive to do his will."

"You will go then?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "and with pleasure, if I can be the instrument of any good."

The stranger sat silent for a short time, and then remarked, half aside—

"I don't suppose you can do much good. But we will see." A moment or two passed, and then he said, with much earnestness in his tone and manner, "You spoke, just now; with the most perfect confidence of being the servant of a Being whom you have never seen. A spiritual Being, if any Being at all, and, therefore, invisible to natural eyes, and unperceived by any sense of the body. How, then, do you know Him? How do you perceive Him? How can you speak confidently of being His servant? Sir! To be able, thus, to speak with undoubting faith of a spiritual world and its great Ruler, if such there be, I would lay down, cheerfully, my life! But"—and he arose somewhat hurriedly, as if he felt conscious of having betrayed himself too far—"I must not tarry here. Can I ask the favor of your immediate attendance upon my wife?"

In a few minutes I was ready to accompany him. We walked, in silence, for about ten minutes, and then paused at the door of a moderate sized, genteel residence. On entering this, I was shown into a tastefully furnished parlor, with pictures of exquisite finish upon the walls, books of various kinds, mostly philosophical and historical, upon a centre table, and busts and other specimens of art arranged about the room. Here Mr. Enfield left me for about five minutes, during which time I had leisure to form some idea of his taste and habits of mind from what I saw around me. The impression was decidedly favorable. At the end of the period just mentioned, he came down stairs, and asked me to walk up with him into his wife's chamber. I arose and followed, as he led the way, and in a few moments entered the apartment. Half reclining upon a sofa, and supported by pillows, I found a young woman, whose appearance deeply interested me. She was tall in person, but much attenuated, evidently by disease. Her face

was not an ordinary one. An eye, so calm, so dark, so penetrating, so full of concealed fire, I have rarely met. A nose, slightly aquiline, yet scarcely enough so, to destroy the chaste Grecian contour of her face—most exquisitely formed lips and chin, about which rested a slight expression of hauteur, and a pure white brow, rising high and full above all, gave to her countenance a peculiar attractiveness. I at once recognized her face. I had seen her, and remarked her presence in church some months before. She did not rise as I came in, but remained in her reclining attitude, while her husband presented me. She smiled faintly as she took my extended hand, and thanked me for my kind and prompt attendance. For nearly a minute afterwards, a deep, and, to all of us, embarrassing silence followed. At length she said, in a voice meant to be calm, but which was far from being so at first—

“At my desire, Mr. Enfield has trespassed upon you so far as to ask you to visit an utter stranger. We have been, for years, searchers after truth. Sometimes it has seemed within our grasp; and then, it has again and again eluded our outstretched hands. We have examined system after system of philosophy, and creed after creed of religion. But, while truth has ever seemed about to reveal herself, she has still veiled from us her soul-cheering countenance. Of late, my mind has become strangely anxious on this subject. Some months ago, my husband and myself went to hear you preach a few times. Since then, I have had a constant desire to see you and converse with you. Within a few days, this desire, like my anxiety for truth in regard to another life, if such a life, indeed there be, has daily increased. May I, then, ask you for the indubitable evidence, if there really be any, of the existence of a spiritual world, and spiritual beings, neither of which can be perceived by the bodily senses, those ministers to us of truth—those avenues of intelligence to the soul?”

My questioner looked me intently in the face, as she preferred her enquiry, and then paused, with her eyes still upon me, for a reply. I don't know why, but I felt embarrassed at the position in which I found myself unexpectedly placed. I felt a strange weakness and want of ability to answer intelligibly the interrogatories that had been made. I tried to recall my theological science, bearing upon the evidences of Christianity, and the proofs from nature and revelation of the being and character of God, but my memory proved untrue to her trusts. In my extremity, I looked p and earnestly prayed to be taught of Him

who is the Source of all wisdom, that I might become an humble instrument in his hands for the communication of truth to one of his anxiously enquiring creatures. Then my mind grew calm, and light gradually broke in upon me.

“What idea have you formed of the soul? Of your own soul, for instance?” I asked. “Is it sublimated matter, or something distinct from matter; something not governed by material laws?”

There was a pause of some moments after I asked this question. Then she said, thoughtfully—

“The soul cannot be sublimated matter. That point we have long since clearly settled in our minds. No chemical sublimate has ever produced life. The soul must be something distinct from matter, with power to act upon matter. And by way of designating it from matter, we call it spiritual. The soul, then, is a spiritual substance, contra-distinguished from the body as a material substance.”

“Then you have a spiritual body as well as a natural body?”

“Yes, so it would seem,” was replied, after a few moments thoughtful hesitation.

“A spiritual body, which is really a substantial body,—not a mere evanescent breath or vapor,—with power to act upon organized matter, and control it at will?”

“To that, my mind readily assents,” was the calm reply.

“Then, is it not plain, that within the natural visible world, if you may so call it, of your body, exists your soul as a spiritual world? Or, to make the proposition broader: Within the natural bodies of all men, which form a visible world, exist spiritual bodies which form a spiritual and invisible world? This, I doubt not, your mind will readily admit.”

She paused for a long time, after I had ceased speaking. At length, she said—

“You open up to me a new world of ideas, dim, and but half defined though they be, yet causing my soul to tremble eagerly as it reaches forward in the effort to perceive their full meaning. Yes! The soul must exist in the body as a cause—a wonderful and potent cause. But how does it exist? How does it act upon the body? I will it, and instantly my hand is raised. Strange effect from apparently so inadequate a cause! I cannot understand it.”

This last sentence was uttered in a tone of despondency.

“Does not this wonderful, yet incomprehensible obedience of the body to the mind—an

obedience so perfect and so willing—indicate a cause still higher up in the scale of existence than the mind itself? If the mind were self-originated, or self-existent, it would understand fully the whole problem which now so bewilders your thoughts and eludes your closest scrutiny. But its ignorance of the laws which connect mind and matter, is the unanswerable testimony against its self-origination.

"I can feel the force of that position," Mrs. Enfield said. "But who or what is the power that formed the mind, and by that the body, as a wonderful perfect machine through which to act? That is the great question I would have answered."

"A man can receive nothing unless it be given him from Heaven," I replied, looking steadily into her face. "That I am well assured is the truth. We cannot, by searching, find out God. We cannot know him unless he reveal himself to us. And he has revealed himself to the world so fully that all may know him. He has not left us to grope our way in darkness. His sun shines as brightly for the eyes of our inward, as for the eyes of our outward man."

"If he have revealed himself to you, tell me who and what he is," were the solemnly uttered words that fell upon my ear, as I closed my last sentence.

"God is love," I replied, almost involuntarily.

"Love! Love of what?"

"God is essential goodness."

"Ah! Goodness! And we are his creatures?"

"Yes. We are the creatures of His hands."

"And if He is essential goodness, He must love the works of his hand."

"And He does love them—not with a human and finite love; but with a divine and infinite love."

"Then he must desire their happiness?"

"He does."

"But we are not happy. How is that?"

"If formed by One who is goodness itself, and thus images of our Maker, and we turn away from Him, and wander off into strange regions, where we cannot see His face, how can we be happy? The plant, when robbed of the bright sunshine, droops. And the soul that cannot feel the Divine presence as a sun whose light and heat is the very source of its life, must droop, likewise. The very unhappiness you feel, is a natural consequence of your state. And this provision of pain, is a merciful one. Its end is to lead you to the Great Physician."

Thus I went on, opening up gradually to her mind, that I saw to be acute and philosophical, the truth in regard to the existence of a Spiritual World, and especially the leading truth of all—that God is—and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. I found far less difficulty than I had at first expected. My mind was calm throughout the whole discussion—never once becoming lost in dim, inextricable mazes. At first, my allusion to the Bible as the revealed Word of God, was received with an air of repugnance. But I repeated a few passages that applied perfectly to her state of mind, and this repugnance seemed to pass away. I kept repeating passage after passage, until she began to listen with an air of deep attention. Seeing this, I took from my pocket a small Bible and opening at the Psalms, read the first Chapter that met my eye:

"As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is now thy God? When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day. Why art thou cast down O my soul! And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God? Why art thou cast down O my soul! and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

As I closed the book and looked up, I saw that the head of Mrs. Enfield was resting upon her hand and her face partly concealed from my view. She did not speak or move for some time. At length she withdrew her hand, and I perceived a tear glistening on her dark eyelash.

"There is something strangely beautiful and strangely affecting in what you have just read," she remarked, with a slight tremulousness in her tone. "When a child, I used to read the Bible to my mother. How vividly has the reading of that portion of this Book recalled to my recollection the happy days of childhood. I see now before me, as plainly as if it were indeed a reality, my dearly loved mother, and myself a little girl with the Bible spread open before me, reading, while she listens with wrapt attention. She loved the book—and her greatest delight was derived from its perusal. And I loved it too. Oh! it is years and years since I have remembered as vividly as I do at this moment, the holy, sweet, elevated feelings I used sometimes to have, while tracing with my little fingers the words in that book, and reading them aloud to my mother. It is strange! No other book ever affected me as did that book."

"Because," I said, "It is a Divine and Holy book, and cannot be read in an innocent, child-like spirit, without affecting, with peculiarly sacred emotions, the heart. Trust me, my dear Madam! that is the real explanation."

Then, reaching towards her the Bible I still held in my hand, I added—

"Let me present you with this little volume, as containing within its pages, the sweet waters that will quench the ardent thirst that is consuming your spirit. You will find it, indeed, like the green spot in an arid desert after which you have so long pined."

Without hesitation, the book was received from my hands. Indeed, I thought it was taken with something of repressed gladness. I glanced towards the husband, who had remained silent during the whole interview, as Mrs. Enfield received the volume. His manner was, or, at least, so it appeared to me, disturbed. But he made no remark. Not wishing to say too much at this, my first interview, and feeling more confidence in the Bible, if she would only peruse it, than in any thing I could say, I arose, remarking, as I did so—

That it would give me pleasure to see her and converse with her as often as she might desire it. "But, if you are, indeed, deeply anxious to know the truth, as I am sure you are," I added—"Read carefully that book you hold in your hand. That book, without which mankind would long, long ago have perished. That book from which all true philosophy, as far as it is known in the world, has been derived."

"I will read it, sir," she replied, half hesitatingly, and glancing enquiringly towards

her husband. He neither looked, nor spoke an objection. Indeed, his face was turned away, and so completely in shadow, that its expression could not be seen.

"Yes, read it," I returned, with solemn earnestness—"it will open a window in your soul, and let in divine light. It will show you the path of life. Yea, more—the way that lies through the dark valley and shadow of death, in which you may walk, and fear no evil."

I paused and stood for a moment.

"You will come again soon? I want to talk with you a great deal more," the invalid said, her tone hesitating, like that of a person who fears he is asking too much.

"O yes," I replied. "We all have some use to perform in society; mine is to offer spiritual consolation to the mourner—to hold up the hands of the doubting—to throw about the feet of those who are wandering in dark mazes, the light of divine truth. This is my calling, and I seek to be faithful to the great trust reposed in me. If I can open up to your mind any sources of comfort—can lead you to see for yourself this great truth, that God is—and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him—and, further, that he has revealed himself in his Word, I shall have a sweet reward."

"How soon may I expect to see you again?" was asked in the same tone of hesitation, in which she had last spoke.

"As early as you may wish," I said. "On the day after to-morrow, if that will not be too soon."

"Oh, no. It will not be too soon. Come then," was replied in a quick voice.

I then took her hand, and pressed it warmly bidding her good night. Her dark bright eyes as they rested in mine, were, I saw, filled with tears. There was in them an expression of eagerness, as if she had just obtained a glimpse, far in the distance, of some desired object, after which she was pressing with trembling anxiety.

As I turned away, my heart was full. Mr. Enfield accompanied me down stairs, but made no remark, except to thank me, at the door, for my kindness in seeing his wife. He seemed gloomy as well as thoughtful. I walked slowly homeward, pondering on what I had seen and heard. Both Mr. Enfield and his wife interested me very much. They were persons of no ordinary intelligence; yet strangely wandering away from the true source of wisdom. It was evident, that the husband had led into the tangled mazes of scepticism the mind of his wife. She had

loved him and trusted in him fully—even to the giving up of those pure sources of truth, that, in childhood, had been opened to her in the Bible. His intellect she had loved, and had consented to derive from thence the guiding light of her footsteps. That light, as life drew to its close, she found, alas, became dimmed, the nearer and nearer she approached the valley and the shadow of death; until, arousing up in fear and trembling, she had asked for another and a better way than the one he had led her into—for a brighter light than his intelligence had cast around her path. To me it was a case of deep interest.

I was seated in my study on the evening of the next day, thinking of Mrs. Enfield, when a visitor was announced. It proved to be her husband. His face wore an anxious, troubled expression. I took his hand with a smile and a word of welcome. I was glad to see him, and I did not attempt to conceal the pleasure I felt. He sat a few moments, after taking the chair I had offered him, as if in doubt how he should begin to unburden himself to me—for, to do so, I instinctively perceived was one object of his visit. At length he said—

“Your frankness and kindness, Mr. R—, has had the effect to lead me to open up to you freely my mind. To do this, I am inwardly impelled by something I cannot successfully resist. More, however, for the sake of her who is dearer to me than I can express, have I come now to talk with you. You saw something of her state of mind last night. For the infidel doubt and uncertainty in which she is now enshrouded, I feel that I am responsible. I robbed her of a sweet confidence in Revelation, upon which her mind reposed, calm and buoyantly as a bird upon its native water. And now, as life ebbs slowly away, and she approaches the mysterious veil that hides from us all that is beyond this world, her mind goes trembling back again, and seeks to rest upon that untroubled river where she once found peace, hope, confidence and delight. Ah, sir, I feel now that I was wrong in taking from her the trust in heaven that she once enjoyed, and giving her in its stead,—what? Only *Doubt! Yes, doubt, distrust, uncertainty.* For *affirmation*, I have given her mere *negation*. And what is negation for the soul, when about to shake off its mortal garments. But, if you will bear with me, patiently, for a short time, I will unfold a portion of our history, and then, perhaps, you will, like a physician after he has learned all about the previous life and habits of his patient, know better how to prescribe.

“And first, as it regards myself. My mo-

ther, the only parent I remember, was, what is called, a pious woman. She taught me early to pray, and required me to read frequently to her from the Bible. This latter, I always did with a delight, that I can remember at this moment with singular vividness. It is a very long time, sir; many years, since I had so perfect a realization of that innocent, infantile state as I now have. It comes back upon me strangely at this moment. O, sir! To be once more a trusting child at my mother's knee—what would I not give! But I am forgetting myself.

“My mother died while I was still young,—but not before she had instilled into my mind a love of rectitude—of honor—of truth, so far as I could see the truth. At the tender period of ten, I was left in full orphanage. Then I was taken by an uncle, and educated for the profession of law. He was, himself, a lover of truth and uprightness of conduct in all the relations of life,—but was not a believer in the Christian religion. His library was well filled with the works of leading infidels, both French and English. But it contained not a single copy of the Bible, a book to which he always referred lightly, as a book of fables, or contemptuously, as a means whereby ‘priests’ held in bondage the minds of whole nations. As I grew up, and mingled with a few young men, who formed a club of free thinkers, as they called themselves, I learned to adopt and rationally to confirm like sentiments. At first, as my mind began to rest upon these things, the state of early affection for the Bible, with a remembrance of my mother and all she had taught me, came back with intense vividness. For many months I had a hard struggle against these. But they gradually, as I resisted them more and more determinedly, became fainter and fainter, until they at last vanished entirely. After that, I had no difficulty in assenting to the philosophy—so we called it—of negation. We did not attempt to build up any new system of religion—but contented ourselves with denying and scoffing at all systems as contemptible and puerile in the extreme, and only intended as fetters to bind down the human intellect in the chains of a grovelling superstition.

“In this way, I grew up to manhood, and entered upon the practice of my profession. I was ambitious, and determined to become eminent. Fortune smiled upon me. One or two important cases came early into my hands, just suited to my particular talents. I gained them over a profound and long experienced jurist. This gave me a standing at the bar that few young men, even of good talents, at-

tain, after a practice of ten or a dozen years. Some months after this decided impression upon the public mind, I was sitting in my office, when a note was handed me by a female, whose appearance showed her to be a domestic in some family. She instantly retired, after placing the billet in my possession. It was written in a delicate hand, and was to this effect.

"Mrs. L——, Number 46 R—— street, would be glad to see Mr. Enfield for a short time. She wishes to consult him in a case involving deeply the interest of a near relative. She will be disengaged at four o'clock."

"At the time named, I called at No. 46 R—— street. The house was a moderate sized one, in a genteel neighborhood. I was shown into a very tasteful parlor, where I remained for nearly five minutes before any one appeared. This gave me an opportunity to glance around and form some kind of an idea of the habits and tastes of Mrs. L—— and her family. Several sweet pictures hung on the walls. There was a harp and a piano in the room—vases of flowers on the mantels and piers; with books of prints, and several choice German and French works elegantly illustrated, laid open on a centre table. One of these latter I had taken up just as Mrs. L—— came. She was past the prime of life. A woman with a noble nature, I felt, the moment my eyes rested upon her.

"Mr. Enfield, I believe," she said, with a graceful inclination of the body.

"That is my name," I replied, rising.

"Pray be seated, sir," she instantly returned.

"As my note to you indicated," she began, after I had resumed my seat, and she had taken a chair near me, "I wish to consult you professionally. The nature of the business is this. I have a niece, who lives with me. Her property is under the control of a guardian who I am too well convinced is not true to his trust. I want some one, well skilled in legal affairs, to thoroughly investigate the whole matter; and, if necessary, bring a suit against the individual just mentioned, in order to take out of his hands the property he now holds in trust. I have made many enquiries in regard to suitable counsel, the result of which has been a choice of yourself as the one into whose hands the business might be safely confided. Will you undertake the case?"

"I will," was my reply, "provided, that after I have taken the requisite preliminary

steps, I am satisfied that the end you desire can and ought to be attained."

"That is all I ask, sir," was the quick answer.

"A very short time only had elapsed after I commenced my investigations, before I saw that Mrs. L——'s fears were well grounded. The guardian of her niece was not administering his trust with a strict regard to justice. In consequence, a suit was brought against him, and he required to show cause why the Court should not appoint a new guardian for Anna Graham—that was the name of Mrs. L——'s niece. I prosecuted the suit with vigor, and in the course of a few months succeeded in placing Anna's affairs in much safer hands.

"Anna Graham was—but I need not describe her—you have seen my wife. The first time I saw her, which was two weeks after my opening interview with her aunt, I thought so lovely a being had never, till then, glanced before my eyes. I was drawn toward her by the power of an instant fascination. From the moment I saw her, until I had obtained her consent to be mine, which was a period of nearly four months, I had no repose of mind. On the issue of winning her, depended, I saw, my ultimate happiness.

"One fact I soon learned, which was, that both herself and aunt were members of the Episcopal Church. Among the volumes upon the centre table in their parlor, were Bibles and prayer books, elegantly bound, and bearing internal evidence of frequent use. It was, perhaps, about two months from the time I had become acquainted with Anna, and after I was received as a constant visitor at the house of her aunt, that some remark led me to drop a sentiment opposed to the Bible as a revelation from Heaven. I saw my error in a moment—that is, if I was determined to win her at all hazards—which was really the case—and was silent. Mrs. L—— instantly replied, and with warmth. I did not attempt to sustain myself, but waved the subject as quickly as possible. But, from that time she looked upon me coldly. Anna, too, for a while treated me with reserve. This, however, wore off in the course of a few weeks. But the aunt never after received me with that frank cordiality which had, at first warmed her manner towards me. Several times she made the effort to draw forth from me some expression of opinion in regard to the Bible as an inspired book. But I never permitted myself to declare any sentiment on the subject. I saw that she would not

tolerate even the shadow of a doubt cast upon the Christian system. In this I acted, I must own, not a fair and honest part. But to obtain Anna was necessary to my happiness, and I dared not jeopardize the hope I had of winning her.

"At length I offered her my hand. She did not accept, nor refuse. But asked a few days for reflection and consultation with her aunt. Those few days passed slowly and anxiously. At length they terminated. The aunt opposed, strongly, our union, basing her objection on the fact, assumed by her, that I was an infidel. But Anna was of age to decide for herself, and her decision was in my favor. We were soon married.

"From the moment her consent was given to my offer, my resolution was fixed to undermine and sweep away her weak, superstitious faith, as I called it, in a divine revelation, as contained in the Bible. But I was prudent enough not to venture upon this experiment until after she was securely mine. Then I began my assaults. Not open and avowedly, for that I saw would not do; but insiduously. The second Sunday after our marriage, she asked me if I was not going to church. I declined—but gave no reason. She seemed hurt, and went away accompanied by her aunt, with downcast looks. This touched my feelings a good deal. For a while I repented having refused to go with her. But this gradually subsided. She did not seem happy during the rest of the day.

"On the next Sunday she said with a tender, persuasive smile—

"Come, you must go with me to-day."

"O no," I replied, shaking my head. "I never go to church."

"Never go to church!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Surely, Henry, you cannot be in earnest!"

"I never was more so in my life. Why should I go to church? What can I learn there?"

"The way to Heaven," she said in a sober voice.

"To Heaven! And where is that, pray?" I asked, smiling half contemptuously.

"Poor Anna! She seemed stunned by my words. For a little while she looked into my face with a bewildered air, and then burst into tears. My heart smote me for having said any thing to give her pain. But I could not recall what I had uttered. Nothing further was said. My wife went off to church, and I, after lounging about for awhile, left the house, and sought some of my skeptical friends with whom I spent an hour or two, and then re-

turned to dinner. Anna tried to receive me in her usual manner, but this I suppose was impossible. Her mind was really too much distressed at my unguarded words. All the next week I pondered over and over the whole subject of our adverse opinions on religious matters, unable to determine what course I ought to pursue. Of one thing I was resolved, and that was, to sap slowly, but surely, her faith in what I esteemed a weak superstition. Her strong, philosophical mind I longed to see loosed from the chains by which it was bound. I longed to see it unfold a free wing in the pure air of reason. But how to do this, was the undecided question.

"When Sunday rolled round again—a day that I had begun to look forward to with unpleasant feelings, for it had already made us both unhappy, and would, I clearly saw, give us many a heart ache—I prepared myself to go with my wife. A slight shade had veiled her face since morning. How quickly it was dispelled, when I said, as she descended from her chamber, 'I believe I will go with you to-day, Anna.'

"I did not soon forget the look of tenderness and sweet delight she cast upon me. It made my heart warm. I felt rather strangely when I entered the church. I had not been within a building consecrated to Christian worship since I was a child. At first the solemnity of the place impressed me strangely. I could not breathe freely. The air was either too gross, or too ethereal. I was either in a deep pit, or on a far uptowering mountain. Gradually this oppressed feeling wore off. I sat beside my wife, and when the services began, she opened a prayer book, and holding it towards me, made it necessary that I should support one side of it. But I turned my eyes from its pages. The tones of the organ, now lingering on the ear in sweet symphonies—now rising and swelling with inconceivable beauty and power, in the opening of the service, thrilled every nerve, and prepared my mind for the reading of the scripture and the solemnly uttered prayers that followed. These affected me in a way I can hardly describe. Almost irresistibly my mind was impressed with a conviction of the truth of Christian worship. I felt for a time, as if I must be absorbed within the sphere that surrounded me, and forever give up my fondly cherished opinions. Resolutely, however, I struggled against this state of mind—which I was able to do successfully after the minister commenced his discourse. It was a weak, puerile effort—at least it so seemed to me. All his positions, my reasonings swept away as soon as he had

laid them down.—And his arguments had about the same power to hold my mind in bondage, as a gossamer would my body. To speak the truth—I was surprised at the minister's want of power. Is this the kind of stuff, I said, by which men and women are led about in priestly bondage? Can a web of such flimsy texture hold down a mind like that of Anna's? No—no! It must not—it *shall* not be. I must dash the scales from her eyes. I must open up to her the miserable puerility of the system of absurdities she has received so passively, so confidingly.

“As we walked home from church she ventured to ask me how I had liked the sermon. I did not reply with a broad, indiscriminating denunciation of it, but contented myself with calling her attention to a single point, and asking her to confirm it by reason—that reason, I said; which is our only guide to truth. She attempted to do so, but failed signally—and what was more, was fully conscious of her failure. This was to me a great triumph. I felt that an entering wedge had been laid, by which I could have power to rend into shapeless fragments her whole system of faith. And never to rest until I had accomplished this, was I determined. She did not, after her signal failure in attempting to elucidate the point to which I had called her attention, persevere in re-presenting the subject. Nor did I then press the matter further on her attention. I wished her to see that I was a generous opponent. That I did not wish to carry on a strong war for mere victory's sake. After this, I went occasionally with her to church, each time taking from the quiver of her minister some arrow that I could return with a sure aim. By way of compensation for thus yielding on my part, I required her to listen occasionally to passages from some favorite author of my own, in which the sentiments I wished particularly to instil into her mind, were half concealed amid beautiful and attractive images. It was not long before I saw, with pleasure, that she took up and read, without my instance, books whose sole end was to set aside revelation. She did not perceive this end. It was dexterously concealed.”

“But no good end need ever be concealed, Mr. Enfield,” I said, interrupting him almost involuntarily. “Truth may ever unveil her beautiful face. She requires no concealment. Her precepts are not to be secretly inculcated. Freedom and reason must be her handmaids. The broad daylight her sphere of action.”

“Perhaps you are right,” he replied, somewhat gloomily. “Pure truth must be the mind's permanent basis. It must be immutable. Once received, it must be to the soul like landscapes seen through a clear atmosphere. But I am not vindicating my acts—only relating them. To resume: a year after our marriage, Anna's aunt, who had not seemed perfectly happy since she had discovered that I was a free-thinker, died, and my wife had no one but myself up to whom she could look, and against whom she could lean. After the grief which followed the loss of her relative had subsided into a pensive, dreamy state of mind, I resumed my efforts to draw her away from her faith in the Bible and its doctrines. In this I saw myself becoming more and more successful. She loved me with surpassing tenderness; and had a wife's admiration for my talents. Clear minded herself, and intellectual far beyond what we ordinarily find in her sex, she was yet my inferior, and consequently looked up to me, naturally, and every day, I could see, more and more confidingly.

“The result was, that, at the end of two years from the day of our marriage, she had withdrawn from the church in which she had been raised, and joined me in banishing Bibles, prayer books, and all works of a religious character from the house. This last act was not performed on her part, I could see, without some painful doubts. But I hesitated not for these. I was eager to see her full emancipation from what I deemed a debasing superstition. After that, we read and talked together about the absurdities and contradictions of the Bible, and the leading tenets of Christian sects—I always so guiding the conversation, as to make these appear in the strongest possible light. This went on until my triumph was complete!

To be Continued.

MARY.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear,

Were best befitting thee;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

THE PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

From the German of Fouqué.

A CALM, still Saturday evening, with its setting sun shining brightly on the woody heights of Schleswig, found the woodman Klaus returning from the woods, where he had worked diligently and alone all the week, that he might spend the last hours of Saturday with his family in their small but pretty cottage, accompanied by his wife and children to church on Sunday, and on Monday return to his laborious weekly work in the woods. It was a very happy time that Klaus thus spent. The joys of home seemed rooted yet deeper by their regular interruption, sanctified by the Sunday passed so holily, and enlivened by the merry jests of the good father, who would often relate the adventures of his woodman's life with a humor peculiar to himself.

Old father Klaus's heart always beat high with joy when, from the top of a hill, he saw below him the little village, and the soft grey smoke rising from his own hearth, announcing to him that his careful wife, dame Elsie, was preparing a favorite mess for his supper. But then, at times, he would think very anxiously—"Ah! during the week that I have been away, there may have happened many serious, perhaps sorrowful, things in my little household. Who knows whether my old wife Elsie may not have fallen ill, as has often happened of late? and then it is only the maid who stands before the fire and prepares, along with my supper, some broth for the patient. And my good daughter Agnes sits near her sick mother's bed, and will try to smile at me as I go in, and will not be able, because she has been crying with anxiety for her mother; and she will rather look down, that I may not see her distress. And then my little fatherless and motherless grandson Hans will creep up to me, instead of jumping and shouting as usual, and will stand on tiptoes and whisper to me, 'Grandfather, you must not cry or look sorry; for the wise woman in the village says that would make grandmother a great, great deal worse.' And my heart will be broken, and I must not shew it. Perhaps my dear Elsie will ask with a sigh, 'Ah, husband, have

you no tidings of our dear son Gotthilf, since he went forth to seek his fortune as a farrier? And I can only answer with a sigh, 'Alas no!' and my patient sufferer will weep secretly and gently."

Once or twice before, all this had indeed happened to father Klaus; and often since, a foreboding spirit had made him feel sure his fears would come true. This evening especially the dread quite stopped the joyful beating of his heart at the sight of his dwelling. But he knew there was one cure for it—an earnest childlike prayer and a cheerful hymn. He clasped his hands as he walked on, and prayed inwardly,—no sound came from his lips, and the words were hardly formed in his heart. This still breathing up to God was especially dear to him; "for," he would often think to himself, "our heavenly father knows better what I would say than I do myself." But now, with the joyful certainty that the sighing of his heart was heard in the right place, there broke from his lips the following words, in so clear and strong a voice that the echo could not but repeat them:—

"Though now my courage fail me,
Though fearful thoughts assail me,

Yet trust I all to God!

Through joy or sorrow, never
My heart from him shall sever—
Its watchword still for ever,

"On, on, thou man of God!"

And as he now walked on, rejoicing in heart and in words, his little grandson Hans came flying towards him with outstretched arms. It was easy to see that he brought important tidings; but whether they were very good or very bad, could not have been known: even the quick, eagle eye of father Klaus could not at that distance discover the expression of his childish features.

Klaus ceased his song, in order not to lose a word of the child as he drew nearer; but there still echoed strong and clear in his heart the words,

"Its watchword still for ever—

"On, on, thou man of God!"

At length the voice of the child could be distinguished: "Shout, shout for joy, grandfather! shout for joy! There is news of uncle Gutthilf—good news!—and a letter from him! And it is an old trooper, in a shining cuirass and shining helmet, who has brought us the good news, and sits within by the fire between grandmother and aunt Agnes, and repeats so many stories about the war that it is a pleasure to hear him. Only let us walk fast, grandfather, that we may not lose much of his beautiful stories. And now you must shout and be merry!"

Woodman Klaus remained quite silent. But as he held his hands firmly crossed and pressed against his breast, and as his eyes, sparkling with joy, were turned towards heaven, whilst he walked briskly on, his little grandson understood that he was shouting and rejoicing in his own way; and the boy thought to himself, "Though I cannot hear what he says, the angels in heaven can." And he trotted on joyfully by his grandfather's side, taking five or six steps to each stride of the strong old man, but keeping up with him, and talking all the while of the strange trooper, and still more of his long bright sword, which hung behind him on the wall, and seemed to give light to the whole room; and then of the tall, tall black horse in the stable, which kept prancing and stamping till he could be heard in the house, but would not the least hurt the cows, for the brave trooper had expressly answered for him, and had said, "You may take my word for it."

Klaus, in his thankful joy, only heard the clatter of the child as if it had been the noise of a bubbling streamlet along his path; but a word here and there fell upon his ear. So that when he entered his cottage, the soldier, who sat between the mother and daughter, and was refreshing himself with meat and drink, did not appear to him like a stranger, but as a dear friend, to whom he stretched out his hand, saying, "It is very kind of you to have brought us news of our dear son,—oh, how we have longed after him! Welcome a thousand times to our house, dear guest!"

The trooper received his greeting as heartily as it was given, and seemed to feel himself quite at home; only he drew somewhat aside, in order to leave more room for the easy-chair of the master: and this he would surely have done as reverently had he been in his own far-distant home; for it was easy to see that he was no upstart adventurer, but the son of decent and honorable people.

Mother and daughter in the mean while welcomed the father with joyful caresses; and

when he was seated at his supper, with a tankard of foaming ale beside him, they begged the soldier to repeat his good news.

"Ah, one could never hear too often such happy tidings, if they were to be repeated again and again through a blessed eternity!" exclaimed the mother, her eyes glistening with joy through her tears. And then she sat down at her spinning-wheel, anxious to make up by her diligence for the time she had lost during the first hour of that absorbing joy. Agnes followed her example, and turned her wheel rapidly and dexterously; little Hans placed himself familiarly near the soldier, looking up at him admiringly, as if he would catch the words as they fell from his lips.

"Yes, truly," began the stranger, "fortune has been kind to your brave son. After he had thoroughly learned his honorable calling in many distant and strange lands, it happened that before he returned home, the ship, in which he was, cast anchor on the coast of Zealand. Near the place of landing there had met, just at that time, a great hunting-party, assembled by your and my gracious master, Christian IV. king of Denmark." The trooper touched his helmet as if to salute; reverently the woodman raised his cap and bowed his head; then the guest continued: "The merry sounds of the hunting-horns, and the barking of the dogs, and the cries of the huntsmen, attracted your son, and drew him on farther and farther into the depths of the woods. It fell out that the hunted stag passed suddenly by him, and disappeared again amongst the trees. Then followed a hunter of a very noble presence on a tall white horse, and surrounded with eager dogs. In order to shorten the way, the hunter spurred his steed to leap over a high hedge; but it was too high, the horse caught his fore feet in it, and fell with such violence on the greensward, that his rider was flung from the saddle full ten paces off; and both horse and man lay motionless, and as if dead. Your son ran up, and shook the hunter violently in his strong arms until he came again to his senses, and asked, with flashing eyes and imperious voice, what that meant. 'It means, sir, so much as this,' answered your son,—that you would have been suffocated by the blood that had rushed to your head, if a less strong arm than mine had shaken you.' Then he helped to raise the horse on his legs again, to put in order the saddle and bridle, and finally held the stirrup for the stranger to remount. After which he walked off, displeased and silent, without heeding any of the questions which the hunter now asked kindly and thankfully."

"There I know my strange Gotthilf," said he old man, shaking his head, but with a pleased look. "As ready as an angel to give help, but as restive as an overdriven horse if he is treated unfairly. Well, what came next?"

"Your son," continued the trooper, "heard, some days after, as he walked through the fair city of Copenhagen, how a reward was offered by the king to whoever could cure his favorite horse of a bad lameness. Your son desired some one to shew him to the royal stables; and as he was taken, according to his desire, to the sick horse, he saw, with some astonishment, that it was the same creature which he had seen fall in the woods. But, as was his wont, he had only eyes for the work he had just undertaken."

The old man nodded approvingly. The trooper continued:

"He put aside other thoughts, as needless for the present, and began to examine thoroughly the noble horse, which, contrary to custom, seemed well pleased with his surgeon, as if he would have said, 'Now this is a good, clever fellow, to whom I may trust myself safely.' At last your son discovered that the wound was not, as was supposed, high up in the shoulder, but only in the hoof, which had been injured by the fall; and he engaged to cure this by skilful shoeing; so that the king should ride again his beautiful steed in a fortnight, as well as if he had never been hurt. The wiseacres—as usual in all places and on all occasions—raised a senseless cry against this promise of the strange, unknown farrier. But, as not one of them could give better advice, they agreed at last that it was wisest to let the stranger make the attempt, and ruin himself; and so they gave up the horse to his care. Such a proceeding is more common than is generally thought, even when other and more important objects than horses are concerned. But it also often happens as then with the king's horse. In twelve days he was perfectly cured. As he was then taken before King Christian, and your son stood near, the king knew him immediately to be the same who had been so ready to help him in the wood, and then so displeased; and said, with a good-humored smile, 'If thou art not the angry smith Wolunder of the legend, but a living Christian man, I would fain keep thee near me.' Your son answered, bowing respectfully, 'I am a Christian man, sire, and of the faith for which you have fought so zealously in Germany with your true sword.' 'Had I but had better fortune with it!' said the king, sighing deeply. 'Well,' said your

son, 'you fought gloriously, because honorably and bravely; and God and all good men rejoice at that, whether the event be victory or defeat. Now we have an honorable peace, and all the land is again yours.' 'You are the man I want,' said King Christian, and stretched out his hand to your son, who shook it heartily but reverently. I stood by; and we all rejoiced, both high and low; and again we rejoiced when your son accompanied the king every where as a skilful farrier, and as a brave squire and huntsman to boot. Yet he will not remain with the king, but means to return home to you, and carry on his trade here, feeding his forge with your wood."

"That is well," said father Klaus; "we had agreed to that before we parted. 'Go up and down the world,' said I, 'as long as you take pleasure in it, and have strength for it, and can learn something new and good. But only forget not to come back. One's own hearth is worth its weight in gold.'"

"And when will my best-beloved son return to his own hearth?" asked the mother Elsie; and Agnes moved her lips as if she too would inquire after her brother's return, though the words were not audible.

"That you will find in the note," said the trooper; and he pointed to the well-sealed letter lying on the table.

"Have you not yet opened it, mother?" said Klaus.

"The direction was to you, not to me, dear husband," answered Elsie.

Klaus nodded, well pleased; but he said kindly, "Man and wife are one, especially when their children are concerned." He opened the letter, and read it through attentively, while the soldier said to the women, "I only know so much as this, that your son will follow the king in but one more campaign before he returns to your happy household; and that will soon be over. The campaign is against the Ditmarsen,* that strange people who have often revolted against the kings of Denmark, in former times, and now again are rising with new complaints of the infringement of their rights. But our army will soon silence them; and then my kind hostesses, you will again have your son and brother with you, to be yours once more, and for always."

"God forbid!" said father Klaus, solemnly, as he slowly folded up the letter, and put it thoughtfully into his pocket, the others looked at him with astonishment.

*They inhabited a small province to the west of Schleswig.

"Your words did not apply to my words!" asked the trooper.

"Yes, and no, as a man may take it," answered Klaus; "and yet I am no friend to yes and no in the same breath."

"That can be seen as plainly in you as in your son," said the guest.

"But sometimes," continued Klaus, "it must be so when human things are concerned. My words, however, related to the ending of the letter."

"There is nothing bad in it?" asked Elsie, with an anxious look.

"Nothing bad for our son," answered the father; "for he is not answerable for what is going to be done; and that only can be called bad for a man of honor, which leads him to do an injustice in the sight of God. But there are other people very near to my heart—one more especially." He looked up as if he saw a steep ascent just before him. Then he looked around with a smile, and drew a long breath, like one who has a heavy weight taken off his breast, and said, "Well, now, it is no business of mine to give counsel. Things must come to pass as they may." And thereafter he began to talk of other matter in his usual earnest, and free, and cheering manner. But again it seemed as if that weight returned, and he often fell into deep thought. His wife and daughter inquired no further. They knew well that when father Klaus could and might disclose to them any thing which moved him deeply, he was quick enough to do so. But if it was otherwise, he was as a casket, the key of whose curiously wrought lock was lost. The wife and daughter trusted so entirely to the strong and wise firmness of the father, that they never felt tempted to remonstrate with him when once they knew that he held the rudder in his powerful hand.

The evening passed cheerfully and hospitably. In the morning the trooper rode away. He took leave thanking his hosts for the hospitality they had shewn him, and receiving their thanks for the good news he had brought them of the brave Gothilf. The family then went forth to church, Klaus himself, more than usual, grave and silent. The preacher spoke of the wo pronounced on those who, having put their hand to the plough, turn back and leave their day's work unfinished. And then he spoke of the blessedness of those who complete their work.

The face of the good Klaus was sad at the first part of the discourse, but he looked cheerful again at the end. When it was over he fell on his knees, and prayed so earnestly and so long that his wife and

daughter had to wait for him, and at last touch him, as they were about to shut up the church. Klaus looked well pleased as they walked home, but he did not speak.

When he had dined he began to make up his bundle, and desired his wife to give him a provision of meat and drink; which made her ask him,—"Must you, then, go forth to the wood again this Sunday evening?" Why can you not stay with us till Monday morning?"

"I am not going forth to the wood now," answered the woodman, with earnest kindness; "I am going a much longer journey. Whatever you wish me to say to your son, mother Elsie,—and you, Agnes and Hans, whatever messages you have for your brother and uncle, think of them quickly,—and let me know them in the next hour; for as soon as it is passed, I shall be on my way to the capital, Copenhagen."

"On Sunday evening?" asked his wife. "Is not that like profaning the Lord's day?"

"It is the Lord who bids me go," answered Klaus, "and my own conscience. I have no time to lose. But be not troubled and sad, my dear ones. I have a sure hope: the Lord who sends me will also bring me home again to you, and perhaps in great joy. If all goes as I expect, I shall return, and our Gothilf with me; if it goes otherwise,—well, then, let us leave it all to Him whose love and power has counted the very hairs of our head."

The little family were at first well-nigh stunned by this sudden departure; but a firm trust in God helped them, and, next to that, trust in the understanding and strength of the father of the family. With moist eyes, but firm step, Klaus an hour afterwards left his home. With weeping eyes, but hopeful hearts, his family gazed after him.

Some time after there stood before the royal castle of Copenhagen a crowd of respectable people, who waited to see their king, Christian the Fourth, ride out. His beautiful white horse stood already at the gate, held by the brave squire and farrier, Gothilf; who since he had cured the noble animal would give up the care of him to no one. The king rode almost every day at this hour, about ten in the morning; but he was so much beloved, that it seldom failed that many persons were assembled, who gladly saw their knightly monarch spring on his horse, and with a kind greeting to his subjects ride gaily forth to the fresh bracing sea-coast, or hunt in the dark forests of the valleys.

And now King Christian passed from the

castle-door in a simple but rich dress, and laid his hand on the saddle-bow in right knightly fashion. Just then he looked on the face of the brave farrier, and said, "What ails thee to-day, my good Gothilf? thou seemest to me to be much moved?"

Gothilf answered:—"Nought but good has happened to me, my royal master; I have just seen my old father, the woodman Klaus, standing there in the crowd, and I looked not to see him here. What brings him from his Schleswig woods I do not yet know; but as he is ever in a good path, it can be only good that has brought him here."

"Call him hither," said the king; and, at a sign of his son, Klaus drew near.

Gothilf hastened to tell his father not to greet him before he had done reverence to the king. But there was no need for his caution. It seemed as if in this moment Klaus saw in the whole world but one man, King Christian the Fourth of Denmark. With uncovered head he approached the king very reverently, but with a look and gesture full of trust and confidence. "God is with me!" he said. "As I have been so quickly brought to my king, it will be granted me to speak to him those words which lie nearest my heart. It is very important that which I have to say, my gracious king."

"Does it concern your brave son?" asked the prince.

"One higher than he, sire."

"You, his father?"

"Higher yet, sire!"

"Then it must be me, your ruler."

"Truly it does concern you. But yet I must still say, One higher still, sire."

"Oh!" said the king, smiling. "But you must know, woodman Klaus, that even if your message concern either the German Emperor or the Pope, I acknowledge neither of them to be above me."

"And I too acknowledge neither to be above me," answered Klaus; "for I am the subject of none other but your majesty. I am a free peasant; and you hold your kingdom from our Lord God alone. What have we to do with pope or emperor?"

The king looked well pleased into the woodman's large blue eyes, and asked, "Are you in haste to deliver your message?"

"It may be that on every moment hangs something important for time and for eternity," answered Klaus, very earnestly.

Then said King Christian to the farrier,—"Now, brave Gothilf, take back your grey; truly, without your good aid he would not now be mine; take him back to the grooms. I

shall not ride him to-day; your father must be attended to first."

He again saluted the crowd kindly, and then went back into the castle with the woodman at his side; whereat many wondering speeches passed between the attendants.

In his innermost apartment the king took his seat on a gilt arm-chair, whose cushions were covered with purple silk. Klaus stood before him reverently.

"How is this?" said the king. "You need rest far more than I do. I was about to ride out for my pleasure and wholesome exercise; but you have hardly ended a toilsome journey. Draw a seat near here, and sit down."

"Sire," said the woodman, "do not so lead your subject into temptation. It is true I have been brought up in villages and woods, but yet I know so much as this, that it would ill befit me to sit down near my lord and master, as equal with equal, comrade with comrade. And had I not known it before, I should have learned it from your kingly presence. You are God's anointed, sire; endowed with a marvellous and heavily pressing power."

"Heavily pressing power!" repeated King Christian, as if to himself. "Yes, yes, goodman Klaus, often have I felt that in my heart. You use words very full of thought, as is often the case with people who have grown up in healthful solitude. But you will not refuse, I trust, a cup of noble wine? I will have one brought to me likewise." He touched the little bell that laid beside him, and commanded the page who entered to bring two goblets of Rhenish wine for him and for his guest.

"Sire," said the woodman, as the page left the room, "although, truly, my richest drink at home is only of good strong ale, yet I believe a cup of noble Rhenish wine will bring me a blessing; especially when I think of the great honor granted me of drinking it in the presence of my sovereign lord. But if it seems good to you, let me first speak out my errand, and then we may enjoy the rich drink together. When work is over, it is good to feast."

At this moment the page returned, bearing the richly gilt cup on a silver salver; he offered it to the king on bended knee. "Place it on the table by the window, my child," said King Christian, "and leave us."

As they were both alone again, there arose between them the following solemn discourse:—

"Now, good Klaus, what is thine errand with me?"

"Sire, they say in town and village that you mean to carry war into the country of the

brave Ditmarsen, and that you have made your preparations already. My son, too, has written me a letter wherein he states that thus it is."

"People have spoken truly, and your son has written truly, friend Klaus. Have the Ditmarsen sent you to me?"

"No, sire; I do not know a man amongst them. But I know the Lord my God, and He has sent me with a message to you."

"By means of a vision?"

"By means of my own conscience; *that* said, Klaus, thy king must not go forth against the Ditmarsen."

"What has it to do with thy conscience, old man, whether I go against the Ditmarsen or not?"

"My conscience would have had much to do with it, had I let you go forth without warning you. Henceforth my conscience has nothing to do with it, since I have warned you, even should you now go against them."

"I see very well the cause of all this, woodman Klaus."

"I think you in no ways see it, sire."

"Hearken, if I have not rightly guessed. You would gladly have your son at home again; and you look upon this expedition against the Ditmarsen with an evil eye, because the brave young man has promised me beforehand to follow me in the campaign. But we will make good terms together. Let me go out against the Ditmarsen without disquieting yourself about it, and I will let your son return with you at once to your home well rewarded and high in my favor. Why do you shake your head? What is there which is not yet right?"

"Nothing is yet right, my honored king. That may indeed be called making terms together. But not *good* terms; and on that *good* just depends every thing for time and for eternity."

"Well, then, propose some other articles of capitulation between us, friend Klaus; and a better one, if you can."

"To say truth, sire, I do not well know what is meant by articles of capitulation. But what I mean in my conscience is this:—It is now almost sixty years since that many high and precious rights, which had been before granted to them, were by force of arms torn from the Ditmarsen by your royal predecessor. They defended themselves manfully as a free nation, for only on certain conditions had they in former times placed themselves under the protection of Denmark; and many drops of good blood were shed in the contest. And now is it to come to pass again that the few

remaining rights yet left them are to be violently torn from the Ditmarsen. May this be far from your thoughts, sire!"

"It is very near them, very near indeed, friend Klaus. But do not misunderstand me. I am only about to inflict suffering on the Ditmarsen in order to do them the more good afterwards."

"Sire, that might beseem a man who was like the God of heaven. But you, though the anointed of the Lord, and appointed to great things, are yet only a man on earth; and the greater your anointing and your power, the greater is your responsibility."

"Friend Klaus, why should the Ditmarsen have greater privileges than the inhabitants of Schleswig and my other subjects?"

"Because they are another people, sire."

"A better people?"

"Another. Every man has his own coat."

"But would it not be better, Klaus, if all coats were made after the same pattern? then in time of need men could help each other, and there would be far less of envyings and idle scruples."

"No, sire, with your permission, it would not be better, but worse; for then all men would look as like one another as so many eggs; and, besides the dulness of this, what confusion we should all be in, if Peter was to be taken for John, and John for Peter! And although it is true that one man could help another to a coat, yet altogether there would not be more help to give than now, when the tall man can gather fruit from a tree for a short one, the swift can run for the slow, the strong support the weak, and so on with all the numberless good offices which may be exchanged between men. The capital of good offices is a very beautiful capital,—and, God be praised! a very large one also, sire. It is therefore that I have prayed and warned at the same time, in the name of the King of kings. Let the Ditmarsen keep their own coat, and do not cut it without being called to do so. Act so by all of us your subjects, then will things flourish and stand fast in your whole kingdom."

"I want no prophet," said the king in an angry tone.

"And yet," answered Klaus, composedly, "The prophets under the old covenant were often unlearned men, with no other merit than that of simple obedience to Him who sent them. It is true that I am not gifted, like them, with wonder-working powers. But yet, sire, a good conscience is a precious gift of God; and my conscience is very sad, my

beloved king, on account of this expedition against the Ditmarsen."

"You have done your part, woodman Klaus; and your conscience is clear of my deeds."

"Not quite thoroughly, my lord and master. That great, beautiful, polished sword, which shines yonder on the wall with your other arms,—is it the same which you wielded in Germany for the defence and protection of the faith?"

"The same, friend Klaus."

"Now, sire, I think you would do very well if this time you left that noble comrade behind, and chose another good sword out of your armory to use in this war againg the Ditmarsen. For see, now, such a seemingly dead instrument has often as it were a sort of life in it when a man has won with it something good and beautiful for his fellow-men, as you did with this sword; or even has had good luck with it, as when I, some years ago, killed with my axe a wolf that was close pursuing my little daughter Agnes, as she was bringing me my dinner in the wood. I have never since used that axe but for some particular and good purpose, such as when I wanted to make some changes in my little house which would add to the comfort of me and mine, or when I made a cradle for my little grandson Hans, and such-like joyful works. Leave your good sword at home, sire, for this time."

"You are a very wonderful man. But since it is not kingly to say often in one breath, 'No,' to a suppliant, yes, I will leave that sword behind when I go against the Ditmarsen. And your son, too, shall stay behind; and although I shall greatly miss him, you may take him home with you. You have not yet asked me this, so the more willingly I prevent your request with my royal yes."

"Let it not displease you, sire, if I interpose an humble earnest no. And this 'no' you cannot hinder, sire."

"Woodman, I a king, and cannot hinder? Wherefore not?"

"Because you *will* not, sire. *There* lies a strong bar for all God-intrusted power on earth. My son is your squire; but were he only your farrier, he could not so leave you at the beginning of a campaign. When danger draws near, no true man will turn aside, or the fairest fame would be tarnished."

"But, friend Klaus, if I let your son depart richly gifted and in my high favor, who will dare say a word against him?"

"Perhaps no one, sire. But perhaps also evil tongues may war against him in secret. And that may eat into his fame, as decay eats by degrees into a tree once sound. Alas, alas!

not with fire, nor with iron, can that tree be made again sound. And it gives the solemn warning, Beware in time, O man! guard the tree of thy honor against the first speck of decay. And even should no man from without say an evil word, something within would say to my son, and to all like him in the same case, 'Farrier, hadst thou not left thy master when he went to that war, perchance he would have escaped such or such an overthrow of his horse, if thou hadst had the shoeing of the animal. Squire, hadst thou, according to thy duty, remained close at thy master's side when he dashed against the enemy, thou mightest have turned from him that cut of a sword, or that thrust of a lance, which now thou wilt sorrowfully hear of far away from him. And he will seem to himself as a cowardly traitor, and nothing in this world will again bring him joy, and hardly will he be able to think with a true joyful faith on the blessed heaven of God. No, no, sire; you never would decree that your and my Gotthilf should come to this sorrowful pass—it would be poor thanks for his faithful services. And therefore you will not dismiss him till the expedition against the Ditmarsen is over. If Gotthilf then lives, send him back to me honorably, sire. If not, there is in blessed heaven, for all true men, a joyful, endless re-union. Is it not true, sire, you will take my Gotthilf to the war with you?"

"And you can ask that so joyfully, Klaus, and yet blame my war as unjust?" It is very strange, very strange!"

"Not at all strange, sire! Each one must give up his own reckoning when, at length, before the throne of the King of kings, the word will be, either 'Depart from me!' or, 'Come!' My Gotthilf, if he falls honorably in your service, will, I confidently hope, hear the 'Come!' And I, too, afterwards. For now I have done my part here, sire, and I go forth from your presence with a quiet conscience."

He bowed with deep reverence, and went towards the door.

The king called to him: "Stop, woodman Klaus! You must first empty that cup of wine in my presence."

Klaus stopped.

"If you command me, sire, truly I must obey. But, if I might ask, do not bid me drink it. Good wine only tastes well after a good work is completed. And we have not so happily finished the business between us."

"Yes, Klaus, we have!" said the king, rising, and stepping quickly and firmly to the table where the two goblets had been placed; and taking one up, he brought it to the woodman. "There," said the king, "take it and quaff it

down. Peace, and joy, and safety to the brave Ditmarsen, so long as King Christian IV. lives; and yet afterwards, so long as his will has influence with his successors!"

A violent emotion shook the strong frame of the woodman. "My king," he said,—"my noble king, my good king,—I feel as if I must kneel down to you!"

"Now, shame upon you, honored messenger of God! Do you not know the saying, 'Thou shalt kneel to God, and not to man?'"

Then woodman Klaus knelt down, folded his hands together, and said: "Well, then, I kneel to God,—that may be done at all times, even in the king's presence,—and I thank Thee, O my God, that Thou hast given to our king such princely thoughts, and such a fatherly heart! I thank Thee that he listens to Thy word in the mouth even of the meanest of his people! And for that, may he one day hear that most joyful of all words from Thy mouth, the blessed 'Enter!' But first leave him with us for a long course of happy years, for we need him much, and love him dearly." He rose, and took joyfully the cup out of the king's hand, saying, "You have given me a good toast, sire; and I will give a good toast to you, and I have full assurance that it will be granted: 'Long live our king, Christian the Fourth of Denmark!'"

The king and the woodman both emptied their glasses slowly and solemnly, looking the while steadily in one another's face; and each saw that the bright eye of the other was moistened.

"You must take the cup with you, woodman," said the king; "and let it go down to son and son's son."

"That I will right readily, sire," answered Klaus; "and should I drink nothing but beer out of it, it will seem to me to taste like your fragrant Rhenish wine."

"But why not stay with me, friend Klaus, and always have Rhenish wine to drink out of your cup? I would not let it fail you; and I would see to having your whole family carefully brought to you."

"And in what capacity should I stay with you, sire?"

"You should be . . . yes; you should be one of my privy councillors."

"Not so, sire, You have already a multitude of such lords; and they are a very different sort of men from me. I saw some of them once when I went to the city of Schleswig, and, if I am not mistaken, here, too, in your royal city. They are very wise grave lords and masters,—some pale and thin from many night-watchings,—some round and broad

from long sitting at the table—the table where they write, I mean,—they talk little, and are long silent, and they write heaps of acts. Besides, they are richly drest; and they are obliged to take great care of their costly clothes: no, no, sire,"—and the woodman laughed heartily.—"old Klaus would never do for a privy councillor."

The king laughed too. But then he said very earnestly, "And yet, friend Klaus, you have been my privy-councillor. With whom have I ever held such secret council as with you? Whose council ever seemed so mysterious to me at first, and yet unravelled and made clear so many deep secrets, as thine?"

"Sire," answered Klaus, "all that I can readily believe. For what I had to say to you, and the manner in which I ought to say it—all seemed to me dark and mysterious, like a shaft sunk deep in the mountain. I only knew thus much: The conscience of thy king is in danger, and the salvation of thy king likewise is in danger. Then I could find no rest by day or by night. Afterwards I heard in church some texts of God's word, full of warning,—the preacher truly spoke them with a very different purpose; but they laid hold on my heart, as telling me one particular thing and nothing else, and pricked my conscience, and drove me here, over mountain, and valley, and sea-coast. And here I am now, and have spoken,—spoken in a way which seemed, and still seems, very mysterious to me,—and the council of a poor woodman has reached to your heart, my beloved king. It was the work of God, not of man."

"Klaus, thou who hast been the chosen messenger of God to me, wilt thou henceforth deprive me of so precious an adviser?"

"Sire: a thing done once is not to be done always. And, 'shoemaker, keep your last.' Your last, sire, is the sceptre together with the sword. My last is the woodman's axe, which will do for a battle-axe when any wild beasts cross my path. Still the last remains a last; and each of us has a very different one. But that privy-council,—we held it both in common, sire; and it would not be at all according to rule that I should turn privy-councillor to you, or you to me. The real privy-councillor sits with you there, beneath your gold-embroidered purple mantle; and with me, beneath my dark woodman's jacket: he is called Conscience by name; and he is a true and faithful friend, that is, when he is often bathed in those waters of eternal life, which flow freely for us all, rich and poor, high and low, out of the Holy Scriptures."

"Farewell, faithful woodman!" said the

king. "You have left me indeed a true councillor in your stead."

Some days afterwards, king and woodman parted with great affection. The woodman took his dear son Gouthilf with him; and there was great joy in the household when they reached home. The king and the woodman lived many years afterwards,—the king, alternately in honorable peace and in just wars; the woodman, in the quiet happiness of his home. But neither of them ever forgot that

solemn and happy council. On the days of family rejoicing in the woodman's household (and these, by God's blessing, were not few) he was wont to say, "Now reach me down the king's goblet from the shelf. This day deserves to be ended by a draught out of it." And when purifying trials came upon the king—as they failed not to do, by God's grace—he would, after he had held council with men of worth, shut himself up with none but himself and his Bible, saying, "Now let no one disturb me; now I am going to hold the true council."

"TIME, FAITH, ENERGY."*

BY LUCY HOOPER.

High words and hopeful!—fold them to thy heart,
Time, Faith and Energy, are gifts sublime;
If thy lone bark the threatening waves surround,
Make them of all thy silent thoughts a part.
When thou would'st cast thy pilgrim-staff away,
Breathe to thy soul their high, mysterious sound,
And faint not in the noontide of thy day,—
Wait thou for Time!

Wait thou for Time—the slow-unfolding flower
Chides man's impatient haste with long delay;
The harvest ripening in the autumnal sun—
The golden fruit of suffering's weighty power
Within the soul—like soft bell's silvery chime
Repeat the tones, if fame may not be won,
Or if the heart where thou should'st find a shrine,
Breathe forth no blessing on thy lonely way.

Wait thou for Time—it hath a sorcerer's power
To dim life's mockeries that gayly shine,
To lift the veil of seeming from the real,
Bring to thy soul a rich or fearful dower
Write golden tracery on the sands of life,
And raise the drooping heart from scenes ideal,
To a high purpose in a world of strife.
Wait thou for Time!

Yea, wait for Time, but to thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea:
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death,
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee—
A herald of glad news—a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering havens yet to be.

Yea, Faith and Time, and thou that through the hour
Of the lone night hast nerved the feeble hand,
Kindled the weary heart with sudden fire,
Gifted the drooping soul with living power,
Immortal Energy! shalt thou not be
While the old tales our wayward thoughts inspire,
Linked with each vision of high destiny,
Till on the fadeless borders of that land

Where all is known we find our certain way,
And lose ye, 'mid its pure effulgent light?
Kind ministers, who cheered us in our gloom,
Seraphs who lightened griefs with gilded ray,
Whispering through tears of cloudless glory dawning,
Say, in the gardens of eternal bloom
Will not our hearts, when breaks the cloudless morn-
ing
Joy that ye led us through the drooping night!

COULD we imagine a complete devil's world, a world of lies, quacks would in it be the only professors, and proof of entire ignorance and incapacity would be the only requisite for obtaining all degrees and diplomas. Yet so much is there akin to this in our actual world, that many among us would sigh for such a

state of things as for a millenium, a golden age—an age in which all literature would be puffs, all discourse compliments and rhetoric; and he who wished most earnestly to pass for a great man, without being one, would be at once acknowledged worthiest of the honor.

* Suggested by a passage in BUTLER'S "Night and Morning"



KATE CONNOR.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and, as the noble girl uttered the words her eye brightened, and her cheek flushed with a better feeling than high-born "fashionables" generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter?—methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues. Come," he continued "sit down on this soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" inquired the lady, as she seated herself at her godfather's feet, just where he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she inquired—"tell me, first, how long an impulse can last?"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love; although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and, moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin.

"It was on one of the most chilly of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here, from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I

fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said, 'That strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the—dreadful murders, horrible outrages, and malicious burnings. All around us was peace and tranquility; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant, too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people; and, while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavored to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said; 'never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than theirs, when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert!" interrupted my father, sternly; 'I selected Mr. O'Brien: *you* can know nothing of his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but, I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter among my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London.' My father smiled, and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear ———' he paused, and then added, abruptly, 'it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and *they* have been acknowledged!' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who was endeavoring to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library-door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. 'Ah, then, sure, ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor crathur from the doore—that's come sich a way jist to

spake tin words to his Lordship's glory! And don't tell me that my Lady Hillin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter; and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and, clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—'Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself, sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!' And then, in a subdued voice, she added—'Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me; and I could die content this minute—only fory ou, mother, dear!—yerself only—and——' Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"Whin ye's left us, we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to please the agint, why not!—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the like o' me, nor wouldn't be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a gentleman, to be sure, by your Lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore, either by birth or breeding. Well, my lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving yer presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still; and he must ha' been Ould Nick's born child (Lord save us!) when yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him! And its the truth I'm telling, and no lie;—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges; and then we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat (and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees; then the priest (yer Lordship *minds* Father Lavery) and the agint quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school, and would make all the childer go to larn there; and thin the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting; and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that, I should be bothering yer kind honors wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up wid the hoith of bad company—God knows how!—and got above us all—so grand-like—wearing a new coat, and a jewel ring!—so, whin he *got the time o' day in his pocket*, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint; well, lady dear, this

struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night—(continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—but ye hard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sint beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying, to thiuk of that shame—or, on our bare, bended knees, praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado, but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer Lordship's warrant to turn us out; and that the cabin—the nate little cabin ye gave to my mother—was to go to the gauger.'

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father, proudly; 'he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood!'

"The word—the very word I spoke!" exclaimed Kate. 'Mother, says I, his Lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son, what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame, without being turned out of her little place, whin the snow was on the ground—in the could night, whin no one was stirring to say, God save ye. I remember it well; he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket, because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning, to pay the rint of a field which my brother took, but never worked; my poor mother cried like a baby; and, *happing* the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron, we set off, as well as we could, for Mrs. Mahony's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and the snow drifted—and, och! but sorrow *wakens* a body and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk; so I covered her over, to wait till she rested a bit—and sure your token, my lady—the cat ye gave her—kept her warm, for the baste had the sinse a'most of a Christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best (but, may-be, I'm tiring your honors), whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—'

"Who is Barney, Kate?"

"I wish, my dear Lord, you could have seen Kate Connor when I asked that question; the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful: I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's, which if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste all the better. Her face was pale, but her fine, dark intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression; her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—influenced,

probably, by former habits, came straying (or, as she would call it, *shetreeling*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth which many a duchess would envy; she was sitting on a low seat, her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected; but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney, put her out;—face, forehead, neck, were crimsoned in an instant; papa turned away his head to smile, and I blushed from pure sympathy.

"Barney—is Barney—Mahony—my lady," she replied, at length, rolling up Lafont's flounce in lieu of her apron—and a great true friend of—*of*—my mother's—'

"And of yours, also, I suspect, Kate," said my father.

"We were neighbors' childer, plase your honorable Lordship, and only natural if we had a—friendly—'

"Love for each other," said my lordly papa; for once condescending to banter.

"It would be far from the likes o' me to contradict yer honor," she stammered forth, at length.

"Go on with your story," said I, gravely.

"I'm thinking, my Lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—oh, no!—*he* was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house, and, och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down-running the gentry, who, to be sure, know better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire, and dry lodging, and share of whatever's going—*all for the love of God*—and *cèad mile failte* with it! Well, to be sure, they never looked to our property; and Barney thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother, and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family; and, knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same, and my own mother, too—the crathur!—wanted me settled; well—they all cried, and wished it done off at once, and it was a sore trial that. Barney, says I, let go my hand; hould your whist, all o' ye, for the blessed Virgin's sake, and don't be making me mad intirely;—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting. Look! (says I) bitter wrong has been done us; I know our honorable landlord had neither act nor part in it—how could he?—and my mind misgives that my lady has often written to you, mother, for it isn't in her to forget ould frinds; but I'll tell ye what I'll do, there's nobody we know, barring his riverence, and the school-master, could tell the rights of it to his honor's

glory upon paper: his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it, and the schoolmaster's a friend of the agent's; so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and asy off to London myself, and see his Lordship, an' make him *sensible*. And, before I could say my say, they all—all but Barney, set up sich a scornful laugh at me as never was heard. She's mad! says one; she's a fool! says another; where's the money to pay your expences? says a third; and how could ye find your way, that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin? says a fourth. Well, I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly. I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again; as to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk, and it'll go hard if one of ye won't lend me a pound, or, may-be, thirty shillings, and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing; and as to not knowing the road, sure I've a tongue in my head; and, if I hadn't, the great God, that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas, will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in Him. My heart's against it, said Barney, but she's in the right;—and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him; but no, says I, I'll niver do that till I find justice; I'll never bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearth-stone. I'll not be tiring yer noble honors any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them; they'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same!—but I thought it enough; and, by the time I reached Dublin, there was eight of it gone; small way the rest lasted and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool. Oh! when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould to go to my parish,—then, then I felt that I was in the land of the could-hearted stranger! Och! the English are a fine, honest people, but no ways tinder; well, my Lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen looked up into her god-father's face, with a suppliant eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was whin I was sitting crying by the road-side, for I was tired and hungry, and who, of all the birds in the air, drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mister O'Hay, the great pig marchant, from a mile beyant our place; well, to be sure,

it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me! Come back with me, Kate, honey!—says he; I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey; whin ye return, I'll let the boy, *ye know*, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it. But I thought I'd parsevere to the end, so (God bless him for it!) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he sould at the next town—but what he had he gave me; that brought me the rest of the journey; and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope, and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful; and now, here I am, asking justice, in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man; and, sure as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses; and whin he lies in his bed—in his dying bed, the just and holy God—' My father here interposed, and in a calm, firm voice reminded her that, before him, she must not indulge in invective. 'I humbly ask your honor's pardon,' said the poor girl, 'I lave it all now just to God and yer honor; and shame upon me that forgot to power upon *you*, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye,—full and plinty may ye ever know!—said she from her heart, the cratur!—may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too could, for ye!—may ye live in honor, and die in happiness, and, in the ind, may heaven be yer bed!'

"You may guess how happy the poor girl became, when sheltered under our roof; for the confiding hope, so powerful with those of her country, was strong within her, and she had succeeded in assuring herself that at length she would obtain justice.

"And now, my dear Lord," continued the Lady Helen, "tell me, if a fair English maiden, with soft blue eyes, and delicate accent, had thus suffered; if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent, she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land, suffered scorn and starvation—been tempted to return, but, until her object was accomplished, until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from *impulse*, or from *principle*?"

"I say," replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, "that you are a saucy gipsy to catch me in this way. Fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass

of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result."

"Well, now you must hear the sequel to my story; for it is only half finished; and I assure you the best half is to come:—

"Instead of returning to Brighton, my father, without apprizing our *worthy* agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think, how delightful!—so romantic, and so useful, too! Kate—you cannot imagine how lovely she looked; she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight were so new, so curious—nothing so original to be met with, even at the *soirées* of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers, and the wedding—(all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and, just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien, his hands in his pockets, his fuzzy red hair sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze-bush, and his vulgar, ugly face as dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working, as the carriage approached. 'There's himself,' muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien, when my father put his head out of the window—(Cruikshank should have seen it). He could not utter a single sentence. Many of the poor men, also, recognised us, and, as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised among them, they shouted so loudly,

for fair joy, that the horses galloped on, not, however, before the triumphant Katherine, almost throwing herself out of the window, exclaimed, 'And I'm here, Mr. O'Brien, in the same coach wid my Lord and my Lady, and now we'll have justice!' at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. Two 'weeny' children met us at the entrance to the cottage—Barney's cottage; their healthy cheeks contrasted with the wretchedness of their attire; and told my father, at once, the condition to which his negligence had reduced my poor nurse—for the children were hers. I will show them to you, one of these days, a *leetle* better dressed. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connors and Mahonys; the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction:—then, such a wedding! Only fancy, my dear Lord, my being bridesmaid!—dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisite and exclusives!—how would you receive the Lady Helen Graves, if this were known at Almack's?—From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside, six months out of the twelve, at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we get on; the people are, sometimes, a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke, and, now and then, an odd dunghill, too near the door; and, as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs.—But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest; and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example, and then, my dear god-papa, **THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES."**

A PORTRAIT.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

A STILL, sweet, placid, moonlight face,
And slightly nonchalant,
Which seems to claim a middle place
Between one's love and aunt,

Where childhood's star has left a ray
In woman's sunniest sky
As morning dew and blushing day
On fruit and blossom lie.

ERNEST ST. CLAIR.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

"**ST. CLAIR!**" said Charles Barclay, to an invalid friend, beside whose couch he had been sitting for some time in silence. "**St. Clair,** you must mingle more in society than has been your custom of late, indeed you must. This over-study is injuring your health more than any reparation that fame can possibly bestow. What! because some two years ago, in passing your examination, you drew encomiums from the Judges by your readiness in answering some of the abstruser and more debatable questions in Law, must you now bind yourself down, a very slave to your musty volumes, until the intense action of mind is wearing away the frame that sustains it? You know Ernest," he added, still more seriously, "I lay but little claim to the title of a Philosopher, but, I can readily understand how easily an enthusiastic man like yourself, may draw upon his willing energies, until they falter in the struggle."

"Ah, Charles!" replied his pale friend, with a sigh, "I have lost all relish for society, which, to be beneficial, one must be prepared to enjoy; and that, I shall never be again."

"Tut, tut, do but try it," said Barclay, gaily, "and I will be answerable for the result. Throw aside, for a season, your learned lumber, your Coal, or Coke, (which is it?) upon somebody. Your subtle disquisitionists, your word warriors. Give far-reaching thought a holiday, and look in once more upon the old familiar faces; they will be glad to see you, and, if you will but float upon the surface as I do, catching the bubbles as they rise, you may throw physic out of the nearest window, and laugh heartily in the face of the astonished Doctor."

"You are a happy man, Barclay."

"I am a healthy one, you mean; for therein lies the main secret of true happiness, after all. Who, for instance, ever heard of an atrainbious man that was a happy man? Or, of a hypochondriac that enjoyed life? Believe me, if possessed of a mind at ease with itself, and no sullen humors lurking in the blood, you

are in a fit state to receive, and be influenced by, all those pleasureable sensations which constitute what the world calls happiness."

"Your's is a somewhat novel doctrine."

"I wish you would act upon it, if only for a brief season. So, make up your mind to come with me as soon as you get well enough, and let me introduce you to some of my fair friends. Who knows but what you may fall in love with— Gracious Heaven! what is the matter?" he exclaimed, with a start—"Ernest, you are as pale as ashes, and trembling all over."

"Tis nothing, nothing," said the invalid, faintly. "A passing spasm, nothing more. I am better now."

"Indeed, indeed, I did not dream you were so weak," said Barclay, with a kindly sympathy. "These studies must be given up—they have almost shattered your constitution, already."

St. Clair grasped his friend's hand convulsively, and, looking up into his face, burst into tears, as he said, "I thank you, but you are mistaken. I have not read a book, in the way of study, for these twelve months past."

Barclay was now truly alarmed. He saw that something preyed upon the powerful mind of his friend, in no ordinary degree; marking its presence by those saddest of all tokens, a dim, heavy eye, and a shrunken cheek; and coupling it with the emotion he had so lately witnessed, he said to himself, "Poor Ernest has loved!"

"You shall hear all, presently," said the invalid, gasping for breath. "I have told it to no living being, as yet, and, perhaps, it may do me some good to unburthen myself of the sad secret."

"Dear, St. Clair!" said the considerate Barclay, "do not imagine me incurious, or less anxious to learn the cause that has brought such a change over you, if I urge you to delay the recital for at least a day or two. This opening of your wound, will, I fear, only tend to retard the period of that perfect recovery which I am so sincerely desirous of hastening."

St. Clair shook his head mournfully, as he replied, "Sorrow has done her work so effectually, my friend, that any disclosure I may now make, cannot materially affect that torpor of life into which I have fallen. The world, and the things of the world, have no charms for me, since the bloom of life has passed away for ever—"

"Oh! say not so," replied Barclay with a deprecating gesture. "This is mere hypochondria. You are yet in the first flush of manhood, with, I trust, many, many years of happiness yet in store for you."

"The heart may be old, Barclay, while the face is youthful. Age is not measured by years. To him whose life is a summer dream, a year is but a day; while he who is steeped to the lips in misery, feels time drag slowly on, and in what would be computed in the calendar as a few brief months, lives a lifetime of anguish. Such has it been with me; and yet, in consideration of the bliss I have experienced, I would be content, with a full knowledge of the final result, to pass through the same again; for, with the German *Thekla*, I can say, 'I have lived and I have loved.' " He paused for a few moments, shading his eyes with his thin white hand as if striving to recall the images of the past. Alas! it needed no effort to do that; for they were burnt and branded upon his soul. Taking up a cordial which stood upon a little table by his bed-side, he applied it to his parched lips, and then continued:—

"You well know with what joy, may I say with what honor! I passed through the ordeal necessary to constitute me a member of the profession to which I belong. I felt that I was winged to soar; for my examiners, grave, acute men, told me I was so; but, in consideration of my health, recommended a little relaxation before I entered upon the sterner duties of my life. I took their advice, and in the course of the following week was on my way to Virginia."

Here St. Clair became strongly agitated, and his lips quivered so much, that he felt it necessary to suddenly cease speaking. When he again resumed his story, it was abruptly:

"Barclay! If ever woman's nature was allied on earth to that of angels, her's was. Mild eyed, and of that soft, serene, touching expression of countenance, which seems almost wedded to melancholy, and yet is distinct from it. The undulations of air were not more graceful than her motions; and her voice was very sweet, and low, and musical. We met. I do not say I loved her at once, for her gentle nature was not of that peculiar charac-

ter which displays itself instantly—but rather like a flower, unfolding itself by degrees, and each day discovering to the watcher some new beauty. Love, with some, is merely a pensive feeling, never rising above a pleasant delight. With others, an intense passion—a flame kindling and spreading rapidly, and early exhausting itself by reason of its own violence. With me, it was as a simple brook, which, developing itself by little and little, gathers strength as it proceeds, and gradually widens and deepens, until no bounds can restrain, nor fathom line sound it. A very sea, with its mighty ebbs and flows; and ah! too truly have I found, with its tempests and its dead stagnant calms. How can I describe what I then felt! Poetry, indeed, is the only fitting medium, for poetry is the language of Love. I was flooded with a new delight. Ambition was forgotten. Her presence mingled with my very being, until it grew to be a part of me. The earth looked fairer, and the flowers more precious, as if informed with a portion of her beauty. Oh! the joy of those by-gone days, when, wandering by her side through the dim wood, or by the banks of the shining river, I looked up into her soft, dark eyes, and heard her dear voice melting in my ear. It was a foretaste of another and a better world. Need I tell you, my friend, I proposed and was accepted! Days, weeks, months, flew by. How they went, even now I cannot tell. I was happy, and I took no note of time. The early morning saw me by her side, and the evening star found us still together. Abroad in the green fields, we plucked flowers as we moved along; and beneath the shadow of some wide spreading antique tree, we both read out of the same volume.

"Suddenly, a change came over her. Her manner was more distant, reserved—I do not say less kind, for she was uniformly kind to all. Still, there was a restraint about her that made me fear I had done or said something to wound her feelings. Once, or twice, I thought I discovered the traces of recent tears. Her father too, seemed depressed, and frequently sighed heavily; though, to me he was more affectionate than ever. What was the meaning of all this! Why did his eye rest on me so often and with so melancholy an interest! Alas! too soon I knew.

"One evening she seemed more cheerful. We were seated out on the balcony, for it was summer and the air blew balmily. The sun was just setting with all his crimson glories about him. Pointing to his broad bright orb, I said—

"See, Helen! how like a good man, his

life's labor of love being done, he sinks holily to rest, leaving a shining and a glowing light behind him. May our journey of life be like his, dearest, and its closing hours as pure, and calm, and beautiful!

"My poor Ernest!" said she, and her voice was low and tremulous, and her long dark lashes were heavy with tears that quivered, but fell not. "My poor Ernest! this is a dream which I fear can never be realized."

"Helen!" Ishrieked, rather than exclaimed—I could say no more, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. She clasped her hands convulsively together, and her head drooped so that I could not see her face. "I see it all, all!" I continued, bitterly. "The change—the restraint. Dupe that I have been! Helen, you do not love me!"

"Do I not—do I not!" she exclaimed, "Oh God, I can bear all but this!" and she flung herself upon my bosom and wept like a little child.

"Dear, Helen!" said I, "speak to me—on my knees I will crave forgiveness—I knew not what I said,—indeed, indeed, I knew not what I said. But, ah, sweet, your's was cruel jesting!"

"Jesting!" she echoed, gently disengaging herself and pointing with an uplifted finger to her flushed face. "Jesting! Oh, Ernest, look!"

"I *did* look, and my heart trembled as I replied—

"Be not alarmed! it is nothing but the reflection of the western clouds!"

"Do not let us deceive ourselves, dear Ernest!" she said, with solemn earnestness—"Not more surely do those clouds betoken the last lingering look of dying day, than does this burning cheek herald the departure of the spirit. And though, for your sake, Ernest, I would live, if it was His will, death, save in separating me from those I love, comes to me in gentleness, and not in terror."

"Death! Could this then be the shadow of his presence! Does he cover his coming with the hue of health! Does he robe his victim almost in the transparent lustre of an immortal! Does he add fire to the eye, and ruddiness to the lip, as if to show how beautiful the advent of that grey, weird, awful thing we call death, can be made!"

"True, indeed! In such manner made he his approach. Like those glorious, but dreadful Italian maids of old, who, melting with treacherous fondness, and all glowing and radiant with smiles, poured, day by day, a little drop of the poisonous distilment into the cup of their victim, until by almost imperceptible degrees, the soul loosened itself from the body,

and whoso drank, fell into that deep sleep from which there is no waking, save in the world beyond the grave.

"Barclay! from that hour I felt I was doomed to lose her; my passion became a madness. I was scarcely ever from her side—watching every shadow that flitted across her face—listening to every intonation of her voice—hoping ever against hope—and combating, with a fierce, wild vehemence, the troubled doubts that at times thrust themselves upon me. At every change, however slight, I said, as I pressed her to my heart—

"You will be better, I know you will be better."

"But once, as I reiterated those words, she laid her thin white hand upon my shoulder, and said, mournfully—

"Ernest! Beware of self delusion. Learn to think of me as of one preparing for a long journey—as of a face seen in a sad dream, which, waking, you behold no more. Love me dearly, deeply, while I live—even as I do you. Cherish my memory when I am gone; but *hope* not, for I feel as if the turf was already growing over me."

"The knell sounded. I had been as one, who, tottering for a while upon the very brink of a precipice, at length falls over; yet, still, for very love of life, grasps, in his descent, at root, and branch, and shrub, and rock, even to the meanest thing that can delay, though but for a moment, the terrible death that yawns beneath—all these had given way at last, and now came despair.

"What more I said that night, I know not. I remember only hurrying home and, in a paroxysm of anguish, flinging myself on my knees and praying, oh, how earnestly! that the cup might pass from me.

"Was that incoherent prayer answered! Strange to say, from this time she appeared to mend rapidly. Her physician looked amazed—wavered! Her friends congratulated! Her father again smiled! And I—I was the happiest of them all. If I loved her before, I now worshiped her. She was my pearl, saved from the insatiable ocean—my lost, found—my jeopardized treasure, restored. She alone looked grave; a pensive resignation pervaded her whole being; and when, in the flush of my newly awakened joy, I urged her to an immediate union, on the plea that a change of air would accelerate her restoration, she replied—

"I will do any thing that will add to your happiness, though I feel that what you take to be a re-illuminating, is but the last, faint flickerings of the exhausted taper."

"I strove to reassure her. She smiled faintly and pressed her lips for the first time to my forehead.

"At length the day came that was to make her mine. I know not how it was, but, contrary to my expectations, I felt unusually depressed, although Helen, if not improving, did not appear to relapse. A little weaker she might be; and I thought, on this morning, there was an intense light in her dark eyes, yet, still she appeared so cheerful that I said to myself—'I am mistaken.'

"Oh, gloriously beautiful looked she, as, with her companions she descended from her tiring room—pale, yet queenly—a lady lily, surrounded by roses. When we entered the apartment appointed for the ceremony, her arm trembled within my own. As we came near the minister, I observed her hastily draw her white kerchief across her lips—I looked again, and shuddered—*there was blood upon it!* and she all the time as calm and composed, as if she knew it not. When the ordinance commenced she leaned upon me tremulously, but gathered strength as it proceeded. She gave the responses in a firm, steady voice, but these being

ended, she drooped heavily—a weakness came over her; soon, however, she regained her strength and stood, scarcely touching me, so light was the weight of her hand upon my arm. Presently she faltered, and again clung to me. The words were said that made us man and wife—the hands uplifted—the benediction pronounced—I turned to salute her; merciful Heaven! what a change! A shriek from the maidens aroused me. She had slipped from me, but I caught her as she fell. A smile played upon her pallid face. 'Ernest! my—my husband,' she said, feebly, and then her head dropped upon her bosom; the masses of black hair, unloosed, hung like a cloud about her, through which her white face gleamed spectrally. I—I remember nothing more, distinctly. A confusion of voices, and weeping and wailing; a solemn blackness—words of prayer, and the harsh grating as of a ponderous iron door swung back upon its hinges, were among the sights and sounds that came and went, while I walked the earth, doing, I know not what—speaking, I know not how—and moving about, through troops of strange faces, mechanically, as in a dream."

TO A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

A LIFE of peace and pleasantness, hath ever been
thine own,

And friends have loved thee tenderly, where'er thy
worth was known;

And those who cheered thy youthful days are all
around thee now;

And the sunshine of a happy heart is beaming on
thy brow.

Thou hast not sought in brilliant throngs the pleasures
of the hour.

But quietude and sweet content have been through
life thy dower;

A father's voice, a mother's smile, the converse of
a friend,

Have been to thee far brighter boons than festal
halls could send.

Deem not that wealth brings happiness; within the
mirthful hall,

Full many a care lies hid beneath a glittering
coronal:

And in her splendid solitude full many a titled
dame,

Mourns for her girlhood's joyousness, and the
cottage whence she came.

The wiles of the ambitious, and the fawnings of
the mean,

The guile of low hypocrisy in life's eventful
scene,

To these thou art a stranger, ah! mayst thou never
know,

How smiles may cheat a breaking heart, or mask a
pensive brow.

I would that I could weave for thee a chaplet rich
and rare,

Whose fadeless flowers, and thornless ones, amid
thy shining hair,

Might charm the years to come in love, in love to
glide away,

Like the journey of the blessed sun through summer's
brightest day.

MATILDA OF DENMARK.

NEVER had the crown of Denmark encircled a fairer brow than that of Caroline Matilda, or the ermined robes of royalty covered a heart that throbbed with purer and warmer feelings. Endowed by nature with rare beauty and talent, and that fascination of manner which makes plainness lovely, and beauty almost irresistible, she seemed created to win the hearts of all who approached her. Married at an early age to Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark, she was for a time the object of the unbounded love of her royal husband, and of the admiration and attachment of the people, while the devotion of the King, combined with the gaiety of her disposition and the fondness for amusement so natural to youth, rendered her highly popular with the Court. But, influenced by unworthy favorites who dreaded the effects of her power over his weak and volatile mind, the affection of the King soon diminished, and she found herself, ere long, treated by him with neglect, while the courtiers, whose experienced eyes perceived immediately an alteration in the feelings of her husband, no longer tendered her the homage that had greeted her on her arrival. A wife without the love of her husband, a Queen possessed of no authority, the situation of Matilda was painful in the highest degree to her proud mind and affectionate heart. But her high spirit scorned to submit tamely to neglect and humiliation. She determined to use every effort to regain the affection of Christian, and to estrange him from her enemies. She knew well that the task was one of extreme difficulty, that she had to combat the united influence of the favorites of the King and his Ministry, and that Christian, devoid of all stability of character, was entirely governed by those who surrounded him.

The Queen was assisted in her design by a young man who was rapidly rising in favor with the monarch, John Frederick Struensee, Physician to his Majesty. He was of a highly respectable, though not noble family, and his merit in his profession, his brilliant talents, handsome person and pleasing address, procured him many friends. Introduced at Court

through the friendship of a noble lady, his ambitious spirit was not long idle; his appointment as Physician to the King he viewed but as a stepping stone to higher honors, but touched by the beauty and unhappy condition of the Queen, he sought to restore to her the power she had lost, while he raised himself to greatness. Success crowned their efforts. The affections of Christian were reclaimed, his former favorites and Ministers disgraced, and in consequence of the increasing weakness of the King's mind, in a few short months Denmark was governed wholly by the Queen and her adviser, Struensee, who was created a Count, in the name of Christian the Seventh.

But, Struensee ere long, by his bold innovations and attempts at reform, rendered the people dissatisfied with his government, and they murmured at finding the supreme power in the possession of a subject. At first he continued in the course he had marked out, without regarding the symptoms of discontent his actions called forth, like the hoarse murmurs of an approaching storm; but when he found that discontent universal—when he found that suspicion and hatred had taken the place of the popularity he had at first enjoyed, his courage at once forsook him; he became irresolute, confused and stunned by the dangers that surrounded him, and endeavored in vain to discern some path that would lead him out of the labyrinth in which he had been involved by his good and patriotic intentions, but imprudent disregard of the prejudices and opinions of those whom he governed.

The Queen and Struensee had, in the step-mother of Christian, the Queen Dowager Juliana Marie, and her son Frederick, two bitter but hitherto powerless enemies. The Queen Dowager had, even previous to the marriage of Christian, contemplated the possibility of her son's attaining the sovereign power, either through the early death of the feeble monarch, or his mental incapacity. Shortly after the arrival of Matilda in Denmark, Julianna, accompanied by her son, had retired to the palace of Friedensburg, but being informed of the popular feeling towards Struensee, she re-

moved to Copenhagen, with Prince Frederick.

It was late in the season, but the Count, upon leaving the summer palace of Hirschholm, had gone to that of Friedericksburg, unwilling, in the excited state of the public mind, to return to the metropolis. There was still another reason that detained the royal party. It had long been contemplated to disband the Royal Foot Guards, consisting of five companies of Norwegians, and disperse the men among other regiments, and the Queen and Struensee were anxious this dangerous measure should be accomplished while they were absent from Copenhagen.

It was late in the month of December. The youthful Queen sat at one of the windows of a magnificent apartment in the palace in deep thought, her beautiful eyes bent on the snow-covered ground without, and her fair brow contracted. At times a deep sigh would escape her. Suddenly, Count Struensee entered, his face flushed, and his manner indicating strong emotion.

"A messenger has just arrived from the Governor of Copenhagen, Madam," said he. "The Royal Foot Guards were this morning assembled on parade, and it was announced by one of their officers, that it was the royal will that the Corps should be disbanded, and the men divided among other regiments. They instantly, with one voice, demanded a full discharge, or to be formed again under a different name. In vain did the officers remonstrate with them; they became furious and rushed towards the gate of the city that leads to Friedericksburgh. Several companies from the garrison were commanded to follow them, to prevent their leaving the city; the rebels attacked them fiercely with sword and bayonet; a short, but terrific conflict ensued, and their pursuers were put to flight. Again were they attacked by the troops of the garrison; the fearful struggle was resumed; some of them were arrested, but a large number forced their way to the gate, and are now on the road to Friedericksburgh."

Matilda became deadly pale. "What have you done?" asked she.

"I deemed it best to comply with their demands," answered he. "I have written a decree, in which the King promises to grant them a full discharge, and have despatched an officer with it to meet them. But, I dread the most fearful results from this ill-omened tumult. It may extend—it may become a general insurrection. Alas! my royal lady, it may involve even you, good, angelic as you are, in its ruin. Oh! my Queen, suffer me to

be the only victim," continued he, throwing himself at her feet. "Suffer me to sacrifice myself for your safety—for the safety of Denmark; permit me to exile myself from a country where I am hated, despised, ere that hatred extend to her whose unworthy servant I am. Alas! I fear me it is even now too late. Already has the bold voice of an ungrateful people been raised against their sovereign lady—already have they dared to accuse their Queen of injustice and oppression."

"No, Struensee," replied Matilda with forced calmness, "never shall it be said that Matilda could desert her most faithful friend, because his superior mind excited the envy of the courtly circle, and his ardent efforts for the benefit of Denmark, procured for him the enmity of a misjudging and prejudiced people. They cannot long remain thus blinded to their own interest—thus feeling hatred where they owe a debt of endless gratitude."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Struensee. "If I remain, not only will their hatred destroy me, but you, also, beloved lady, will share my fate. Who will protect you, should I perish in a vain struggle with a rebellious nation? The King, as your Majesty well knows, is the slave of those that surround him. Should he fall into the power of those who seek to injure you, from him you have nothing to hope. And the number of your Majesty's enemies increases with each day. I have reason to believe that Count Ranzan has attached himself to the Queen Dowager."

"Ranzan! impossible!" exclaimed Matilda. "I had ever thought him one of our most devoted friends."

"It is said that the abolition of the Council of State, of which he was a member, embittered him much against your Majesty and myself," answered the Count, "as it diminished, in a degree, his rank and consequence. Nay, he even considered its suppression as ingratitude towards himself. But, oh! madam, grant my request, I implore you. Others, as well as myself, fear danger, should I remain. The Ambassador of your royal brother, has been warned of the perilous situation in which your Majesty is placed, and has earnestly entreated me to relinquish the office I have the honor to fill. If I, alone, were threatened—if, alone, I were exposed to danger, fearlessly would I brave my enemies, nor dream of banishing myself from your presence—of depriving myself of the happiness of being near you—but force me not to be the cause of my beloved Sovereign's destruction."

"And what will become of me, if you desert me?" said Matilda, endeavoring in vain to

conquer her emotion, which exhibited itself in the changing color, the quivering lip, and the tremulous voice. "Surrounded by foes, where shall I seek a friend, a councillor? Struensee, do you love your Queen?"

"Ah! madam," exclaimed the Count, "wherefore that question? Can you doubt, for a moment, the deep devotion——"

"Then leave me not," interrupted Matilda, hastily. "I charge you, Count Struensee, on your allegiance, to remain. Promise me, swear to me, if my commands, my wishes, have any influence over you, never again to mention this hateful subject. Nay, no remonstrances, if you value my friendship."

For a moment Struensee hesitated, then bending down and kissing respectfully the small white hand, "I swear!" murmured he.

As he spoke, a page entered and informed him that the rebellious soldiers were approaching the palace. "I must leave your Majesty," said the Count, "and endeavor to satisfy these unruly men. But be not alarmed, they will scarce attempt an attack."

"Beware of them, Struensee," exclaimed the Queen, "see them not, speak not to them. Do not expose yourself to any danger for my—for Denmark's sake."

She threw herself upon a chair as he left the room, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. Alas! that the fierce passions of an unruly soldiery should bring tears to such eyes as hers!

It seemed an age of agony ere Struensee returned. "They have gone," said he, "the gallant Commander of his Majesty's body Guards, was authorized to treat with them, and by dint of promising them all they wanted, induced them to return to Copenhagen. Heaven grant it may terminate peaceably."

"Heaven will grant it!" replied the Queen. "Is it not a good omen that they have been persuaded to leave the palace without the shedding of blood? Even so will we be enabled to overcome all the dangers and difficulties which surround us."

"It is over!" exclaimed Struensee, when shortly afterwards the Queen retired. "My doom is sealed, and alas! not only mine, but that of her whom I have so long, so devotedly loved. Yes, Matilda, thou art the object of my fervent adoration, though never have I dared to breathe in thy pure ear one word that would betray my passionate love for thee!"

The Queen stood alone in her apartment, one hand pressed to her burning brow, the other held forcibly over her heart, as though to still its throbbings. But it was not the thought of danger to herself, or to Denmark,

that brought the crimson to her cheek, or filled the beautiful eyes with tears. She feared lest her agitation, her unguarded words, her anxiety to detain him near her, had betrayed to Struensee the secret of her heart, so long, so carefully concealed from all eyes. With the delicacy of a high-minded woman, she would have preferred death to a discovery which would have so deeply humiliated her, and which, judging the sentiments of others by those of her own pure heart, she feared must deprive her for ever of his respect and devoted friendship. Long had she loved Struensee, believing it was but friendship; but when his popularity began to diminish—when he became an object of aversion, instead of admiration and respect, the strong indignation she felt against his enemies, her deep sympathy for his anxiety and mental sufferings, opened her eyes to the true state of her feelings towards him. Shocked beyond expression—scorning herself for what her exalted ideas of rectitude held to be a culpable weakness, she struggled to overcome sentiments unfortunately too firmly established to be easily eradicated. But, although the ceaseless conflict embittered her life, even those who were constantly with her, even Struensee himself, had never, for a moment, suspected her attachment for him, so strictly did she watch each word and action, so well did she guard the fatal truth. And the thought of having betrayed herself, caused her far more bitter agony than her enemies could have inflicted, if she alone had been their victim.

The demands of the Royal Foot Guards being complied with, the day following they disbanded quietly and left Copenhagen. But, as they passed in large bodies through the streets of the city, they bade farewell loudly and in touching words to the inhabitants, who, already irritated against Struensee, were almost moved to rebellion by the painful scene. During the whole of the day, Copenhagen was in a state of the greatest commotion, and all efforts to calm the riotous populace, were vain. But, with night came tranquility, though not to the agitated mind of Struensee.

The Minister now urged the return of the Count to the metropolis, believing, as all his enemies were there, that it was highly necessary for him to be on the spot and watch their movements himself. With the greatest reluctance, Matilda consented; the excitement of the populace had awakened her fears, and for the first time she dreaded, not for herself, but for Struensee, the anger of a rebellious people.

It was the night of the sixteenth of January. In the saloons of the palace was collected a brilliant throng, the rank, the valor, the wisdom, the beauty of Denmark graced the splendid ball given by the youthful Queen. Who, that gazed on that gay assemblage, that saw the faces bright with smiles, or heard the sallies of wit and mirth, would have dreamed of danger and death? The Queen, seeking in excitement, relief from painful thoughts, seemed a bright spirit of life and gaiety receiving the homage of its votaries. The King, with dull, unmeaning face, sat playing at cards with some of the confidential friends of the Minister, who, concealing all fear and suffering, never appeared to greater advantage, although a close observer might perceive, in the slightly hurried manner and in the restless eye, tokens of a mind ill at ease.

The Queen Julianna formed the centre of a group composed chiefly of those who were discontented with the government of Matilda and Struensee, her stately form and haughty demeanor harmonising well with her stern character and cold, pitiless heart. At one of the windows, apparently lost in deep and painful thought, stood the Count Ranzan-Aschenberg, once the devoted friend, but now the bitter enemy of Struensee. A tall and handsome man, whose appearance indicated great strength, approached him.

"Of what are you dreaming, noble Count?" exclaimed he, laying his hand roughly on his shoulder. "Of revenge—of the eternal ruin of your enemy!"

As he spoke, the eye of the Count fell upon Struensee, and a mixed expression of pain and irresolution passed over his face. "Must it be to-night?" asked he.

"It must!" answered the other, fiercely. "To-night my regiment is upon guard at the palace; never again may so favorable an opportunity present itself. What, Count! would you postpone for a single moment the glorious hour of vengeance? Would you give to the miscreant yet another day of pomp and power? Behold him!—how like a monarch he looks!—how like a despot, moving among his servile subjects—his slaves! But that proud eye shall lose its fire, ere to-morrow's sun shall set. He shall have reason to regret that he ever injured or insulted the friend of Köller."

Ranzan remained silent, and seemed still irresolute. His ferocious companion noticed it. "Listen to me, Count," exclaimed he, "think not to abandon the cause we are engaged in. If you are not at the place of rendezvous at three o'clock, I will send a guard

of honor to escort you there." And accompanying these words with a menacing look, he left him.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the king was awakened by the curtains of his bed being suddenly torn open. Alarmed, he sprang to his feet, gazed wildly around him, and saw the Queen Dowager, Prince Frederick and Ranzan, pale and agitated. "What means this?" exclaimed the terrified monarch.

"It means rebellion, danger, death!" replied Ranzan. "There is an insurrection in Copenhagen. Ere long the infuriated populace will be at the palace gates, vowing vengeance against their oppressors, and seeking to vent their rage on the person of their Sovereign."

"What can I do? Is there no escape?" cried the unfortunate Christian.

"Sign these orders," said Ranzan, "and your Majesty is safe. If you refuse, nothing can preserve you from death, and Denmark from ruin."

The monarch seized the orders from Ranzan, and tottered to a table, where the Queen presented him with a pen. He was on the point of signing, when he saw the name of Matilda. He threw it from him indignantly. "My Queen, my wife! cause her to be arrested—never!" exclaimed he, and he looked at them fiercely.

The conspirators were in despair. Ranzan threw himself at his feet.

"Listen to me, my liege," exclaimed he, "if you sign them not, you are lost, without saving the Queen. Nay, they may even murder her, if you give not the order for her arrest. Oh! my lord, consider the danger to which you are exposed—think of the ferocity of the people you brave!"

The Queen and Prince joined their entreaties to those of Ranzan, until at last the king, bewildered, overcome with fears for his own safety, consented. "I will sign," said he, feebly.

Alas! had some good angel withheld his hand, some benevolent spirit whispered in his ear that those around him had resorted to falsehood to gratify ambition and revenge!

The unfortunate Matilda was aroused by a noise in the anti-chamber of her sleeping apartment, and immediately afterwards, her attendants, pale and trembling, entered, and scarcely able to speak from terror, informed her that Count Ranzan, accompanied by several officers, waited without, and desired to be

announced to her Majesty in the name of the king.

"Ranzan!" exclaimed the Queen. "What can have happened! Fly to Struensee and bid him come hither instantly."

"Alas! madam," replied one of her attendants, "the Count has been arrested and taken to prison."

"Struensee arrested! then am I lost!" exclaimed the Queen, covering her face with her hands. "But I will meet my fate boldly," she added, after a moment's pause, with a proud firmness. "They shall not see that I fear them."

Dressing herself hastily, she went to the intruders. Ranzan, touched with a momentary sentiment of compassion, addressed her respectfully, and read to her the order for her arrest. Coldly and haughtily, she desired to read it herself. It was given to her, and glancing her eyes over it, she threw it from her with a smile of contempt. "I shall not obey the order, sir," said she, calmly. "It bears the impress of treachery on your part, and imbecility on that of the king. Be assured, sir, I shall not submit to your authority."

"But permit me to entreat you, madam," remonstrated Ranzan, "to obey the commands of the king. Do not irritate his majesty by refusing. It is not my authority, but his, you treat with this contempt."

"Commands—his commands!" exclaimed the Queen, disdainfully. "Commands, of the import of which he is probably ignorant! Commands forced from weakness and timidity by fraud and menaces! And shall a queen be the victim of such contemptible acts? Never! Conduct me to the king."

"Madam, I dare not. My orders are peremptory. You must accompany me immediately to Crouenburg," said Ranzan, sternly.

"Must!" repeated the Queen, haughtily, and she approached the door. Ranzan placed himself before her. "Do not compel me, madam," said he, threateningly, "to employ force. The commands of the king must be complied with, as well against the partner of his throne, as against the meanest of his subjects. Resistance is useless—permit me then to advise you to submit to what is unavoidable."

"Ah! wretch," exclaimed Matilda, her eyes flashing with indignation, "dare you threaten me? Dare you address such language to your Queen? Leave me, contemptible as you are—traitor! begone from my presence—I do not fear you!"

Ranzan, enraged beyond expression, glanced

at her furiously, and made a sign to his officers. One of them approached her and endeavored to seize her. She extricated herself from his grasp, calling loudly for assistance, and flying to a window, threw it open, then turning to her assailants, "Hear me," exclaimed she, "advance but one step, and I spring into the court below! Sooner would I die on those stones than fall alive into your hands! Approach me not, or my blood be upon your heads!"

For a moment no one moved. It was a scene for a painter. That beautiful and courageous woman, pale and majestic, with one arm raised menacingly towards that fierce group of armed men, like a pure spirit that sought to escape from the power of demons. She stood with flashing eye and curling lip, seeking not, even in that dread extremity, to disguise the scorn she felt for them, while the chill wind of the winter night played with her long dishevelled hair, that freed from its fastenings, fell like a silken mantle around her. Suddenly one of the officers sprang towards her, and ere she could accomplish her threat, caught her in his arms. In vain did she struggle to release herself, until at length, overcome by excitement and exertion, she fainted.

In a few short hours, Matilda was a prisoner in the fortress of Crouenburg. Tortured with the knowledge that Struensee was in the power of his enemies; that all her most devoted friends had been arrested; reproaching herself bitterly with having detained the Count in Denmark; her proud heart stung with anguish at the triumph of her foes, the unhappy Queen abandoned herself to despair, and so great was the agony of her mind, that her attendants trembled for her life. Courageous to the last, not for herself did she fear; she thought only of Struensee, of those who, through their devotion to her cause, were the inmates of a prison.

The mental sufferings of Struensee were not less intense. The danger that menaced her he loved, as well as his own fearful situation, almost deprived him of reason, and the near prospect of a violent death rendered him incapable of courage or firmness. When examined by his enemies with respect to the feelings and conduct of the Queen towards him, he at first indignantly declared her perfect innocence of the charges brought against her, but terrified by the tortures with which he was threatened, and confused by the artful manner in which he was questioned, he finally made a confession highly injurious to the un-

fortunate Matilda, a crime for which no excuse save partial insanity can be found.

Four commissioners, bearing with them the fatal document containing the confession of the distracted Struensee, repaired to Cronenburg. The Queen, whose superior mind had not been conquered by adversity, received them with proud dignity, and baffled their most artful attempts to lead her to criminate herself by her calm firmness. At last one of them, the Baron Schak-Rathlan, a man whose name should be for ever branded with infamy, abruptly informed her that Struensee had acknowledged the truth of the accusations against her.

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "Struensee could never have been guilty of so base a falsehood—never could he have so wronged me!"

"Believe me, madam," answered the treacherous baron, "or rather believe the evidence of your own eyes. Behold this document which contains his declaration, taken from his own lips, and signed by himself. But since it is false, the most fearful tortures, and the most ignominious death, shall atone for the calumny he has dared to utter against the Queen of Denmark."

The blood forsook the cheek and lip of Matilda. Her heart was torn with contending emotions. Could Struensee indeed have so deeply injured her! And then she pictured him suffering the most excruciating agony, the most shameful death, and her resolution was taken, her woman's love triumphed over

all thoughts of self. And if I also should sign that document," asked she in a low but firm voice, "may Struensee hope for mercy, for life?"

The baron bowed affirmatively, and handed her the paper. Trembling violently, she began her signature, and had already written Carol—, when she raised her eyes, and saw the baron watching her with an expression of joy and triumph so evident, that convinced of his treachery, she sprang from her chair. "I will not sign it," exclaimed she, "you are deceiving me—Struensee has never committed so black a crime!" and overcome by the violence of her agitation, she sank back fainting. The brutal Schak seized the pen, placed it between her fingers, and guiding her hand, while she was yet insensible, added the remainder of her name. The commissioners then departed.

On the 8th day of April, 1772, a sentence was passed, divorcing Matilda from her husband, and on the 28th, the unfortunate Struensee perished on the scaffold. The king of England offered his unhappy sister a home in his dominions, and Zelle in Hanover was selected as her future residence. But her severe sufferings had undermined her constitution, and four years afterwards she expired, a lovely and innocent victim of injustice and cruelty.

ALICE.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST.

Like soft tones of music,
Scarce felt on the ear,
Yet touching the spirit
With melody clear,
Ye steal through my bosom,
Awaking each string
That thrill'd to the breath
Of affection's light wing.

Dear childhood! Few shadows
Were thrown o'er thy head;
Few sorrows stole o'er thee,
Few heart-drops were shed;

And e'en, when outgushing,
A tear lit thy cheek,
A smile followed after
Thy gladness to speak.

Now, grief hath not found me,
Yet, still, on my breast,
When early day visions come,
Pensive thoughts rest.
Clouds darken not o'er me,
But dim seems the sky
To that which once sparkled
In sapphire on high.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"But what will people say?" Mrs. Ashton asked, looking into her husband's face with a concerned expression.

"I don't know what we ought to think about what others may say," Mr. Ashton replied, thoughtfully.

"Why, how you talk, husband! I am sure it is of the first importance to avoid singularity!"

"So you always say, and yet I never can see the force of your position. People will talk about each other; and even make censorious and disparaging remarks of those who are most perfect."

"I am not so sure of that husband. I never hear others remarked upon, that they do not deserve all that is said of them."

"So you think, Sarah. But they would have quite a different idea of themselves."

"They would, like hundreds of others, over estimate themselves, that is all."

"True, Sarah. And those who talk about us might say the same thing, if we found fault with what we considered the false position in which they placed us."

"I should like to know who says any harm of us," Mrs. Ashton quickly remarked, with indignant surprise.

"Some of your best and dearest friends," her husband replied, quietly.

"Who?"

"O, as to that I am as wise as you."

"Then why do you speak as you do?"

"Because I am not disposed to think we are an exception to the general rule. When I hear every one else remarked upon, I can hardly suppose we are going to escape."

"But it is the follies and foibles of others that are remarked upon."

"Of course. And our follies and foibles are thrown in with the rest."

"How you do talk! But seriously, you are not going to leave this beautiful house, for a mean, little two-story affair?"

"I should think it would be the most

prudent thing we could do to get a smaller house. My business is falling off, and I shall have as much as I can do to make both ends meet this year."

"But you can easily make up the next season. Besides, if we should come down in our style of living, people would say, that you were going behind-hand, and had been forced to adopt a system of retrenchment."

"Well, suppose they did! what harm would that do?"

"Do! Why harm enough! Besides subjecting your family to unpleasant remarks and slights, you would lose your business standing, and without a fair credit, a merchant, you know, has up-hill work."

"Your last remark is far the most sensible one you have made, Sarah, and has in it much weight. I see its force plainly, and am resolved to keep a good face upon things for a while longer."

"I knew you would come into my way of thinking," Mrs. Ashton said, smiling triumphantly.

CHAPTER II.

"MR. PUNCTUAL says be kind enough to send him a check for that—" a lad remarked, as he came up to the desk where Mr. Ashton sat musing, presenting, at the same time, a bill for a quarter's rent of his dwelling, amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Tell Mr. Punctual that I am a little short to-day, but will send him the check to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," the lad replied, and withdrew.

Mr. Ashton then resumed his employment of ascertaining how near his resources for the day would come to meeting the several notes and balances of borrowed money that were due.

"Five thousand dollars to pay," he said to himself, musingly, "and but five hundred in bank."

"Mr. Elder says, please send him the three

hundred dollars you borrowed of him last week," said a porter from a large house up town, who had entered the counting room unperceived.

Mr. Ashton started, as if a blow had suddenly been struck upon the desk by his side. But he recovered himself in a moment, and said, with a smile,

"Very well, tell Mr. Elder that he shall have it by twelve."

The porter withdrew, and the merchant resumed his calculations.

"I am hard up at almost every place where I am in the habit of borrowing," he said. "Let me see. I wonder if I can't venture on old Humphreys for five hundred dollars. Yes I *will* try him. I know he has it, and he won't refuse me. Well, that sum, with five hundred dollars in bank make a thousand. Now who shall I try next?" There is Martin & Co., Jones & Milford, Todd & Kimber, and Mal-lonee. I must raise the balance among them some how?"

This matter settled, Mr. Ashton started out on his money-hunting expedition. His first effort was with old Humphreys, as he called him.

"Well, Mr. Ashton, how are you this morning?" said that individual, with a pleased smile, as the other entered his counting room. Humphreys was a merchant of the old school. Into the dashing "go ahead" schemes of the times he never entered. He had gotten rich in the old, cautious, straight forward way; and, in still pursuing his long adopted business policy, was adding dollar to dollar, slowly and surely.

"A pleasant day, this, Mr. Humphreys," Ashton said, in an assumed, lively, unconcerned tone.

"Pleasant indeed, Mr. Ashton! Is there any news stirring?"

"Nothing strange, I believe. How is business?"

"O, about as usual with me. How is it with you?"

"Rather dull. Money comes in slow these times. And, by the way, have you five hundred or a thousand dollars that you can spare for a few days?"

"I have a good deal more than that, Mr. Ashton, for which I have no present use. But whether I can loan it to you is another question."

Humphreys was a plain spoken, or rather an eccentric man, as it was called, and Ashton knew this. He was not, therefore, at all surprised at the plain, straight-forwardness of the answer.

"Yes, that is the question, Mr. Humphreys. I am short to-day, and you would be doing me a favor by making up the amount. I can easily hand it back to you in a day or two."

"You own a carriage and a span of horses do you not?" inquired old Humphreys.

"Yes," the merchant replied, a little annoyed at the question.

"How much did they cost you?"

"I paid a thousand for the carriage, and eight hundred for the horses."

"And you live in one of Millington's beautiful houses, at a thousand dollars a year, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Ashton; I don't want to offend you. But I must speak plain. A man who keeps a carriage and horses worth eight hundred dollars, and pays a thousand a year for rent, never ought to borrow money to pay his notes. If your ready money is short, go home and sell your carriage and horses, and supply the deficiency. And if that won't do, move into a house at three hundred dollars rent, and save seven hundred. That is sensible advice, and if you take it, it will do you more good than if I were to lend you five thousand dollars. I am a plain spoken old man, Mr. Ashton, and you must not be offended."

If not seriously offended, certainly the money-hunter was pained and confused. He did not linger to reply, but bowing low, hastily withdrew.

"They're hard run when they come to me, ha! ha!" said the old fellow, laughing to himself, as Ashton withdrew. "They may ruin each other if they choose, but old Humphreys stands or falls by himself."

Mr. Ashton returned to the counting room, and took a brief pause to recover his spirits and self-possession. He then sallied out again. But by this time it was eleven o'clock, and at twelve he had promised to return Mr. Elder three hundred dollars.

"Any thing over to-day, Martin?" he said, in a lively tone, as he entered the store of Martin & Co.

"Well, I don't know, Ashton. Perhaps we can spare a little. Step back a moment, and I will see."

Mr. Ashton's heart felt lighter. After looking over his bank account, Mr. Martin said,

"I'm really very sorry Ashton, but we have only about fifty dollars in bank. I thought we had more. But, here are four hundred in uncurrent funds, averaging about two per cent. discount. You can have that sum for a couple of weeks. Perhaps you can turn it to advantage."

"That is pretty tough, but, if you can't do any better for me, I suppose I must try it."

The four hundred dollars were counted out to him, and he passed his check for the amount, dated two weeks ahead.

"Plenty of money to-day, Milford?" asked Mr. Ashton, entering the counting room of Jones & Milford.

"Plenty as blackberries in December," was the reply.

"I want five or six hundred to-day. Can't you squeeze me out a part of it?"

"Not a dollar. We are, ourselves, short."

"Then I need not tarry here, long," our borrower said, and hurried away.

"Ashton is confoundedly hard run, I'm thinking," remarked Milford to his partner.

"Yes. And I'm not at all sure that he is going to stand it long. The fact is, he is not a prudent business man, and, besides that, makes almost too great a dash. Isn't that his carriage passing?"

"Yes. And Mrs. Ashton is in it, dressed like a Queen, while her husband is running about hunting up money to pay his notes."

"Poor man! His weak desire for an establishment, and vain show, will, I fear, ruin him at last."

In the mean time the subject of these remarks had turned towards his own counting room. Arrived there; he drew a check for three hundred dollars, ante-dated one day, and then proceeded with it to the store of Mr. Elder, who had sent for his account of borrowed money.

"Here's a check dated to-morrow," he said. "You can deposit it to-day."

"Very well," replied Mr. Elder, "that will answer."

"I'm glad of it, for I am short to-day. Good morning." And Ashton hurried away to try some more of his business friends. By one o'clock, he had raised three thousand dollars. But, half of it was in uncurrent funds. During the process, he had met with more than one rebuff, that touched him to the quick.

"And now what is to be done?" he asked himself despondingly. For about the space of five minutes he sat musing in silence. At length he got up slowly and deliberately, and went to his desk. From this he took a large pocket book, and selected business notes, having over four months to run, and less than six, to the amount of two thousand five hundred dollars. With these he again sallied out, and soon found himself at the premises of an individual known as a shaver.

"I want some money to-day, Keener?" he said abruptly, as he entered. "There is the

collateral"—throwing down a package of notes of hand. "And let me have it quick, for I have some borrowed money, besides notes, to pay, and must not keep my friends waiting."

"How much do you want?" inquired the broker, slowly and carefully going over the notes, and examining the endorsements.

"Two thousand dollars."

"For how long?"

"Thirty days."

"I hardly think I can spare it. And, any how, this security is not all of it first rate."

"You know that it is perfectly good, Keener; and you know that you can get the money if you haven't it by you. I am hard run to-day, and must have the amount named."

"You are hard run, then?" the broker remarked, looking Ashton keenly in the face.

"Yes, I am, Keener. You have stood by me in several tight places, and you must not forsake me now."

"Well, I don't know," resumed the broker, in a deliberate tone. "I can't say that I am satisfied with some of these notes."

"They are all as good as the bank, Keener."

"If not better than most of the banks, I wouldn't give much for them."

"But I know them to be perfectly good. However, if you can't accommodate me, say so, and let me be moving."

"Well, let me see. You want it very much?"

"Indeed I do."

"To accommodate you, then, I will let you have the two thousand dollars for sixty."

"That is three per cent. a month!"

"I know it is. But consider that I am risking a good deal. The security is not all strong."

"It is perfectly good, Keener."

"I can't do better for you, Ashton. And I don't care about the operation any how?"

"Hand it over then," the merchant said. The intimation ingeniously thrown in by the broker, that he was indifferent about the matter, decided him to accept the offer without further parley.

All the preliminaries settled, Mr. Ashton pocketed his two thousand dollars, less sixty, and went back to his counting room. He then assorted his uncurrent funds, amounting to about fifteen hundred dollars, on which he had to pay a discount of forty dollars, making his loss, on that day, in discounts, one hundred dollars. His borrowed money returned, and his notes lifted, the merchant turned homeward, as his dinner hour had arrived.

CHAPTER III.

"The fact is, Sarah, we must sell our carriage, and try to curtail a little," Mr. Ashton said, after dinner.

"Sell our carriage? Impossible!"

"We could get along once very well without a carriage, and I think we must do so again."

"But what will people say to see us coming down. If we had never owned a carriage, I should not advise you to get one now, seeing business is so dull, as you say. But it will never do to give it up now. People would say that we were going to the wall, and there would be enough to try and push us there, if that were once said. O, no, don't think of it!"

Silenced—but not convinced that it was right to continue his present style of living, Mr. Ashton returned to his store, and sat conning over plans and projects for raising money on the next day, when the entrance of some one disturbed his train of thought.

"Good day, Mr. Ashton," said the individual, who proved to be his landlord.

"Good day! How do you do, Mr. Punctual?" replied the merchant, with a feeling of uneasiness.

"You have put my bill off again," said that personage, coming abruptly to the point, "and now I have come for it myself. I like promptness in dealing, and am never satisfied with any thing else. When you have lived in my house for three months, my part of the contract is fulfilled. Then I look for you to fulfil yours. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Ashton, turning to his desk, and filling up a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. It is true that he had no money in bank, but then the check could not be presented until the next day, and that would give him a little time.

The landlord received the check in silence, and bowing low, departed.

In about half an hour after the landlord had disappeared, a bill came in for a set of harness, new linings and cushions for the carriage, &c. amounting to one hundred dollars.

"I cannot pay this, just now," Mr. Ashton said, with an air of impatience.

"It has already been standing four months," the man replied. "It is hardly fair Mr. Ashton, to keep mechanics out of their money in this way. We earn it hard, and always want it."

"You need not be insolent about it," the merchant said, half angrily. "Come day after to-morrow, and you shall have your money."

The mechanic turned away, muttering somewhat more loudly than he intended,

"People say you make most too great a show to be honest, and I believe they are right."

Mr. Ashton's quick ears caught the words. He dropped his eyes to the floor, and sat in deep self-communion for many minutes, while a bright red spot burned upon his cheek. It was, perhaps, half an hour before he resumed his investigation of the morrow's monetary business. There was a calm self-possession in his manner, as he did so, and an air of deep resolve about him, that indicated the mastery of some weakness.

At the usual hour, he returned home. After tea, his wife remarked, with a smile, as if the subject had been broached by him in a momentary fit of business perplexity—

"Well, husband, have you got over your strange idea about selling the carriage?"

"No, Sarah," he replied, in a serious tone.

"Nonsense!"

"But I am in earnest, Sarah. I find that we cannot support our present style of living, with safety."

"Indeed, indeed, husband—you are alarmed without cause."

"Indeed! I am not, Sarah."

"But hadn't you better wait awhile, and see if business won't improve. I can't bear the idea of it. And, then, what will people say?"

"I don't know, Sarah, what they would say. But I can tell you what they do say."

"And what do they say?" inquired Mrs. Ashton, eagerly.

"Why they say that we make most too much show to be honest! And what is worse, they are half right."

Mrs. Ashton was thunder struck, as they say; that is, she was so astonished and confounded, that she knew not what to think or speak. At last she said, looking into her husband's face, with her own pale and concerned in its expression,

"Surely you must be trifling with me!"

"No, Sarah, I am not. Of late, I have been so closely run for money to meet my business and accommodation paper, which is unusually heavy about these times, that I have been forced to put off many bills that were due, and should have been paid. Among these, was a bill from the carriage maker, for the new and beautiful harness, carriage linings and cushions. He called to-day for the fourth or fifth time, and I had to put him off again. He grumbled at it, and as he went away, muttered loud enough for me to hear him, 'Peo-

ple say that you make most too much show to be honest, and I believe them.'

"This is too severe for me, Sarah, and I cannot stand it. If I have weakly yielded to my own inclinations and your desires, and indulged in a little display and extravagance, I am, nevertheless, honest; and while a shadow of such a suspicion as that indicated, is resting over me, I can have no peace of mind."

Mrs. Ashton listened with breathless interest while her husband was speaking, but, although he paused for some moments, she did not reply.

"And now, Sarah," he resumed, "you know that I have considered you, and consulted you in all domestic arrangements. I still wish to do so. But, I can no longer act as you wish, unless I am fully satisfied that to act thus is right. I think that we should sell our carriage, and move into a smaller house; and my reason for thinking so, is founded upon my knowledge of the fact, that as business is, and promises to be for some time to come, I cannot afford the expense to which they subject us."

"And people say we make too great a show to be honest!" Mrs. Ashton remarked, in a tone of surprise, a little touched with indignation, as her husband ceased speaking.

"Yes, Sarah, they do."

"Well, they shall say it no longer. They may say any thing but that. But to question your honesty is too much. Sell the carriage, did you say? Yes, sell it to-morrow, and move into a smaller house next week. People say that we are not honest! O no, people mustn't say that!" And a tear stood in Mrs. Ashton's eye, as she drew her arm affectionately about her husband's neck.

CHAPTER IV.

It was, perhaps, about a year after, that Mr. and Mrs. Ashton sat, one evening, before a cheerful grate, in a snug little house, in a retired part of the city. Every thing around them was neat and comfortable, and even elegant, though not on the scale of magnificence that they had once indulged. As they were drawing up their chairs before the fire after supper, Mr. Ashton remarked—

"This morning, Sarah, I took up the last note I had out in the world. No man can now say that I owe him a dollar."

"You feel very comfortable then, of course," his wife replied, smilingly.

"I do feel very comfortable. Much more than I

did when I sported an elegant carriage, and lived in a style of splendor beyond my ability to support."

"People can't say that we make too great a show to be honest," Mrs. Ashton remarked, good humoredly.

"That they cannot. And, if they did, it would make but little difference, for there would be no truth in the allegation. It is the truth that people say about us, that is of most importance."

"So I felt when you explained to me your real condition, and I saw, too plainly, that there was room for the remark made."

"I certainly was in a bad way, then. Every day I had to rack my brains for the means of lifting my notes, and paying my borrowed money. And when night came, I was sick and dispirited, and unfit to enjoy an hour's pleasant, social intercourse. If I dreamed, it was of money, and notes and ruin. Fifty times it has occurred that there has been but twenty minutes, or ten dollars between me and bankruptcy. And, yet I was doing a very fair business. The fortunate sale which I made of the carriage gave me fifteen hundred dollars in cash, which helped me a good deal. *It was so much money that did not have to be returned.* In a short time, we got into this snug little affair of a house, at one fourth the rent we had been paying, and I found quarter bills of sixty-two and a half dollars much more easily paid than those of two hundred and fifty dollars. And, besides this, our family expenses have been, quarterly, five hundred dollars less."

"Impossible, Mr. Ashton!"

"It is a fact, for I have kept, regularly, an account in my business, of all moneys paid out for other than business purposes. Our carriage driver was a tax of three hundred dollars a year. Feed for two, and sometimes three horses, extra servant hire about a large house, and extra waste for extra servants, and the thousand expenses which such an establishment involves, swell up into no unimportant sum."

"And all this was not so much for the comfort it gave as to provide for the question, *What will people say?*" Mrs. Ashton remarked, smiling. "How vain and foolish I was!" she added, more gravely.

"All these things," resumed Mr. Ashton, "made a heavy aggregate. Over three thousand dollars in the last year saved from expenses, and obtained in the sale of horses and carriage, helped my business wonderfully. And besides that, when I had once commenced, from a full conviction of its necessity, a sys-

tem of reform and economy, I carried it out in my store. I was more prudent and cautious in buying and selling, reduced my business more to a system, and made my calculations to rely less upon borrowing and more upon business returns. Gradually I succeeded in reducing all my transactions to a safe and legitimate line, and now I feel the happy result of good resolution, followed by a rigid determination to carry them out. People may talk as much as they please now; I know that no one can say I owe him a dollar."

"And you are so much happier than you were, dear husband! And I am so much happier. To do right and then rest satisfied, I feel, is much better than to be anxious that others may admire or speak well of us. A single year's experience has taught me a great deal."

"We are both gainers, then," Mr. Ashton replied, "That is, we are better and wiser. May we never forget the lesson we have learned, that the true sources of happiness lie within ourselves."—*Family Companion*.

TRAVELERS' EXAGGERATIONS.

It is not a little curious to note the impressions of foreigners in regard to national manners, tinctured most generally with their prejudice against the social or civil organization of the people among whom they are making observations. The following sketch of English manners, and customs by Paul Honzer, in 1598, is a fair specimen of the superficiality of observation and the prejudice of feeling which are exhibited by travellers in our own day—who give almost every peculiarity of a people in caricature. "They (the English) excel in dancing and music, for they are active, lively, though of thicker make than the French! They are good sailors and better pi-

rates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London. Beheading with them is less infamous than hanging. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies—impatient of any thing like slavery—vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannons, drums, and the ringing of bells, so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say—'It is a pity he is not an Englishman.'"

A THOUGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

BESIDE a pleasant streamlet,
I sat me down one day,
And gazed upon the waters
That gently moved away.—
The bending flower, the beetling rock,
And the tree of giant limb
Through which the glorious light of heaven
Came solemnly, and dim
And the blue o'erarching firmament
With its thousand cloudy isles,
And the sun whose beams come down to us
Like God, our Father's, smiles—
These, all upon its bosom

Were pictured to the eye,
While the waters of that streamlet,
Went pure and peaceful by.

Oh, be my heart like that sweet stream
That moves in light and shade,
With the beautiful of earth and sky
All pictured there, I said,—
And may no dark pollution,
No stain of sin be given,
But my spirit pass as that pure stream
All spotless on to heaven.



For the Ladies' Magazine.

BIRDS AND SONG.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

WHAT fitter theme for a Poet's inspired song, than this exquisite gem of the air? This gay riffer of sweets from Flora's choicest favorites. Who, that has stepped beyond the city's precincts during the Summer, has not seen the wonderful little creature sporting amid the rich blossoms of the clematis, the trumpet bignonia, the white robed mylocarium, or the hosts of daily expanding flowers that deck the gardens, fields and arbors? Who cannot remember the first time his eyes rested upon the tiny bird, with its breast of changeable gold and green, flitting about like a fairy thing; and how hard it was to conceive of it as a real creature of earth? How perfect a picture do the following lines give of the bright little prodigal. The writer, we know not. His

theme was the butterfly. But it will be no violence to his exquisite verses, to change the subject of them, which, asking his pardon, should he ever discover the freedom we have taken, we now proceed to do:

Like a winged gem, a thought of joy,
The humming-bird seems on the air to rest,
Now stoops the blushing flowers to kiss
Or falls asleep on the tulip's breast—
I would not call it a useless thing,
Nor deem it proud of its painted wing.

O more like an Eden sprite it seems,
In pity left, when the garden bright
Was upward borne to a purer land,
And shrouded for aye from mortal sight:
It looks in the sunshine of earth to me,
Like an exile doomed from heaven to be.

It seeks for itself the sunniest spot,
And loves the breath of flowers fair;
For perfume and light were the very things,
That made it so blissful dwelling there:
With its beauty left, and melody gone,
Dost thou not deem it an exiled one?

And we are banished from Eden too,
The beams of our glory dimmed and shorn,
Let us love, then, the pure and bright of earth,
And live as for those who for Eden mourn;
Keeping warm in our hearts that fount of love,
That springs by the throne of our Father above.

Softly melt into our soul these exquisite lines, making us love with a tenderer feeling the "Eden sprite." Like it, let us keep ever unfolded our wings in the bright sun light of truth, and sip nectar from affection's blossoms that spring up and cluster around us. Pure thoughts, like its rainbow pinions, will lift us above mean sensual delights, and honey from a thousand sweet flowers refresh our spirits.

Sutermeister, an American bard, has given us some fine stanzas on this theme, a fit one for any Poet. They are as follows:

Bird of the Summer bower!
Whose burnished plumage to the air is given,
How thy bill dips in each luxuriant flower,
How thy wing fleets through heaven!

Thou seemst to Fancy's eye
An animated blossom born in air;
Which breathes and bourgeons in the golden sky,
And sheds its odors there.

Thou seemst a rainbow hue
Touched by the sunbeam into life and light;
As cuts thy rosy wing the welkin through
In its eternal flight.

Thou art not born of Earth!
Thy home is in the free and pathless air!
The wild flower eglantine bloomed on thy birth,
And threw its fragrance there.

The green and spangled dell,
For thee diffuses its sweet scent and hue:
Thou drinkest, from the tulip's ample bell,
The late and early dew.

I love, sweet bird! to see
Thy crimson plumage in the morning clear—
Thy gambols—thy capricious revelry
In the thin atmosphere.

How thou art full of life—
How art thou joyous through thy transient hour—
For thee, the morning air with sweets is rife—
For thee, blooms the May bower.

12*

Go forth, on thy glad way!
The Eagle of a hundred years, is not
So happy in his towering pride of sway,
As thou, in thy brief lot!

How chaste—how worthy the pen of a true poet! Let us introduce another, Mary Howitt. Gentle Mary Howitt, who loves birds and flowers with a pure heart fervently. Hear how sweetly she sings of this "animated blossom":

The humming bird!—the humming bird,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately Moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree,
The scarlet passion-flower.

Where on the mighty river banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The Cay man like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest, the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood—
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the Capanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her neck the changeful green and blue,
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No winter round thee lowers;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food the honey from the flowers
Thy drink the dew from heaven!

How glad the heart of Eve would be,
In Eden's glorious bowers,
To see the first, first humming-bird
Among the first spring flowers.

Among the rainbow butterflies,
Before the rainbow shone;
One moment glancing in her sight,
Another moment gone!

Thou little shining creature,
God saved thee from the flood,
The eagle of the mountain land,
And tiger of the wood!

Who cared to save the elephant,
He, also, cared for thee,
And gave those broad lands for thy home,
Where grows the cedar tree.

For us to attempt to add more, would be like gilding fine gold. Turn back the leaf again, fair reader, and muse over the sweet verses we have spread out before you, worthy the "winged gem" of which they discourse so eloquently, while we retire and leave you to your own innocent thoughts.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BACHELOR OF GÖTTINGEN.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LACROIX.]

THE last rays of the sun were gilding the tall spire of the principal church of Göttingen, as Doctor Fornarius dismissed his pupils and returned to his study. It was in the month of December; the ground was covered by a thick coat of snow, and the cold north wind whistled down the deserted streets. The sedentary habits of the good doctor made him chilly, and his study was provided with a stove which radiated its gentle heat through the room.

The house of Doctor Fornarius was situated at the extremity of the suburbs, and completely isolated. A high wall surrounded his little garden, that was thickly shaded, in the summer season, with trees. His windows were constantly closed against the curious gaze of the vulgar, and his door was only opened for a select few. This mysterious existence, together with the extreme austerity of his manners, had contributed, no less than the diversity and real depth of his knowledge, to extend the fame of the learned Fornarius. He was said to be versed in the occult sciences, and deeply initiated in the arcana of the cabalistic arts.

On the evening in question he had just sank into his large arm-chair covered with leather, now much defaced, with an air of great satis-

faction, and opened upon his knees his favorite book, when a light tap was heard at the door of his study.

"Come in," cried Fornarius, evidently annoyed at the disturbance. "Ah! is it you, Frank," added he, in a more gentle tone, at the sight of a young man, who came timidly forward, "sit down, and warm your frozen hands; then tell me what brought you here at this time," and he pointed to a seat near his own chair.

The young man, after having divested himself of his hat and cloak, took the seat designated, with an embarrassed air. Fornarius fixed upon him, for some time, a scrutinizing look, tempered, however, with a kind expression. He was young; his frank countenance framed, as it were, by his blond hair, beamed with intelligence. His eyes, habitually dreamy, were sometimes illuminated by ardent thoughts, he was the favorite pupil of Fornarius, in consequence of his wonderful apprehension, and his zeal for study.

"Master," said he, suddenly, raising his eyes toward the Doctor with a diffident air, "your lecture of to-day has interested me deeply. Your learned remarks upon *effects* and *causes* displayed a subtle spirit which has let nothing escape; which seemed equally to

comprehend the hidden principle of all things, and to distinguish the bonds which unite one to another."

"My son," interrupted Fornarius, with a modest gravity, "there are, undoubtedly, in these philosophical investigations, an attractive power, and an end worthy of a noble ambition:—Yes, I believe there exists under the envelope of the most trifling thing in nature, an eternal truth, a ray of the supreme science. But to what mortal has all the arcana of nature been revealed? God preserve me from the foolish vanity of believing myself more than mortal!"

"Oh! master," cried Frank, with enthusiasm, "you have said that truth is a noble end. Life, is to seek truth; the end to know it! I, too, burn to know. Dear master," added he, in a low tone, "let me open to you my heart."

"Speak, my friend," said Fornarius, quickly. "Speak in all confidence."

"I confess to you," said Frank, in a hesitating manner, "that of all the advantages you have derived from your profound studies, the most admirable, the most precious in my eyes, is the power to predict and explain the future."

"It is true, my son, that I have sometimes succeeded in reading the book of destiny; but, believe me, ignorance of the future is often better than a knowledge of it, and those who indulge in this rash desire, often meet with a terrible recompense."

"What is this recompense, my father, since you deign to allow me to address you thus; I will brave it and am ready to advance, if you will initiate me into the mysteries of necromancy, and reveal to me the chances which fortune holds in store for me. Believe me, when I say, that my gratitude—"

At these words, Fornarius fixed his two little piercing eyes upon Frank, who could not help reddening under their gaze. An almost imperceptible smile played upon the lips of the Doctor.

"I could have desired to induce you to relinquish this project," replied he, "but since I would be unable to do that, I must first say to you, that, my science only bears upon occurrences and facts, not upon sentiments and thoughts. Thus, I well know, by necromancy, that you will attain, through my care and influence, a high fortune; but whether or not you will remember the poor Fornarius then, my art does not inform me."

"Oh! my good, my excellent master!" cried Frank, "can you believe that I should ever forget the services which you will have rendered me?"

"You desire, then, that I should proceed?"

said Fornarius. "Well! I consent. But considerable time will necessarily be occupied; our operations and our researches will bring us far into the night, and I cannot consent, for any consideration, to allow you to be exposed to the danger of returning home at so late an hour at this season. You must accept the hospitality I offer from my heart, and remain with me during the night; to-morrow-morning, you will be free to attend to your daily occupations."

"I accept, willingly, your obliging proposition. If you will allow me to remain till day in your study—"

"No, no, you are young and need repose—a whole night without sleep would not agree very well either with your age or constitution;—as for me, I am accustomed to wakefulness, so that it does not break in upon my habits or affect my health. With your permission, you shall finish your night in my chamber, whilst I will await here the return of day."

Without giving his young guest time to reply, Fornarius rang the bell which brought in, immediately, his old housekeeper.

"Martha," said the doctor, "make a good fire in my chamber, and put clean linen on the bed. Frank will take my place, there, to-night—but, first, go to the cupboard, here is the key, and bring one of those long-necked bottles, with red seals, which are upon the second shelf."

After Martha had brought what he commanded:—"It is well," said the doctor, "now, leave us, and hold yourself in readiness to return when I shall call you. This," pursued he, presenting a glass to Frank, and opening the bottle, "will keep our minds active and fortify us against fatigue. I drink to your success, my young neophyte, and hope that, for your debut in your career of honors, you will soon obtain the degree of Doctor, now the object of your ambition."

The glasses were struck together, and Frank, as much to do honor to the wine of Fornarius, as to his cordial hospitality, swallowed at a draught the golden liquid which was poured out for him.

At this moment a violent knock was heard at the door, which caused Frank to tremble.

"Who is there?" asked Fornarius in an angry tone. "Can Martha have forgotten the charge I gave her? Who can wish to see me at such an hour!"

An old man, whom Frank at once recognized, as the confidential servant of his uncle, entered hastily. "Meinherr Frank," said he, almost beside himself, "make haste to return home, your uncle is dying."

"Can it be possible?" cried Frank.

"Alas! mein herr, the gout with which he has suffered so severely for some days past, has, they say, fallen upon his chest, and his physician assures us that he has but few hours longer to live."

"So worthy a man and so good a relation!" murmured Fornarius, deeply affected. "I regret, my dear Frank, the interruption of our interview, but go, you have not an instant to lose."

"Go on," said Frank, turning to the messenger, "I will soon follow you."

Then reseating himself, and regarding Fornarius with wonder at his emotion. "I see how it is," said he, "this is one of those panics, to which the health of my uncle, a little affected by excess, has habituated us. The attack may have been more violent this time; but there is no serious danger. Let us pursue, I pray you, our object, for I am impatient to know—"

Fornarius, more and more surprised, was about to commence his operations, when another messenger arrived, making piteous cries and groans. "Ah! what a misfortune!—my good master, my excellent master!—"

"Well," demanded Frank, hastily.

"He is dead."

"Dead, do you say? Are you well assured of that?"

"Alas! mein herr, his spirit departed whilst I supported him in my arms, after he had many times vainly asked for you!"

"My uncle, my dear uncle!" cried Frank, covering his face with his hands. "I will yet see him! Let us run—"

"Stop, my friend," said Fornarius, "grief unsettles your mind. After having neglected, in his last moments, a relative who cherished, and fixed upon you for his heir, do you not fear that this late haste will be attributed to the base suggestions of personal interest?"

"How!—Do you desire me, Fornarius, to abandon the house of my uncle to the rapacity of servants, or to the pillaging of strangers? And who, besides myself, should render funeral honors to one who has been to me a second father? No, no, do not attempt to stop me: nothing will prevent me from accomplishing a duty so sacred."

"Go, then," replied Fornarius, "and may Heaven protect so worthy a son."

Some days after, Frank entered the study of Fornarius in deep mourning.

"My uncle," said he, "has left me all he was worth. I am rich; but I do not wish to be deprived of the lessons you have promised me, or the counsels of your experience. I

have conceived of vast enterprises, which I wish you to share ultimately. If you are really attached to me, follow—we will part no more. Abandon this house, and give up your place; we will live together; my fortune shall be at your disposal."

"It will, undoubtedly, be hard for me to break, at once, into all my habits, and I am no longer at an age to begin a new kind of life. But, no matter; it shall not be said that Fornarius's ever refused any thing to his friend Frank. I will go, immediately, and dispose of my house."

"I will buy it of you, my brave Fornarius, and from this moment, if you desire it, you may consider me your debtor in the sum of twenty-five thousand florins."

"Agreed; with that I will be enabled, by settling a small pension upon her, to recompense the long services of my old house-keeper."

"As you please."

Fornarius followed his pupil. Soon, thanks to his lessons and the credit which he enjoyed with the influential members of the University, Frank obtained, after a public examination, the degree of Doctor. This title, which placed him equal in rank, if not in merit, with his preceptor, changed in him, a very little it is true, those marks of deference and respect which he had shown him previously. Fornarius, who attached but little importance to any thing but the reality of his sentiments, did not perceive this change.

Frank was rich enough to live without engaging in any public employment—but his ambition increased with his wealth. The death of his uncle left vacant a place in one of the faculties of Göttingen: Frank coveted this second heritage, and after the interim of a year, during which it was entrusted to a poor *savant*, to give time for the young candidate to take, at least, the appearance of a man, Fornarius succeeded, by invoking the memory of the uncle, in getting the nephew named as successor.

The desire to distinguish himself, stimulated the natural taste of Frank for study, and Fornarius served at once as a guide in his pursuit of knowledge and a living repository of human science. His great acquirements gained him more eclat in consequence of his youth: his lectures were already attended by numerous and select audiences, and his name began to spread in the learned world. Fornarius has passed by a rapid transition from the position of a preceptor to that of an equal and friend, and from the last to that of a privy councillor, Frank, no longer remembering

his old master but for the profit to be derived from his great knowledge and influence. The abstractions of science and ambition had taken from his mind all recollection of the twenty-five thousand florins which he had promised for the house of Fornarius and for which the honest Doctor had no other guarantee than the word of the purchaser. One day, however, after many severe struggles with himself, Fornarius determined, with regard to this subject, to hazard a request of the new Doctor.

"Meinherr Frank," said he to him, timidly, (for he had accustomed himself, of late, to prefix this respectful appellation when he addressed his old pupil,) "it is five years, to-day, since I have had the honor of aiding you with my counsels, and I feel within myself that that they have not been entirely useless."

"Do you mean, by this, that I have been remiss in my duty to you?" asked Frank, with hauteur.

"I do not say that, precisely, meinherr,"

"Are you not treated in my house as an equal?"

"I appreciate, as I should, the honor of such a situation."

"Of what do you complain, then? and why do you recal the date and importance of the services you have rendered me?"

"Because, meinherr, it is precisely five years since I left my little house."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why," added Fornarius, with embarrassment, "poor Martha has not yet received the first quarter of the pension which I was to pay her upon the twenty-five thousand florins—"

"Do you believe me capable of breaking my promise, and was it but personal interest which prompted you to follow me? It is a fine time, truly, to dream of such a trifle, when I am so much occupied with your future and our common fortune. Listen to me, Fornarius: there is at this time, a vacant chair at Vienna—it is an important post, and one which will enable a clever man to rise rapidly. You have influence with the Minister on whom this employment depends; demand for me, this favor. I am certain that, upon your recommendation, I shall receive the appointment. Then we will go together and I shall be able, at last, to make you a noble return."

Frank's reputation had extended even to the Capital of Austria. The appointment to the chair he solicited, was made with little delay, and, as soon as it was announced to him, he left, with Fornarius, for Vienna. The knowledge he displayed in this elevated sphere, gave him a new degree of celebrity, and, in a short time, all Germany spoke with admiration of

the profound learning and great eloquence of Doctor Frank. His fortune increased with his fame; he was appointed, successively, to many rich sinecures, which were, in some sort, the evidences of the particular esteem of the government. Finally, the dean of the University Council having retired, on account of his age, Frank was appointed to his place. Fornarius judging, then, that the ambition of his old pupil would now be satisfied, and that he should no longer need his counsel, determined to leave him, for he groaned, in secret, at the increasing indifference and the manner of Frank, daily growing more and more haughty toward him.

"Meinherr," stammered Fornarius, trembling with emotion and perhaps regret, at the thought of being compelled to leave him, "you are now rich and at the height of honors—for me, I am becoming old, my devotion will no longer be of service to you. It is time I should think of retiring—"

"I shall not permit that, assuredly. Nothing could induce me to deprive myself of your experience and your services, honest Fornarius."

"But, meinherr, I am not at an age to remain in a precarious position—"

"Ungrateful man! Do you dare to call the independent and honorable situation you occupy in my house, precarious?"

"If you would only," added Fornarius in a supplicating tone, "deign to remember the twenty-five thousand florins!"

"How! Must I find you ever only an annoying creditor? and do you believe me an insolvent debtor? I should be careful to-day of placing a sum in your hands which would, perhaps, confirm you in your foolish thought of leaving me—"

"But, meinherr," replied Fornarius, with tears in his eyes, "you will not refuse, for old Martha—"

"That woman again! Truly it is strange to observe the obstinacy with which some people mingle trifling with the most important affairs, and desire to constrain persons filling high offices, to partake of their miserable fancies. I am wounded, my brave Fornarius, to see that you accord to me so little justice. Yet, a little patience, one step more and I reach the end—I attain the last round of the ladder of power. Do you hear that, my venerable *savan*? The Prime Minister," added he in a low voice, "is much worn by age and fatigue; he has much esteem for you, Doctor. He should be counselled to take repose. He has also shown an affection for me. The Emperor, it is said, has spoken of my talents. Let us each act in such manner toward your friend, that he may de-

termine when the proper moment shall come, to make, with his majesty, an effort in my favor."

From this day Fornarius made frequent visits to his illustrious friend, who loved his simple and open character as much as he esteemed him for his immense acquirements. The Minister often consulted him upon his private affairs as well as upon questions of public interest, and Fornarius, attending both to the interest of Frank and the health of the Minister, induced him to obtain the Emperor's consent to his retirement and the appointment of his *protégé*.

The brightest hope of Frank was, at last, accomplished; fortune had conducted him by the hand to the highest honor attainable by him. He bid a final adieu to professorships, and left his citizen's dwelling to occupy one of the most splendid palaces in Vienna.

The crowd of courtiers, of solicitors, and persons of all ranks who filled the anti-chambers, the few first days after his installation, rendered futile the efforts of Fornarius to reach the new minister. At last, the doors were opened to his repeated supplications, and it was with a respectful fear that the good Doctor mounted the rich staircase of this grand dwelling, the entrance of which, to Frank, he had facilitated. When the usher announced Doctor Fornarius, his Excellency made a sign to the two secretaries, who wrote under his dictation, to retire.

"Ah! my lord," cried Fornarius, when they had gone out, "have pity on your old preceptor—am I not still your friend?"

"What do you desire of me?" demanded the minister, coldly.

"That you grant me your hospitality. Since you left me alone in your house, it has been sold by your order, and I am, absolutely, without an asylum and without resources."

"Your necessities have wearied my generosity, meinherr Fornarius; my goodness to you has only encouraged the new piece of insolence of which you are now culpable. I believed that you, at least, understood the duties which my high functions impose upon me, and the distance which they now throw between us."

"Heaven preserve me from a want of the respect I should have for your dignity. But, will your Excellency deign to remember that I am a stranger in this city——"

"And who desires to detain you here?"

Fornarius, at this cruel remark, endeavored, vainly, to hide a tear which trickled down his wrinkled cheek and lost itself in his long grey beard.

"My lord!" replied he, falling on his knees before the minister, "I have left all to follow you. I gave up, at your request, my professorship and occupations, which were my only resource and my only pleasure. I have not enough left, at this moment, to take me to Göttingen—I have no hope but in you——"

"Am I, then, your banker?"

"However, my lord, the twenty-five thousand florins for which you gave me your promise——"

"Insolent wretch! if I had the weakness to make this promise to a miserable necromancer, have you been able to flatter yourself that the minister will ratify engagements drawn from the inexperience of a youth? Go! Return to your house, and to your diabolical occupations."

"Pity my old age, my lord! It is late, the night is dark—the snow covers the street."

"Go! I tell you, or I shall call my servants to force you into the street!"

"It is useless," replied Fornarius, rising proudly, and fixing his piercing eyes upon the minister, "and since your Excellency refuses me shelter in your palace at Vienna, I shall do well to remain in my dwelling at Göttingen."

At these words, Fornarius pulled the bell-chord: Frank cast a glance of wonder around him, and soon discovered that he still occupied the same place in the study of Doctor Fornarius.

"Martha!" cried the Doctor to the old house-keeper who made her appearance, "re-conduct Herr Frank to the street door: I am not so foolish as to allow my chamber and my bed to be occupied by a simple *Bachelor of Göttingen*!"

LET the measure of your affirmation or denial be the understanding of your contractor; for he that deceives the buyer or the seller by speaking what is true in a sense not intended or understood by the other, is a liar and a thief.

NEVER compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands, with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune or condition.

FELICIA HEMANS.

No more, no more—O, never more returning,
 Will thy beloved presence gladden earth ;
 No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning
 Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.
 Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,
 How many lovely things have vanish'd too :
 Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,
 And feelings, teaching us our own were true.
 Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,
 Known only by the music on the air ;
 The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit
 A beauty known but from thy breathing there ;
 For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,
 The likeness from itself thy fond heart gave ;
 As planets from afar look down on ocean,
 And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,
 As floats thy various melodies along ;
 We know the softness of Italian measures,
 And the grave cadence of Castilian song.
 A general bond of union is the poet,
 By its immortal verse is language known,
 And for the sake of song do others know it—
 One glorious poet makes the world his own.
 And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended !
 The heart's sweet empire over land and sea ;
 Many a stranger and fair flower was blended
 In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.
 The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters
 Paused in the pine woods words of thine to hear.
 And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters
 Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly ?—never
 Can fame atone for all that fame has cost.
 We see the goal, but know not the endeavor,
 Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost.
 What do we know of the unquiet pillow,
 By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,
 When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous
 billow,
 Whose very light and foam reveals unrest ?

We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not
 What may have left that sorrow on the song ;
 However mournful words may be, they show not
 The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.
 They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd only
 In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.
 Alas ! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—
 Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing
 In sweet clear light the hidden world below,
 By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
 Than those around, the cold and careless know ?
 What is to feed such feeling, but to culture
 A soil whence pain will never more depart ?
 The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,
 Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.
 Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—
 By careless tongues and by ungenerous words ;
 While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,
 Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.
 Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers
 Gave other lips the joy thine own had not ?
 Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers
 Which closed around thy mourning human lot ?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,
 For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,
 The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,
 But only from thyself its being drew.
 How is the warm and loving heart requited
 In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell !
 Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd, and slighted—
 Such is the doom of those who love too well.
 Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
 Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,
 Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,
 Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.
 Fame's troubled hour has clear'd, and now
 replying,
 A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.
 Sleep with a light the lovely and undying
 Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.
L. E. L.

RELIGIOUSLY keep all promises and covenants, though made to your disadvantage, though afterwards you perceive you might have done better.

THE ambitious labors of men to get great estates, is but the selling of a fountain to buy a fever, a parting with content, to buy necessity.

EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Our number for this month all will acknowledge to be quite an improvement on the last, both in appearance, and in the quality of its literary contents, although we have had little more time to prepare it than was allowed us to get up the issue for February. But we have made good use of that time. Many articles now presented, are of deep interest; and none of them contains a sentence calculated to depress, rather than elevate the moral feelings. For the future, we shall have more leisure to select, from our ample resources, matter of the choicest kind, as well as to give our own mind free play, and our own pen more activity. A valued and gifted correspondent is engaged in writing for us a series of articles, which will possess much interest. In transmitting his first paper, he says—"My intention is to work up the beauties of the elder Poets, and Dramatists, interspersing them with such desultory and easy remarks as may tend to make up a pleasant vehicle for the glorious extracts. I think this will please you much, and give your readers the very cream of works so difficult of access at this time." It will please us much, and our readers of course.

OUR STEEL PLATE.—We present our readers this month, with the largest mezzotint engraving that has ever appeared in any Magazine in the country. But this is not all—besides being the largest, it is the most uniquely attractive and pleasing one also. Turn back and look again at the mild, demure, half innocent, half artful face of the maiden, as she sits so patiently in the balcony, trying to entrap Mrs. Smith's grown up son, and say if she does not really deserve to succeed. Most certainly she does. Strange that those "nice young men at number ten" are not conquered, and brought humbly to her feet in a single day! Hear her!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear,
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the Balcony.
Which she has never done;
But arts that thrive at number five,
Wont take at number one,

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,
There's nice young men at number ten,
But bless me, they're so shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way,
Has got a grown up son,
But la! he hardly seems to think,
There is a Number One.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—When too late to substitute any other embellishment, we discovered that the fancy portrait we had ordered instead of a fashion plate, for our last number, was not, in execution, what the artist promised it should be. This we cannot but regret very much. We thought that we were really going to present something very pleasing; but it did not turn out so, notwithstanding the cost of the embellishment was heavy. Our arrangements, we are glad to state, are now so made, that we shall not again be liable to such a disappointment.

MONUMENT TO WALTER SCOTT.—A. L. Dick, of New York, has just brought out one of the largest and most splendid engravings that has ever appeared in this country. It represents the monument to Sir Walter Scott, now in the process of erection at Edinburgh, and is much larger than either of those which were published in that city, while it is furnished at half their price. R. G. Berford, at Publishers' Hall, 101 Chestnut Street, is the agent for this city from whom impressions can be obtained at the remarkably low price of \$2. Those who have not seen the print, can form no idea of its real beauty.

FOR APRIL we shall be out in good time. Promptness and excellence is our motto. On this we base our hopes of success, and so much confidence have we in a discriminating, sound judging public, that we have no fear for the future. If we make excellence our standard, we shall soon be widely known and duly appreciated.

INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE.—Look at our prospectus on the cover, and see what liberal inducements we offer to those who wish to take our Magazine.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY.—For \$3, the Ladies' Magazine, and Lady's Musical Library will be sent for one year. For notice of latter work, see cover.

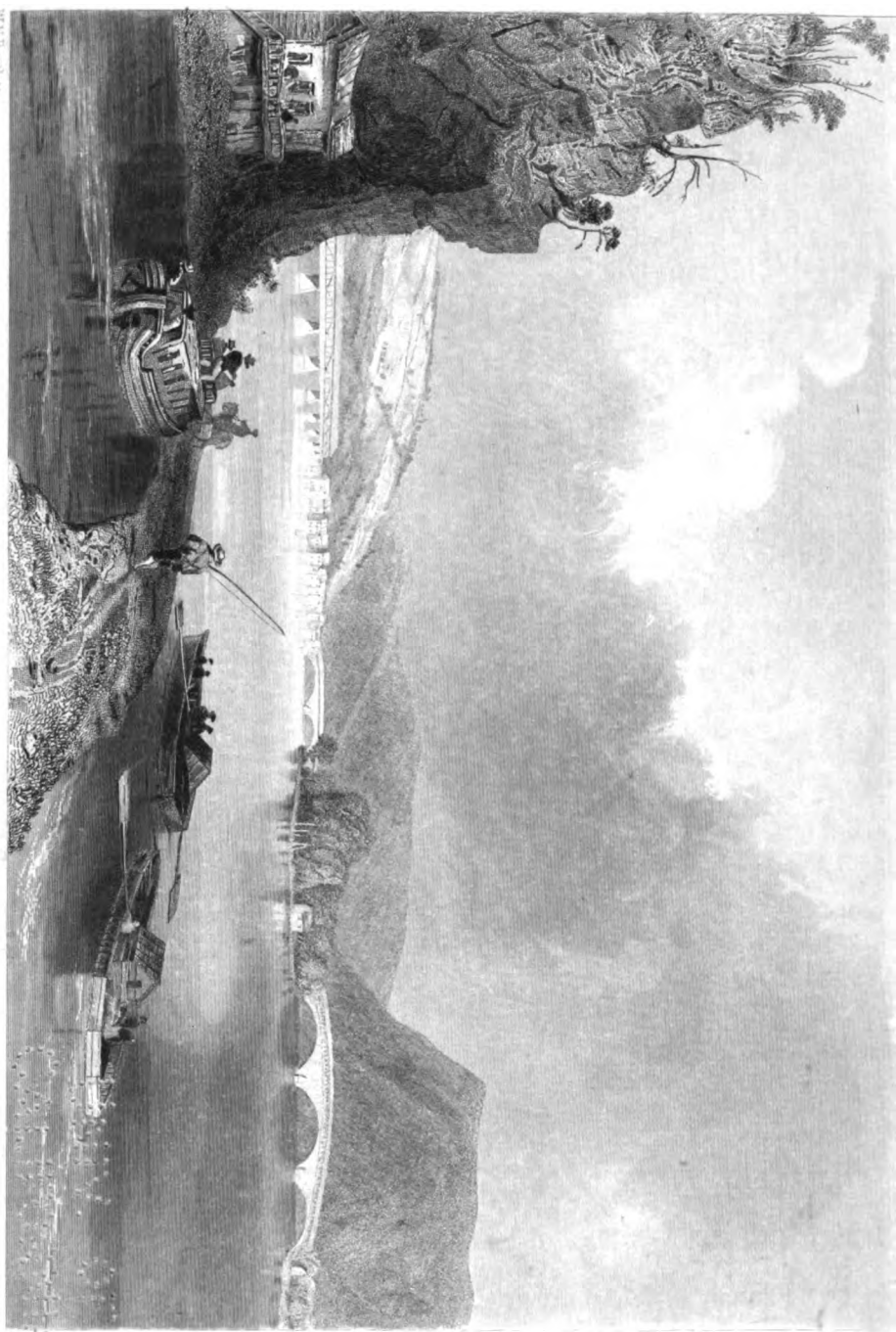
SIZE AND PRICE OF OUR WORK.—Observe, that we give, monthly, FORTY-EIGHT pages of reading matter, for only TWO DOLLARS per annum.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIRST FIGURE.—Drab colored merino coat, trimmed with gimp, of same color,—small cape and hanging sleeves. Dress of blue gros de Naples. White bonnet, with cap and pink flowers.

SECOND FIGURE.—Green silk dress and purple velvet mantilla, trimmed with a bias fold. Apple-green velvet bonnet, with orange flowers.

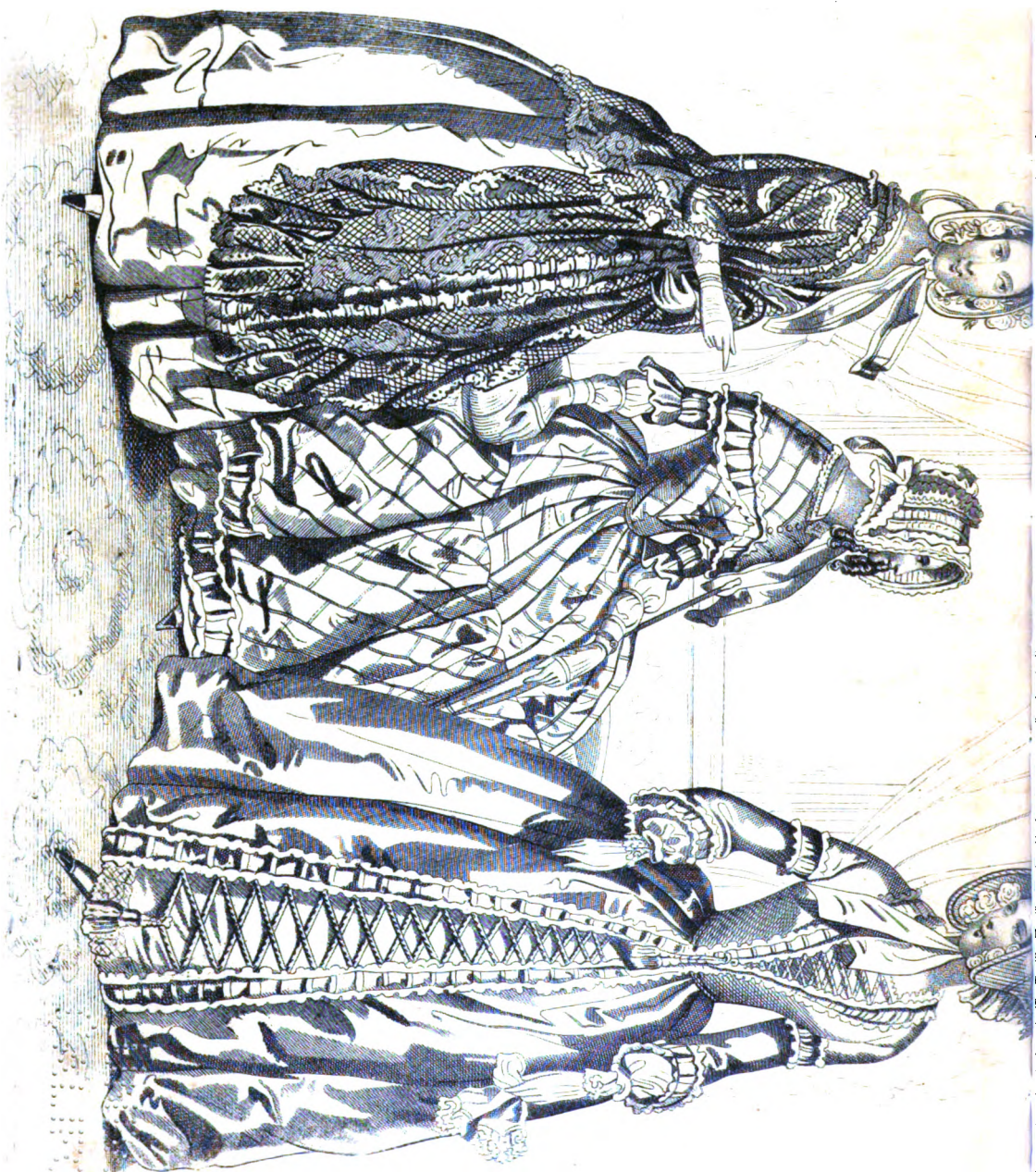
Abstract



VIEW OF NORFOLK ISLAND,
IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



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THE
LADIES' MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1844.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCE.

[From the German of Fanny Tarnow.]

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

THE high minded, noble looking Prince Olaf W. the last scion of an illustrious family, had just returned from a campaign, that had adorned his youthful head with the laurel crown of a triumphant general. He was received with distinguished esteem by his emperor, with joy by his friends and acquaintances, and with the tenderest love by his only sister, the Countess R. Her palace blazed with the bright light of the countless candles that illuminated all its halls and chambers, where the most brilliant circles of the imperial city were assembled to celebrate his reception. Music resounded through the splendid mansion, and it was now nearly midnight when Prince Olaf, wearied with the journey, the dance, and the gay variety of scenes the day had brought forth, entered a solitary room and leaning quietly on the window sill, looked out on the night, now glittering with stars, whose sublime greatness contrasted so significantly with the tumult of noisy joy in the adjoining saloons. The windows of the cabinet overlooked the Neva. The broad, clear stream, flowed calmly on; above the gray rocky fortress on the opposite shore, there rose from the mint a glowing stream of fire, that shot upward in the sky, throwing its bright light on the great imperial crown of gold surmounting the

cupola, that marks the resting place of the Russian Emperors.

How many dreams of his youthful years were awakened at this moment in Prince Olaf's breast! How often in the stillness of the night, had he stood at this window and looked forward into life—life, so full of problems, and from which he had expected so many never-to-be-forgotten joys, such a fresh and glorious thirst for action, such an ever flowing fountain of enthusiasm: and alas! who can look without sorrow on the youthful dreams, and the youthful hopes that have gone for ever! Olaf's soul grew more calm at these remembrances; he thought of the farewell he had taken, years before in this place, of the tears of his beloved sister, now almost intoxicated with the joy of his return, and then, as if earnestly reminding him, the image of her dead husband, his friend, recurred to him, who, when dying, had entreated him to be a father to his children; and he felt angry with himself and with his sister, because he had not yet seen them, and had scarcely thought of them amid the celebrations with which he was received. He opened softly the tapestry door of the cabinet, and recollecting the well known way which led by a long passage to the wing where the children were kept, he went towards their chamber. In the part of

the castle he now entered, all was still; the noise, the loud music, and the sound of the dancing gradually died away: but he soon distinguished the notes of a lovely, clear, female voice, singing with heart-felt expression, a German evening hymn. During his residence in Germany, the Prince had become fond of the language and customs, and now, involuntarily stood still before the door, without opening it. The melody of the hymn was simple; the voice showed no great compass, but it was cultivated, every note perfectly clear, full of soul and feeling. The last sound of the hymn was now dying away and he opened the door. A rich green silk curtain, which reached to the floor, concealed the back ground of the chamber: without being heard, he stepped across the soft carpet, drew back the curtain, and overlooked the sleeping room of the little ones. The three eldest were fast asleep in their beds near the wall; in the middle of the chamber, on a low chair, sat a female figure, rocking in her arms a child of angelic beauty, whose head, with its dark, clustering locks, were better seen in the twilight of the room, as the full light fell directly upon it from a silver lamp that was burning before the guardian saint of the family. The loveliness of the scene touched the prince. He hastened towards the youngest child, who had been born during his absence, and as it opened its eyes at the noise, and looking at him with an angelic smile, stretched out its little arms towards him, and murmured, "Uncle, Uncle Olaf." His eyes filled with tears, and he took the little creature from the arms of the stranger, and pressed it with tender kisses to his heart, and the sweet child without being frightened at his strange appearance, returned his caresses. He now turned to the governess of the children, who had risen up at his approach, and stood aside as if to show becoming respect to the master of the house. She was quite tall, and her whole appearance was somewhat peculiar. She had on a gray silk dress, with wide, loose sleeves, so long that they came quite over the hand, and the dress was so made as entirely to conceal the figure: in addition to this, she wore a high ruff, covering her neck and the lower part of her face, and a hood drawn closely over the forehead, with a black veil that was thrown back, as it is worn by the nuns in the north of Germany, a pair of green spectacles, and a silk shade of the same color, the reflection from which colored her face with a pale green hue.

Prince Olaf, a great connoisseur and admirer of female beauty, turned away his eyes in

disgust from this strange apparition: yet, in her carriage and demeanor, there was an expression of fine, high breeding, that compelled him, involuntarily, to say a few civil words by way of excuse for his late and unlooked for visit.

She bowed respectfully, and graciously, but the words of her answer were whispered in such a low and trembling tone, that he was unable to understand them. Feeling that some encouragement was necessary to reassure her evident timidity, he courteously asked her whether it would disturb the children in their sleep if he went nearer to their couch to see them. Instead of answering, she unchained the lamp, and led him from one bed to another. It was touching to see the little creatures, as the bright light awakened them, stretching out their arms to grasp her hand, and murmuring Charlotte, dear Charlotte! and she bent down, and making the sign of the cross over them, imprinted a kiss on their foreheads. Frau Charlotte's dress, figure, and demeanor, struck the prince so strangely, that his eye followed all her movements with involuntary astonishment. He wished to hear her speak, and remembering that little Clara had known him, and called him by name on his first entrance, he asked her how this was possible, as the child had never before seen him. Frau Charlotte stepped to the wall, touched a spring, and his own picture, as large as life, stood before him.

"I have thought it my duty," she said, gently, but with much earnestness, "to teach the children committed to my care, next to their heavenly Father, to know the man, whom the faithfulness of a friend, still more than the tie of blood, has constituted their second, earthly father."

Her tones were mild, and yet these words, like a reproach, sounded severe to the Prince's heart. "Receive my thanks for your care," he said in reply, "with the assurance that it is my firm resolution to be a father to these children." With these words, he returned to her the child which he had hitherto kept in his arms, and she bowed almost humbly, as he took leave of her; but, when near the door, he again turned round and told her in French, (in which, as is customary in the best Russian families, their conversation had been carried on,) to bring the children to him early in the morning, as soon as they were awake; she drew herself up with much dignity, and repeated the word "bring," in German, so earnestly, that he answered with some embarrassment; "perhaps it will be better that I should come to the children."

She again made a low reverence, and Prince Olaf returned in a thoughtful mood to the gay dancing room, whose joyous music sounded like a discord in the quiet world of peace that had risen upon him, in the innocence of the sleeping children. His sister had missed him, and now hastened towards him, asking where he had been so long!

"With your children," said he, "whom I had not yet seen, and who, above all others, ought to have been here to receive me."

"I did not think of it," she gently answered, "the little things are so well brought up by their governess, and Frau Charlotte is so unwilling I should have them with me when in company, that I am accustomed, on such occasions, to leave them quiet and undisturbed, in their own apartment."

"Who is Frau Charlotte?" he eagerly asked.

"A glorious woman, in whom I possess a perfect treasure. But I will tell you about her at some other time: now I must dance a cotillion," and throwing him a kiss, the pretty little lady hastened away.

Prince Olaf loved his sister; she was the only being upon earth to whom he was united by the ties of family love, for both of them, the last scions of their family, had at an early age, become orphans. The Countess was a charming person: gay, good-natured, with a heart void of deceit or suspicion. She possessed just sense enough to amuse herself in the great world, and be considered interesting as long as she was young and handsome. In her sixteenth year, she became the wife of Count R., whom she loved as devotedly as she was capable of loving any one. The young couple were gay and lively. Both knew no other object in life, than that of enjoying their own existence; and thus, when the Countess became a mother, it did not occur to them that maternal duty required from her any other plans or aims in life. The children were intrusted to nurses, waiting-maids, and governesses, and all anxiety on their account was removed, until on his dying bed the Count felt a seriousness, to which, in the tumult of the world, he had been a stranger, and now, care for the future destiny of his wife and children, weighed heavily upon his spirits. The last strength of his failing powers was expended in nominating his brother-in-law, whom he loved with fraternal affection, and whose character he honored, the guardian of his wife and children; setting before him, in a parting letter, the solemn responsibility of the duty he was about to undertake.

In the fearful game, which, played on the

bloody fields of battle, involves the lives of thousands, the death of a single individual cannot so move the soul of the warrior, as when the life of one we love passes away from our hearts and arms amid the solitary stillness of a sick chamber. Yet, Olaf felt deeply the death of his brother-in-law, the lonely condition of his young sister, and he resolved to honor, with faithful care, the trust bequeathed him by his lost friend. He entreated the Countess to leave the house she had hitherto occupied, and take up her residence in his: so that he might find her there on his return to St. Petersburg, and under his protection, she might feel herself again securely established in the world. He inquired after the children in all his letters, though he received only hasty and indefinite accounts of their welfare. He knew well, that from the good-natured weakness of her character, she was utterly incapable of superintending the education of her children, and feared he should find them wild and untrained. He was so much the more agreeably surprised by the care Frau Charlotte appeared to have taken of them. Little as he knew of her management, he felt a presentiment that under her guardianship they had been well brought up.

All trace, however, of these feelings, soon vanished in the part he was obliged to take in the festivities of the evening. Supper was announced. Prince Olaf led in one of the fairest and most gifted women, whose playful wit and bright glances, soon held him fast bound in the magic circle of present enjoyment. After supper, he was her partner in the dance, and the stars were already shining with a paler light, when he betook himself to his sleeping-room, and wearied with fatigue, threw himself on his couch.

As he awoke the next morning, and every thing seemed strange around him, from his long absence of years, the recollections of the preceding day floated like a dream before him, and, to his great discomfort, he recognized the well known feeling of an aching void, which had before always accompanied tumultuous pleasure like an echo, and roused in him a longing desire for more abiding, more peaceful happiness. Blessed with fortune, high birth, and independence, from his earliest youth he had given this powerful longing various names, though with all his strivings, he had never yet been able to satisfy it. At first, he called the happiness he longed for, youthful pleasure and enjoyment of life. All that life could offer with its passing charms, to meet the passing inclinations of youth, had been his: but the longing of his

soul remained unsatisfied, and in his solitary moments, in the silence of the night, it turned to melancholy, and whispered in his ear, Mistake me not; the happiness that I demand for thee, dwells not where thou hast sought it!—Then he turned to Art, and the treasures of Knowledge. But he who seeks not both with a pure heart, and solely for their own sake, hopes in vain for true refreshment from them, and the unfolding of his spiritual life. He thought by means of gold to make both subservient to his purposes, but they gave him in return only the tinsel of a superficial brightness. He asked again, When will the veil fall from before me? but there was no answer to his question; and as love of fame and honor called him upon the theatre of war, the glory of brave deeds shone brightly before him, and in dedicating himself and his life to the fatherland, his spirit grew clear, and his heart beat more gladly and strongly in his bosom. And in this heroic path he had found much food for fond remembrance, many exalted ideas, ennobling to life and humanity, many feelings that could never be forgotten: his mind developed its strong native power, its eagle glance; his character became firmly grounded on a nice sense of honor, a resolute renunciation of all little, self-seeking efforts; he felt himself so free, so strong in enjoying the power of a bold spirit to rule over little life, that he often presumptuously esteemed himself one of the chosen favorites of fortune; but still, moments would return in which he felt keenly the vanity and nothingness of all earthly pleasures, and as his heart looked forward to the distant future, he asked of the starry heaven, and the blooming earth, "Where dwells that happiness I long for, but cannot name?"

He had known one day in his life, in which he seemed to have realized in his heart the union of heaven and earth, of life and eternity; but he remembered its enchantment only as a youthful folly, which he was thankful had passed away. And yet, in the dreamy recollection of the rapture he then felt, his cheek would sometimes redden with joyful excitement; and then he was angry with himself for suffering a vain vision to usurp such power over him, and throw a cloud of weakness over the fresh activity of his life.

On his return from this campaign, he stood at a decisive turning point in his destiny. The transition from the exciting, ever changing scenes of martial life, to the monotonous quiet of civil existence, is certainly no easy one to a strong, young, manly heart. In every condition of life, it is hard to renounce the free

exercise of our powers; and what mode of life allows a man so proud and clear a consciousness of his own strength, as that of the warrior? The position of a soldier in time of peace, presented but few attractions to Prince Olaf; he disliked the thought of devoting himself to any other occupation than the service of his country; and a tedious, aimless life now lay before him as the necessary result of the leisure and independence his circumstances ensured him. His spirit sunk within him, when he thought of the pleasures, enjoyments and occupations with which he must now satisfy himself; and it was only when he remembered his sister and her children, that he felt the warmth of life in his heart, whose highest requirement, love, he had not yet learned to enjoy.

It was already broad daylight, when he rang for his servants to bring his breakfast; but his sister was not awake, so he went first to the children. Frau Charlotte sat at the breakfast table, with all of them around her. As he opened the door, they sprang up with joy to meet their uncle, all four blooming with health, and the charms of pure, graceful, lovely childhood. The prince felt himself strangely moved. He had never been much with children, and had hitherto observed them but little; for what can be learned of the nature and loveliness of children, when they are seen only in the drawing rooms of their parents? Here, on this morning, in this quiet place, the strings of the strongest and purest feelings of our nature, sounded in his heart. He greeted Frau Charlotte with much respect, and sat down at the table to amuse himself with the children. Their lively prattle, the purity of their language, their love to one another, and the unspeakable tenderness with which they hung round their governess, won for her an immediate claim upon his esteem, and he felt grateful to her, for keeping up such a lively recollection of him in the hearts of the children. He told her so, and with a voice whose charm he had felt the evening before, she answered him in such well-chosen, feeling words, that he involuntarily turned to observe her more attentively. But her dress, the hood, the spectacles, all rendered it impossible for him to catch more than a shadow of her features, and the only thing that made any impression upon his memory, was the expressive sound of her lovely voice. There was a quiet dignity in her demeanor that commanded his respect, and the earnest meaning of her words sounded so simply, that their full significance was scarcely felt, until from some cause, a conversation, or other circumstance,

recalled them. Prince Olaf had only intended to say good morning to the children, and was greatly surprised, when the striking of the clock reminded him that he had been with them more than an hour. He went from them to his sister, and asked how Frau Charlotte had entered the family. The Countess told him that she had arrived at St. Petersburg, with recommendations from many of the best families in her native land, and had offered herself to her, as governess to her children.

"As I knew from your letters," continued the Countess, "how fond you were of the Germans and their language, her being a German, was a great recommendation to me, and I thought the children might learn the language from her. I requested her to come to me; her strange dress, and her extreme near-sightedness, frightened me somewhat, for I was afraid the children would not become accustomed to her; however, she earnestly entreated me to let her make the attempt, and she had scarcely been here a fortnight, before they grew so fond of her, that I could not think of parting with her. She lives only for them, and I know she brings them up so well, that I have now, thank God, no further anxiety concerning them."

The Prince smiled at this expression of his sister's, and agreed with her, that Frau Charlotte seemed to have more talent for educating than herself. He was much pleased to find she was a German. But all that he heard of her, confirmed him in the belief, that she was not born for her present condition, but had been reduced to it by some sad reverse of fortune, which made it doubly incumbent on himself and sister to render her position as agreeable as possible. All thought of her, however, soon vanished in the conversation that arose between him and the Countess. She had remained in that circle from which the call of honor had removed him; all the occurrences and social relations belonging to it constituted, as it were, her world; and as nothing interested her beyond its confines, she felt it her first duty to acquaint her brother with all that had transpired during his absence.

She thus recalled to remembrance, many joyous hours of his youth; but he sighed to think of the great gulf that now lay between the enjoyment of those days, and his present tastes, and yet he could expect from the future, nothing but a repetition of the same tiresome pleasures. His experience of life was, however, still incomplete. The Countess now reminded him, as she brought before him the image of many a lovely maiden, and spoke of his speedy marriage as a thing of course.

The gay circle of fashion in St. Petersburg soon drew him into its fascinating whirlpool. But the louder the tumult around him, the calmer grew his inner life. In a heroic spirit like his, this led to no melancholy dreaming, to no weak sensibility, but rather to a bitter disesteem of life and men, which, in most cases, soon, and irretrievably, roughens the character; he was preserved from its hardening influence, by the quiet morning hours he passed in the children's apartment, which warmed his heart more and more, the longer, and the oftener he enjoyed them. Frau Charlotte always shone before him in the light of her own cheerful nature. Her whole existence was so peaceful, all her actions so full of love, that he felt himself changed, as often as he went in to see her. The children loved their good, kind uncle dearly; and those only, who have enjoyed the blessing of the pure, sincere love of children, know its unspeakable value. The conversations between Prince Olaf and Frau Charlotte, in these morning visits, were restricted to a very narrow range, as the children generally took part in them; yet, he often heard words of deep meaning from Frau Charlotte's mouth, and he respected much in her, that he could not understand, for he was still a stranger to the pious devotion with which she taught the children to love their heavenly Father, and to look up to him in all their little joys and sorrows. He never saw Frau Charlotte, except at an early hour, as she had expressly stipulated, that she was never to appear when the Countess had company, which was now the case every day.

One evening when he reluctantly returned from a dinner party to dress for a ball, he felt such an utter disinclination to go out again, that he resolved to remain at home. But, when we are once accustomed to the excitement of worldly pleasures, to the interest of outward objects, the mind cannot easily collect itself, and in the quiet solitude of his chamber, Prince Olaf found himself so dull a companion, that, notwithstanding his repugnance, he was on the point of ringing for his carriage, when it occurred to him to pay a visit to Frau Charlotte. He found the children asleep, while she sat reading by the fireside. It was so quiet in the little, retired room, that he already breathed more freely, and with greater cordiality than he had ever yet shown, he confessed to her that weariness and ennui had led him hither, and she would do him a great favor in permitting him to drink tea with her.

She smiled and offered him a seat, and now arose a conversation, such as Prince Olaf had never yet enjoyed. With great liveliness and

beauty of expression, Frau Charlotte combined a knowledge of the world and of mankind that astonished him, while at the same time, she had an enthusiastic feeling for all that was great and noble in human nature. If it be woman's brightest duty to fill the heart of man with the love of all that is pure and beautiful, Frau Charlotte was certainly especially fitted for it. All the riddles of life seemed to be solved by her mild, gentle words; he saw himself as in a mirror, and told her, what he had never yet breathed to any one, his regrets and his wishes; and how clearly she explained his undefined longings! How well she understood the nothingness of his doings and strivings; the void in his heart; his dissatisfaction with the present, his fear for the future! All his desires for a higher existence awakened in his breast, and as he left her at a late hour, he felt as if his life were growing fresh and green again. After this evening he visited her more frequently, then daily; and these solitary, earnest conversations were the foundation of the purest and tenderest friendship. She acquired his esteem and confidence, and an influence over him which increased daily, for she knew how to chase away his discontent and bring him into harmony with life. He learned what it was to be of a pure heart, to wish nothing, to desire nothing but the one thing needful.

He felt deeply what he owed to Frau Charlotte, though he never spoke of it to her. His feeling for her was peculiar; it was different from that he should have felt towards a friend, and yet it never occurred to him to consider the woman in her. He had no distinct idea of her outward appearance, and he never felt the want of it; he honored her sex for her sake, and enjoyed his quiet intimacy with her without any excitement of his curiosity.

Towards the end of the winter, the Countess' health became delicate. The physician recommended rest, and the brother and sister passed many quiet evenings together, Frau Charlotte joining them after the children were asleep. On one of these occasions, the Countess was bantering her brother about the conquests he had made, and the attentions he had paid to the Princess S., one of the richest heiresses in Russia, and as he readily joined in praising her charms and graces, she seriously and tenderly entreated him to put an end to his fluttering from one to another, and think seriously of marriage, which, as the last branch of his family, she considered his imperative duty.

Prince Olaf grew thoughtful. His eye fell upon Frau Charlotte. She had bent her face close down over her work, but her manner be-

trayed embarrassment and disquietude. It was so unlike her usual calm, placid self-possession that, in order to ascertain the cause, he asked her, whether she advised him to choose a wife!

"If your own heart does not answer that question," she replied, with some hesitation, "it is a pity you should listen to the voice of another."

The sound of her voice was more touching than ever, and recollections that still exerted too much power over him, were so vividly recalled, that he felt his heart beat more quickly. The Countess laughed, and thought Frau Charlotte was wrong in confirming her brother in his romantic fancies. The Princess S. was beautiful, rich, cultivated, of irreproachable character, and evidently preferred him; what could he ask more, than to choose her? Frau Charlotte was silent; but as the Countess again urged her to give her opinion, and she remarked the interest with which the Prince awaited her answer, she replied, that she esteemed love so high and sacred a thing that it seemed to her cruel to wish the Prince to renounce all claims to the truest happiness of life, by urging him to an alliance which, indeed, promised every outward advantage, but which could not be cemented by that deep and lasting feeling which unites one soul to another.

"And does your penetrating mind—your strong soul see more in love, than a fleeting, youthful dream?" asked Olaf, with emotion.

Frau Charlotte blushed. "Love," she answered, "is so sacred a secret in a woman's heart, that no word is tender enough to express it, and we should certainly be careful in speaking of it before men. But, in the serious hour that may decide the destiny of a life that is dear to us, friendship may not be silent. Yes, Prince Olaf, I believe in love and faithfulness; and where shall the heart in a young human breast turn with its hopes of happiness, if you deprive it of this belief?"

"Oh," he answered, with some severity, "why should not youth, so rich in glittering phantoms, indulge this dream, also? I, too, have once loved, with all the glow of a first ardent, youthful passion; and accident alone prevented me from foolishly sacrificing to this ebullition, all that is held dear and valuable in life: and yet it was nothing but a fancy that held such powerful sway over me."

"Had you loved, loved truly," said Frau Charlotte, with much earnestness, "you could not speak so lightly of this feeling, so sacred to all noble souls. Who knows what transient emotion, what mere impulse of your heart,

you may have taken for love, because you knew not what love was?" And now she began, in the most feeling, touching language, to describe how all the difficulties of life were softened by love, and in it dwelt the only power that could harmonize our lives, and in marriage, instead of restriction to narrow bounds, there was the highest freedom in the enjoyment of pure, simple, true human happiness, whose inspiring influence no man could wilfully renounce without being untrue to the holiest laws of nature."

The Prince listened to her with much emotion. The beauty of her soul disclosed itself to him like a beam of light from heaven, and the sweet and enrapturing anticipation of the happiness of love, rose like the dawn of morning upon his heart.

"I feel," said he, "my dear and noble friend, that this last hour has given a higher meaning to our friendship; for I feel deeply and earnestly its decisive influence upon my life; and as my inward life has been strengthened by the knowledge of your goodness, so you now give me back hopes of happiness, that it has cost me many a bitter struggle to renounce."

With these last words he had grasped Frau Charlotte's hand and now felt it tremble within his own. His attention being thus directed to it, he felt how soft, and warm, and delicate it was, and as she endeavored to withdraw it, the glove that usually covered it entirely, fell back, and he saw, for the first time, the fairest, loveliest female hand that ever felt the gentle pressure of affection.

He returned to his chamber in a dreamy, absent mood. Frau Charlotte had spoken with emotion, with enthusiasm. For the first time it struck him that he knew nothing of her past history. Could she be in love? The disguised character of her appearance, came before him in all its strangeness; he asked himself whether she were young, or old, and found that, judging from the silvery tones of her voice, and the lightness of her motions, she might still be very young, and he felt keenly, that nothing could make him amends for the loss of her friendship. Many images of the past swept before him, but of all the women he knew, none attracted him with so strong a power as she, whose conversation, whose approbation, whose friendship, were indispensable to his happiness in life. And should any third person now come between him and this dear friend? What an influence might it have upon his life, upon her's? Here he stopped short. Her blushes, her trembling, the softened tones of her voice, her young, beautiful, enthusiastic views of love,—he felt now what

a tender breath of youthfulness seemed to float around her; he felt, too, with tender emotion, the power which a truly devoted heart may exercise over a high minded man, by making the happiness of another dearer to him than his own. He thought of all her worth and her goodness, and though his feeling for her was one of pure, calm friendship, he saw clearly that he could only be happy with a wife who in heart and mind resembled her.

He had returned from his campaign with the intention of marrying, and would then, without much consideration or delay, have united himself as willingly to one as to another, if the mere arbitrariness of the choice had not made him undecided: now the case was altered. Intercourse with Frau Charlotte had aroused the higher faculties of his mind, the better feelings of his heart: he had felt the influence of association with a good woman; he could not dispense with it in the holiest and tenderest of connexions, and preferred to remain single, rather than marry without being one in heart and mind with his wife. He felt indebted to Frau Charlotte for the clearness of his views, and the firmness of his resolution, and he resolved to open his whole heart to her.

When he awoke the next morning, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and a mild spring rain had softened the wintry face of nature. He invited Frau Charlotte and the children to walk with him to the winter garden of the palace, and while the little ones ran among the laurel and orange trees, and mused themselves with the splashing of the fountains, he walked with her up and down the long colonade. She seemed to him younger than before, and almost shy: to her, he appeared milder and more friendly. Each felt the strongest and most perfect confidence in the other, but for the first time, the softened tender tone of her language bespoke her consciousness that friend spoke with friend, and not only one mind with another.

"Our yesterday's conversation, my dear friend," said he to her, "will not soon be forgotten, for it has brought me to a clearer understanding of all that you are to me. If there can be an endearing feeling in the soul; if sentiments of esteem, of confidence, of true, sincere affection belong to an eternal world, I feel that nothing can change the feeling that binds me to you, and life and its relations shall not interfere to disturb our intercourse. I have proved myself earnestly; I cannot, will not, ever marry."

Frau Charlotte trembled visibly as he said

these words. He continued with much animation:

"To you, I will confide what I have hitherto communicated to no one. I am by no means insensible to the attractions of female beauty, but deep in my heart there rests an image of womanly charms and womanly loveliness, which deprives all other enchantments of the power to captivate me. At an early age, women attracted me too strongly; I was often in love, sometimes because I had nothing else to do, and often from want of other excitement; and in excuse for my inconstancy, I thought I was only obeying the dictates of my nature, which impelled me irresistibly to change. But even then I felt I was but playing with the shell of happiness, without being able to reach the kernel, and I was often dispirited and melancholy. Then the war broke out. The strong and glorious interests of the time, aroused even the cowardly; and whatever power slept in men's souls, they bore aloft as on eagle's wings. The earnest meaning of life disclosed itself to me; but, with the enthusiasm for fame and the fatherland, there arose in my heart a longing desire to be filled with a gentler, holier feeling than my transient fancies had hitherto excited. The fortunes of war led us to Germany, where the capture of M—— was entrusted to me. After a bloody storming, the fortress was surrendered to me by the French commander. Old and young streamed from the doors to welcome us as their deliverers and avengers. I saw strong men shed tears of joy; saw mothers bless the day that gave their children a free fatherland. It was a glorious day, the proudest of my life. Touched by their joy, and happy in myself, I was approaching the gate at the head of my troops, when a train of maidens in festal attire came through it, and their leader drew near to me and extended to me a laurel wreath. I could not hear what she said, but the sound of her voice re-echoed in my heart. I saw her, and only her; she was grace and beauty itself. I know not how I answered her; indeed, I recollect but little else of the day. They had prepared a triumphal banquet which was followed by a ball, where I again saw her. I spoke only with her—I danced only with her. She was modest, timid and reserved towards the strange, impetuous soldier. In the meanwhile I had inquired and found that she was the daughter of a painter who had resided only a few months in the city, but by her goodness and beauty she had become so universally beloved that, with one accord, she was chosen by the young girls as leader of their train. I was to leave the city the next morning. Ex-

cited by wine and dancing, and impelled by a passion that had obtained the mastery over me I knew not how, I told her that I loved her. A single glance from her eyes silenced me, and my cheeks reddened with shame. She turned away from me; I was transported, and forgetting every thing, offered her my hand, my name. She looked at me earnestly, but reprovingly, and yet the warmth and grief of love were expressed in her eye.

"I should despise both you and myself," she replied, "if, in such an hour, I could give answer to such a question," and without my being able to hold her back, she had vanished. I never saw her again. As I passed through M——, on my return to Russia, and inquired after her with a beating heart, I learned, that soon after my departure, she had gone away to travel with a rich Englishman."

Prince Olaf stopped speaking, and seemed much agitated. Frau Chamotte in vain tried to hide her tears. After collecting himself for a few minutes, he continued:

"The remembrance of this folly has oppressed me, and yet I cannot banish it. Either I have never loved and cannot love, or I have loved that bewitching creature, of whom I know nothing but her name, and whom I must thank for preserving me from the folly of giving my hand to an unknown girl of her rank, which, as a mark of extreme rashness, would have thrown a doubtful light on my character and honor. The impression which her beauty made upon me can never be repeated; my heart seems cased in mail against any similar one. Yet," he continued, "great as was the power of this feeling, which I felt to be independent of my will and my reason, I never knew the true wishes of my heart, and its purest feelings, until I knew you. My soul belongs to you, and thus, my heart being guarded by that remembrance, and happy in your friendship, there is nothing to render an alliance with any other woman desirable. Where is the chasm in my life that needs to be filled up. My sister, by residing in my house, secures me all the comforts and pleasures of domestic life requisite to my standing, and the care of her children, in which I feel united with all I love, is a fountain of pure and high enjoyment. When I feel the need of being stirred up to act for others—when I want confidence, comfort, encouragement, you are at hand, and no other woman can ever drive you from my heart, or be to me what you are. Let us then enter into a bond never to separate, and to remain faithful friends, until death shall part us for the last time."

"I accept your vow of friendship, noble

man," said Frau Charlotte, gently moved; "and perhaps a woman's heart is seldom made more happy than you have made mine. But do not let it influence your future course; yet if," she continued with playful raillery, "after preferring virtue, the charms of the soul and friendship, to the fascination of a fair outside, Providence had bestowed on the friend of your choice, the gift of a youthful, blooming person, would you still continue to despise her attractions?" Her tones were so sweet, so cheerful, that it could not fail to resound in the heart of the Prince.

He looked forward full of hope and confidence to the future, and little anticipated that the hour was close at hand which would put all his wishes and resolutions to the test.

Lord Arundel had been living for some months past at the Russian Court; a man who was as much esteemed for his high character as for his strong sense and cultivated mind. Noble minded men always draw together, and thus he and Prince Olaf had become united by the closest intimacy. Some years before, Lord Arundel had lost a beloved wife, and of several children, one only daughter now remained to him, of whom he always spoke with the greatest tenderness, as all his earthly hopes were united in the desire of seeing her happy. In consequence of the sickness of her aunt, who accompanied Lord A. and his daughter on their travels, the young lady had remained in Königsburg, diplomatic duties requiring the Lord to hasten his journey to St. Petersburg. He had looked forward with great impatience to his reunion with his daughter; and Prince Olaf now received a note from him, announcing her arrival.

He hastened to him, to pay his respects to the young lady; but she was too much fatigued by the journey to receive his visit. Lord Arundel begged him to come the next day, when his daughter was to be presented at Court.

Prince Olaf had heard much of the lady's beauty, and as all the Russians who had accompanied the Emperor to London were unanimous in considering her the fairest of English beauties, he was very anxious to see her. But what were his feelings when he saw her the next day, at the drawing room, and found her extremely like his unknown youthful love. It was her height, her fair hair, her glorious eye, the softly rounded oval of her face, the winning charm of her smile; only that Lady Arundel, in her rich dress and the brilliant jewels she wore as ornaments, seemed to him more dazzlingly beautiful than he could imagine his former favorite. He trembled as he looked on

her, and he felt how strong a power the remembrance of love could exert, when its sun had long since set, and a presentiment to which he could give no definite form filled his heart with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow. He had thought he could always retain the calm, quiet feelings, on which he had grounded the plan of his life: but as he looked on this fair form, he felt that she alone could decide his happiness, and before the magic of her presence the pleasures of mere friendship faded away to a pale dream.

Lord Arundel retired with his daughter before Prince Olaf found an opportunity of approaching. He immediately followed them. Why had nature here mirrored the charms that had before so fascinated him? And was it a cause of joy or sorrow that these feelings had been renewed? Alas, it was not his happiness alone that was risked! Frau Charlotte's name passed like a gentle sigh over his lips, and he felt that his happiness or misery would decide the fate of the gentle heart that would be faithful unto death.

Lord Arundel received him with the greatest cordiality, and offered before dinner to lead him to his daughter. As they approached the room, they heard the soft, silvery notes of a German song. It was Frau Charlotte's voice; and in this moment how it struck upon the ear of her friend. He stood still, and much excited touched Lord Arundel's hand, as if he wished him to wait; but he opened the door. Frau Charlotte set alone by the window. There was the gray silk dress, but its many folds no longer concealed the tall, queenly figure; the veil was thrown aside, the hood pushed back, and beneath it hung the light locks, in their rich luxuriance; the clear blue eyes looked up in their pearly brightness, to greet her friend as she rose at his entrance, and blushing, and smiling through affectionate tears, she stood before him.

"Am I dreaming?" cried Olaf.

"No," said Lord Arundel, "you see in Lady Charlotte Arundel, the friend who won your heart independently of outward attraction and the passing charms of youth, and thus insured to both of you life-long happiness. I was on the Continent when the war broke out, and in order to escape imprisonment and detection by the French spies, assumed the name of a German painter. As the daughter of such a person, you knew Charlotte in Germany, which, as her mother's native country, she tenderly loved, and whose language had always been a second mother-tongue. Charlotte's heart felt the genuine nature of the feeling she had excited, inasmuch as you had

called forth a similar inclination, but she needed a surer reliance than the fleeting moments of your acquaintance could give or justify, in order to trust you with the happiness of her life. The father was the daughter's confident. It was an easy matter for me to follow you, and obtain information concerning you. I learned to appreciate you and gave my consent to Charlotte's plan of making herself known to you in the disguise of Frau Char-

lotte, and thus testing your affection. She has succeeded, and the happiest of fathers has now only to give his blessing to his two beloved children."

Lady Arundel and Prince Olaf are now the loveliest and noblest couple in the imperial city. Oh, ye happy mortals; may your life be beautiful as your love! peaceful as your souls, and pure as your hearts!

THE APPEAL OF MARIA THERESA.

BY LUCY HOOVER.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of Maria Theresa, as Queen of Hungary, are well known, how she wore the iron crown of St. Stephen, and rode to the Royal Mount on a superb charger waving her sword in defiance to the four corners of the earth; how that afterwards in the banquet hall, being incommoded by the heat, she removed it from her head, while her luxuriant tresses falling upon her neck, the assembled Hungarian nobles were thrilled with enthusiasm by her beauty, her youth and her noble spirit. The scene on which the following lines were written, took place when in the assembled Diet, she threw herself upon the tried fidelity and bravery of her Hungarian nobles.

BEAUTIFUL looked the lady
When she wore the iron crown
Beautiful at the banquet-hall
With her shining hair unbound;
And queenly at the Royal Mount,
As, with a warrior's air,
She boldly waved the flashing sword,
And reined her charger there.

But more beautiful the lady,
With her calm and stately grace,
Glancing with firm and steadfast eye
On knight and noble's face;
And casting to the idle wind
A woman's passing fear,
She turned to that assembled throng—
"Nobles of Hungary; hear!

"As men do gaze in thickest night
Upon a single star,
So shines to me your steadfast faith
With promise from afar;
I place my trust upon your arms,
On yours, the true and brave,
For Hungary's soil may never shield
The coward or the slave!

"I call unto my rescue now
God and St. Stephen's aid;
I gaze upon the swelling tide
With spirit undismayed.

Nobles and knights of Hungary,
I pledge my queenly word
To guard for you each sacred right—
Who draws for me his sword?

"Now, in mine hour of darkest fear,
On you my hope I cast;
Nobles and knights of Hungary
Will ye not bide the blast?
God shall defend my righteous cause
I call ye to the strife—
Who for his leader and his queen
Will peril fame and life!"

And swords were from their scabbards flung,
And spears were gleaming bright,
While loudly thrilling accents rung,
"St. Stephen for the right!—
Lady! to thee our lives we pledge,
The peril we defy;
Marie Therese shall be our queen,
Marie, our battle cry!"

Noble and knight, on bended knee,
Came from that throng apart,
And bathed with tears her gentle hand
Who bore so true a heart;
And tears were in those shining eyes,
Though flashed her spirit high,
As louder swelled the thrilling words
"For thee we live or die!"

For the Ladies' Magazine.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM A FENCE CORNER.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

"He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground,
A neighboring wood, born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees."

COWLEY.

"God save you good man, pray you be not mis-
contented, for I toke you for a farmour of mine in
Essex, for ye are like him."

BERNER'S FROISSART.

Eng.—"You little think he was at fencing school

At six o'clock this morning,

Sim.—"How; at fencing school?"

MASSINGER.

Are, marry at fencing school!—but not the
kind of school the rough, hearty old poet
speaks of. There's a vast difference look ye,
between standing in *cuerpo* like a French
dancing master, throwing yourself into an at-
titude, and crying "sa! sa!" as you attempt
to pink with your foil an imaginary antagon-
ist,—I say there's a vast difference between
such dandy exercise as that, and the rude, mus-
cular exertion of digging post holes, and set-
ting rails.

It is a clear, frosty day; there is not a single
cloud to be seen on the face of the blue sky,
and the sun looks down with so serene a
brightness, that you almost wish it was always
winter; the fresh air brings with it such a
joyous vigor. The snow lies in patches upon
the hills, and in one broad sheet in the copse
wood, giving way with a light, easy, crackling
sound beneath my tread, as I pass to my old
accustomed work in the fence corner, with a
gentle young companion by my side.

Ha! here are the delicate foot print of par-
tridges; let us follow them—up by the fence
they go; softly—softly, we are near them now,
—see! there they stand in a lump, under those
dead hanging leaves; you might cover them
with your handkerchief,—twenty of them, all
huddled in a circle, with their heads pointing
outwardly. What do they live on now—do

you ask? Look, how the red berries of the
sumach, are scattered all about on the snow!
Come along; there are bird's a plenty, such a
fair day as this.

Yonder, in the cedars, are robins, chirping
and singing, flitting in and out, chasing one
another, and committing all sorts of bird-
antics. Farther on, where my finger points,
in the orchard—not there, my dear—a little
lower down—see how the larks are running
about hither and thither, looking where the
snow has melted, for insects and such other
matters as may come under their shrewd ob-
servation whirr! whirr!! "Mercy on us!
what was that?" Don't be alarmed child; we
have only startled a pheasant; see where he
goes glancing through the bushes! Ah, I dare
say he is more frightened than we.

Hark! we are coming to the woods. How
loudly the woodman's axe resounds through
the otherwise silent solitude. You can see
him now. His brawny arms all bare, his
sleeves tucked back, and every thew and sinew
strung to the utmost muscular intensity; and
his black hair streams back upon the wind, as
he swings himself forward to the stroke.
Look out there! Stand from under!—Crash!
Ah me!—you say I look sad,—bless your
anxious face! and so I do. Many, and many
a forest giant have I seen laid low; but have
never beheld him fall, without a melancholy
feeling coming over me.

After all, the country is the place wherein
to learn wisdom—heart-wisdom, I mean.
Thought, to him who thinks at all, is more
earnest in the country than in cities. In the
latter, man seems everything—man's handi-
works are all around—man's projects are
discussed—man's art, and cunning, and mys-
tery, constantly recalled. His chicanery, am-
bition, hypocrisy, or honesty, the common
topic. He stands, as it were, an intermediate
barrier between our natural feelings, and the

Great First Cause. But, in the country—the grass that grows, the wind that rocks the trees, buds, blossoms, fruit, berries, rain, snow, and sunshine—all are put in direct communication with our better nature, and are constantly reminding us of what we are, and from whence we came.

There, my dear, lay this little homily to your heart, and, as you grow older, think upon it—and my word for it, though you may be sadder for the thoughts that are thereby stirred, yet will you become wiser, because humbler.

Further on, a little further on, and we shall reach my nook—a pleasant, cosy place, is it not? Right in the angle of the fence; four sentinel cedars, two on each side, and a rustic seat.

Lay your little, well-defended hands on my knees; sit close to me, and lift up your calm, blue eyes, child of my adoption, while I tell you many things.

How old did you say you were? Fifteen, last Christmas day! Dear me, it seems as if it were but yesterday I dandled you in my arms; and already the bud is expanding into the blossom. Take heed, sweet one! the present be so improved, that the future bring not regretful memories. You smile.—Ah! Youth is ever fearless, and undoubting—but age is cautious and incredulous. Time hath leaden feet for childish expectations; but with those of maturer years, he putteth on swift wings.

What is that which you have just gathered? A living green leaf from out those dead leaves! Even that hath a gracious moral.—Listen to it. Those dear leaves, may be likened to the foliage of youth; which consists, in its spring-time, of marvellous hopes, and glorious aspirations. As we grow older, they change, wither, and fall; yet, as they fall, they shelter some green joy, and sheltering, nurse it; and in the winter of the heart, lo! it peers up in its pleasantness, to cheer and gladden us.

Did you ever see an exhibition of those optical delusions, called dissolving pictures? where each picture comes up before you gradually from vaporous dimness, into bright distinctness, and from distinctness, slowly dissolves, and fades away into indistinctness; and as it melts upon the sight, another picture comes out in its place, and fading like the previous one, you are startled by a third, developing itself indolently from the same spot, and a fourth, and a fifth, and so on to the last: some dark, and some stormy looking, and others sunny and cheerful, but all in this manner, come and go, and are displaced. And such is life! The picture of to-day, is

fading to-morrow; and as it fades, another takes its place.

The stormy ushers in the peaceful, and the peaceful is again succeeded by the sad; and yet, as years roll over us, all the past pictures, whether of bright or dark, are blended intricately together, and form a whole, which we call experience—and their memories, like the music of Caryl,

“Are pleasant, though mournful to the soul.”

Profit thou, oh fond one! by these teachings.

You never read the works of our elder Dramatists, I believe; and tis better you should not; at least, not until you grow older; although, among much that is “of the earth earthy,” there are occasional gems of the finest water, lighting the dull mass not less by their extraordinary brilliancy, than by their stainless purity. Here is one of Dekkar’s! Am I going to read it? Bless your dear heart, no! Whenever I meet with a good thing, I leave it to my memory to give me an account of it when called for.

Now, Thomas Dekkar is one of my favorites; so nestle closely to my side, and listen, while I tell you what I think of him. Aye, I see you are all attention

Dekkar, has been, by most writers, assigned a rank far lower than that to which he is justly entitled. He has less vigor than Marlow, Massinger, Webster, Ford, and many others; but *more imagination* than all of his contemporaries put together—Shakspeare and one of the Heywoods alone excepted. He evidently possessed a vivid perception of the beautiful, and sent his thoughts out like bees, to the intent that they might return laden with sweets, from wherever they were to be found. Massinger, on the contrary, peopled his world with fewer original creations, drawing his inspiration principally from books, and an acute study of the limited circle by which he was surrounded. Hence it will be found, that in all his plays, he depicts less the manners of the time and province in which his scenes are laid, than those of the period and country in which he himself lived. This, it is true, is a fault common to the elder dramatists, Dekkar not excepted; but the latter possessed, in a considerable degree, the rare power of piercing beyond the sphere within which his contemporaries were content to confine themselves, and drawing thence beautiful thoughts, such as his brother poets either wanted the genius to conceive, or the daring to express. What can be more exquisite than this exhortation “to Christian Constancy?”

"Oh, my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you. Though temptations
Shower down upon you; clasp thine armor on,
*Fight well, and thou shalt see after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch
stars."*

Your mild blue eyes kindle and glisten,
fond one! I knew they would—and you tell
me, that these few, brief, glowing words, spo-
ken in extremity, would enable you to dare all
things for the Truth's sake, and I believe you.

And now, I will repeat to you how he dis-
courses concerning meekness.

"He who is high-born, never mounts *yon battle-
ments*

Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear earned bread of honest thrift."

Blessed, thrice blessed are the meek in spi-
rit!—Of "Honor," he says, with a scornful
earnestness, the truth of which has been
taught all-grasping ambition by many a
worldly, and a bitter lesson:

"Honors! I'd not be bated with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An hour together. 'Tis, besides, as comfortable,
To die upon the embroidery of the grass
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
While from a pinnacle, I tumble down,
And break my neck, to be talked of and wondered
at."

Oh, Wolsey! hadst thou thought thus, the
service to which you were dedicated might
have had one sincere votary more, and a
King, one parasite the less.

Do you remember, on a calm summer eve-
ning, reading to me with your soft, musical
voice, the fine reflections of Hamlet upon
Yorick's skull? Well, now I will repeat you
their counterpart from Dekkar, premising,
that, for certain reasons, I believe that the
latter were the first written.

Hippolito takes up a skull.

"What's here?

Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's;
La's, say it were, I need not fear him now:
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
His frowns, though dagger pointed: all his plots,

Though ne'er so mischievous. His Italian pills—
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law;
See! see! they're all eaten out; here's not left one,
How clear they're pick'd away to the bare bone!"

And now listen breathlessly:

"How mad are mortals, then, to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that sumpter horse, the back,
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul!
Yet, after all, *their gayness looks thus foul.*"

Can you tell me why I call you sunbeam?
Because you gladden, and vivify, and because
you are like *her*, in purity and goodness,—
and your voice—ah, me! If I shut my eyes
when you are speaking, I think she has
come back again, it sounds so like those dear
old times when she and I, were—tut—tut, it
troubles the fountain too deeply—so, I will
just croon over for you the difference between
a picture drawn by the hand of a limner, and
that burnt and branded upon a loving mem-
ory. These are the words of Hippolito as he
gazes upon the portrait of Infelice, whom he
supposes dead.

"My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek; and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
Those lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. La's, now I see
The reason why women love buy
Adulterate complexion;—Here 'tis read;
False colors last after the true be dead!—
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom.—Look—a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford,
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak,
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in the coffin. Hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart."

Verily it is so; and as I shake hands with
you in the spirit, I breathe an earnest blessing
on your memory, gentle, imaginative Master
Dekkar.

THE poor man feasts oftener than the rich,
because every little enlargement is a feast to
the poor, but he that feasts every day feasts no
day, there being nothing left, to which he may,
beyond his ordinary extend his appetite.

IN making contracts use not many words;
for all the business of a bargain is summed
up in a few sentences; and he that speaks
least, means the fairest,* as having fewer
opportunities to deceive.

ALL ABOARD FOR BOSTON.

A STEAMBOAT SKETCH.

BY A. L. STIMSON.

It was on the afternoon of a beautiful day in June, that I left my hotel in New York and proceeded to the Providence steamboat-pier, feeling in that amiable mood which is always the consequence of a good dinner. I was eyeing the passengers in Broadway with the utmost complacency and urbanity, from the windows of my "hack," when the driver excited some indignant expletives from an Irish woman, whom he came near running over. Dashing on with professional hardihood, he heard not, or *pretended* not to hear my rebuke, and did not check his steeds until, in a cross street, his attention was attracted by a crowd collected around two negroes who were fighting most unmercifully. I was in a humor too benevolent to enjoy contention, and ordered Whip to drive on; but it was of no use,—drivers are absolute—so, in most cases, are all those whose business it is to forward travellers. The moment a man, not contented with the means of self-conveyance given him by nature, renounces "Shanks' mare" *pro tem.* and depends upon other locomotion than his own, that moment he loses his free-agency, and becomes the victim of a tyranny sometimes greater and sometimes less.

Not until the sanguinary show was ended, did Mr. Hackman, in his limitless grace, vouchsafe to proceed, but, fortunately, we had time enough, and I succeeded in getting on board the boat in good season. It was a "reduced-fare" day, and consequently, the steamer was thronged. With some difficulty I made my way through the dense crowd of passengers, who, I am firm to believe, consider it a religious duty to loaf about and obstruct the gangway as much as possible, instead of retiring to some more roomy part of the boat where they would be less in the way.

The ingress of men, women and children—trunks, babies and bandboxes, began to be excessive,—yet the cry was "still they come!" The excitement, as usual on board steamboats,

was very gratuitously heightened by simultaneous crowding, hustling, shouting, fidgetting, and pressing towards the Captain's office. It is a pity that people will not preserve their equanimity on such occasions, and keep cool. Swine are a privileged aristocracy, and, in getting at their trough, may tread on each other as much as they please, but *gentlemen* do wrong in following their example, and little credit will redound to them, be their imitation never so good.

"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS!" read an old fellow, peering at a placard through a pair of ancient specs, and looking as wise as an overgrown owl. As I gazed at him I saw a thin, delicate hand, evidently not his own, insinuate itself into his coat-pocket. "There is one!" I exclaimed, meaning a thief. "What!" cried another Daniel Lambert, starting back in great trepidation, and treading with all his immense weight upon my toes. "What!" he repeated, grinding my corn all the while and staring in surprise at my convulsed features.

"Fury! a *jelly*, sir!" I exclaimed, cutting urbanity, and thinking only of my victimized foot.

"Ah!" said the mammoth, changing his locality unconcernedly; "I beg pardon, but I didn't know but that one of those rascals had lightened my pockets!"

"They might, sir, and still you would be heavy enough, as my corns can testify," I rejoined with some asperity.

The hubub of men and women, porters, cartmen, orange-girls and news-men, pushing, higgling and swearing, all at the same time, increased every moment.

"'Ere's the Sun, Weekly 'Er'ld, and *Noo Hera!*" "'Ere's the Corinquire, Even' Star and Weekly Dispatch!" "Vive *horanges* for a shillin'!"

"Take your cane out of my eye, if you please, sir!" "Certainly, any thing to oblige!" was the urbane reply.

"Put my baggage down there, anywhere, driver," said a passenger, who had just crossed the plank at the imminent peril of being knocked overboard.

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the other, and threw the trunk down upon an aged band-box, which it crushed as flat as a pancake. A loud, shrill shriek succeeded, and a thin, gaunt woman staggered towards the millinery wreck, and evinced great disposition to faint. No little indignation was expressed against the trunk by a few, but the majority were more disposed to laugh or to attend to their own business.

Startling words were now buzzing about the deck. "A pocket has been picked!" "A pocket has been picked!" In "a peck of tribulation" the owl-faced veteran, before mentioned, was wringing his hands and lamenting the loss of his wallet, containing two hundred dollars.

"Is 'nt it most outrageous, sir!" said, to me, a gentlemanly looking man at my elbow, in a tone as denotive of virtuous indignation as I ever heard. I answered as became me, and he rejoined in a strain of commiseration for the sufferer, evincing so much richness of sympathies, that filled with admiration for his warmth of heart, I grasped his hand. *That* hand!—It bore an extraordinary resemblance to the one at whose insinuating action I had exclaimed when my foot was mashed!

"Wh—what!" I stammered—and dropping the delicate morsel of flesh, recoiled, with my gaze fixed upon it as though fascinated.

"What—what—what are you at, sir!" said the stranger, in his turn stammering and embarrassed. My singular manner had evidently put him off his guard. After a pause I turned my eyes from his digits, and replying coldly,

"Nothing, sir!" walked away to observe his movements from a distance. He appeared uneasy and glanced frequently, though furtively, at me.

Soon after he approached me, and as if carelessly, inquired with a smile, what had ailed me, just before. My reply was like that I had before given; at which he looked unsatisfied, and eyeing me as if he would read me through, said in a cutting, sarcastic way, that irritated me, "A penny for your thoughts!"

"You shall have them—it is a bargain!" I replied, taking his hand. "I saw *this* enter the pocket of that man. I don't know that *you* put it there, but I do know that *it* was there, and I believe that it took his wallet!"

"Pshaw!" said he, "what folly to pretend to identify a *hand*!" and turning from me, he walked leisurely away. I did not see him

again on board, although I looked for him with some interest.

"Allow me, sir—(what may I call your name!)" said a mild looking somewhat elderly gentleman, addressing a friend of mine, and by his looks calling attention to a very fashionably dressed girl, who hung upon his arm.

"Smith—Smith, sir!" replied my friend, sufficiently unsophisticated to be taken a little aback at the prospect of an introduction to a rosy, dashy girl, by an individual whom he did not recollect ever having seen before.

"Miss Stebbins," said the other, with some dignity, "I have the honor to make you acquainted with Mr. Schmidt." After the usual salutations had passed, the sedate elderly gentleman, who had already won the respect of my simple hearted friend, shook hands with the young lady, and saying aloud to her—"Mister Schmidt, my dear, will get you a good birth, attend to you if you happen to fall sick, take care of your band-boxes, and see you safe to Boston. Mr. Schmidt, you will oblige me by obtaining a carriage for her when you leave the cars!"

The elderly gentleman then left his protégé in charge of my friend, who handed her into the lady's cabin.

"Pleasant employment, eh?" I said, as he returned to the side of the boat where I stood.

"To take charge of a young lady to Boston, certainly!"

"Do you know any thing about her?"

"No—do you?" looking at me enquiringly.

"No," I replied.

"Well, what then?"

"O, nothing. Strange young ladies from the hands of strange gentlemen, is all well enough, no doubt!"

Mr. Smith looked a little black. It was his first trip to Boston. Just then, some one stumbled against him. It was a merchant's clerk.

"Beg pardon!" said the stumbler, producing a hatfull of letters, "but you'll do me a favor by dropping these into the post-office at Boston!"

Taking charge of letters is a bore at any time; the trouble and responsibility are always onerous, and in this case, I suppose, Smith felt that they would be peculiarly so. He had just began to repent having yielded too readily to his good nature, and it soured his answer.

"Will you oblige me, sir?" he asked. The clerk nodded assent. "Then," said Smith bitterly, "please to—" pointing downward significantly, as he spoke. The clerk walked away.

It was the last minute of our stay at the

wharf, and the hubbub was deafening. Porters loaded down with heavy trunks were rushing on board, puffing and sweating, and knocking down every one in their way—clerks were running about with their letters—acquaintances were hallooing to each other, to and from deck and pier—the hands were driving off the paper-sellers, who returned the compliment in choice Billingsgate—the odoriferous steam was escaping noisily from the valve, and the Captain giving the necessary orders to cast off.

"I'll not give you your price, sirrah! Two dollars is exorbitant; I will not be so imposed upon!" exclaimed a gentleman to a blackguard in whose carriage he and his wife had ridden from their hotel to the boat.

"Well, give me twelve shillins, then!" said the driver, swearing terribly and trying to bully.

At that moment the steamer was detached from her fastenings. "Get ashore, quick, you rascal, or I'll charge *you* fare to Providence!" roared the Captain to him of the whip.

"I'll take *six* shillins!" said Jehu to the passenger, and standing ready to spring on shore.

"No you wont!" replied the other, "you tried to cheat me, and you don't deserve any thing except a cow-hiding—but follow me to Providence, and *perhaps* I'll pay you two dollars!"

The driver uttered an oath, and, amid jeers from all sides, jumped with some difficulty over the space which was rapidly increasing between the boat and the shore.

"Stop the vessel!" "Hold on!" "Wait, Captain, wait!" were exclamations emanating from the almost breathless lungs of three anxious individuals who had reached the pier just in time to be too late.

"Stop! I've left my umbrella!" vociferated some one in the boat. But time and steam-boats stay for no man, and away we cut through the placid water, "double quick," to the music of our own paddles.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

TO CAROLINE.

BY ROBERT S. CHILTON.

A PLEASANT summer morning,

With such a scene as this,
To glad the heart, and please the eye,
Is surely perfect bliss;—

And yet my heart is sighing,
Because thou art not near;
O! would that thou wert here, dear girl!
O! would that thou wert here!

How brightly in yon flow'ret's cup,
Shineth the morning dew!
And yet, methinks 't would seem more bright,
If thou wert looking too;—

Yon trees would wave more gracefully,
Yon heaven would look more clear,
If thou wert only here, dear girl!
If thou wert only here!

Yon little gurgling rivulet,
How sweetly doth it flow!
And yet, 't would sound more musical,
If thou wert saying so!
The notes of yon gay forest bird,
Methinks would sound more clear,
If thou wert only here, dear girl!
If thou wert only here!

WHEN an enemy reproaches us, let us look upon him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will.

HE that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that though he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost.



THE UNKNOWN PATIENT.

From the German of Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

IN one of the free German towns there happened, about three hundred years ago, the following strange circumstance, which seems well worth relating.

Good old Master Helfrad, the far-famed physician, sat late one autumn evening by the fireside with his wife Gertrude in edifying conversation. They had let their household go to rest; for supper was over, and the good old couple were unwilling to put restraint on any one. But Master Helfrad had that day received the costly copy of a book of devotion from the monastery of Mariahülff, where he had long before bespoken it; and he could not refrain from reading it aloud the same evening to his faithful companion, for his eyes were yet strong and clear as those of a man of thirty. The heart of husband and wife thrilled with holy joy on reading the wise reflections of the writer, and the beautiful hymns scattered through the book. They spoke with thankful emotion of their past life, and looked onward with trust at the road which might yet lie before them, and also at the career of their only son, who is now travelling in Italy as a skilful disciple of the painter's art; and they thought with heartfelt content of the bright light which, from their earliest childhood, had shone upon them from

above, growing brighter and more full of promise each year, till now it stood before their eyes as a crown of glory awaiting them.

The great clock of the minster-tower had already struck ten, the lights were extinguished in most of the burghers' houses, and Master Helfrad sat yet in his arm-chair, with the silver-clasped parchment volume on his lap, opposite to his wife Gertrude, who let her spinning-wheel stop while she listened with folded hands and sparkling eyes to the speech of her husband, now and then putting in an approving word. The half-hour soon struck, and Master Helfrad looked up in wonder, and said, "Well, well, how far into the night we have talked away! it is not good when men's eyes are open long after the sun has gone down."

"But, father," said Gertrude, "when we are using them to gaze at the everlasting Sun!"—

The old man rose from his seat, and began to take off the logs which yet burnt on the hearth, repeating the saying,

"If thou wilt prosper in thy station,
Keep e'en in good to moderation."

Then were heard thundering knocks at the house-door from the heavy mallet which hung there suspended by a chain.

"I will come forthwith," said Master Helfrad through the window; and whilst he got ready a light, he said to Gertrude, "Now, indeed, it is well that I am still up; for if this is a dangerous malady, the quarter of an hour which I shall gain may be of much service."

"Were it not better," said Gertrude, anxiously, "to awaken one of the servants, and let him open the door? Who knows what stands without there? Night is no man's friend."

"Therefore will I take *this* with me," said Helfrad, smiling, while he loosened from the wall his honored old sword. He then put into his pocket a small box of medicines, which he always took with him when he went to his patients, threw over his shoulders a fur cloak, drew on his fur cap, and went, the sword in his right hand, the lantern in his left, out of the room.

The knocking without still continued, growing more furious and impatient. Helfrad said, as he went down the few steps which led from the parlor to the hall-door, "Patience, patience; I am coming!"

Gertrude lighted him out of the room, and whispered, "Ah! husband, there lies a heavy weight on my heart! if you would only awaken one of the men! Do it to please me, and for this once."

"Wife, if it was only my pleasure I was after, from my heart I would do what you wish," said the old man, as he drew back the bolts; "but in the work of my calling, I must have no misgivings."

The door was now opened; he took up the lantern which he had set down, stepped back, and let the light shine upon the entrance, asking in a friendly voice, "Who is at my door? let him come in, in God's Name, and say how I can serve him."

The autumn wind rushed wildly in at the open door, and out in the dark night was seen a black face, with a strange high head-covering, and flame-colored dress, which shone in the light thrown by Master Helfrad's lantern. With a loud cry, Gertrude flew back into the room; even the old man retreated a little, and made the sign of the cross before him with his sword. Then he leant upon his weapon, and spoke with a calm voice, "In the Name of God, say what thou hast to say, and who sends thee."

Perchance the Moor was himself frightened at the appearance of the noble grave old man, with his lantern and his sword, for he trembled violently; but he collected himself soon, and said, "Quick with me to the hostelry of the Three Crowns, master; there lies my lord

sick of a fearful fever, which has seized him with such violence, that it will surely destroy him in a few hours, if you aid him not!"

"We will see what may be done," answered the physician: "much may be hoped from God and the healing art." And then he trimmed his light, and went forth, calling back to the trembling Gertrude, "Close the door, and go to bed; but first make up the fire on the hearth, and be not troubled. I have the house-key with me, and I go forth to do God's will. And you, strange messenger," continued he, turning to the Moor, "go before me, and step quickly, that we may soon come to the place."

As they walked hurriedly through the dark and narrow streets, the physician felt a sort of terror at the bright yellow dress of the Moor, which gave him almost the appearance of an enormous flickering flame. "But," said the old man to himself, "he can hardly be called a 'pillar of light,' I should feel otherwise if he were; and yet who knows? God has put such wonderful power in man, that he can turn all things to his own purpose."

The Moor began to go slower; and as the physician urged him on, he answered, with a not ungentle voice, "Old sir, I have seen your white hair and your white beard; too great haste might hurt you."

"It is kind in thee to think of that, my son," said Master Helfrad; "but care not for me—I can step as rapidly as the strongest youth."

"Ha!" cried the Moor, and broke forth into a hideous laugh; "then we may run a little race. Off now! who shall get first to the hostelry?"

"Do not speak in that unseemly way," said Master Helfrad. "A thoughtful German burgher knows nothing of such jests and gibes. I will walk as God has given me strength, and as befits me. Any thing unfitting I will not do now or ever, not even for the emperor's sake."

"But we should get there quicker," cried the Moor, and again laughed frightfully, till the sound echoed back from the nearest windows, and was repeated far through the stillness and darkness of the street. Then spoke the old man with the piercing solemn voice of noble indignation, "Be silent!" and the Moor seemed to shrink into himself, and went on rapidly and in silence.

The inn of the Three Crowns was brilliantly lighted up, and the whole house in movement, so that Master Helfrad at first thought some disorderly feast was going on. But as he entered he saw on all faces the paleness of terror, and the household running about in disorder. A little window which opened from

the hall into the parlor of the landlord shewed his family kneeling round a crucifix. Master Helfrad asked whether the stranger yet lived?

"If you have the courage to go to him," answered a servant, "go up those stairs and turn to the left; you can make no mistake, for his fearful howlings and imprecations have made the hair of all of us stand on end. We fear that we are lodging the devil or his like."

In truth, hollow cries were heard above all the other noises, coming from a distant part of the building. The physician repressed his secret fear, and went up the stairs; the Moor rushed up in three springs, and was heard running along the passage to the sick man. Master Helfrad followed him slowly through the long narrow passage, which was lighted by a single lamp nearly burnt out. The servant had truly said that no one could mistake the way; for from a room at the further end there came forth a noise which might have been taken for the roaring of a lion, had not the most horrible curses but too clearly shewn that the fearful sounds were proceeding from a being endowed with man's reason. Having reached the dreaded door, the physician once more prayed with his whole heart to God, guarded himself again with the sign of the holy cross, and then passed the threshold with a firm courage.

A dazzling light met his view, for on all sides burnt a quantity of wax tapers; it seemed that all darkness had been diligently banished, as if it had been feared that in every corner where it would have been, there would also have lurked some new horror. On a couch opposite the door, a figure, dressed in strange and rich attire, was turning and struggling in the arms of the black man; now a foot in a large purple slipper was darted convulsively forward, now an arm covered with a dark-colored sleeve slashed with red. It seemed to the physician as if it was no earthly being that he saw; he went forward to look more closely, and a glance at the strange figure had almost made him start back, but that he immediately perceived there was a mask on the patient's face. The latter now kept still, though with an evident effort; it seemed to be the effect of some words which the Moor screamed into his ear in a language which the learned Master Helfrad had never heard.

"Sir," said the physician, "you must take the mask from your face; the face of the patient is an instructive book to the physician."

The sick man shook his head in silence.

"Does not your lord understand me?"

asked Master Helfrad of the Moor. "Shall I speak either Latin or Greek to him?"

"He knows all languages," answered he; "you heard him curse in German when you came in. But you will do well to leave the mask in its place."

"Ah! you know nothing about the matter," said the physician; "the mask must be taken off."

"Will you then be driven mad?" cried the patient in a fearful voice, and sprang up convulsively. "He who sees me must go mad; but if you wish evil to yourself, you shall have it. I often threaten my servant with this when he excites my anger too fiercely. You shall have your will; you shall have it!" And he was already loosening the clasps of the mask, but the Moor fell shrieking on his knees, and called now upon his master, now upon the physician, to desist from their intentions; warning the former not to drive to madness the physician who should heal him, and assuring the latter that he himself had never looked upon the face of his lord, and yet knew but too well that it was the most fearful sight in the whole world. The sick man let go his hold of the fastenings, and fell back again on his bed; Master Helfrad gave up the point shuddering. Whilst he now felt his patient's pulse, and bent over him to ask him questions and to observe his breathing, it seemed to him as if two such glaring fiery eyes shone out from the mask that he drew back terrified. But the experienced doctor knew well, from the hand, and arm, and whole figure, that he had before him a strong, muscular, but emaciated man of at least sixty.

The good Master Helfrad seized his casket, and began to prepare a salve over the flame of two wax tapers, and whilst it was warming he mixed a costly drink.

"You want implements," said the Moor, and opened a precious chest, in which was an abundance of glasses, vials, retorts, and all possible vessels of the same kind, and all of the best and most beautiful sort. There were also some metal flasks, of such wonderful workmanship that Master Helfrad could not recollect ever in his life to have seen the like, nor could he guess for what purpose they were intended. Then he said, "My son, that chest looks somewhat strange to me; I only make use of those things which I fully understand, and of which I can give a good account to God and man. Close it again, I want nothing more than my own implements."

The black attendant quickly closed the chest, for his fearful master threatened him, saying, "Thou miserable fool! art thou so

eager to boast and make much of the very little knowledge thou hast acquired?"

At the same time the malady again seized him with all its strength, and destroyed at once the composure which he had kept with such an effort. The unearthly howlings began afresh; curses in many different languages poured from his lips; the most fearful in that unknown tongue which seemed to be allied to all the horrors of his visage. The Moor held his master in his arms, by turns trembling in all his limbs and stamping wildly on the ground, as he repeated the curses of the sick man.

Meantime Master Helfrad sat diligently at his work, and hummed with a cheerful countenance, a pious song. It was as when, on some winter-night, a fierce storm rolls over the earth, and chases before it the dark and fugitive clouds;—while the moon continues to look down from her height with undisturbed and friendly aspect.

The drink and the salve were soon prepared. The good physician approached his furious patient, saying, "Now control your wild nature; the uncurbed spirit may not hope for help from the Almighty God." And as he gave him the drink, and rubbed his sunken temples and his powerful breast with the salve, he continued to repeat sayings about the ways of God and the wanderings of men, in reference to what he had already spoken. So long as the pain raged in the limbs of the sick man, or began only imperceptibly to decrease, he yielded quietly and gently to all that the physician did or spoke; but hardly had the soothing powers of the medicines gained victory, and life again flowed calmly through his veins, when he said with an angry, displeased manner, "I think, friend, you may cease your tedious sayings and allegories; they are no ways to my taste."

"Not so, I hope," said Master Helfrad kindly, continuing alike his gentle tending and his edifying talk.

"Laugh him dumb with thy jeerings, Nigromart!" said the sick man to his attendant; but Nigromart closed his eyes, and turned away affrighted.

"What hast thou promised? wherefore art thou here?" cried the dreadful figure. "Wilt thou shamefully turn back when half way?"

The Moor now seemed to recollect himself, and broke forth with a torrent of gibes, and jests, and mockeries on the physician; who at first remained quite still, putting in occasionally a holy word, and assuaging more and more the sufferings of his patient; but at length he lifted himself up, looked earnestly

at the mysterious mask without shrinking from the fiery eyes, and said, "Man, where wouldst thou be before three hours if I withdrew my hand from thee?"

"Thou needst not think of converting me!" murmured the stranger, turning away scornfully.

"The more, then, must thou care for the little life which may yet be left thee," answered Master Helfrad.

"You would not leave me on account of a few jesting words!" said the stranger; as he muttered to himself, "You would be a good performer of your own words if you did!"

"Listen, then," answered the physician, "and I will tell you once for all. If either you or your attendant touch with your impious words those things which are held sacred through all Christendom, then I at once turn my back upon you, and not all the gold of Africa and India shall bring me to you again; but if you choose to jest only on myself, I will be no more angry at it than is natural and excusable, and even that only very seldom, I promise you. Look here at my wrinkled face and white hairs; I think they would be good enough aim for marksmen such as you seem to be."

He looked upon them so kindly and patiently, that neither of them could bring out a word; and now that his sufferings were relieved, the sick man, quite exhausted, sank into repose. The physician gave the black Nigromart instructions what to do to his lord; promised to be there again betimes; and went home in deep thought, after having given rest, by his noble skill, not only to his patient, but to the whole house.

His wife Gertrude lay in a quiet sleep, to which she had composed herself trusting in God, and from which she awoke next morning at dawn of day, as Master Helfrad was softly leaving the room. "Oh, father! whither are you again going?" she asked. "Will you quite destroy your health?"

"No," said the physician, with a kind smile; "I am thinking much more of restoring that of the man sick near to death, to whom I was called yesterday; and for that purpose I must go forth to gather herbs in the morning dew. Do not detain me, dear Gertrude. I see well you would fain know, after the fashion of women, how the sick man is called, and like particulars; but I have no time; and even if I had, I do not myself know who he is whom I hope to heal." Then he bid a friendly farewell to his wife, and went out singing into the meadow so gaily, that those who had seen him from afar might well have thought it was

a youth gathering flowers for his beloved, instead of an old physician collecting healing herbs for an ointment.

The malady of the stranger grew more critical towards mid-day, as Helfrad had expected; but what almost bewildered him was a strange whistling, and piping, and fluttering, which at times sounded through the sick chamber as from the motion of unseen wings. The masked man and the Moor were evidently terrified at it; but the former threatened with a clenched fist, and then for a moment all was still.

"Sir," said Master Helfrad, "I know not what beings you have around you; but I see that you cannot control them, and I must take part against them."

At the same moment there was a more violent whistling, and piping, and flying than ever; and the sick man said quietly, "Master, you will do wisely not to meddle with them in any way."

But the old Helfrad cried out with a loud and powerful voice, "Be quiet, whoever you are, so long as a true and honorable man is here in this chamber: I command you, in the name of my Lord God; and if you do not obey, I must speak yet heavier things to you."

Then all was so still that the movement of a mouse might have been heard; and Master Helfrad said with an honest smile, "I have now shewn you how one can quiet the like."

"Do you, then, know them?" asked the mask.

"How know them?" answered Helfrad. "I know nothing of such beings; but we need only walk in God's ways, and speak in His name, and all evil things will give way to us."

"Are the means so near, so direct, and so secure?" murmured the stranger. "And could one so simple do more than . . ." He stopped, and turned discontentedly towards the wall, as if he would sleep; and the physician left the room.

Helfrad now devoted his whole time so entirely to save the life of his patient, that he was hardly ever seen but reading, or collecting herbs in the fields, or silently praying to God for light and assistance.

Once Gertrude (who now knew what a terrible guest the Three Crowns harbored in the patient of her husband) asked how, for the sake of such a godless man, he could so waste the precious strength of his old age?

"Wife," said Master Helfrad, "all sick men are alike to be cured. One Higher than the physician must judge whether or not they be worth the curing. But so much can I see, that no one more needs a longer span of life

than this poor distracted wretch." Then he took again his cloak and cap, and hastened to the inn of the Three Crowns.

Before the room-door he found Nigromart sitting on a bench, drawing; who made signs to him that his master slept. "Right well," said the physician; and in order to be at hand when he should awake, he seated himself by the Moor, and looked at what he was about. He was pleased to see a fair, bold sketch of St. George, who was sculptured in stone over the door of the neighboring cathedral, in the act of killing the dragon.

"Say nothing to my master of this figure," whispered Nigromart.

"Wherefore not, young man?" asked Helfrad. "You have done a deed worthy of praise, and that all the world might know of. But one thing I will tell thee honestly does not please me. Why didst thou not put in that strangely beautiful sword which hangs by the side of the saint?"

Nigromart thought it was of no meaning or importance; and when he saw that Master Helfrad was about to return a very serious answer, he hastened to open the book which he had used to support his drawing, and tried to turn the old man's attention to other things, by shewing the beautiful paintings and sketches which it contained. The good doctor looked well pleased at most of these, but put some aside carelessly.

"Why do you not look at those designs?" said Nigromart; "they are taken from the most glorious monuments of Grecian art."

"My friend," answered Helfrad, "I understand none but German paintings, or perhaps Italian, so far as they are related to the German. The other skilful designs I put aside, as an unlearned man does my Latin and Greek books. But a man who would master and practise any art, must learn it thoroughly; therefore I have sent my only son to travel in Italy, that he may lay a firm foundation for the work, which afterwards, by God's help, he shall raise in his native land to the edification of his countrymen by many fair designs. Have you never known him as a fellow-artist—he is called Freymond!"

"Oh! Freymond," said Nigromart,—"yes, Freymond, I know him well." And he then began to relate how highly the young artist was prized by all the Venetian, Florentine, and Roman masters, and how the Italian nobles accounted it an honor to entertain him: with other glorious and joyful tidings.

"May he only not be puffed up!" sighed Helfrad. "Truly—I may say it behind his back—he went hence with an angel's inno-

cence; and I trust in God *that* has been kept safe by many images of angelic beauty. His mother and I pray for that day and night. See, dear Moor, you have made my heart right joyful with your tale; and so much the more would I that you had not left out the sword of St. George. For, first, a sword is never a mere accessory to a man, as you thought; and then the sword of this figure has its hilt in the form of a cross. I trust my son does not forget that cross-hilted sword in any of his designs. Harken, my friend; you serve a strange lord, but you have surely never sworn to paint a cross!"

The sick man moved at that instant; Master Helfrad was obliged to go in to him without awaiting Nigromart's answer; but when he came from the room again, the Moor held out to him the figure of St. George, saying, "Keep this in memory of me. See, I have ventured to trace the sword upon it." And as indeed the noble weapon, with its significant cross-shaped hilt, hung down at the side of the saintly knight, the old man pressed very kindly the Moor's hand, and felt a hearty joy in possessing the gift.

At this time, when Master Helfrad went forth of mornings to gather the dewy herbs, there often came to him in the fields a slender maiden, with a lovely though somewhat pale countenance she helped him modestly and reverently in his work, as a dutiful daughter would help her father. She had soon learnt with quick attention what herbs the physician chiefly needed; she remembered, too, to choose the best and finest of the kind he wanted, since he had given the following answer to her question, "Why he sought herbs for himself with such toil, instead of taking them from the stores of the apothecaries?"—"My fair child, are we satisfied when we see a horse, an ox, or a hound, that it *is* horse, ox, or hound? Do we not ask concerning the strength and good qualities of the particular animal that we need? How, then, can I expect to get good out of dried plants, when we can hardly know at what time of year they were gathered, certainly not what time of day; and therefore know not under what influence they sprang up, nor whether they will be hurtful or serviceable to us?"

One bright morning, as the physician had answered many similar questions of his gentle assistant, and they were both resting, after their work was over, under some shady limes, he said to her, smiling, "It is now time that I should question and thou answer, sweet maiden; it seems to be right wonderful that one of thy sex should find such pleasure in

listening. Open now thy fair mouth, and tell me something of thyself; and, first of all, thy name. Truly, if there lay not such a sorrowful paleness on thy cheeks, and if thou didst not speak somewhat broken German, whereby it may be seen that thy home is in a distant land, I might be sure, without asking, that thy name is Angel, thou graceful apparition, so full of all kindness and humility."

"I know not, dear father, what you mean by that," said the maiden, while a faint blush colored her pale cheeks, "but truly I am called Angel in your northern tongue, for in Italy I was christened Angela."

"Wert thou born in that beautiful flower-garden, Italy, little Angel?" asked the old man. "What then has wafted thee over the high Alps?"

"No hopeful breath of spring," answered the maiden; "but a cold autumnal blast, which stripped all the leaves from my blossoms. Yet I trust to pass here a calm and pious winter; and when the eternal spring comes to me, then shall I wander amongst the flowers of heaven, free from sorrow, and full of peace. See, dear father, I lived with my old, long-widowed mother near the holy city of Rome, in a grove of laurels; and wedded a still, quiet life, apart from all the world. We never went into the city; as she lay before us with her old temples and palaces, she appeared to us always as the continuation of the broken columns and walls which still remained in our grove, and under whose shadow I read so happily holy books, or beautiful histories, which my blessed father had bequeathed to us. Now it so happened that a young German painter came into our laurel-grove to sketch the ruins it contained. My mother gave him hospitality for many days; and as he was of angelic beauty and of angelic goodness, he became very dear to me; so that when, after a little while, he wooed me for his wife, with my mother's good will, I willingly plighted my faith to him, and we were betrothed. Then he spoke of carrying us to Germany; and as I had fears of your distant northern land beyond the high mountains, he began to tell me many beautiful things concerning it, and also to teach me your language; and—whether it was that I hung upon him with my whole soul, or that there is an attractive charm in your land for all who learn to know it well—very soon in all my dreams I heard the rustling of your German oaks and limes, with the immeasurable verdure of their extensive forests; and I saw the pure bright mirrors of the mighty streams which roll nobly and peacefully among them. The songs of love and war of

your greatest poets were on my lips; and with endless longing I gazed all day on the images which my lover drew of German chiefs, and holy men, and pure women. But the more I now longed to hasten to this beloved land, which drew me to her with a silent welcome, the seldomer did my betrothed speak of our journey. He began with more glowing words to praise the beauty of Italy, and at last declared plainly that he would end his days in that earthly paradise. I yielded to his will, and only prayed him to paint for me many German figures; yet I did ask him whether his parents were dead, of whom he at first had spoken so much, praising their kindness in having given him leave, at parting, to bring home, if God and his own heart so inclined him, a maiden of his choice from foreign lands to be his bride, provided only that she were innocent and gentle. He laughed, and answered, that he believed his parents were in health, but that they led a dull life; and he meant to give me a more joyous one than I had yet known. I felt frightened at this; but I laid all to the state of excitement in which he always returned from Rome, whither he now went almost daily. At this time all German pictures and images of saints vanished from his painting-room; he only designed old statues of heathen times; and he laughed at me when I sorrowfully asked for the figures which in earlier and happier days he sketched for me so readily and so beautifully. 'They were childish trifles,' he said; 'but now he was on the right path of nature and of godlike liberty.' Yet I could trace nothing godlike in his new works; on the contrary, I often saw among them unseemly figures; so that I went no more into his painting-room. My good mother, thank God, did not notice his change, but died in peace and hope, giving us both her solemn blessing. Ah! with what vain, unsatisfying consolations did my lover, once so full of earnest thought, wound my heart! He now wished to take me to Rome; and as I would not hear of it, he went thither himself, in order, as he said, to prepare our future home. Months passed away, and I heard nothing of him; at length I ventured to go into the great capital of the world, and, with tears of anguish in my eyes, my senses bewildered with the tumult that was quite new to me, I went to the part of the town where he lived; —he had often described his house, and once had sketched it for me. Now I stood before the graceful building, which looked to me as fair in reality as it had in his drawing. With like beauty the golden oranges, amid their dark leaves, and surrounded with bright flow-

ers, shone through the garden lattice-work. And yet this could not, I thought, be the house of my betrothed, for the loud shouts of a riotous company sounded from it, hardly allowing at times a few tones of the melody of many singers to be heard. I was about to turn away for ever, but I loved him as myself; and to seek the lost was, I thought, a command of God. So I ascended the marble steps with prayer and confidence, and entered the door of the banqueting-room. The guests were startled at my appearance, for I was yet in deep mourning for my mother; and in the general silence which now reigned, I went up to my betrothed, who was crowned with roses and breathing perfumes. I spoke to him of time and eternity, of the world and of God. At first he seemed moved and alarmed; but the torrent of his passions soon swept my words from his heart: he spoke much of the bright inspiring life of an artist; he dared to offer me to share it with him; he even praised my beauty with bold, unfitting words. Then I went forth; and I have never seen him since. I heard, indeed, that he had gone to Greece as the favorite of a mighty prince. But I converted my small estate into gold, and have come as a pilgrim to beloved Germany; for I love it now in place of my poor bridegroom; and I dare to hope that it can never be so lost to me as he is lost."

Bright tears fell from the maiden's eyes; and the old man said, "God will guard our land from being lost to thee and to all His angels!" But then he spoke with a low, almost stifled, voice: "Tell me at once, fair child, was not thy betrothed called Freymond?"

"Alas, yes!" she answered, weeping yet more bitterly. "And since you ask that question, are you not his father, the far-famed Master Halfrad, who lives in this city? I have thought so for many days, but never had courage to ask."

"Truly I am he!" said the old man; "my broken heart bears witness thereto."

Then Angela knelt weeping on the grass; and the old man laid both his hands on her dark locks to bless her.

After a while he began again, and said, "Hast thou, then, no more love for Freymond?"

"Ah, good Heaven!" she answered, "how could I ever cease to love him?"

"Well then, dear Angela, we will now, and very often, together pray for him." And he knelt beside her on the grass.

They first prayed quite to themselves, then aloud, and louder, stretching wide their hands towards heaven; and instead of disturbing

each other, the words of one seemed to kindle those of the other, as we may fancy two seraphs, with wings touching and embracing each other, soar up to heaven.

They were at length interrupted by the loud and uncontrollable sobs of a third person, not far from them. They turned to look, and perceived it was the Moor, who was stooping over a stream close by, and washing his face as eagerly with the water as with his tears. When he lifted himself up, and looked upon the other two, the water and his tears had cleared away the frightful darkness of his face, the high flame-colored turban fell off, and in its place golden ringlets clustered round his temples. It was Freymond, who in deep sorrowful confusion sunk on his knees before his father and his betrothed, repeating through his tears, "O God! O God! they pray for me, and I have broken their hearts!"

"But now you will heal them again," said Angela, bending soothingly over him, and touching his cheek; while the old man took his hand, and with a strong effort raised him, saying, "Will not our heavenly Father receive us when we come again to His house as lost sons? How, then, should a poor earthly father not do the like?"

Then he comforted and kissed him, and thanked God for having hearkened to his prayer; but presently he said, "Now be calm, as befits a man, and tell us, in a few words, how you came to know that fearful sick man, and how it stands with you now."

"Father," answered Freymond, "I found him in the vaults of an old Roman villa; and when I trembled before him and his mask, he spoke kindly to me, and led me through strange ways to some glorious statues, the like of which I had never seen above ground. He bound me fast to him at first by the love of my art, and by his full knowledge of the joyous life of the old Greeks; and then he counselled me to follow the same joyous life, pouring into my hands more gold than I wished for, and more than I knew how to use. But this fatal knowledge he soon taught me: I recklessly plunged into all the pleasures of Rome, and, unsatisfied with what the outward world could give me, I began to knock at the gates of the unseen world, not for light, but for might. Thus my terrible guide had me fully in his power. You have seen, father, how he is connected with mighty spirits; he promised that I should become a sharer of all his secrets, and, together with him, have power over men and over nature, as the gods of Greece have had."

The father made the sign of the cross upon

himself and his son, and said, "That would truly have been to spring in your own strength from a pinnacle of the temple."

"But first I was to cast from me," continued Freymond, "all that held me bound to my country, my parents, and our holy faith itself. Till then, he said, I must remain a servant, have my face disfigured by a hideous black stain, and bear the hateful name of Nigromart. As soon, however, as the time of trial should be over, I was to take the name of one of the glorious gods of Greece, and assume a marvellous beauty. My master, too, was again to become youthful; and, no longer needing a mask, was to lose his terrific countenance, the result of a former unhappy spell. In the course of my probation we came to this good city, to try whether I was so fully possessed by the evil spirit as to mock my father, and mother, and home, under my strange disguise; and then I was to deny those most holy truths in which the heathen do not believe. Oh! praise be to God, who threw that fearful man on a bed of sickness, and so brought to nothing the ending of my trial, after which I longed!"

Again he sank down in prayer; and his father and his bride prayed in silent joy by his side. Then they all three rose.

"Take your betrothed home," said Master Helfrad; "return to your mother, and let her know all."

"Ah!" sighed Freymond, "if only it might be concealed from my pious, sorrowing mother!"

But Helfrad said very solemnly, "Truth is not only a good thing, my son, it is the very best; for without truth there is no love."

Freymond bowed his head in sorrowful acquiescence; and with Angela's soft hand in his, refreshed and strengthened by her loving words of comfort, he went home. Master Helfrad visited the sick man. He approached his bed with a thoughtful face, saying, "I have taken back my son! I should have done it sooner; but I learnt just now for the first time that he was in your service. Reckon him no more as your servant." And then he began to prepare ointments and draughts as before, and to administer them as if nothing had happened.

The masked man trembled violently. At length he brought out these words, "And will you, then, not leave me? will you still heal me?"

"Why ask me such a question?" said Master Helfrad. "I have been called to be a physician by God and by my superiors."

The sick man sighed deeply, and pressed the physician's hand; then he began again: "Has Nigro—"

"That name I forbid!" interrupted the master, earnestly.

And the other continued, correcting himself, "Has Freymond confessed to you who I am? A solemn oath binds him yet."

"And he observes it," answered Helfrad; "my son would not begin his repentance by breaking his oath."

"I will trust the secret to you, if you desire it," said the sick man, "and you will marvel. But, ah! I can hardly pronounce it."

"Do not," answered the physician; "I am not curious, and God forbid that I should add to your troubles."

Then he hastened home, and found his son in the arms of his weeping, forgiving mother, and of his happy bride. Soon the wise father took Gertrude aside, and solemnly begged her not to tempt her son to break his oath by her questions: "For," said he, "you like to hear new things, and we know not how firmly rooted the replanted sapling may yet be. In a year's time, I hope, you may question him as much as you please."

Master Helfrad's hope did not deceive him. The true German love and strength soon recovered their former firm power over the heart of Freymond, deepened by the storm of temptations against which he had to struggle. He had to bear a gentler probation in winning Angela again; and the art of his fatherland, on her part, shone brightly on her returning son with heavenly refreshment.

In the mean while the masked man was cured of his sickness; and when Master Helfrad took leave of him, and sent him on his way with many holy words of warning, he listened very patiently, and said at last, softly and timidly, "Do you, then, really think that I may yet be saved?"

"Wherefore not?" answered Master Helfrad; "the same God yet lives."

Then the restored man humbly begged the physician to obtain permission for him to do penance in a monastery of the town. He must, indeed, keep on his mask, for his countenance was too hideous to be shewn; even now the fiery eyes shone so strangely through it, that Master Helfrad, against his wont, was forced to look down. He wished also to be allowed to conceal his name, lest it should excite too much terror amongst the brethren, or perhaps awaken an ill-timed curiosity among

them, on account of many strange mysteries in his own life and in that of another. Master Helfrad promised to do what he could, and in a short time brought all to pass according to the wishes of the mask.

Received within the holy walls of Mariahülfe, the stranger underwent there such a severe and profound penance that he edified all the inhabitants of the monastery as much as he had at first terrified them. His voice became milder, the light of his eyes less and less frightful, till at last it shone pleasantly. Then, at length, the abbot said to him one day before the assembled brethren: "Penitent, the Spirit has made known to me that thy sins are forgiven, and that thy countenance is again become human, and thou needest no longer conceal it under that dreadful mask. Therefore I command thee to put off that rigid covering."

The penitent bowed humbly, obeying the words of the abbot, and the heavenly smiling countenance of an aged man shone upon the astonished brethren. Then they all together praised God, took the restored penitent into their holy company, and called him Brother Redivivus.

Freymond was now living a holy life at Angela's side, having married her when his time of probation was ended; and when for the first time he saw Brother Redivivus in a procession of the brethren, and learnt who he was, the last shade vanished from his mind. It then seemed to him as if he first received the full forgiveness of his sin; and he painted the figure of Redivivus so full of life and love that it was thought the masterpiece of his far-famed pencil. After three years, as Freymond and Angela were carrying home their first-born son after his baptism, their honored parents with them, they met the bier of Brother Redivivus. He had gently fallen asleep in the Lord. The christening company turned back, and Helfrad and Gertrude, Freymond and Angela, and their sweet smiling infant, accompanied the deceased penitent to his eternal rest.

People who long after saw the portrait of Wagner, the disciple in magic of Dr. Faustus, remarked a great likeness to Freymond's picture of Brother Redivivus; only the one appeared like a descending demon, while the other seemed an ascending angel.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.]

THE Reuss, which runs in a bed hollowed out, to the depth of sixty feet, between perpendicular rocks, cuts off all communication between the inhabitants of the valley of Cornara and those of Goschenen, between the Grisons and the people of Uri. This was the cause of much inconvenience to the neighboring Cantons, so that they brought together their most skilful architects, and at the common expense of all, built many bridges across the ravine, but never succeeded in constructing one sufficiently strong to resist, for more than a year, the tempests, the rise of the waters, or the avalanche. A last attempt of this kind was made towards the end of the fifteenth century and, as the winter was almost past, the hope was indulged that their work, this time, would resist all the usual attacks, when one morning information was brought to the Baillie of Goschenen, that the bridge was again swept away.

"Nobody but the devil," cried the Baillie, "will be able to build us one!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when a servant announced Messire Satan.

"Bring him in," said the Baillie.

A man was shown in of about thirty-five or six years of age, dressed after the fashion of the Germans:—He wore red breeches, and a close black coat, which latter, a little torn under the arm, showed a fair-colored doublet underneath. His head was covered with a black cap, surmounted by a large red plume, which by its undulations, gave to it a very peculiar grace. After the customary compliments, the Baillie seated himself in one arm-chair—the devil in another:—the Baillie put his feet upon the andirons, the devil innocently placed his among the burning coals.

"Well, my poor friend," said the visitor, "you stand in need of my services?"

"I confess, Monseigneur," replied the Baillie, "that your assistance will not be useless to me."

"This cursed bridge, is it not? Ah! It is of much importance, then?"

"We are unable to pass without one."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Satan.

"Come, be a good devil," said the Baillie, after a moment's silence, "and make one for us."

"I came to make the proposition."

"Ah! well, there is but one point then, to settle—with regard—to—the—" The Baillie hesitated.

"With regard to the price," continued Satan, regarding his interlocutor, with a singular expression of malice.

"Yes," said the Baillie, feeling that this was a very perplexing part of the business.

"Oh!" continued Satan, balancing his chair upon its hind legs, and sharpening his claws with the Baillie's knife, "I will be very reasonable upon this point."

"That reassures me," said the Baillie. "The last, cost us sixty marks of gold; we will double this sum for the new one, and this is the highest offer we are able to make."

"What do you suppose I care for gold?" replied Satan, "I can make it when I desire it—wait a moment."

He took a live coal from the fire as one would take up a cake at a confectioner's.

"Hold out your hand," said he.

The Baillie hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," continued Satan,

And he placed in the hand of the Baillie an ingot of pure gold, as cool as if it had just been taken from the mine. The Baillie turned it over and over, and then offered it back.

"No, no, keep it," replied Satan, crossing his legs, with a self-satisfied air, "it is a present for you."

"I perceive," said the Baillie, putting the ingot in his purse, "that if it cost you so little trouble to manufacture gold, you desire to be paid in some other coin: but as I

cannot tell what would be most agreeable to you, please propose the conditions yourself."

Satan reflected a moment.

"It is my desire that the first soul that crosses the bridge I build, shall be mine."

"Agreed," said the Baillie.

"Prepare the agreement."

"Dictate it yourself."

The Baillie took a pen, ink, and paper, and prepared to write:—in five minutes all was completed. The instrument was signed by Satan, in his own name, and by the Baillie in behalf of the inhabitants he represented. His majesty agreed, formally, in this paper to build, the next night, a bridge which should last five hundred years; and the Baillie on his side, conceded in payment for the bridge the first soul which chance or necessity should carry across this diabolical improvisation.

At day-break, the next morning, the bridge was completed. The Baillie soon appeared on the road from Goschenen. He came to see if the devil had fulfilled his promise.

"You see that I am a man of my word," said Satan.

"And I, too," replied the Baillie.

"How, my dear Curtius," said the astonished demon, "do you intend to sacrifice yourself for the good of your citizens?"

"Not exactly," replied the Baillie, depositing upon the road, near the bridge, a bag, which he had carried on his shoulder, and which he was busily engaged in untying.

"What is that?" asked Satan, unable to imagine what he was about.

"Prrrrrrrooooo," cried the Baillie.

A dog, half frightened to death, started out with a piece of old stove pipe attached to his tail, and ran, howling, close to the feet of Satan, over the bridge.

"Ah! there is your soul; why don't you run after, monseigneur?"

Satan was furious: he had counted on the soul of a man, and was fain to content himself with that of a dog. However, he put a good face upon the matter, and pretended to enjoy the joke as much as the Baillie—but scarcely had the magistrate turned his back when he put himself tooth and nail to demolish the bridge, which he had built; he had, however, constructed it in such good faith that he turned back his claws, and broke out some of his teeth, without having been able to move a single stone. Suddenly he thought he distinguished the sound of an advancing crowd; he climbed upon a rock, and discovered the clergy of Goschenen, with cross elevated, and banner displayed, coming out to consecrate the "Devil's Bridge." Satan saw at once, that nothing more remained for him; he descended, sorrowfully, and encountering a poor cow in his way, caught her by the tail and hurled her down the precipice.

The Baillie of Goschenen was never heard to speak of the infernal architect; but the first time he put his fingers in his purse, he burnt them sharply; the ingot of gold was transformed again into the burning coal.

The bridge lasted, as Satan promised, five hundred years. A new bridge has stolen its name, but the old one is still remaining by its side.

WORLDLY CARES.

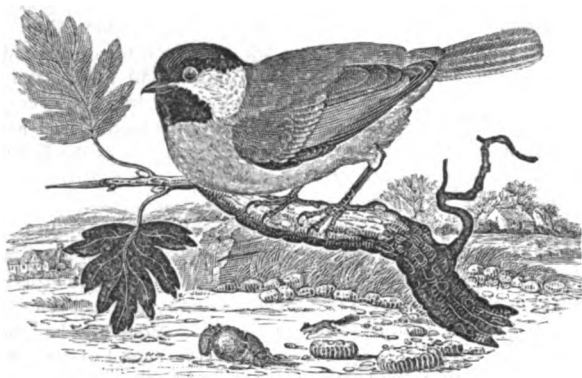
BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave:
Those billows in their ceaseless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently, as they murmur by,

Scarce lift the drooping flower;
Yet bear they, in autumnal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind;
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find;
Till altered thoughts and hearts grow cold,
The change of passing years unfold.



For the Ladies' Magazine.

BIRDS AND SONG.—No. II.

THE TITMOUSE, OR CHICADEE.

THIS lively, chattering, busy body among birds, has found few poets to celebrate his praises. A cousin of his in England, the Blue-Cap, has called forth a tribute from the cheerful pen of that pure lover of nature, Mary Howitt, which will be found pleasant reading :

THE TITMOUSE, OR BLUE-CAP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE merry titmouse is a comical fellow ;
He weareth a plumage of purple and yellow,
Barred over with black, and with white interlaced ;—
Depend on 't, the titmouse has excellent taste.

And he, like his betters of noble old blood,
Keeps up, with great spirit, a family feud ;
A feud with the owl ;—and why would you know ?
An old, by-gone quarrel of ages ago :—

Perhaps in the ark might be taken offence,—
But I know not, indeed, of the where and the whence ;
Only this is quite true,—let them meet as they may,
Having quarreled long since, they would quarrel to-day.

But we 'll leave them to settle this ancient affair,
And now look at his nest, made with exquisite care,
Of lichen, and moss, and the soft downy feather,
And the web of the spider to keep it together.

Is a brick out of place by your window ?—don't send
For the man with the trowel the fracture to mend ;

Through the dry months of summer just leave it
alone,
For the poor little titmouse has made it his own.

Peep in, now, and look at that wonderful labor,
And be glad to have near you so merry a neighbor ;
His work unto him is no trouble—behold
For one moment his motions, so tricky and bold.

How he twists, how he turns with a harlequin grace ;
He can't lift a feather without a grimace ;
He carries the moss in his bill with an air,
And he laughs at the spider he robs of his lair.

See his round, burley head, that is like a friar Tuck,
And his glancing black eye, that is worthy of Puck ;
Saw you ever a merrier creature than he ?
Oh, no !—make him welcome as welcome can be.

His nest now is finished with fine cobweb thread,
And the eggs are laid in it, white, speckled with red ;
Now knock at the wall, or rap loud on the pane,
Hark ! what is that rapping so briskly again ?

'T is the blithe mother-bird, all alive and alert,
As her mate, every whit, is she comic and pert :
Rap you once, she raps twice ; she has nothing to do
But to keep her eggs warm, and be neighborly too.

Oh, what ! did you say that the titmouse was stealing,
That he ate your pear-buds while he shammed to be
reeling,
And nipped off the apricot-bloom in his fun ?—
And that shortly you'll end his career with a gun !

Oh ! hold back your hand, 't were a deed to repent ;
Of your blame the poor fellow is quite innocent.
Stand back for one moment—anon he'll be here,
He believes you his friend, and he thinks not of
fear.

Here he comes ! See how drolly he looketh askew ;
And now hangs head downward ; now glances on
you.

Be not rash, though he light on your apricot-bough,
Though he touches a bud—there, he touches it now !

There, he 's got what he wanted, and off he has
flown !

Now look at the apricot-bud,—is it gone ?
Not the apricot-bud,—but the grub that was in it !
You may thank him—he does you a service each
minute.

Then love the poor titmouse, and welcome him too,
Great beauty there is in his yellow and blue ;
He's a fine cheerful fellow—so let him be free
Of your garden—to build in your wall or your tree.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

PASSAGE UP LAKE GEORGE.

BY O. H. COSTELL.

LIGHT moves the boat upon the lake ;
'Tis morning's early hour,
And scarce the slumbering zephyrs wake
To fan the mountain flower.
Silent and bright the waters lie
Beneath Heaven's summer canopy ;
The towering hills, with forests crown'd,
That hem the lonely lake around,
Its lovely bosom bright and blue,
Pictures like polish'd mirror true.
And as the vapors slowly rise,
Like veil from peerless beauty's eyes,
A hundred Isles with dew-drops wet,
That glitter in the morning sun,
Like diamond-gems in emerald set,
Greet the glad vision one by one.

On moves the boat—no breeze—no tide—
No bars the tranquil lake divide ;
Yet the gay fabric passes by
Mountain and island gracefully ;
'Tis Fulton's magic ; yet by eye
Unpractised in such mystery,
As phantom might the bark be view'd,
Careering here in solitude.

Man's restless spirit stands subdued,
'Mid nature's sterner solitude.
The boundless wood—the silent shore
By countless ages wander'd o'er—
The mountains and the rocks that stand
Like guardian giants of the land ;
While at their feet the mimic sea
Sleeps on like cradled infancy—
All breathe enchantment, and a spell
Where purer, holier feelings dwell,
That bid the astonish'd wanderer pause
And bow before the Almighty cause.—
His fever'd spirit feels a balm ;
The chastened wish comes gently o'er him,
That oftner thus his soul were calm
And peaceful as the scene before him.

15*

Not always thus hath tranquil been
This wild and lonely mountain scene,—
Yon fort, upon whose rugged brow
Fantastic wreaths of wild-flowers grow,
Though all in ruins now, and rude,
Tells of the past—of deadly feud !

When struggling freedom first unfurl'd
Her banner o'er the western world,
Her stripes and stars were strangely seen
To mingle here with wild-wood green ;
And 'mid her native mountains flew,
Columbia's Eagle proud and true ;
Nor quail'd when 'mid defiance high
The "Lion Standard" met the eye,
And bade the cannon's thunders wake
The slumbering echoes of the lake.
When dancing plumes and helmets proud
Around the rival banners crowd ;
And rifle's crack, and savage yell
Told where the fated victim fell ;
While martial music loud and long
Join'd chorus with the mad'ning throng ;
Still did Columbia's patriot band
Cling to their banner and their land,
Though freedom's bark was tempest-toss'd
And fearful oft was triumph's cost.

'Tis o'er—and all the deadly fray
Like morning mist has pass'd away.
The slayer and the slain are gone—
Still'd is the trumpet's thrilling tone—
The loud command, the signal true,
From rank to rank that hurrying flew,
Are hush'd, and all is silent now
On forest, lake, and mountain brow.

'Tis thus time's current hurries by,
Regardless of our pageantry.
The wave that bears conflicting life
Relentless closes o'er its strife ;
And parted scenes of pomp and pride
Leave scarce a ripple on its tide.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CLERGYMAN.

(Concluded.)

"A DEAR bought triumph, I fear," was my solemnly spoken reply, as Mr. Enfield paused in his narrative. "No man ever banished the Bible from his house, who did not sooner or later in life see reason to repent the act. Has your wife been happier since your triumph? I am sure she has not. Have you given her any thing in place of a reliance upon her Bible that can support her now—now, when life beats feebly in her pulses. Ah! no. Depend upon it, my friend, yours was a great mistake."

"It may be all as you say," he returned, gloomily. "But that is yet to be seen. However, to proceed. For a time after Anna gave up her religion, and threw herself upon me for guidance, we glided along over life's waters, like a boat on the bosom of a placid lake. The atmosphere around us was clear and bracing. We were happy.

"Shortly after this period, she blessed me with a sweet image of herself in miniature. From the time the babe was born, I thought I perceived a change in her. I could hardly tell, at first, in what this consisted. After a while, I found her less disposed to join me when I spoke of the absurdities that were contained in what was called Revelation. This made me feel uneasy, and I set myself to complete fully the work I had thought already done. She did not attempt to oppose what I advanced, but gently acquiesced in all I said. In this acquiescence there was something passive, and altogether unlike her; for her mind was naturally strong, active, enquiring and independent. I have since thought, that the reason of this change was to be explained by the fact that she had become a mother. This may only be an idea. But it is certain that Anna was much changed in some way from the day her first-born saw the light.

"As her little namesake gradually put off the babe, and grew up into a bright, happy, beautiful child, our hearts centred their affec-

tions upon her as upon an idol. We lost much of the relish we had felt for philosophical speculations, delighting, when together, more in sporting with our child, or conversing about the development of her mind in the future, and how much delight it would give us to train the tender plant, and guard its buds and blossoms as they put forth to the sun.

"Anna had attained her third year with but little sickness—none in fact to seriously alarm us. Her mind had opened rapidly in that time. She talked plainly, and comprehended things really above her years. She evinced, likewise, a talent for music—catching almost any simple air the first or second time she heard it, and singing the words to which it was set, after hearing them repeated for a few times. We were proud of her—but our love was stronger than our pride.

"I came home one evening a few days after her third birth day, and found my wife in much alarm. Anna had drooped about during the afternoon, and was now quite sick. I laid my hand upon her forehead and found it quite hot. She was asleep but restless; moaning, and grinding her teeth together. A thrill passed through my frame. I was suddenly and strangely alarmed. Pausing only to ask a few questions, I hurried away for a physician. He did not get to see our child for an hour after I had left a message for him at his office. During that time, we remained in agitated suspense, scarcely leaving for a moment our place beside the dear one's bed. The doctor came at last and examined the case. To our anxious enquiries, he made but brief and unsatisfactory replies. He hoped, however, that the child would be better by morning. Medicine was left, and careful directions given to have it punctually administered at stated periods. Neither my wife nor myself closed our eyes during the whole of that night, through every anxious hour of which the fever continued to rage with unabated violence.

But I will not minutely relate all that transpired both externally and internally during the next ten days, at the end of which time our child died. Ah, sir! that was the most painful trial I ever experienced. That event made me conscious, that, while I was proud of my rational system of philosophy, I could find in it nothing upon which to lean in such a fearful bereavement. My child had passed from me—but whither? Did she still live? If so, what was her condition? Or, was death an extinction of being? To none of these questions did my system give any answer. It was a philosophy very good in life, but did not pretend to reach its far seeing glance into the invisible world. As for my wife, this affliction prostrated her to the earth both in mind and body. Months passed before her crushed heart resumed its equable movements; before her bruised spirit regained any thing of its former cheerfulness.

“Where do you think our dear little Anna is?” she said to me one day, nearly six months after the child’s death, the tears standing in her eyes as she put the question.

“I shook my head mournfully, without replying.

“In heaven, with the angels, I should say, if I could believe as once I did,” she added.

“But of that no one knows,” I returned, quickly.

“Wouldn’t it be a blessed thing to know that, dear?” she said, earnestly. “Oh, if I could only be certain where she was—certain that there was a heaven and she safely there, I could feel happy. Then I could bear the loss.”

“To be thus certain is impossible,” I replied.

“So we have thought and said, over and again. But the more I think about it now, the more it seems to me that there ought to be some method of determining this matter.”

“But there is none,” was my positive answer.

“This caused her to remain silent. But her words only tended to increase the earnest but unuttered desire I had felt, ever since the death of our child, to know its fate. Time passed on, and softened our grief into a pensive thoughtfulness. We were sadder beings, if not wiser. Our conversation rarely, now, turned upon those subjects that had once occupied so much of our attention. We no longer delighted in the negating and obliterating philosophy we had formerly indulged. That gave us no pleasure. Our minds turned, rather, in search of something upon which to build. We wanted some affirmations. Some

certainities—no matter what they were. German rationalism, with the doctrine of human perfectibility though the mere effort of reason, attracted, at this time, much of our attention. For two years we studied and endeavored to live by its precepts: but they were finally set aside as containing no true life. They had not advanced us one step.

“Another child smiled upon our union. We were again happy: but it was a more sober and trembling happiness. Our first loss made us fearful. After the illness attendant upon the birth of this child, my wife did not regain her usual condition of health. She took cold easily, suffered most of the time from great prostration of strength, especially in the morning, and had, frequently, sudden attacks of hoarseness, with cough and pain in the side. This was accompanied by lowness of spirits. At the end of a year, she gradually gained over this. Her skin had a fresher glow, her eye was brighter, and her mind much more cheerful. Our child, though not so forward and sprightly as the one we had lost, was very dear to us—was, in fact, our whole world. We loved nothing, truly, but our babe.

“Little Grace was just one year old when we came to this city, which offered a wider scope for my talents than the one in which I had resided. Three months after, we had another, to us, terrible visitation. Death came once more into our midst. The idol of our hearts was torn from our clinging arms, and buried up in the cold, dark, damp earth!”

Enfield paused, and shuddered as he said this. In a little while he resumed, his voice changed, so as to sound to my ear very mournful.

“I have but little more to tell. That shock was too much for my poor wife. Her health, that had shown some signs of awakening vigor, gradually went back again from that time. The liability to take cold easily; the consequent attacks of cough and sudden hoarseness; the extreme lassitude from which she had suffered, all returned. Medical aid failed to reach her case. The uncertainty resting over the fate of our children was dreadful to her. Grace had been dead nearly a year, and my wife’s first deep grief at her loss had given way to a pensive, musing state of mind, from which none of the former intellectual delights in which we had indulged could arouse her, when she said to me, one Sunday morning, laying her hand upon my arm, and looking me with a tender, appealing expression in the face—

“You remember, Henry, the funeral of Mrs. P——?”

"‘Yes,’ I returned, in some surprise.

"‘And also Mr. R——, the minister who performed the dead-service!’

"‘Yes.’

"‘Do you know,’ she continued, ‘that since that time I have had a great desire to hear Mr. R—— preach. Won’t you go with me to his church, this morning! Do, dear! I will think it such a favor.’

"I could not refuse this request, made in the spirit that it was. So I told her to get ready and we would go. I felt strangely when I came into your church. Just as I had felt, years before, on placing myself in like circumstances. I do not think you said any thing, however, that affected my mind, as truth should affect it. All seemed like assumption, fanaticism, and sheer nonsense. Nor was Anna as much gratified as she had expected to be. She appeared, in fact, disappointed. She evidently had heard something drop from your lips at the funeral, that she anxiously desired to have confirmed; and I suppose, whatever it was, you did not again allude to it. I smiled at some of your positions and arguments, and held one or two of them up to her mind as ridiculously untenable. She did not, however, either join or oppose me. For two or three more Sundays, we attended your service. Since that time ill-health has prevented my wife from going out. She has declined rapidly, very rapidly. I am startled, every day, at the new evidences of failing strength that I perceive. The doctor is evidently baffled. He looks more and more serious at each recurring visit. Already there have been two consultations upon her case, with several changes of treatment; but the disease has not been even temporarily checked in its fearful progress. Looking, as she has done, to death as a speedy result, her mind has fallen into a painfully anxious state about the future. It is, as you know, on this account that she has asked you to visit her. If you can give her any thing upon which her mind may rest in confidence, do so in the name of Him whose servant you call yourself. If you have the truth, open it up to her, and my heart shall bless you with its most fervent blessings.

"Ah, sir, to have two dear children taken away, and to feel conscious that a few weeks, perhaps a few days, will remove from your side, forever it may be, your wife, dearer loved than all, makes the disbeliever in all revelations from God, pause and reflect. To be certain, sir, that even the little which we find revealed in the Bible about an invisible world—a spiritual world, inhabited by disembodied souls—were true, would make me compara-

tively happy. But to let my wife and children—my high minded, intelligent, pure-hearted wife; and my sweet children, with intellects just opening to the light of truth, go from me into the dark region, with the deepest gloom and uncertainty around them, oppresses my soul almost unto death itself.

"But forgive me for having occupied you so long, and for the intrusion of this history upon you. For the sake of her who is the principal party in it, I know you will pardon me."

Then rising, he said—

"May I, or rather may my wife hope to see you as early as to-morrow?"

"Yes," I replied, "I will see her then, and as frequently as may be desired. And if I can succeed in brightening up both her horizon and yours, I shall receive my highest reward in the delight the performance of that will give me."

He then retired. It was on the afternoon of the next day that I called to see Mrs. Enfield, and found her alone. She had, I could perceive, failed much since I last saw her. Instead of reclining upon a sofa, she was in bed, half raised into a sitting posture by pillows. One sight made my heart beat quicker. It was that of the Bible I had given her, lying open beside her on the bed. There was a calmer expression, and a milder light in her face than when I had before seen her. She smiled feebly, and extended her hand as I came up to her.

"You are not so well to-day, I fear!" I remarked as I took her hand.

"No—not so well in body, but calmer in mind," she replied; "why, I can hardly tell, unless it be from the reading of this book," laying her hand upon the Bible. "Strange, that I have not been able to read a page of it, without becoming so blinded by tears that I could not see! It does not appear to me like the same book it used to be. Sometimes I so far lose my consciousness of the present, that I almost believe myself a little child, reading over its beautiful, love-fraught passages, at my mother's knee."

"No other book, as you have before said, ever affected you like this?"

"No—no other book."

"Because," I added, "this is unlike all other books. It is God's Word, and he is ever present in it, and to those who read it in simplicity and innocence, he is present with pure, interior delights.

The substance of our whole interview I cannot record. She was, I plainly saw, near to death; disease had taken deep hold upon her, ever and anon disturbing the evenness of her

thoughts and obscuring her mind. In such a state, there could not possibly be that perfect freedom and rationality which is required before any one can distinctly see and fully adopt a truth. Her state could not be, I felt, really changed, so as to affect it, when she passed into the spiritual world. But I saw that she had been a lover and seeker after truth—I saw that she had lived in obedience to all moral laws, and had a love of good for its own sake in her heart,—and these I knew would be accepted by Him who regards every state of innocence, and loves every state of good in his creatures, no matter how far they may have erred in their search after truth. I therefore left her mind undisturbed by any dogmas of faith, contenting myself with leading her constantly to make the Word, in which she found so much to give peace, her constant companion. Beyond this, she did not, after our first interview, seem much disposed to go. Her mind gradually lost its intellectual acuteness as her body wasted, until, at the end of four weeks, she sunk quietly into the sleep of death. During that period, I visited her constantly; but never once attempted to disturb her by questions in regard to faith, that I knew it to be impossible for her mind, in its enfeebled state, to comprehend. I was content to leave her with Him, in his Holy Word, who never judges harshly—who ever saves the good in all. To that Word she clung to the last; when she could no longer read it herself, she would ask her husband to read it for her. At every visit, I read also. She never seemed to tire of this. It was water, indeed, to her thirsty soul.

At last death came, and she resigned herself calmly into his arms. Mr. Enfield stood sternly by, with folded hands, and looked down upon her as the last few shudders of dissolution passed through her frame, and then turned away with a face of horror and despair. I never saw such a face—I never wish to see such a face again. I followed him into the next room and tried to speak some words of comfort.

"She is at rest," I said, "no more pain, no more sorrow, no more doubt shall cross her peaceful breast!"

"At rest, where?" he asked in a quick, harsh, interrogating voice.

"In Heaven, I trust."

"Where is Heaven? Have you ever been there, or seen any one who can tell you about the place?"

"Be calm, my dear sir," I said, laying my hand gently upon him.

"That does not answer my question," he sternly responded; "She is gone, and you say she is in Heaven. How do you know? Who told you? Prove to me that she is there—if such a place exists—or any where else, and I will go to her, if I have to pass the same gate through which she has just passed. Are my children there also? You will say yes, I know. You all say the dead go to Heaven. But I don't know."

Oh! I cannot give an idea of the mournfulness with which the last short sentence was spoken. As soon as it was uttered, the bereaved man covered his face with his hands, and staggering back upon a chair, remained silent for many minutes. But his mind was strongly agitated, for his frame, I could see, as its outline was strongly marked in the light that came through a window, trembled from head to foot. At length he looked up, his face still harrowing in its expression of despair, and said—

"I would like to be alone, sir."

I felt that it was not good for him to be alone in his state of mind, and yet, I did not feel that I could intrude upon his grief when he had expressly desired me to leave him. I therefore went down stairs, after taking his hand, and earnestly entreating him to look up for comfort in this dreadful hour, and whispered to one of his friends my fears in regard to him, and enjoined upon him not to suffer him to be alone for a moment if it could be helped. We all started at that moment, and for myself every hair stood on end, and a sudden thrill like an electric shock passed through my nerves, as a loud, but only half human cry came from the chamber I had just left. We rushed, tumultuously up the stairs, expecting, no one knew what. On entering the room, we found Enfield in the middle of the floor, with a countenance as little human as the cry he had uttered. When he saw us enter, he sprang towards the window and attempted to throw himself out. But we seized him, and to restrain his violence, were compelled to bind him fast. His cries were awful, and continued, with his struggles to release himself, until his friends were compelled to remove him to the Hospital. He saw not the wasted remains of her he had so loved, consigned to their dreary abode. It was a sad, very sad funeral, and I returned from it with a heavy heart.

June 18.—I have seen Mr. Enfield to-day. He has been passive and melancholy for a week; but still, there is no return of reason. The physicians hope, from the subsidence of his wild, excited state of mind into one more

quiet, that a change for the better is near at hand.

July 10.—Enfield is still out of his mind; but very calm.

August 20.—This morning, I was startled to see a pale, sad, anxious looking man, who, at a second glance, I recognized as Mr. Enfield, enter during divine worship. He seated himself in the same pew he had months before occupied with his wife, and listened attentively to all I said. This is the first intimation I have had of his return to reason.

Every Sabbath, since his first appearance, he has come in regularly and listened with

great attention. Once I called to see him, but he seemed shy of me and embarrassed, and would not enter into conversation. I have since thought it best not to intrude upon him. It is now many months since he left the hospital. There is evidently a gradual change in progress. His face is not so pale as it was, nor so rigidly sad in its expression. I often see a light kindling in his eye as I enunciate some truth, and perceive that when I read the Word, he listens with deep attention. These are good signs. He will yet have cause, I trust, to bless the hand that has so deeply afflicted him.

STANZAS TO A SISTER.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless wishes from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

Aw, mark the strain, sweet Sister! watch and pray—
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly things:

Oh! wait not thou till life's blest morning ray
Only o'er withered hopes its radiance flings;
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit now,
Ere sorrow's tracery mar the placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art—yet is thy soul
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,
Sweet phantasies, that mock at thought's control,
Like atoms round thee float, in fancy's beams;
But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee—
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams—thy gentle heart,
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one, to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest too of happiness—the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well:
Alas! man's passions, even when they sleep,
Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell,
And they who hear the frequent half-hushed sigh,
Know 'tis the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain are all such visions!—couldst thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
Oh! couldst thou read, upon her pride-veiled brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot,—
In humbleness of heart thou wouldst kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine;
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,
There hope's fair flowers in votive garlands twine,
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

If we want meat till we die, then we die of
that disease, and there are many worse.

THE adder teaches us where to strike by her
curious and fearful defending of her head.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ALGERON was a merchant. All through a long summer day he had been engaged among boxes, bales, and packages; or poring over accounts current; or musing over new adventures. When night came, he retired to his quiet chamber, and refreshed his wearied mind with music and books. Poetry and the harmony of sweet sounds, elevated his sentiments, and caused him to think, as he had often before thought, of the emptiness and vanity of mere earthly pursuits.

"In what," he said, "am I wasting my time! Is there any thing in the dull round of mercantile life, to satisfy an immortal spirit? What true congeniality is there between the highly gifted soul, and bales of cotton or pieces of silk? Between the human mind and the dull insensible objects of trade? Nothing! Nothing! How sadly do we waste our lives in the mere pursuit of gold! And after the glittering earth is gained, are we any happier? I think not. The lover of truth—the wise, contemplative hermit in his cell, is more a man than Algeron!"

Thus mused the merchant, and thus he gave utterance to his thoughts—sighing as he closed each sentence. The book that he loved was put aside—the instrument from which his skillful hand drew eloquent music, lay hushed upon a table. He was unhappy. He had remained thus for some time, when the door of his room opened, and a beautiful being entered and stood before him. Her countenance was calm and elevated; yet full of sweet benevolence. For a moment she looked at the unhappy merchant, then extending her hand, she said—

"Algeron, I have heard your complaints. Come with me, and look around with a broader intelligence."

As she spoke, she laid her finger upon the

eyes of the young man. Arising, he found himself in the open air, walking by the side of his strange conductor, along a path that led to a small cottage. Into this they entered. It was a very humble abode—but peace and contentment were dwellers in the breasts of its simple minded occupants—an aged female, and a little girl. Both were engaged with reels of a curious and somewhat complicated construction; and both sung cheerily at their work. A basin of cocoons on the floor, by each of the reels, told Algeron the true nature of their employment. A small basket of fine and smoothly reeled spools were upon a table. While the merchant still looked on, a man entered and after bargaining for the reeled silk, paid down the price, and carried it away. A few minutes after, the owner of the cottage came. He asked for his rent, and it was given to him. Then he retired. Shortly after a dealer in provisions stopped at the humble dwelling, and liberally supplied the wants of its occupants. He received his pay, and drove off, singing gaily, while the old woman and the child looked contented and happy.

"Come," said his conductor, and Algeron left the cottage. The scene had changed. He was no longer in the open country, but surrounded by small houses. It was a village. Along the streets of this, they walked for some time, until they came to a store, which they entered. Standing beside the counter, was the same man who had bought the cottager's silk. He had many parcels, which he had collected from many cottages; and now he was passing them over to the store keeper, who was as ready to buy as he was to sell.

"Another link in the great chain," remarked the mysterious companion, significantly. "See how they depend the one upon the other. Can the hermit in his cell, idly musing about

truths that will not abide—(for truth is active; is, in fact the power by which good is done to our fellows, and will not remain with any one who does not use it—) thus serve his fellows? Is his life more excellent—more honorable, more in accordance with the high endowments of the soul than the life of him who engages in those employments by which all are benefited?"

Algeron felt that new light was breaking in upon him. But, as yet, he saw dimly.

"Look up," continued his companion, "and see yet another link."

The merchant raised his eyes. The scene had again changed. The village had become a large town, with ranges of tall buildings, in which busy hands threw the shuttle, weaving into beautiful fabrics of various patterns, the humble fibres gathered from hundreds of cottages, farm-houses, and cocoone-ries, in all the region roundabout. Through these he wandered with his guide. Here was one tending a loom, there another folding, arranging, or packing into cases the products thereof; and at the head of all was the manufacturer himself.

"Is his a useless life?" asked the guide. "Is he wasting the high endowments of an immortal mind in thus devoting himself to the office of gathering in the raw material and re-producing it again, as an article of comfort and luxury? But see!—Another has presented himself. It is the merchant. He has come to receive from this man the product of his looms, and send them over the world, that all may receive, and enjoy them. Are his energies wasted? No, Algeron! If the merchant were not to engage in trade, the manufacturer could not get his goods to market, and would no longer afford the means of subsistence that he now does to hundreds and thousands who produce the raw material. Without him, millions who receive the blessings furnished by nature and art in places remote from their city or country, would be deprived of many comforts, of many delights. The agriculturalist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan—all who are engaged in the various callings that minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of life, are honorably employed. Society, in all its

parts, is held together by mutual interests. A chain of dependencies binds the whole world together. Sever a single link, and you effect the whole. Look below you. As a merchant, your position is intermediate between the producer and the consumer. See how many hundreds are blessed with the reception of nature's rich benefits, through your means. Could this take place, if you sought only after abstract truth, in idle, dreamy musings? Cease, then, to chafe yourself by fallacious reasonings. Rather learn to feel delight in the consciousness that you are the means of diffusing around you many blessings. Think not of the gold you are to gain, as the end of your activity; for so far as you do this, you will lose the true benefits that may be derived from pursuing, with diligence, your calling in life—that for which by education you are best qualified—and into which your inclination leads you."

"I see it all now, clear as a sunbeam," Algeron said, with a sudden enthusiasm, as light broke strongly into his mind. The sound of his own voice, startled him with its strangeness. For a moment he seemed the centre of a whirling sphere. Then all grew calm, and he found himself sitting alone in his chamber.

"Can all this have been but a dream?" he murmured, thoughtfully. "No—no—it is more than a dream. I have been taught, not by a mere phantom of the imagination, but by Truth herself—beautiful Truth. Her lovely countenance I shall never forget, and her words shall rest in my heart like apples of gold on pictures of silver. Henceforth I look upon life with a purified vision. Nothing is mean, nothing is unworthy of pursuit that ministers to the good of society. On this rock I rest my feet. Here I stand upon solid ground."

From that time, Algeron pursued his business as a merchant, with renewed activity. The thought that he was ministering, in his sphere, to the good of all around him, was a happy thought. It cheered him on in every adventure, and brought to his mind, in the hour of retirement, a sweet peace, such as he had never before known. Fully did he prove, that the consciousness of doing good to others brings with it the purest delight.

THE BLOND HAIR.

From the French of M. Michel.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "there are in life phases of weariness and discouragement, which, unfortunately, when not combated, often terminate in thoughts of self-destruction. This malady is most frequently developed at the commencement of real life—that is, from the age of twenty-one to twenty-five—a period in which occurs a transition from theory to the practice of life, and a dangerous period it is. The mind awakens, and ideas pass, or rather fall from the fairy palaces of the imagination, to the plain and sometimes wretched tenements of reality. Very young persons, who, after their first studies, are thrown into the crucible of active employment, do not experience this rough transformation; they become acquainted with the plain realities of life before their brains have had time to produce a world, seemingly a thousand times more beautiful than the divine creation itself. But the position of the young man, who has, idly, exhausted the leisure of his youth, and who, after having walked for many years on the velvet moss of illusions, comes suddenly, to find that he treads upon deceitful ground, is perilous in the extreme. He sees his hopes fall, one by one, like the leaves of autumn:—the tree is renewed in the spring, but the bright dreams of youth once passed away, never return.

"I passed through this perilous stage and was only saved by the intervention of a merciful Providence, from self-destruction. I am now fifty-five years of age, but was once brought by my own madness, to the border of the tomb. What do you suppose prevented me from leaping down into the water from the Notre Dame bridge, whither I had gone with the determination to end my existence, and enabled me to live thirty good years longer, and which enables me at this moment to relate to you the circumstances of my intended suicide?"

"What could it have been, doctor?"

"Here, my friends, look for yourselves."

The doctor, with these words, opened a ring

which he wore on his little finger, and asked, laughing:

"What do you see there?"

"Why nothing at all," said his disappointed friends, whose curiosity had been highly excited.

"How! nothing! look closely—it ought to be there!"

"Ah, yes! I think I am able to distinguish a hair."

"That is it."

"A blond hair."

"Precisely."

"A hair of a female."

"You are right."

"What! Doctor, a simple hair—"

"Has been my savior, the cause of my fortune and the little celebrity I enjoy. Judge, then, whether I should prize my hair!"

And the doctor carefully closed his ring, after having pressed to his lips his precious talisman. We urged him to tell us the history, and the good doctor made the following relation:—

"In 1810, at twenty-five years of age, having finished my medical studies, and, furnished with my diploma, bid adieu to the Latin quarter, I established myself in the third story of a house in the Rue des Prouvaires. My resources were very scanty: the trifling sum which my poor mother had been able to send me, by curtailing her own small revenue, had been entirely absorbed in the purchase of the modest furniture of my office, and the scientific books which are indispensable to the sanctuary of a new Esculapius.

"My mother, with her innocent provincial ideas, felt no uneasiness about my future. I had, thanks to her sacrifices, completed the term of my long and laborious studies; I was, now, a Doctor in Medicine and Surgery of the Faculty of Paris: my fortune was made—my future was assured; patients would flock to my home, and with patients, riches, renown and honors! Poor woman! She saw me already seated in a professor's chair; her

letters were golden dreams, magnificent hopes, which, to her, seemed so near their accomplishment, that she saw them realised, and could touch them with her finger.

"I partook, also, during the last months of my studies, of these hallucinations: of these deceptive fruits of the inexperience of life. It seemed to me, during the ardent watches consecrated to the composition of my thesis, that I had almost reached the end; that, once invested with the right to cure sick people, they would hasten to me to put to the proof my learning.

"The day on which I took possession of my new dwelling, I really believed myself an important personage. It seemed to me that the reception of a new member in the *docto corpore*, was an event of public interest, and that every one would say, as I passed: 'There goes a young doctor, full of merit and science.' I took my seat in my office, not daring to go out during the day, for fear of doing injustice to the numerous patients who would, without doubt, come to consult me—but the obscurity of the night was my only visiter. At last I determined to go to bed, but made every effort to resist the approaches of sleep, for fear I might not hear the sound of the night bell, which was at the foot of the alcove in which my bed was placed, and which communicated with the front door. The cursed bell allowed me to sleep soundly, and I was only awakened by a ray of the sun, which, as if to mock me, glanced upon my closed eyelids at ten o'clock in the morning.

"My illusion, however, did not continue very long. A deep disgust seized me, when I found that, instead of the great man I believed myself, I was poor and unknown; and should be obliged to humble myself and resort to shameful charlatanism if I wished to spread my name and find patients. The atmosphere of selfishness in which I found myself, suffocated me. My pride increased with my misery; I would have blushed to solicit protection and support, and patrons, you may be sure, did not present themselves.

"Some friends had remained attached to me, after I left the Latin quarter; but I saw them, first, neglect, and then desert me altogether. One was rich, and I easily understood his increasing coldness: the want which had come upon me frightened his avarice and menaced his purse with a loan which he wished to avoid. Another, an indefatigable solicitor, at last, obtained a place and had left Paris to fill it. A third had married, and shut himself up in his house with all the savage austerity of a converted libertine. A fourth

abandoned me outright, because he saw that my dreams of glory were not likely to be realised; a parasitic instinct directed him towards those only, whose reputation was either dawning, or already attained, and repelled him from all who were suffering or struggling under discouraging circumstances.

"I remained thus, in the midst of the great city, buried in my insignificance, without the power, or rather the will, to contend against those obstacles which always present themselves at the commencement of a professional career. In proportion as my situation became more desperate, the letters of my mother grew more radiant with joy and maternal pride; her dreams continued, and followed all the phases of an imaginary career. I was careful not to destroy this bright illusion, which shed rays of happiness upon my mother's last days—my answers sustained her error. I embellished the romance which she had created, with all the beauties I supposed would add to her joy. Poor, and in want, almost of the necessities of life, I made myself rich and opulent, and when I left my lodgings in the third story to mount to a miserable garret, I wrote that an unhopd for good fortune had enabled me to occupy a magnificent apartment from the beginning. My last twenty sous enabled me to pay the postage on a letter which declared me a millionaire.

"This pious fraud had, alas! a prompt termination! My poor mother died, thanking Heaven that her prayers were answered, and that the future of her beloved son was so well assured.

"This was followed by a fatal crisis to myself. My discouragement gave way to a dark misanthropy; I became the enemy of the whole world; of the ungrateful community which repaid so badly six years of labor and repugnant studies. I felt, in my heart, a ferocious hatred toward every body; toward my happy rivals, toward the indifferent, and toward myself. I broke roughly with pretended friends who seemed to receive me with a kindness too marked to be sincere; I shut myself closely in my garret and there, another cynic, I was able, at my ease, to launch bitter sarcasms against the human race, and to curse them freely. My books and furniture had been sold and were replaced by a wretched bed, a table and a chair; but this was enough, for I wished, henceforth, to be alone on the earth. I allowed no other visits than those of the woman who came every morning to shake up my mattress, and sweep my room; I listened to the conversation of no one but this gossiping, malicious old woman. In

my present humor I heard, with a kind of wicked pleasure, the slanders which fell to the share of every name that was on her envenomed tongue. The patience I displayed in listening to her, a thing to which she was not accustomed, conciliated the good will of Madame Pingot, and she, by a kind of tacit agreement, exacted no other pay for the little services she rendered me than complaisant attention to her slanders and calumnies.

"Man is a social being, and isolation from his kind soon brings with it a disgust of life. To me, who had studied so closely our physical frame, the mechanism of existence appeared so fragile, so miserable, that there was nothing frightful to my mind in the idea of voluntarily bringing its operations to a close. The analyses of the clinique are incompatible with the utopias of metaphysics; and this monstrous paradox, which seems to satisfy many physicians in the denial of the soul, and which I had more than once refuted, then appeared to me full of justice and logic. 'We have never seen,' say they, 'at the moment when all the phenomena of death are accomplished, the soul escape from the body; therefore, we deny the existence of the soul.'

"This most absurd blasphemy of materialism served as a basis for the new opinions, which brought me to a criminal resolution. I resolved to die. I allowed myself a month to prepare for this consummation, and during the intervening period I recalled all the sophisms written or diffused through society in favor of suicide. Although I determined upon this delay, it was not that I felt any fear or hesitation; I only desired to satisfy my reason and to justify my will by the proofs I might be able to collect during this interval of thirty days. I first asked myself if it were not my misery which degraded, in my eyes, the real value of life, but my pride assured me on that point. I examined the future in every point of view; I thought of life in connexion with opulence, renown, and all the chimeras which men pursue under the name of happiness; but the most delightful existence, possible, appeared to me contemptible and unworthy the ambition of any one. I saw years fly away, rapidly bringing old age, decrepitude, infirmity and death, which holds itself ever before the pathway of the rich as a bugbear, and as a beacon of consolation to the poor. Where is the use of passing through so many ills? I asked myself. Is it not much better to cease to exist before any thing is known of them? What wisdom is there in exposing one's self to the miseries of a long voyage, when it is in one's power to repose before the fatigue has

been undergone? I then looked upon the pitiful human beings who consented to live out their time, as poor fools, to drag, stupidly, their ball and chain for so many years, when it was in their power to clear their prison door at a single bound. The hatred which I entertained for them resolved itself into a disdainful compassion. I smiled with pity as I descended into the street to see this imbecile crowd take so much trouble and care, and apparently feel so much solicitude to prolong the miseries of a life which I was about to quit calmly, without derangement, guided alone by the counsels of reason.

"Remark, my friends," continued the doctor, dropping the declamatory tone in which he had recited these extravagant reminiscences, "remark, if you please, that I was struck with the most inevitably mortal monomania of suicide. The symptoms in this alarming case seemed to present a favorable reaction: the patient had passed from the gloomy stage and had become gay, merry and joyous; a poor devil, who under the influence of great grief has conceived the idea of suicide, may be brought back to life by the feeblest light of hope, but he who laughs in contemplating death, is dead already—nothing short of a miracle can save him—that miracle occurred in my case.

"The day fixed upon for my departure from this world, arrived at last. Madame Pingot came as usual, at ten o'clock, to waken me. She placed near my bed, upon the only chair, my dilapidated garments, which she had carefully brushed.

"'Monsieur,' said she, 'do you not intend to have some fire in your stove? It is very cold this morning.'

"'We will see about it to-morrow, Madame Pingot.'

"'Very good! Ah! monsieur, it is time you began to think of getting a new coat; this one is beginning to laugh at the elbows—and a physician who goes with his elbows out—'

"'This will all be arranged to-morrow, Madame Pingot.'

"'Well, there is a sot of a tailor in the house, who will attend to this matter for you. I do not recommend him, it is true, in order that he may gain any thing by his labor, but because I know that whilst he is engaged in patching your elbows he will not be able to beat his poor little wife. Poor puss! she is constantly exposed to this fellow's brutality. However, to be just, her conduct is not altogether irreproachable—she is no saint, I am very sure.'

"'Madame Pingot—'

"Apropos, I believe I have found a patient for you. That is a matter of some importance, because, as they say, the first brings a second, the second a third, and so on. You know your neighbor very well; that old woman, who receives an annuity, and who calls herself a widow—"

"Is she sick?" I asked.

"No, not herself—Ah! these old annuitants are never sick—it is her dog, her Azor."

"How! she wishes that I should—"

"No! she did not desire me to speak to you; I thought I would propose it myself, and I am sure she will pay you well if you cure her dear Azor—a villainous beast, without training or manners, which I would like to see hanged. It is only my interest in you, doctor, who have so much need of practice."

"If my mind had been in a normal condition, I should, probably, have shown Madame Pingot outside the door; but I only laughed at her unconscious impertinence, and promised her I would visit the dog of my neighbor on the morrow."

"To-morrow! always to-morrow," said Madame Pingot; "you must have affairs of importance to occupy you to-day, monsieur?"

"I have but one, my good dame, but it is important enough," added I, gaily, "to prevent me from thinking of any others."

"Ah! well! so much the better," said the portress, misinterpreting my gaiety, "it appears that your progress onward is commencing. It gives me pleasure to hear it."

"I dismissed Madame Pingot and, after dressing myself, very tranquilly, I took my departure, without leaving upon my table the least memento, or the least quatrain in the way of an epitaph; I had no regrets in passing from a world I despised."

"Madame Pingot had said truly; it was cold, biting cold. I shivered in my thin clothing, worn almost through by the brush; I had neither gloves nor cloak; I buttoned my coat to protect my breast, and thrusting my hands into my pockets, took my way to the Notre Dame bridge. Drowning is the only kind of suicide to be procured gratis—all other means of death were luxuries to me; the rope, charcoal, or powder and ball, were above my pecuniary means."

"I reached the bridge—I leaned down against the parapet and measured, with a curious eye, the height I should fall. The Seine carried down large pieces of ice which broke against the pillars of the old bridge. Some idlers observing me stop, attracted by curiosity, came up to my side to see what I was looking at. In the fear of being succored

after I was in the river, I did not wish any one to be near me when I took the final leap; I leaned my back against the wall and crossed my arms with impatience, to wait till all had gone away. In this attitude my eyes fell upon the right sleeve of my coat, and I perceived on it a hair. I took it up to throw it aside; but, as I held it between my fingers, I hesitated to open them and give it to the wind.

"It was a beautiful, silky, blond hair, of a particular shade, approaching the color which painters generally give to the hair of Eve; it described a graceful spiral, indicating that it had escaped from a carefully curled ringlet. The fineness of the hair, and the graceful form it assumed, seemed to declare that it had belonged to a young and beautiful female."

"My physiological notions permitted me to draw from the inspection of the hair many conclusions, which, if not infallible, were at least of a probability recognised by science. Thus, from its shade and strength, I inferred that the owner was of a nervous and sanguine temperament; and, by analogy, that she had a fair skin, firm and smooth, colored with the freshness of health; eyes of an azure blue, with long, chestnut lashes; lighted up with a sweet vivacity under their well-arched brows."

"My imagination, so well pleased with this graceful fancy, did not care to relinquish it until it had completed the creation so complacently sketched. All the faculties concentrated upon this charming labor, created a being full of beauty and superhuman perfections. I, who had but a little while since, so pitifully refused a soul to myself, accorded one as beautiful and perfect as her body to this idol conceived in my distracted brain."

"My eyes were fixed upon the silken hair, but they saw and contemplated a beautiful and laughing young girl. My heart swelled with emotion, and my soul, as if awakened from a long and icy lethargy, appeared to bound within me with happiness and intoxication!"

"At this moment I looked down upon the muddy waters which rolled and muttered beneath me, and I trembled with affright when I thought of the intention with which I had come to the Notre Dame bridge. 'Suicide!' cried I, 'No! life may yet be beautiful and happy when one is young and vigorous. Nothing is necessary to render it delightful but a determined resolution, labor and perseverance. To destroy life when one is miserable is an absurdity! Is it not insane to say that life is bitter before its honey has been tasted? How can we judge of a thing of which we

know nothing! Yes, I will endeavor to realize the bright dream of my mother; to become rich, loved, and honored; and in becoming useful to society, gain, not only the esteem of the world, but that of my own conscience.'

"These newly awakened reflections gave me courage to renounce my sinister intention of dying. I do not, my friends, use the word courage accidentally. There is in our vain nature a vile leaven of self-love, which prompts us to persevere to the end, in the accomplishment of some resolutions, even after we have discovered them to be culpable.

"But, as I have told you, my talisman performed the miracle which saved me.

"Whilst these thoughts were passing through my poor head, a moment ago so deranged, I had wound the hair, which shone like a ring of gold, around my finger, and leaving the Notre Dame bridge with great strides, reached the Rue des Prouvaires.

"When I again set my foot in my garret, I felt all those tender sensations which we experience in again viewing, after a long absence, a scene which associations of happiness have rendered dear, although in this place, I had undergone all my deep misery and deadly griefs. But after my recent impression, every ill was swallowed up in one feeling of happiness—that of existence.

"I deposited my talisman with great care in a little box, and then, placing my right hand upon the precious amulet which had restored me to life and virtue, swore that I would search without cessation for the female to whom the blond hair had belonged, and espouse her as my wife.

"You laugh, my friends," interrupted the Doctor, himself partaking of our mirth; "'here is an unfortunate lunatic imperfectly restored,' you will say; 'the first use he makes of his returning reason, is to commit an extravagance perfectly characteristic.' Have a little patience, and do not be in a hurry to consign me to the hospital.

"To have any hope of encountering my beauty with the blond hair, it became necessary for me to renounce my savage and misanthropic habits. It was not in my garret, whose only window, cut in the ceiling, looked down upon nothing but the roofs which were under it, that I was to expect my fairy to appear. It was necessary that I should go out into the world and attend the parties, soirees, and spectacles where I should be able to see ladies with their hair disengaged from the shackles of the bonnet. But how was I to attend these places! I was, literally, without a *sou*. Could I present myself in the *salons* in

my tattered habiliments! How then was I to accomplish my solemn and sacred vow!

"Thus I encountered in my first step an apparently insurmountable obstacle; I was, besides, assailed by hunger and cold. I was on the point of regretting my resurrection, and falling back into the slough of discouragement and despair from which I had just been rescued, when I recalled to mind the odd patient, which Madam Pingot had mentioned to me, the dog of the old annuitant, my neighbor.

"Ah!" cried I, 'it is less disgraceful for a Doctor of the Faculty to cure a sick dog than to die of hunger!'

"I left my chamber, and struck resolutely at the door of my neighbor. The old lady, who met me herself, was about sixty-five years of age, and her countenance, full of delicacy and refinement, did not at all resemble the portrait which the odious Madame Pingot had more than once drawn of this respectable personage. Her manner and her language showed, at once, that she had been accustomed to good society, and had frequented the fashionable world.

"When I apprised her of the object of my visit, my neighbor was confounded, made a thousand excuses and protested that she had expressly forbid Madame Pingot from making such an improper demand of me. This excessive delicacy gave me room to insist upon seeing the *patient*. It is easy to conceive of the embarrassing position in which the good dame had been thrown by the portress with regard to me, and it became necessary for me to insist very strenuously to enable me to carry my point. She comprehended, doubtless, the imperious reason which rendered me so comically obstinate, for, at last, she consented to allow me to approach an arm chair upon which slept a beautiful spaniel. One of the paws of the little animal had been wounded by a carriage passing over it. I received ten francs for this first visit, and many others followed at the same price.

"My costume was soon renewed and, presented by the old dame, I saw the doors of the richest and noblest of the capital open to me.

"I was at no loss for invitations to balls, concerts, and parties; I sought diligently for the brothers of my blond hair; but of all the heads of blond hair that came under my notice, not a single one presented the peculiar shade of my talisman. The result of this fantastical search was to throw me in contact with the *glite* of Paris. I very soon obtained patients, which I cured as readily as the spaniel of my patroness, and my practice be-

coming good at once, I made every exertion to retain it. Some of my cures were remarked, and from that time my fortune was made. I became what is called a fashionable physician; a doctor of headaches and vapors; the most lucrative and least responsible practice in the range of the profession.

"Whilst, however, treating the indispositions of young Countesses and beautiful Marchionesses, I did not neglect serious studies, but penetrated more deeply, each day, into the infinite arcana of the medical science. My talisman had been placed as a relic in a ring which I constantly wore. Fortune seemed, now, to follow all my footsteps. I had some time since re-descended from my garret to the third story, and six years after I was able to take my position in the first, out of consideration to my fellows of the Academy of Medicine.

"Some officious friends had, many times, pressed me to marry, but I was inaccessible at this point. No one suspected the mystery of my obstinate celibacy. I always responded, when a brilliant offer was made: 'No, I have sworn fidelity to a blond hair.'

"On the day of my third removal, Madame Pingot came, as usual, to throw herself into the confusion, under pretext of assisting the servants and workmen. As she passed rapidly by me I felt a light tickling sensation upon my hand and, looking down, perceived a blond hair exactly like my talisman of the Notre Dame bridge. At the same instant I looked up, and discovered, with astonishment, that the honest portress, embellished her brow with a wig of blond hair.

"I was inclined, at first, to doubt the perfect identity which existed between my poetical hair and the wig of Madame Pingot; but I was compelled to renounce all poetry, for when it was examined scrupulously and conscientiously, (much to the astonishment of the portress,) I discovered the same peculiar shade for which I had so long and unsuccessfully sought.

"Should I be dissatisfied that Providence had used such an agent in prolonging my life and enabling me to obtain riches and reputation? For a moment I felt disappointed, but this feeling instantly gave way to a sentiment

of adoration for that Being, so great, so infinite, who, by the employment of the most trifling means, is able to accomplish the most important ends,

"I am, to-day, fifty-five years of age; if I have not tasted all the pleasures of existence, I have, at least, experienced some of them. The close of life with me, is now drawing near, but far from feeling it that gloomy period I had pictured to myself, it possesses a heavenly brightness. I look back upon the years I have passed with a lively satisfaction in the reflection that I have done some good, and that I have been instrumental in lightening more than one heavy heart. But what renders it most delightful is, that I am now enabled to look forward to the enjoyment of another life, where misery shall be unfelt, and which shall have no termination. Need I say that my ideas of suicide have not changed since the day I left the Notre Dame bridge? I think now that we were not placed here to pass a life of uselessness, and that our existence has a purpose which is easily comprehended by the properly directed mind.

"There, my friends, is the history of my blond hair. It was that which prevented me from terminating, at the age of twenty-five years, an useless life. If I am to-day rich, if I am esteemed, honored, or at all distinguished; if, finally, what is much better, I am surrounded by true and sincere friends, I owe it all to a hair—a hair of Madame Pingot's wig!

"Must I now draw a moral from my story, like the good Æsop, whose mind was as beautiful as his body was deformed?"

"The moral of your story, Doctor, is very apparent, but something still remains to be desired."

"Yes, Doctor, you have said nothing more of your oath—you have been ungrateful towards Madame Pingot."

"I have settled a pension for life upon her."

"But your vow to marry the beauty of the blond hair?"

"I have not violated my oath," said the Doctor, gaily; "for first, Madame Pingot is not a beauty—and, besides, she wore a wig. I have not yet discovered the real owner of the blond hair!"

"TAKE IT EASY."

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"ALL ye can do with him, Aileen, when he gets into those humors, is—to take it asy."

"Take it *asy*, indeed!" repeated the pretty bride, with a toss of her head, and a curl of her lip; "it's asy to say, take it asy. I'm sure if I had thought Mark was so passionate, I'd have married Mike!"

"But Mike was mighty dark," replied old Aunt Alice, with a mysterious shake of her head.

"Well, so he was; but then I might have had Matthew."

"Ah! ah!" laughed old Alice; "he was the worst bird of the nest! Look, ye can wind Mark round yer finger, as I wind this worsted thread—if ye'll only *take it asy*."

"Oh! I wish—I wish I had known, before, that men were so ill-contrived! I'd have died sooner than have married," sobbed Aileen; who, to confess the truth, had been so much petted by the neighbors on account of her beauty, that it would have required a large proportion of love, and a moderate allowance of wisdom, to change the village coquette into a sober wife—I say a large proportion of love: "Wit," to quote the old adage, "may win a man," but *wit never kept one*: unless a woman cultivate the affections, even more than knowledge, she will never secure a husband's heart. It is to this cultivation, indeed, that women owe—and to which, only, they ought to owe—their influence; and the neglect of which inevitably engenders that mutual distrust which can end only in misery.

"Ah, whisht! avourneen!" said Alice, "sure I told ye all along. 'Mark,' says I, 'is all fire and tow—but it's out in a minute; Mark is *dark*, and deep as the bay of Dublin; and Matthew is all to the bad intirely.' You've got the best of the three. And ye can manage him just as the south wind, that's blowing now—God bless it!—manages the thistle-down that's floating through the air, if ye'll *take it asy*."

At first, Aileen pouted, then she sat down to her wheel—was too much out of temper to do what she was doing, well—broke her thread—pushed it from her—took up her knit-

ting—dropped the stitches—shook the needles—and, of course dropped some more.

"*Take it asy*," said aunt Alice, looking at her, over her spectacles.

Aileen flung the knitting away, clasped her arms round her aunt's neck, rested her head on her bosom, and wept outright.

"Let's go into the garden, sit under the ould lime tree, and watch the bees that are near swarming," observed aunt Alice, "and we'll talk yer trouble over, avourneen. It's very sorry I am to see ye taking on so, for a thrifle, at the first going off. But you'll know better by-'n-by, when real troubles come."

Poor Aileen, like all young people, thought her troubles were very real, but she held her peace; until, observing the bees more than usually busy, she muttered, "I wonder, aunt, you don't tell the bees to take it asy."

"So I would, dear, if I saw them quarrelling; but they are too wise to quarrel among themselves, whatever they do with *furriners*. They fly together, live together, sing together, work together, and have but the one object and aim in life; ah, then, many's the good lesson we may learn from the bees, besides that which teaches us to bring all that's good and useful to our own homes." The old woman paused; and then added, "Sit ye down here, my child, and listen to what I'm going to tell ye. Ye know well, avourneen, I was lawfully married, first, by ould Father John, to Richard Mulvaney—my heart's first love he was; heaven be his bed this blessed day, and grant we may meet above the world and its real troubles! Aileen, it was indeed, a trouble to see my brave, young, handsome husband, dragged out of the blue waters of the Shannon; to find that, when I called, he could not answer; when I wept, he could not comfort; that my cheek rested for hours on his lips, and he did not kiss it; and that never more, in this world, would I hear his sweet and loving voice!"

Fourscore years and five had passed over the head of that woman: and her age was as beautiful, according to its beauty, as had been her youth. She had been married three times;

yet her eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of the love and sorrow of her early days, and it was some time before she could continue.

"Well, dear, one day, Richard and I had some little tiff, and I said more than I ought to have said. And it was by the same token, a fine midsummer morning; I strayed out to our garden, and picked up a shiny snail; and as I looked at the snail, I remembered how, the last midsummer day, I had put just such another between two plates, and sat for an hour by the rising sun, with the forefinger of my left hand crossed over the forefinger of my right hand; and then, as true as life, when I lifted the plate, the thing had marked as purty an R, and a piece of as beautiful an M, as the schoolmaster himself could write, upon the plate; and I cried to remember how glad I was then, and how sad now; and, at last, I cried myself to sleep. Alanna machree! I was little more than a child,—not all out sixteen. Well, dear, in my drame, I suppose I must call it, I saw the beautifullest fairy (the Lord save us!)—the very handsomest of the good people that ever the eyes of woman looked upon,—a little deeshy-dawshy craythur, footing it away, all round the blossom of a snow-white lily; now twisting round upon the tip of her tiny toe; then, as if she was joining hands round, down the middle and up again, to the tune of the 'Rakes of Mallow.'"

"The 'Rakes of Mallow!'" exclaimed Aileen.

"The 'Rakes of Mallow,'" repeated Alice, solemnly; "I heard it as plain as I hear the rising march of the bees at this blessed minute. Well, of a sudden, she made a spring, and stood upright as a dart upon the green and goolden crown, in the very midst of the flower, and pushed back her ringlets, and settled her dress at a pocket looking-glass, not so big as a midge's wing; then, all in a minute she looked at me, and said, 'I don't like the sight of a wet eye;—what ails ye, young woman?'"

"Well, to be sure, my heart came to my lips; but I had too much manners not to answer the great lady; and, 'Madam,' says I, 'my eyes would be as dry, though not as bright as yer honor's, if it wasn't for my husband, my lady, who wants to have a way and a will of his own.'"

"'It's the way with all the men, my own husband into the bargain,' says the queen, for she was no less; and there's no use fighting for the upper hand,' says the queen, 'for both the law and the prophets are against us in that; and if it comes to open war,' says the queen, 'we get the worst of it: if your husband

falls into a bad temper, or a queer temper,—if he is cross, or unkind, or odd—take it asy,' says the queen, 'even if he does not come round at once. This quiet way of yours will put you in his heart, or him at your feet (which is pretty much the same thing) at last: gentleness does wonders for us women, in Fairy-land. You could hardly believe what power it has; it's a weapon of great strength entirely, in the hands of purty woman—and you are very purty for a mortal,' says she again, looking at me through the eye of a heart's-ease, which she wore about her neck for a quizzing-glass.

"'I thank you, my sweet and beautiful lady,' says I, 'for your compliment.' 'Ah! ah!' and she laughed, and her laugh was full of joy and hope, like the music of the priest's own silver bell. 'It's no harm,' she continued, 'if now and then you give him a taste of that which makes your eyes so bright, and your cheeks so red, just now.'"

"'What's that, Madam?' says I.

"'Flattery,' says she. 'Make a man, be he fairy, or be he mortal, pleased with himself, and he is sure to be pleased with you.' And then she laughed again. 'Whatever he says or does,' says her majesty, while she was getting into a golden saddle, a horseback on a great dragon-fly, dressed in a beautiful jacket and gown of green velvet, with a silver riding-whip in her hand, 'take it asy,' says she; and I heard her laugh and sing when she was out of sight, and her sweet voice shook a shower of white rose-leaves, from a bush, on my face. And when I awoke, I saw the wisdom of her words, and I kept them close in my own bosom; and often, when I'd be just going to make a sharp answer to him I loved, for all that, above the world, I'd think of the fairy's word, and the evil would pass from my heart and lips without a sound—no one the worse for it, and I all the better. And sure Richard used to say I was like an angel to him. Poor fellow! he was soon to be taught the differ, for the angels took him from me in earnest!"

"After a couple of years I married again. I've no reason to fault the second I had; though he was not gentle, like him who sighed out his soul in the blue waters; he was dark, and would not tell what offended him. Well, I'd have given the world to have had some one to whom I could make a clean breast; but I had none; and, somehow, I again sat in the same spot, at the same time—again slept—and again saw the same one of the good people. I did not think her honor was as gay as she had been, and I wondered in my heart if she, too, had taken a second husband; it

would not have been manners for me to spake first, but she was free as ever.

"‘Well,’ she says, looking at me very solid-like, ‘you’ve tried another; but though you have not forgotten my advice, you do not follow it.’

"‘Oh, my lady, plase yer majesty,’ says I, ‘the tempers of the two do so differ!’ and I thought with the words my heart would break: for the moment poor Richard’s humor was out, it was off; but James would sulk and sulk, like a bramble under the shade of an oak: and the fairy read my thoughts as if they were an open ballad. ‘This one is dark, my lady, and gets into the sulks, and is one that I can’t manage, good or bad: not all as one as it was with my first husband, plase yer majesty; for when we had a tiff, it was soon over—God help me, so it used to be; but this one sits in a corner, and never speaks a word, not even to the cat.’

"‘Ah,’ said she, ‘they are different; but the rule holds good—gentle and simple—hot and cold—old and young—you must take them asy, or you’ll never be asy yourself. Let a passionate temper cool; don’t blow upon it—a breath may ruffle a lake, and kindle a fire. Let a sulky temper alone, it is a standing pool; the more it is stirred, the more it will offend.’ I try to talk her fine English, Aileen, but it bothers me,” continued old Alice. “Well, the end of it was, that she finished as before, by telling me to *take it asy*; which, after that, I did; and I must say that James’s last breath was spent in blessing me. Well, dear, Miles Pendergrast was rich, and I was poor; he wanted a mother for five children, and a servant for himself; and he took me. This was the worse case of the three. There was a great deal of love—young—fresh—heart-sweet love the first; and more than is going, in general, to the second: but, oh, my grief! there was *none* to the third. Oh, but marriage to a woman without love! what is it! Where love is, it is even pleasant to bear a harsh word, or an unkind look—a satisfaction that you can show your love, by turning bitter to sweet. Service is no service then—his voice is your music—his word yer law—his very shadow on the ground yer brightest sunshine!”

"Aunt," said Aileen, "you did not think that with the first, at the time, or you would not have wanted the good people’s advice."

"True for ye, avourneen; we never value the sunbeams so much as in the dark of the moonless night; we never value a friend’s advice until he is beyond our reach; we never prize the husband’s love, or the mother’s care, until the grave has closed over them; and

when we seek them there, the grass that we weep over is green, the mallow and the dock have covered the cross or the headstone, and the red earthworms we have disturbed bring us no message."

"I don’t want to hear any more, aunt," said Aileen, pained by the picture her aunt had drawn; "now I’ll own to the first of the quarrel, and the last word of it, if Mark will confess to the middle."

"Let a quarrel alone, when once it’s over," interrupted her aunt. "A quarrel, darlint, is like buttermilk—when once it is out of the churn, the more you shake it, the more sour it grows."

"And must I say nothing when he comes home?"

"Oh, yes, say, ‘Mark, my heart’s delight!’"

"Oh, aunt, that would never do!"

"Well, if ye’re ashamed to say what you feel, a smile and a kiss will do as well. And a smile and a kiss will work wonders, darling, if the heart goes with them; but if they are only given because they’re dutiful gifts, ah! they fall like a snow wreath upon the spring-flower, chilling and crushing, instead of warming and cheering. Not but duty’s a fine thing; but it’s dark and heavy to a married woman when there is no back of love to it."

"Did the fairy queen give you the same advice the third time?" said the bride, blushing like Aurora at Alice’s counsel; "for I suppose you saw her the third time—"

"I must say, achora, she wasn’t so civil to me the last time, as she was the first and second," answered the old dame, bridling. "She tould me I wasn’t as purty as I used to be—that was true enough, to be sure, only one never likes to hear it; she tould me that, when the bloom of a woman’s cheek fades, the bloom of her heart ought to increase; she talked a deal, that I did not quite understand, about men making laws and breaking them; and how every one has a thorn of some kind or other to bear with: she tould me how hard it was to find three roses in a garden all of the same shape, color, and scent, and how could I expect three good husbands! She said that, as I had borne my crown, I must bear my cross; she was hard enough upon me; but the winding-up of her advice to me, in all my troubles,—was to take it asy; she said she had been married herself more than five hundred years."

"The ould craythur! and to talk of your not being so purty as you were! said Aileen."

"Hush, avourneen! Sure they have the use of the May-dew before it falls, and the color of the lilies and roses before it’s folded in the

tender buds; and can steel the notes out of the birds' throats while they sleep."

"And still," exclaimed Aileen, half pouting, "the best advice they can give to a married woman, under all her trouble, is—to take it asy!"

"It's a sensible saying, if properly thought of," said old Alice, "and will bring peace, if not love, at the last. If we can't get rid of our troubles, it's wise to **TAKE THEM ASY.**"

For the Ladies' Magazine.

"LOOK THROUGH NATURE, UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

How pleasantly! How pleasantly,
The poet's gifted eye,
Looks forth on every lovely thing,
Beneath the bounding sky:
For him are treasures glowing,
Where others reckon naught,
And all that breathes around him,
Is with life and beauty fraught;
He readeth carefully aright,
The flower upon its stem,
And stars to him are holy,
For God created them.

How gracefully! how gracefully,
Fair blossoms gem his way;
Timidly offering up their gifts,
Amidst the glorious day;
No wood-flower wastes its beauty,
No leaflet shines in vain,

For he reads most pleasant lessons there,
Where peace and gladness reign:
And when rainbow colors sparkle,
In the grass-imbedded dew;
He loves it in its lowliness,
For God has made it too.

How gloriously! how gloriously,
Beneath the setting sun,
The western woods are wrapped in light,
Though day is almost done;
Parting in majesty serene,
With sweetly lingering grace,
While higher up the radiant sky,
Fair Venus takes her place:
Then—in the poet's inmost soul,
Rise visions pure and fair;
And his heart is bowed in worship,
For God is everywhere. H. M.

A SOLILOQUY.

(NOT HAMLET'S.)

To have it out or not, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,
And by extracting end them? To pull, to tug!
No more! And by that tug to say we end
The tooth-ache, and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to! 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pull, to tug!
To tug—perchance to break! Ah! there's the
rub,
For in that wrench what agonies may come.
When we have half unlodg'd the stubborn foe
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain
The vile quack's nostrum, dentists' contumely,

The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay,
The insolence of pity, and the spurns
That patient sickness of the healthy take;
When he himself might his *quietus* make
For two-and-sixpence? Who would fardels bear
To groan and cry beneath a load of pain?
But that the dread of something lodg'd within
The silken twisted forceps—from whose fangs
No face at ease returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And many a one whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps measures back,
Scared at the name of dentist.

NORTHUMBERLAND ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

(AT THE JUNCTION OF THE EAST AND WEST BRANCHES.)

(See Engraving.)

THE comfort and prosperity of the towns on this and other central rivers, in the middle states, have been dearly bought by the sacrifices of the pioneers, who went in advance of civilization, and over whose graves the grass is hardly yet matted with time. It is necessary to look back constantly to the recent date of the chronicles of those border contests, to realise that centuries have not elapsed since these flourishing fields were contended for, hand to hand, by the the white and red man.

It was only in 1778, that the increasing inroads on the settlements in this part of the country compelled many of the inhabitants to abandon their farms, and congregate at the rude forts scattered along the frontier, where they could resist, to more advantage, the dangers which threatened them. An exciting tale is recorded of a contest between an old man and two Indians under the following circumstances.

David Morgan, the hero of the story, was upwards of sixty years of age. He owned a small farm about a mile from one of the forts; and on the day of the adventure, not feeling very well, he had sent his son and daughter to feed the cattle, at the deserted barn, and had gone to bed, in the fort. As he slept, he dreamed that he saw his children making towards him, scalped. The fancy was so vivid, that he started from his sleep, and, finding they had not returned, took his gun, and walked out rapidly to find them. He reached the farm in great agitation, but the children were there, and he sat down on a log to recover his composure. He had not sat long, before two Indians came out of the house, and made towards his son and daughter, who were at a little distance, preparing the ground for melons. Fearing to alarm them too much, and thus deprive them of the power of escaping, he kept his seat; and, in his usual tone of voice, apprised them of their danger, and told them to run towards the fort. The savages raised a terrific cry, and started in pursuit: but the old man showing himself at the same instant, they took to the shelter of the trees. Morgan then attempted to follow his children; but in a minute or two, finding that the savages gained upon him, he turned to fire. They instantly sprang behind trees, and the old man did the same, taking aim at one of the Indians,

whose refuge, a small sapling, did not entirely cover his body. As he was on the point of firing, the savage felt his exposure, and dropped behind a prostrate log, close at his feet. The next instant the reserved shot took effect, beneath the log, and the Indian rolled over, stabbing himself twice in the breast.

Having disposed of one of his foes, Morgan abandoned the shelter of his tree and took to flight. The Indian pursued, and the race was continued about sixty yards, when, looking over his shoulder, the old man saw the gun raised, within a few paces of him. He sprang aside, and the ball whizzed harmlessly by. It was now a more equal contest; and Morgan struck at the Indian with his gun, receiving at the same instant a blow from a tomahawk, which severed one of the fingers from his left hand. They closed immediately, and the Indian was thrown; but overturned the old man, with a powerful effort; and, sitting on his breast, uttered his yell of victory, and felt for his knife. A woman's apron, which he had stolen from the farm-house, and tied round his waist, embarrassed him; and Morgan seized one of his hands between his teeth, and, getting hold, himself, of the handle of the knife, drew it so sharply through the Indian's fingers, as to wound him severely. In the struggle, they regained their feet, and still retaining his hold on the fingers in his mouth, Morgan gave him a stab, which decided the contest. The savage fell, and, afraid that others of the tribe might be lurking near, the exhausted old man made the best of his way to the fort.

A party immediately went out to the spot where the struggle had taken place, but the fallen Indian was not to be seen. They tracked him by his blood to a fallen tree, where he was endeavoring to stanch his wounds with the stolen apron. On their approaching him, he affected to smile, and endeavored to conciliate them, crying out, in his broken English, "How do, broder! how do, broder?" There was little mercy in store for him, however. To the shame of our white race, it is recorded that "they tomahawked and scalped him: and afterwards flaying both him and his companion, they converted their skins into saddle-seats and pouches!"

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE—APRIL, 1844.

AMONG the articles in this number to which we would call attention, is *THE RUSSIAN PRINCE*. This story, while it interests deeply, leaves something in the mind of the reader upon which to muse—not idly and dreamily, but to good purpose. *THE UNKNOWN PATIENT* is likewise a fine German story—full of spirit, and yet pure as the waters of a mountain spring. The scene between the old doctor, his son and Angela, has been presented with fine effect by the artist who has illustrated the tale. Each of these articles occupies considerable space. But no one who attentively peruses them, giving himself up to their peculiar spirit, as he does so, will think them a line too long. Much, too much has been sacrificed in our Magazines to a rage for short articles. Cramped into the Procrutian bed of two, three, and four pages, no writer can do himself full justice. He may give a vivid outline—a spirited sketch; but not bring up from the mind's deeper regions his best thoughts, nor be able to throw upon the canvass masterly conceptions, well elaborated. And how fares the reader under this system? The surface of his mind is played over, and stirred pleasantly; the little waves reflecting, like fragments of a shattered mirror, the bright sun-light,—but all beneath is quiet and dark. The zephyr's breath dies away, and again the surface is smooth,—there is no deep ground swell—no heavings in the depths below. These have been all unreachd. He lays aside the Magazine of the month, with scarcely a thought of its contents. He has been pleased for an hour, and that is about all. Little remains to be deeply pondered; to be recalled again and again as we recall the picture of a master, with the desire to turn to it, and study it with a more interior vision that shall penetrate and comprehend the whole conception. The error here alluded to, we will endeavor to avoid. While a due proportion of short, pleasant articles are given, we shall present at least one paper of greater length in which the writer has been able to finish up his subject with proper effect, so that in each number of our work, there will be found a leading article that shall be the month's peculiar feature.

AMONG the publications of the month, we notice the following, which have been received from R. G. Berford. "*Animal Magnetism, or, Mesmerism; its History, Phenomena, and Present Condition; containing Practical Instructions and the Latest Discoveries in the Science.*" Principally derived from a recent work. By William Lang. With a supplement, containing new and important facts, never before published in the United States. By Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, author of *Facts in*

Mesmerism, etc. New York. Published by James Mowatt & Co." "*The Grumbler, A Novel.* By Miss Ellen Pickering, New York, Harper & Brothers"—and by the same publishers—"Arabella Stuart, a Romance from English History. By G. P. R. James." "*The Unloved One, a Domestic Story, by Mrs. Hoffman.*" "*The Heretic, from the Russian.*" "*The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill.* By Wm. Howitt," and No. 2 of their splendidly illustrated Bible.

GODEY'S LIBRARY OF ELEGANT LITERATURE—LADY'S BOOK EXTRA. The first number of this Library contains a novel from the pen of William Gilmore Simms, under the title of "*The Prima Donna. A Passage from City Life.*" We like the plain large type, and clear white paper upon which Mr. Godey has issued this first number of his "*Library of Elegant Literature.*" Of the merit of the work itself, we need not speak. The reputation of the author of "*The Yemassee*" will cause a new work from his pen to be sought with avidity—particularly, as it is afforded at the cheap rate of twelve and a half cents, the usual price of a novel now-a-days. "*Heads of the People, drawn by Kenny Meadows; with original essays by Douglass Jerrold, William Howitt, &c. &c. with eight plates*" is the title of a neat work, in pamphlet edition, published by Carey & Hart. "*The Fortune Hunter, or The Adventures of A Man About Town. A Novel of New York Society: by Mrs. Helen Berkley.*"—We also notice, a two shilling novel, from the press of J. Winchester, New York. "*The Methodist Preacher, or Lights and Shadows in the Life of an Itinerant.* R. G. Berford, Philadelphia,"—is another cheap work, price one shilling, which will no doubt be extensively read by a class of persons for whose particular edification it appears to have been written.

The above works, with all the new and cheap publications, may be had, wholesale and retail, at Berford's extensive periodical establishment, No. 101 Chestnut Street. This is the largest and most elegantly arranged depot for the sale of cheap books in the United States. The proprietor is attentive, prompt and gentlemanly, and his prices, both to wholesale and retail customers, the lowest that prevail.

A pure, daylight picture embellishes this number of our Magazine. It is one of the best we have seen from the graver of Dick. The fine effect produced by the painter, has been happily preserved in the execution of the plate. It is rarely that so fine a specimen of art, united with so chaste a subject, can be found in any Magazine.

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THE
LADIES' MAGAZINE.

MAY 1844.

— ❦ —
THERESA.

BY L. E. L.

[The lovely picture which adorns this number of the Ladies' Magazine, appeared originally in the "Book of Beauty," published in London, in 1833. It illustrated a story from the pen of Miss Landon. We copy this story as the best possible accompaniment to our beautiful engraving.]

"**THERE** are individuals doomed to misfortune, and such is my destiny. There must be, among the general ill-luck, some one who is the unluckiest of them all; I am that one. To be banished from Vienna before the new ballet, and simply for being absent from my quarters without leave—what I have done fifty times before with impunity! And now for Colonel Rasaki—as though he had hoarded all the malice of his life for a moment—to hold forth on the necessity of strict discipline; and to awaken me from the prettiest allegory of the West-wind suddenly being personified by Madlle. Angeline, with an order from the emperor to try the air of this old castle—as if I were a ghost or a rat, and could possibly be the better for dust, rust, damp, and darkness!"

Count Adalbert walked up and down the gloomy chamber which had been hurriedly prepared for his reception. The high and narrow windows had been built as if quite unconscious of their proper destination, and

excluded the light and air as much as possible; still, many of the panes having been broken, little streams of the rain now beating against them came driving in; and a variety of small zephyrs, in the shape of draughts, did any thing but add to the Count's comfort. Half a tree would not have sufficed to fill the ample hearth on which could just be perceived a flickering flame, almost lost in the immense volumes of smoke that rolled into the room, like waves on a beach; till Adalbert rushed in despair into the outward hall, which was inhabited by the one or two antique servitors who still remained in the large but ruinous building.

The sight of the old woman, whose wrinkled visage had driven him away in the first instance, might be shut out; now the smoke could not. Down he sat on a wooden stool, which must have been the first attempt ever made at a seat, so irregular were its shape and movements. This he drew to a table, whereon a most disconsolate supper was spread: twice the visitor looked down, to see whether he was cutting the meat or the wooden trencher.

Like most other young men, Count Adalbert had relations who conceived they knew better what was good for him than he did

himself; and his uncle—whose experience was certainly very efficacious as a warning, and who believed that an error was easier to be prevented than remedied—on perceiving the young Count's predilection for the prettiest dancer that had ever illuminated the horizon of Vienna, deemed that some *rouleaux*, and even a diamond necklace, would be saved by his nephew's being introduced to the historical records of his family, in which the old Castle of Aremburg occupied a distinguished place. Advantage was accordingly taken of a slight breach of military observance, and the delinquent forced to leave Vienna at a quarter of an hour's notice—quite unsuspecting how active his uncle had been for his good. Had Adalbert been aware of this most fatherly act, it is probable that his guardian would have more than shared the execrations which the exile lavished in his inmost heart on fate, Colonel Rasaki, nay even on the august person of the emperor.

A long ride had completely fatigued him, and he resolved to postpone his discontents.

"I shall have time enough to grumble," thought he, as he followed the lighted pine splinter—the only taper the place afforded—to the state chamber. The moths flew out of the tapestry as he entered—they had half devoured the court of Solomon, no more "in all his glory;" the green velvet hangings of the enormous bed had shared the same fate; and Adalbert was again driven to the hall, where he fell asleep thinking of suicide, and awoke dreaming of Angeline, whose image, however, instantly took flight before the melancholy reality of the old castle.

Yet, a week had not elapsed before Adalbert thought the said castle very well for a change, and the neighborhood delightful. The truth is, he had fallen in love—as pleasant a method of passing time in the country as any young gentleman could devise.

Wandering in search of the beauties of nature—(people who have nothing else to do, become picturesque in self-defence)—he met with one of her beauties indeed, the loveliest peasant girl that ever "made sunshine in a shady place." A scarlet cloth cap, trimmed with fur, partly covered a profusion of fair hair, which was parted on the soft forehead, and fell in bright and natural ringlets on the neck; her dress was of gray serge, and short enough to show a foot and ankle such as not even the rude country shoes could disguise; her cheek had the bright beaming crimson of early youth and morning exercise; and her deep blue eyes shone with the vivacity of uncurled gayety and unbroken spirits. She

came along, bearing a willow basket of wood strawberries and wild blossoms, with a dancing step, and a lively song on her lips, singing in the very gladness of her heart.

The strawberries led to an acquaintance. Adalbert was thirsty, and Theresa (for such was her name) generous: she divided her fruit with the stranger, eagerly pressing the best upon him, in all the frank and earnest good-nature of a child. She was too simple, and too much accustomed to meet with kindness from every one, to be bashful.

They arrived at the cottage, where Theresa's mother made Adalbert as welcome as herself; and in a few days, whether seated by her side as she turned the spinning-wheel of an evening, or with her when wandering in search of wild flowers and fruit, the contented exile and the beautiful peasant were constantly together. The dame was exceedingly quick in observing their love, which she seemed to consider quite natural. Though very ignorant, she had seen something of society beyond their own valley and its peasantry, and at once discovered that the Count was their superior: but the goodness and loveliness of her child entitled her, in the old woman's eyes, to be a princess at least.

Theresa was the most guileless creature, and had never dreamt of love till she felt it; the world to her was bounded by the wild moor and deep wood which surrounded their cottage. The only human beings she had ever beheld were the ancient domestics at the castle, and a few of the peasants far poorer than themselves; for they had many comforts, which their neighbors eyed with much suspicion and some envy. Learning she had none, for neither mother nor daughter could read; but knowledge she had acquired. She knew all the legends and ballads of the country by heart; these gave their poetry to her naturally vivid imagination; and the imagination refines both feeling and manner. Having lived in absolute seclusion, she had nothing of that coarseness caught from familiar intercourse unrestrained by the delicacies of polished life. Her companions had been the bird and the blossom, her songs, and her thoughts; and if the poet's dream of unsophisticated, yet refined nature, was ever realised, it was in that sweet and innocent maiden. Her love for Adalbert was a singular blending of childishness and romance: now her inward delight would find vent in buoyant laughter, and the playfulness of a young fawn bounding along the sunny glades of a forest: but oftener would she sink into a deep and tender silence—as if conscious that a new and even

fearful existence had opened upon her—and gaze in his face, till her eyes were averted to conceal the large tears that had insensibly gathered in them. They had been acquainted with each other one whole fortnight, when the old priest at Hartzberg was called upon to marry the handsomest couple that had ever stood before the image of the Madonna!

If we did but know how we rush into one evil while seeking to avoid another, we should have no resolution to shun any thing. Could Count von Hermanstadt have anticipated that the fascinating dancer was far less dangerous than the then unknown peasant, his nephew would never have been ordered to the Castle of Aremberg. Little either could he dream, that the incognito he had himself enjoined, would have been found so useful and agreeable by his nephew. For Count von Hermanstadt, though very willing that Adalbert should take the emperor's displeasure for granted, was not desirous that others of a court where the sovereign's favor was every thing, should likewise take it for granted.

The first three weeks of Adalbert's married life passed very delightfully away, his position was one of such complete novelty: the cottage really was pleasanter than the castle; and if Theresa's beauty might have been a model for the painter, as the sweet colors flitted over her face, in like manner the many emotions that now disturbed the calm of a mind hitherto so tranquil and so glad, might have been a study for the philosopher. But Adalbert's previous habits had been ill-fitted to make their present state one of security—nay, his very youth was an obstacle; for in youth it seems so natural to love and be beloved, that we know not how to value as we ought the first devotion of the entire and trusting heart. Moreover, he had lived in a world of sarcasm; and Theresa's ignorance, which, now they were by themselves, was but a source of amusement, would, as he was aware, have been fertile matter of ridicule in society—ridicule, too, which must have reflected on him. Besides, all the prejudices of ancestry had, from infancy, been grafted on his mind—and he would as soon have thought of throwing his companion into the river on whose waters they were gazing, each on the mirrored face of the other, as of presenting her at Vienna. And yet that would have been the more merciful course. What was life whose affections were wounded, and whose hopes were destroyed? And such was the life to which Adalbert was about to leave her. It came at last.

Mademoiselle Angeline's engagement had

now drawn to its close: the manager offered to have the stage paved with ducats, if she would but give him one night more—the tenth muse was inexorable; and the day she departed for Paris, Adalbert received his recall to Vienna. To say he felt no regret, would be doing him scant justice—to say he felt much, would be more than the truth. Once or twice he thought of taking Theresa with him; but from this step he shrank for many reasons, not the least of which was, that a lingering impulse of good forbade his transplanting the pure and beautiful flower to wither and die in the thick and blighting atmosphere of the city: besides, he should often be able to visit Aremberg. He told them of important business—of a speedy return—and said all that has been so often and vainly said in the hour of parting. He threw his horse's bridle over his arm, and Theresa walked with him along the little forest path which led to the road.

Adalbert was almost angry that she showed none of the passionate despair, whose complaints he had nerved himself to meet: pale, silent, she clasped his hand a little more tenderly, she gazed on his face even more intently, than usual; and yet these tokens of sorrow she seemed trying to suppress. It never entered her imagination that any entreaty of hers could alter their position—that any prayer could have prolonged Adalbert's stay for an hour; but every effort was directed to conceal her own grief: she felt so acutely the least sign of his suffering, that she only wished to spare him the sight of hers. At last he mounted his horse—once he looked back—Theresa was leaning against the old oak tree for support, watching his progress—she caught his look, and as she interpreted it into an intention of returning, she held out her hands, and he could see the light come again to her eye and the color to her cheek, while she sprang forward breathless with expectation; he, however, averted his head, and spurred his steed to its utmost swiftness: he did not see her sink on the earth—the strength which had sustained her had gone with her husband.

Youth's first acquaintance with sorrow is a terrible thing—before time has taught, what it will surely teach, that grief is our natural portion. But the first lesson is the severest—we have not then looked among our fellows, and seen that suffering is general; and we feel as if marked out by fate for misery that has no parallel. Theresa felt more acutely every hour, how wide a gulf had opened between her present and past existence: her girlhood had pas-

sed forever; she took no pleasure in any of her former pursuits; she had put away childish things; and nothing had arisen to supply their place, save one memory haunted but by one image. Days, weeks elapsed, and Adalbert returned not—her sleep was broken by a thousand fanciful terrors; but one fear had taken possession of her mother Ursaline's mind—that the stranger was false; and bitterly did she lament that she had ever intrusted him with the happiness of her precious child.

"And yet I did it for the best!" she would piteously exclaim, whenever her eye fell on the pale cheek of her daughter.

"He is come, my mother!" exclaimed Theresa, bounding one evening into the cottage with a long-unaccustomed lightness of heart and step. Though eager to spring down the path and meet him, yet, amid all the forgetfulness of joy, she had bethought her of her aged parent, and returned that she too might share the happiness of their meeting. They hurried out, and three horsemen were riding up the valley—one much in advance of the others.

"Mother, it is a stranger!" with difficulty articulated Theresa, and, sick at heart, clung to her arm for support.

The rider was full in sight, when, with a shriek that roused her daughter, Ursaline exclaimed, "Now the blessed saints be good unto us, but it is my old master—I should know him amid a thousand!"

The words were scarcely uttered, when the horseman dismounted at a rough part of the road, and, flinging his bridle to his attendants, approached alone. He was a tall, stately, and austere-looking man, seemingly about fifty, and one who apparently knew the place well. Ursaline dropped on her knee; he raised her kindly, and, following the direction of her look, turned and clasped Theresa in his arms.

"My child! my sweet child!" and he gazed long and earnestly on her beautiful face.

"Your father, the Baron von Haitzinger," murmured Ursaline.

But as our explanation will be more brief than one broken in upon by words of wonder, regret, and affection, we will proceed to it; holding that explanation, like advice, should be of all convenient shortness. So much good luck had the Baron von Haitzinger had during the first thirty years of his life, that fortune seemed under the necessity of crowding an inordinate portion of evil into a small space, in order to make up for lost time. The same day brought him intelligence of his wife's de-

section, and of his attainment as a traitor; and, further, that this accusation had been chiefly brought about by the intrigues of his former partner. A price being set on a man's head, usually makes him very speedy in his movements; and the baron fled from his castle with the rapidity of life and death, but not unaccompanied. Wrapt in his mantle he bore with him their only child, a little girl of two years old. As boys, he and the Count von Hermanstadt, had often hunted in the forests around Aremberg; his own foster-sister had married one of the dependants of the family; and to the care of Ursaline, now a widow, he resolved to intrust his Theresa. Never should she owe her nurture to her mother—no, she should grow up pure and unsophisticated as the wild flowers on the heath beside her dwelling. Ursaline gave the required oath of secrecy, and took the charge.

Years and years of exile had passed over the baron's head; his wife died—that was some comfort; and at length, a new emperor, together with the indefatigable efforts of his friend, Von Hermanstadt, procured the establishment of his innocence, the repeal of his banishment, and the restoration of his estate. His first act was to throw himself at the feet of his gracious sovereign, his second to depart in search of his child.

We have stated, it was the baron's wish that Theresa should be brought up in ignorance and simplicity; but, as usually happens when our wishes are fulfilled, he was disappointed and somewhat dismayed on finding that she could not even read; and that instead of French, now the only language tolerated at Vienna, and which alone he had spoken for years—his exile having been alleviated by a constant residence at Paris—his child was unable to greet him save in the gutturals of her native German. Aghast at the ridicule the result of his experiment might entail upon him, he hurried to his family estate: here, having engaged a French governess and a professor of singing, he resolved to keep Theresa in perfect seclusion for two years longer. Somewhat reluctantly, Ursaline accompanied them; for her dread of their secret being discovered almost overcame her distress at the bare thought of her foster-child.

"The baron will kill us if he hears of your marriage—and yet I did it for the best: I thought he must be dead, and I knew you ought to marry none but a noble. Who could have thought Count Adalbert would have proved so false-hearted!"

Such were the constant lamentations of the old nurse whenever they were alone: but the

secret she had to keep was too much for her; and six weeks after leaving their cottage, Ursaline was safe from Von Haitzinger's anger in the grave.

Theresa wept for her long and bitterly: many sorrows took the semblance of one. Treated as a child, offered the amusements and the rewards of a child, when her heart was full of the grief and care of a woman—hourly she was more and more thrown upon herself. Her father, who considered every moment lost which was not given to the pursuit of education, debarred himself from her society. It was a sacrifice, but to Theresa it appeared choice; and he thus repelled the confidence which kindness and familiar intercourse might have encouraged. She soon took an interest in the employments selected for her—they served to divert her attention from a remembrance that grew continually more painful. Every step she gained in knowledge, every experience brought by reading or conversation, but served to show her more fully the difficulty of her position.

Love is the destiny of a woman's life, and hers had been sealed on the threshold of existence: it was too late now to change the color of or alter the past. Theresa's greatest enjoyment was to wander through the lonely gardens: though the leaf and the flower could never more be to her, the companions they had been, still, when alone, they aided her in recalling the days when they were mute witnesses to vows which had the common fate of being kept but by one. The difference between herself and those of her own age consisted in this, that they looked to the future, she dwelt upon the past; they hoped, she only remembered.

The young countess's instructors were loud in their praises of her docility and progress; the French governess remarking, "*Mais elle est si pleine des talens et des graces; mais elle est si triste et si silencieuse.*"

The two years passed, and Theresa was to accompany her father to Vienna. The Baron von Haitzinger, who had never quite recovered the shock of finding that his daughter could only speak German, and could neither read nor write, was utterly unprepared for the sensation she produced on her introduction into society. Theresa at twenty more than realised the promise of seventeen; yet it is singular how much the character of her beauty was changed. She had been a glad, bright, buoyant creature, with a cheek like a rose, a mouth radiant with smiles, and the golden curls dancing in sunny profusion over the blushes they shaded. Now her hair and eyes were

much darker, her cheek was pale, and the general cast of her face melancholy and thoughtful; her step was still light, but slow—it was urged on no longer by inward buoyancy: and if a painter, three years before, would have chosen her as a model for the youngest of the Graces, he would now have selected her for the loveliest of the Muses—so ethereal, so intellectual was that sad and expressive countenance. Her father was charmed with the ease and self-possession of her manner—the perfection of beautiful repose: true, it was broken in upon by none of the flatterings of girlish vanity, none of the slight yet keen excitements of a season given to gayety.

The countess was wholly indifferent to the scene that surrounded her—to its pleasure and its triumph; she had a standard of her own by which she measured enjoyment, and found what was here deemed pleasure by others, to be vapid and worthless; and now, more than ever, the image of Adalbert rose present to her mind. She compared him with the many cavaliers about her; and the comparison was, as it ever is, in favor of the heart's earliest idol. Even when unconsciously yielding to the influence exercised by light, music, and a glittering crowd, Theresa would start back, and muse on what might be the fate of Adalbert at that very moment; for, with a confidence belonging to youth and woman, she admitted any suggestion rather than the obvious one of his inconstancy. Two or three brilliant conquests cost her a sleepless night and a pale cheek; but as her father always acquiesced in a prompt refusal, she gradually became happy in the belief that he did not desire her marriage.

One evening all Vienna was assembled at a *reunion* given by the French ambassador. Dazzling with jewels, and looking her very loveliest, Theresa was seated beside the lady who accompanied her, when her eye suddenly rested on Adalbert. A dense crowd was between them, but the platform on which he was standing enabled him to see over their heads; and he was evidently gazing on her. With a faint cry, she half started from her seat—fortunately she was unobserved; and again sinking back in her chair, she endeavored to collect her scattered spirits from their first confusion of surprise and delight. Her astonishment had yet to be increased. The baron appeared on the scene, greeted the stranger most cordially, and arm in arm they descended among the throng. At intervals she caught sight of his splendid uniform; it came nearer and nearer: at last they emerged from a very ocean of velvet and plumes, and her father addressed her—

"Theresa, my love! I am most anxious to present to you the nephew of my oldest friend, Prince Ernest von Hermanstadt."

Adalbert, or Ernest, bowed most admiringly, it is true, but without the slightest token of recognition. Faint, breathless, Theresa sought in vain to speak.

"You look pale, my child," said her father; "The heat is too much for you. Do, Ernest, try to make your way with her to the window, and I will get a glass of water."

Theresa felt her hand drawn lightly through the arm to which she had so often clung, and the prince with some difficulty conveyed her to the window. There they stood alone for some minutes, before the baron could rejoin them; yet not by word or sign did her companion imply a previous knowledge. His manner was most gentle, most attentive; but it was that of a perfect stranger.

Theresa drank the glass of water, and, by a strong effort, recalled her presence of mind. She looked in Prince Ernest's face—it was no mistake; every feature of that noble and striking countenance was too deeply treasured for forgetfulness. Her father, by continually addressing her, showed how anxious he was for her to join in the conversation. At last she trusted her voice with a few brief words; the prince listened to them eagerly, but, it was evident, only with present admiration.

They remained together the rest of the evening, and the Prince von Hermanstadt handed her to the baron's carriage.

"What do you think of my young favorite?" asked her father, as they entered their abode. "But I hate unnecessary mysteries, so shall tell you at once, that in Prince Ernest you see your destined husband: you have been betrothed from your birth. This, however, is no time to talk over family matters, for you look fatigued to death."

Theresa retired to her chamber, her head dizzy with surprise and sorrow. She had gleaned enough from the conversation to discover that Ernest's absence from his country had been entirely voluntary—that she had known him under a feigned name—therefore, from the very first he had been deceiving her. Strange that till this moment her heart had never admitted the belief of his falsehood! As she paced her room, she caught sight of her whole-length figure in the glass: then rose upon her memory her own reflection as she had seen it shadowed in the river near her early home, and the change in herself struck her forcibly.

"I marvel that he knew me not?—it were far greater marvel had he known me."

She looked long and earnestly in the mirror; a rich color rose to her cheek, and the light flashed from her eyes—

"What if I could make him love me now! and then let him feel only the faintest part of what I have felt!" But the last words were so softly uttered, that they sounded like any thing rather than a denunciation of revenge.

The next day and the next saw Ernest a constant visitor; and Theresa in vain sought to hide from herself the truth, that she felt a keen pleasure in observing how much more suitable her new self was to her former lover. Then they had nothing, now they had so much in common with each other; they read together, they talked together; and Hermanstadt was delighted with the melancholy and thoughtful style of her conversation.

The summer was now advancing, and Haitzinger proposed visiting the castle. Thither the whole party adjourned; the two elder barons—for Ernest's uncle had now joined them—leaving the young people almost entirely to themselves. Here Theresa could not but perceive that Ernest grew daily depressed; sometimes he would leave her abruptly, and she would afterwards learn that for hours he had been wandering alone.

One evening, while walking in the old picture gallery, Theresa turned to the window to admire the luxuriant growth of a parasitic plant, whose drooping white flowers hung in numberless fragrant clusters. Ernest approached to her side, and they leant from the casement—both mute with the same emotion, though from different causes. Suddenly he broke silence, and Theresa again listened to the avowal of his love. But now the voice was low and broken, and he spoke mournfully and hopelessly; for in the same hour in which he owned his passion for the countess, he also acknowledged to her his marriage with the peasant.

Ernest had, in truth, been spoilt by circumstances; his conquests had been too easy, and he had mistaken vanity and interest for love. But a deep and pure feeling elevates and purifies the heart into which it enters. His passion for Theresa brought back his better nature; and he now bitterly deplored the misery he must have caused the young and forsaken creature, whose happiness he had destroyed by such thoughtless cruelty. "The sacrifice I now make may well be held an atonement."

He turned to leave the gallery as he spoke, but Theresa's voice arrested his steps.

"I have long known your history, Prince Ernest—long looked for this confession. Your

wife is now in the castle; I will prepare her for an interview—from her you must seek your pardon.”

She was gone before Von Hermanstadt recovered his breath. It would be vain to say what were his thoughts during the succeeding minutes; shame, surprise—something, too, of pity blended with regret. He had not moved from the spot, when the countess’s page put a note into his hand.

“I do not wish to let my father know all yet: join us at the end of the acacia wood—your wife there awaits your arrival.

“*TERESA.*”

The prince obeyed the summons mechanically—as in dreams we obey some strange power. A sharp angle in the walk brought him, before he was aware, to the place; and there, as though he had but just parted from her, stood his wife, leaning for support against the old oak. She wore the scarlet cap broi-

dered with fur, the gray stuff dress, and the plaited apron: her beautiful profile was half turned towards him.

“*Theresa!*” he whispered; when, starting at the face which was now completely given to view, he exclaimed, “Is it possible?” for he saw instantly that it was the countess before him.

“Yes, Adalbert—or Ernest—by which name shall I claim you?” And the next moment she was in his arms.

Confession and forgiveness followed of course; though the Baron von Haitzinger resolved that he would give no encouragement to his grand daughters being brought up in unsophisticated seclusion, as it rarely happens that two experiments of the same kind turn out well. Still, it is but justice to state, that Theresa never had any further occasion to regret that her husband’s heart was once lost and twice won.

LITTLE STREAMS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

LITTLE streams, in light and shadow
Flowing through the pasture meadow;
Flowing by the green wayside;
Through the forest dim and wide!
Through the hamlet still and small;
By the cottage; by the hall;
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning, here and there, a mill;
Bearing tribute to the river;
Little streams, I love you ever!

Summer music is there flowing;
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink
Fearless on their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low,
And between, the sunshine glancing,
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb with cotton-seed
Arrow-head with eye of jet,

And the water-violet;
There the flowering rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day
Without stint and without stay.
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old times Pilgrims drank;
Here, have seen, as now, pass by
Kingfisher and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play,—
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast,
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever!

M A R I E .

A SKETCH OF EVERY DAY LIFE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF AMALIE WINTER.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

MARIE was the daughter of a plain citizen. Her father, now a rich merchant, had once been poor, but by means of speculation, industry, and good fortune, had reached a high degree of prosperity, which he felt he owed mainly to his own exertions. Her mother was a good housewife—kind and industrious—who took excellent care of what the father earned; and, notwithstanding their wealth, still adhered to the simple mode of life, and the economical habits which had now become a second nature.

Marie, the beautiful, blooming Marie, was the darling of her parents; the delight of their hearts, on whom they freely lavished their hoarded treasures, and still more freely, their love.

Marie occupied a pleasant room in the upper story, her father had it hung with blue tapestry, and a bright carpet spread for her feet; her mother arranged the snow white curtains in graceful draperies about her windows. The best furniture in the house was appropriated to her use. The elegant writing table which had once served the grand sire of a noble house, adorned with rich carved work and gilding, speaks of past and fallen greatness, for Marie's father bought it at an auction. Near it stands the glass cabinet, containing the child's toys and the girl's treasures; and there may be seen displayed various pretty things made of wax, porcelain, sugar, and bronze. The bureau glittered with its silver ornaments, and on it were laid the Bible and silver clasped hymn book. Lovely flowers bloomed in the elegant jardiniere, and among them was a bullfinch, who, as he hopped from perch to perch, piped forth the tune "It cannot forever be thus," which Marie had sung to him every day, with a merry heart—for she little realised its truth. Beside these was a modern work table, fit to adorn the boudoir of a princess, at which Marie sat and sewed. No girl

was ever more industrious, and none stuck neater or more joyful stitches, for she was working at her bridal equipment.

Marie was engaged—and happily engaged. Many suitors had sought the hand of the rich, beautiful girl, but Karl Von H. was preferred above all. Pride and ambition might have influenced the parents in the choice of their noble son-in-law, but Marie listened only to the voice of her own heart.

Karl was poor and had as yet received no appointment, but he was studious: he had passed with honor through his second examination, and was now preparing diligently for the third—for then Marie was to be his. Her father would not give him his child until he could maintain her,—“It had been so with himself,” and the mother stipulated that Marie should make all her wedding clothes herself, as she had done before her; though the real cause of the delay was their wish to keep her longer at home, and thus prevent her from entering too soon on the cares of life while she might be enjoying its pleasures.

Marie had always loved God and her parents; she was affectionate to her companions; kind to all; but for Karl she felt the deepest tenderness. She loved him with all the strength of her warm heart; with the ardor that betrayed itself in her dark eyes. She loved him like a superior being—in humility.

The love of a woman is humble—that is, true love, as God implanted it in the heart of the first woman,—and every loving woman still walks in Paradise; for her, there is but one man; in her heart love is the sister of devotion.

And such a paradisaic love dwelt in Marie's heart, and day by day she grew more beautiful amid her happiness and joy. The simple flowing dress; the collar with the black velvet ribbon round the white neck; the round arm

only half hidden by the glove; the dark hair combed back from the smooth forehead; with all these Marie was indeed beautiful; and when she lifted her large dark eyes which were usually veiled in their long lashes, and looked so lovingly, so trustingly upon Karl, how could he help loving her in return? Although the riches of her parents might first have attracted him, and drawn his attention to the citizen's daughter, he still found in her all those virtues which a man commonly seeks in the woman of his choice. He could indeed have wished her rather more conversant with the world, and that her reading had extended beyond her Bible and hymn book; but this last deficiency he hoped to remedy.

He daily made his appearance with a book and read to her, and never had man a more attentive listener. The needle fell from her hand, her eye rested on the reader's lips, her cheeks glowed, she understood and felt all that Karl presented to her; her faithful memory retained all his words, and her imagination, which had hitherto embraced only the house and garden, began to expatiate on the human heart.

On the eighteenth of October there was a ball. Marie adorned herself for it; how beautiful every thing seemed to her, and how lightly she danced by Karl's side, envied by all as his happy betrothed wife.

A year later, on the eighteenth of October, Marie was still betrothed; the examination had not taken place; the wedding clothes were not yet finished.

Marie sat before a mirror, and her mother was dressing her for the ball. The rich silk dress, the costly ornaments, the India shawl, she must put on all, and the mother assiduously added a flower here, and a bow there, for something still seemed wanting in her daughter's attire, and yet the only thing she needed was—happiness.

You will ask what had happened that this had vanished? Nothing; for Marie was still engaged; still loved; and yet she was no longer joyous.

Karl did not come as often as he used to—he had so much to do on account of the approaching examination. He no longer read to her, but he brought books for her to read alone. He often went into the society of the higher circles to prepare her future place among them. He was often silent, less tender, less affectionate. Marie was sad, she uttered reproaches, she wept. He was impatient, passionate, and Marie—was silent; but her affectionate amiability vanished, for only

a beloved woman is amiable and loving,—the unloved shrinks back timidly into herself.

Marie was now dressed for the ball. Karl had informed her that with the conviction of mutual faith and love, public manifestations of it were unnecessary, and were thought ridiculous by the fashionable world. Marie thought to herself, there was no necessity for being guided by the opinion of the fashionable world, as it was so small a part of God's world;—but she said nothing, for she was humble—and proud too.

In addition to the pleasure of dancing, Marie formerly had enjoyed that of looking about her. The dress of her young friends, and their partners in the dance were important matters, which she related to her mother at home, embellished with her own observations upon them. Now, Marie saw nothing. Yet she often met the curious glances of a young and beautiful girl, who wore a wreath of oak leaves round her light hair. It was the young Baroness A. She was very lovely. Karl danced with her; he was constantly near her, and called her his friend; and they talked a great deal together about virtue, and religion, and poetry, and how we should all try to grow better, and love all men, and do good to all. And with all this, they were giving great pain to one human being—and they thought not of it!

Marie became so much agitated that she withdrew behind a column. There she stood alone, in the crowded saloon,—the sad and ever solitary. Then Karl came towards her with a look full of love; like a sunbeam of a brighter season, this look seemed to warm her whole heart,—alas, it was not for her! Karl had not observed his betrothed, for the Baroness stood behind her, and this happy, loving look was for her. Marie grew pale, she pressed her hand to her heart and said nothing.

The next day Karl came to see her. Marie was still quite pale, and still said nothing; he only stayed a little while, for he had business to attend to,—but the maid servant saw him go into the Baroness' house and accidentally mentioned it to Marie—and then she grew still paler, for Karl had deceived her.

Her father was much occupied in his counting house, her mother busied in domestic affairs, and it was long before either of them noticed the change in Marie's appearance, for she was always cheerful at meals. She brought her father's pipe and slippers, punctually as ever; her mother's cap was as neatly plaited, and she interested herself in all the events of every day life; she even worked sometimes at the wedding clothes—she hemmed the

last dozen of pocket handkerchiefs, but they wiped away many tears. Through Marie's careful nurturing, the flowers in her room bloomed more beautifully than ever, but the bullfinch sang more slowly and sadly "It cannot forever be thus," for Marie often sang it to him now, and she felt by bitter experience that all had not continued as she once hoped, to make her happy.

At length her parents noticed Marie's paleness; her father thought it was her long engagement that affected her health, and said she must be married—after the wedding, the roses would return to her cheek, and Karl's appointment would not be long deferred.—When the kind parents said this to their daughter she fainted.

"Why will you send me away from you?" she asked, when she recovered. "I am still so young, and I have still many things to see!"

The young friends noticed Marie's paleness, and asked why she was sad? for friends love to probe the sore wounds of the heart, and mistake the cries of pain they draw forth, for confidence. Women love to have confidences made them, and yet they can only be made when there is something either to hope or fear—Marie hoped and feared no longer—she knew certainly.

One of her youthful companions came to her, dressed in deep mourning; she was a widow and mourned that she was no longer loved. Marie sank weeping into her arms; she too was loved no more. The unhappy are sympathising companions, they understand each other. Each considers her own burthen the hardest to bear, but she can feel that of another.

This mourning friend one day came with a glad step to Marie. A prevalent nervous fever had attacked and carried off the Baroness A. But Marie did not rejoice.

"Poor thing," said she, "why had she to go when life was so beautiful to her? I did not

hate her; I was not angry with her. It was not because he loved her, that Karl neglected me—no, he sought her because he had never loved me. Had his heart been filled with love to me, no other image could have found entrance there; but he only *funcied* for a moment that he loved me. If it had not been the Baroness, it would have been some one else, for his heart was unoccupied."

Marie folded the last handkerchief, which she had just finished—it was the last piece of her bridal equipment! Her cheeks glowed, her eyes shone with a feverish brightness, her hands burned; she too, had the nervous fever, she too, fell a victim to it.

She must have had a presentiment of her death, for in her secretary were found remembrances for her friends—gifts for the servants, and the poor,—words of love for all, and a letter for her parents. "Love my Karl," she wrote, "as a son, he has lost much, and needs consolation; give him the wealth you had intended for your daughter, that when he has wept and mourned the woman of his early love, his heart may choose another wife, without regard to any thing but love, which alone can make him happy. To her, the future bride, I leave the wardrobe I made for myself, and may she be happy as I was!—and for you, my parents, for you, I leave no memorial, for I know you will always think of me with sorrow—may you soon follow me!"

The father's hair grew more grey as he went after his affairs—the mother's head was bowed more deeply, as with her keys at her side, she still wandered through the house. But Karl was healthy, handsome and blooming, when he passed his examination. On fine evenings, he sometimes went to the church yard—there were two graves, and I know not which he sought!—There he reflected how transitory were all things; how terrible was death, how beautiful was life—and to enjoy the latter, he returned home.

DAILY, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man; and unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into a freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air.

BECAUSE there is a latitude of gain in buying and selling, take not thou the utmost penny that is lawful, or which thou thinkest so, for, although it be lawful, yet it is not safe; and he that gains all that he can gain lawfully this year, possibly, next year, will be tempted to gain something unlawfully.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BUCOLICS.

FIRST ECLOGUE.

TITYRUS.

THIS Eclogue was written to manifest Virgil's gratitude for a peculiar favor conferred upon him by the Emperor Augustus. That monarch had distributed to his veterans, as a reward of their services at Philippi, the territory of Cremona and Mantua. Among the rest of the Mantuans, Virgil was deprived of his farm; but through the kindly offices of Asinius Pollir, and Mæcenas, he obtained favor with Augustus, who restored his land.

In this Eclogue, Virgil takes the character of Tityrus, and the Mantuans that of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS—TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS—

On Tityrus, beneath the sheltering boughs
Of a wide-spreading beech reclined, thou tunest
Thy slender oat-pipe to a rural song.
We leave our country and our darling fields;
We flee our native land:—but thou outstretched
Carelessly in the shade, dost teach the woods
"Fair Amaryllis" ever to resound.

TITYRUS—

Oh Melibœus, 'tis a god has given
This sweet cessation from my station's toils.
For he shall ever be a god to me:
Oft from my folds the tender lamb shall stain
His altar-turf, for he permits my herds
To wander as you see, and me to play
Whate'er I will upon a rustic reed.

MELIBŒUS—

Indeed I envy not your happy state,
I rather wonder, since such troublous storms
Disturb the country round. Lo! I myself
Sadly drive on my goats: and this poor thing
Can scarcely drag along, for she just now
Bringing forth twins, her shaggy nation's hope,
Ah sad constraint! must leave the tender pair
'Mid the thick hazels on the naked rock.
Had not my silly mind all heedless been,
I might have known these ills predicted oft,
What time the oaks were touched with fire from
heaven,
Or from the blasted holm the boding raven croaked.
But tell us, Tityrus, what god this is.

TITYRUS—

Oh, Melibœus, once I used to think
That city they call Rôme (fool that I was)
Resembled this of ours, whither we oft
Are wont to drive the fleecy people's young.
Thus whelps like dogs, thus like their mothers
kids
I knew: thus great with small I would compare.
But over other cities this as high
Exalts its towering head, as cypress trees
O'er top the stunted shrubs about their roots.

MELIBŒUS—

And what great business summoned you to Rome?

TITYRUS—

Freedom! which late in life, and though that life
Was spent in indolent neglect, yet looked
Kindly on the poor slave, when my thin beard
Fell whitening beneath the clipping shears.
She looked, and after many a year she came.
Since then fair Amaryllis has my heart,
And Galatea has forsaken me.
For I confess, while Galatea ruled,
I neither hoped for liberty, nor cared
To hoard the property a slave may hold,
Though many a victim left my little fold,
And for ungrateful Mantua was pressed
The richest cheese; my right hand never yet
Homeward returned, heavy with brazen coins.

MELIBŒUS—

Oh Amaryllis, once I much admired
Why sadly on the gods you used to call,

For whom you left your apples hang so long
Upon the trees. Tityrus was not here.
Thee, Tityrus, the pines, the fountains thee,
Thee the sad groves continually invoked.

TITYRUS—

What could I do? I could not else be free,
Nor gods so favorable elsewhere find.
There first I saw this youth for whom the smoke
Wreathes from our altars twelve days every year.
There first to suppliant me he kindly said:
"Go, shepherds, feed your cattle, yoke your steers;
Your former happiness I will not mar."

MELIBŒUS—

Happy old man! thy fields shall then remain,
And bear a plenteous harvest. Though bare stone
And marsh with muddy bulrushes may cover
All of thy pastures; yet thy fruitful ewes
Shall not be injured by unwonted food
Or bad contagion of the neighboring flock.
Happy old man! amid thy well-known streams
And sacred fountains thou shalt still delight
To rest thy members in the shady cool.
Hence shall the hedge, which ever doth divide
Thy neighbor's land from thine, persuade to sleep
By the light murmur of Hyblaean bees
Aye, feeding on its numerous willow flowers:
Thence shall the laborer who prunes his vines
Sing to the air beneath a lofty rook.
Nor shall wood-pigeons hoarse, thy tender care,
Nor turtle, cease to coo from the ærial elm.

TITYRUS—

Sooner then, bounding stags shall feed in air,

And seas leave fishes naked on the shore:
Sooner, shall Parthia drink Araris' wave
Or rugged Germany of Tigris' stream,
Mutually exiled from their ancient seats,
Than from our breast his image be effaced.

MELIBŒUS—

But we to thirsty Africa must go,
Or Scythia, or Crete's Oaxes swift,
Or Britain deeply severed from the world.
Ah! shall I never, after many a day,
Returning homeward, gaze and wonder at
The turf-heaped summit of my lowly cot,
Behind my empire, a few ears of wheat.
These high-tilled fallows shall a soldier hold?
Barbarians reap these crops? See to what point
Discord our wretched citizens has driven.
Behold for whom we've sown our fruitful fields.
Graft, Melibœus, graft your pears—set out your
vines.
Go, once a happy flock, go on, my goats.
No more shall I, in a green cavern flung,
From a far thirsty rock behold you hanging.
My songs are ceased; no more my goats, shall I
Lead you to fields where flowering cytissus
And bitter willows you may nibbling pluck.

TITYRUS—

Yet here with me this night you may recline
On the green leaves. Ripe apples we possess,
Soft chestnuts, and a hoard of cottage cheese,
And now far off the villas' summits smoke,
And greater shadows from the mountains fall.

P.

IMPERISHABILITY OF THE WORKS OF GENIUS.

ONE can scarcely help feeling humbled when he meditates on the briefness of his own mortal existence, in comparison with the length of time which the great works of nature, or even the works of art, will exist in a good state of preservation. In this view of things, an inanimate piece of stone, carved in the figure of a statue, survives here far longer than a human being: the Venus de Medicis has seen a hundred generations pass into their graves; and there, in cold marble, does she still stand, to be gazed upon with undying admiration. What scenes in history has she passed through! What kingdoms have risen and sunk, and gone into forgetfulness, since she came forth from the chisel of the sculptor! Look, also,

at the extended existence of certain celebrated pictures. When Wilkie visited the Escorial in Spain, and was looking at Titan's picture of the Last Supper, he was accosted by an aged monk, who said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture, for nearly three score years: during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another; all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those, who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there, the figures in the picture remain unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows." Surely this monk had in him the soul of a poet.

THE PERPLEXED LOVER.

From the French of Madame de Genlis.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

THE young Count de Rosenthall, after having received the rich inheritance of a grand-uncle, hastened to arrange his affairs in order to undertake a long journey.

With a considerable fortune, a cultivated mind, an ardent desire to instruct himself, and a perfect independence of spirit, he had all the simplicity of a young German of twenty-six, who had never left his country, and who had been occupied for a long time with the desire of seeing Italy, France, and England.

Rosenthall resolved to go first to France, which was then governed by the Directory.

He set out at the end of March; travelled rapidly and arrived at Paris in the month of April—unfortunately for him, it was at a time when people were arrested and transported for mere trifles. Rosenthall had but one letter of introduction, and it was to a person who was on the eve of being sent to Cayenne: he permitted himself to censure the rigorous measures taken by the Government—was watched, denounced and at last arrested. Twenty-four hours after his arrival he was conducted to the Temple. He was shut up in a large, clean room, which contained six other prisoners, amongst whom he immediately remarked a man of fifty, of a noble and interesting appearance, who sat aside, near a little table, reading with so much attention, that he rose without discontinuing, when he heard a new prisoner enter.

Those who show no curiosity, often excite the most. Disdain irritates and repulses, but the serenity of indifference has a *je ne sais quoi* of originality which can awaken and pique self-love.

After having received the salutations of his companions, and after replying to a thousand questions made all at once, Rosenthall in a

low tone asked the name of the silent prisoner who was reading at the other end of the room, and was told it was Darmond. At the end of a few minutes, the Count seated himself near Darmond, who continued reading without paying the least attention to him. At this moment the door opened, and a young lady of a charming appearance entered precipitately, and threw herself into Darmond's arms. It was his daughter. Oh, how much more interesting did the father of this lovely unknown then appear to the Count!

"My dear Leontine," said Darmond, "how did you obtain permission to come here?"

"Ah, my father, how could they refuse me!" . . .

At these words, his eyes filled with tears, his daughter leaned upon his shoulder, and they conversed in a low tone. The Count, quite affected, discretely moved away from them.

All the prisoners fixed their eyes upon the charming Leontine, but Rosenthall, in particular, looked at her with that admiration and trouble which are the certain presages of a passionate sentiment. It is rare that in youth a first interview accompanied by interesting and extraordinary circumstances, does not give rise to love, when the two persons are equally remarkable for external graces.

Rosenthall was young and handsome.—Leontine perceived the impression she had made on him, and when the conversation became general, he was the first whom she particularly addressed. He sensibly felt this distinction: we know so well how to appreciate that which touches the heart!

Leontine remained more than three hours in the prison, and on going away, promised her father to return on the next day at noon.

Rosenthall made a happy discovery that evening. Darmond wished to play at chess,

and he found no one who could be his partner. The Count eagerly offered himself, and was gratefully accepted.

The play being finished, the two prisoners questioned each other on the causes of their detention, and both were in this respect equally ignorant.

"You have friends," said the Count, "who will no doubt promptly procure your liberty. As for me, being a stranger, without friends or acquaintances in this country, I see no prospect of a release. Justice hinders no one; she is so beautiful that indeed she merits that we should make advances to her; she likes to be asked and solicited."

"Well," replied Darmond, "I will ask justice for you, and speedily too, if, as I have reason to hope, I recover my liberty in a few days."

"Ah," exclaimed Rosenthal, "how happy I should be to receive this obligation from you!"

Leontine returned on the morrow, and found her father and the Count already intimate, for, in prison, friendships are formed as speedily as in sea-voyages.

She brought good news; her father had been promised his liberty in fifteen days; his perfect innocence was known, but in revolutionary times there is no hurry to repair injustice.

They talked gaily—Leontine was charming—she had an enchanting smile, and that smile said so much. Rosenthal found such sweet replies in it! That morning completed the turning of his head. Leontine remained until six o'clock, and, on going away, she said to her father—

"If Meley comes in good time, I shall bring him with me to-morrow."

After Leontine's departure, the Count proposed that they should play chess. While he was arranging the pieces, Darmond said—

"Do you know who this Meley is of whom my daughter spoke? He is my future son-in-law."

"Your son-in-law!" replied Rosenthal with extreme emotion.

"Yes, he is an excellent young man; he is the nephew of my cousin—my former college-companion, and my intimate friend. He has made a large fortune in our islands; in crossing the sea on his return to France, he was taken by the English. Nevertheless, we hope he will soon be released, and we are only waiting his return to celebrate the marriage. But play," continued Darmond.

Poor Rosenthal sighed, whilst he sadly advanced a pawn.

"This marriage," said he, "is not merely one of convenience, it is of inclination also!"

"Surely, they love each other passionately. Meley is a most amiable young man. But do you not see the blow which threatens you?—were you attending to it?"

"Alas, no."

"You are losing your queen."

"Yes, I am losing every thing."

"You play so well, how could you make such a mistake?"

"They have loved each other then a long time?"

"Since childhood, and this love is accompanied by a tender friendship and an intimate confidence. There, you have made a bad move—check!"

"And this marriage, you say, will take place?"

"Certainly, at the end of two months at the latest."

"In two months?"

"Check-mate!"

Rosenthal asked no revenge, but complaining of a violent head-ache, he retired into a corner of the room, and kept silence during the rest of the day. He was equally surprised, distressed, and piqued, especially when he recalled Leontine's smiles.

"Can we smile thus," said he, "upon one whom we do not love, when we love another? What!—that tender expression is but a manner, or rather a snare! What coquetry! what falsity! Such are French women! Ah, why is it that so many graces are united to so much artifice!"

Rosenthal retired at an early hour in order to escape all conversation, and being unable to sleep, he rose with the day. Nevertheless, he resolved to dissemble his grief, and to employ all his reason to cure himself of a passion without hope; and his vexation even persuaded him that it would not be difficult to conquer a sentiment so new. He determined to show great indifference; he did not confess to himself that he wished to astonish and pique Leontine; but in this project, he found the only consolation he was capable of receiving.

At ten o'clock the next morning Meley was announced; a moment after, he appeared. He was, in reality, a young man of a most agreeable exterior, and his manner was graceful and mild.

After having talked a quarter of an hour with Darmond, he approached Rosenthal, who received his compliments with as much coolness as embarrassment. Leontine happened to come in. Rosenthal affected a very easy

air, and seating himself near her, seized a moment when all the rest were talking at once, to congratulate her upon her approaching marriage. Leontine disconcerted him by answering with perfect simplicity, and by making a tender eulogy upon Meley, in a few words.

As Leontine and Meley had several arrangements to make for Darmond, their visit was short, and they went out together.

In the evening, Leontine came alone, and told Rosenthall that Meley, who had several powerful friends, would make every effort to serve him. Rosenthall thanked her coldly, and with so much embarrassment that he could not finish his compliment. Leontine whose eyes were fixed on him, smiled; and there was so much sweetness and sentiment in that smile, that he was almost ready to reproach her for it as a perfidy. Hardly able to contain himself he left her abruptly.

On the following days Leontine and Meley went regularly, and emulated each other in the interest they showed in Rosenthall. Meley, especially, seeming to wish to become intimate with him, occupied himself so much with his affairs, that Rosenthall could not avoid showing much gratitude.

At last, at the end of two weeks, Meley came to announce to the two prisoners that they were free. He embraced the Count, and congratulated him with a grace and sensibility which was quite touching.

Darmond said—

“We are going into the country to-morrow. My dear Count, you must go there with us.”

Meley joined his entreaties to those of Darmond, and Rosenthall, allowing himself to be persuaded, followed them. At the foot of the stairs, they found Leontine, who threw herself weeping on her father's neck; then turning to Rosenthall and Meley, she said the most amiable things to both, in a tone of the truest simplicity.

They left the prison, stepped into a carriage, and set out for Franconville. After travelling five leagues they arrived at a fine castle belonging to Darmond, which was situated in the valley of Montmorency.

The more that Rosenthall observed Leontine and Meley, the more he was confirmed in the idea that they adored each other. Meley, who showed him great friendship, was always talking to him with such enthusiasm of Leontine.

Rosenthall had not a shadow of hope—nevertheless, he could not conquer a passion which was the more ardent as it was his first. Besides, he remarked with as much trouble as

surprise, that, notwithstanding all her attachment to Meley, Leontine, who was naturally very reserved, and who treated all the gentlemen visitors at her father's house with cold civility, showed in her manner to him, the utmost grace and obligingness: even Meley did not obtain from her a sweeter smile or a more amiable reception.

Sometimes Rosenthall dared to think that Leontine, without confessing it to herself, perhaps, even without suspecting it, had a penchant for him.

But he was under great obligations to Meley, who had shown him much confidence and a touching friendship. Rosenthall abhorred the idea of supplanting him, and he resolved without delay to tear himself away from the dangers which threatened both his repose and his virtue.

He had been at Franconville eight days, when he announced that business obliged him to leave on the morrow. After having declared his intention to Darmond, who vainly opposed it, he sought Leontine and Meley to bid them adieu.

He found them *tête à tête* in the parlor. What was his emotion when on announcing his coming departure he saw Leontine turn pale.

“What!” said Meley, “you are going to leave us so abruptly—and for what reason?”

“Something important has unexpectedly happened.”

“What has happened?”

“The detail would be too long.”

“My dear Rosenthall, I have too much friendship for you, too much confidence in you not to have the right to question you. This sudden departure disquiets me. What has happened to you?”

“Nothing unfortunate, but I assure you that I must go.”

“Why, then, this mystery?”

To these words the Count replied only by casting down his eyes and sighing. Leontine resuming, said—

“Do you not see Meley; the fact is, that M. de Rosenthall is tired of the country, and he wishes to go to Paris.”

“Ah, Mademoiselle,” replied Rosenthall eagerly, “do not add to the sorrow I already feel.”

He stopped, believing that he had betrayed himself; for his eyes were full of tears. He did not dare to raise them or to speak, for he believed that Leontine and Meley had at length discovered his secret.

“No, no,” cried Meley, “people never get tired when they are with sincere friends. Yes, Rosenthall is pleased with us, I am sure.”

"I should like to think so," said Leontine: and she pronounced these words in a tone which touched Rosenthall's heart. He turned aside to conceal his emotion. After a moment's silence, Meley seized and affectionately pressed the Count's hand.

"Dear Rosenthall," said he, "I see that this secret is not your own; if it were yours, you would confide it to me—so I will not press you to explain yourself; but grant us fifteen days more."

"Oh, do not refuse!" added Leontine.

"Ah!" cried Rosenthall, "who could resist you!"

Here Darmond entered; they told him Rosenthall was not going. Darmond embraced him: then turning to Meley, he said—

"You are going to Paris to-day; you must take the Count with you. Hitherto we have thought only of ourselves, without remembering that he has seen nothing of Paris but the Temple and the Museum, which he entered on the morning of his arrival. He has seen neither the shows nor the promenades. You can take him to the opera to-day and to Frascati's—"

"No, no," interrupted Rosenthall, "allow me to pass at Franconville the fifteen days which I consecrate to you: let me lose none of them; they will pass but too quickly."

Leontine thanked him by a tender look, and Meley set out alone.

Several persons came from Paris to dine at Darmond's.

Leontine seemed gayer than usual and more amiable than ever to Rosenthall.

When they left the table, she was obliged to play at whist by her father's order, and Rosenthall descended into the garden.

Whilst reflecting on all that had just happened, he could not conceive how Meley could be in ignorance as to the true state of his heart. He felt that in his place he should have experienced the most violent jealousy. Leontine turned pale!—how had Meley failed to remark her agitation and his? How could his discourse, his embarrassment and his tears, leave any doubt as to what was the secret he refused to tell? Nevertheless, Meley had not shown the least surprise; his manner, his conversation, and his conduct, announced a perfect security and an entire ignorance of his sentiments; no doubt, he was so certain of Leontine's heart, that not only was he inaccessible to jealousy, but he did not even admit the possibility that a reasonable man could fall in love with her.

Leontine appeared yet more inexplicable to

him: looks in love deceive much less than words, and explain themselves as clearly, and those of Leontine were so tender, so expressive—she had so much delicacy and esprit—she so well understood him; besides, any kind of coquetry seemed foreign to her nature; and then, Rosenthall had seen her blush, grow pale, and show agitation. But on the other side, her manner to Meley was similar,—she always evinced the same pleasure in seeing him; the same eagerness to speak with him in private; she always had some secret to whisper in his ear; his presence, far from causing her any uneasiness, seemed agreeable to her at all times.

Absorbed in these different reflections, the Count was slowly walking in a dark alley of chestnut-trees, when he heard a footstep behind him. He turned round, and trembled on seeing Leontine. She was alone—she came forward—he found himself in her presence without witnesses. What an event! The first *tête à tête* with a beloved object is an epoch in life. Rosenthall had resolved to be silent; but the resolution could not weaken the charm of this instant of agitation and happiness.

Leontine approached with a timid air: at first they spoke only of indifferent things; then they were silent; for conversation soon fails when we are obliged to dissemble what we think, and when we are too much pre-occupied with our own thoughts to find anything else to say.

At the end of the walk was a parterre filled with flowers which exhaled a delicious perfume—the day was declining—Leontine seated herself on a bench—Rosenthall was standing. She begged him to go and gather her a tube-rose; he obeyed, and, returning, seated himself by her side. After having praised the sweet odor of the tube-rose, they relapsed into a profound silence.

At length Leontine spoke:

"You are very pensive," said she.

This simple and just remark made Rosenthall shudder.

"I pensive, near you?" replied he, in a trembling voice.

"And why not?"

"Ah, I should not dare . . . I should not be sorry for it . . . I believe it . . . indifference is not offended or wounded at anything."

"Indifference! What language is this which is so offensive to friendship! But confess the truth, you are sorry that you yielded to our entreaties; the idea of staying fifteen days longer frightens you."

"It ought indeed to frighten me. . . . Yes, that is the word—I should not dare to mention it; *you* have said it."

"Thus, then, you frankly confess, that you eagerly desire to leave us?"

Rosenthall saw in this reply an insincerity, which displeased him. Looking fixedly at Leontine he said, in a rather severe tone—

"Do you believe it?"

"Oh, no!" replied Leontine, eagerly, "and if I thought so, I should seek to deceive myself in regard to so sad a truth."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Rosenthall in transport. He stopped; seized one of Leontine's hands; pressed it between his own; rose abruptly; tore himself away, and disappeared.

He went to dream at liberty at the other end of the park. He could no longer doubt Leontine's sentiments. It was even clear that she wished him to know them. But what were her projects and her hopes? Every thing was being prepared for her marriage with Meley. The last letters from England announced that Meley's uncle would be in France in a month. And the wedding was to take place on the morrow of his arrival.

Meanwhile, Leontine was calm, gay, and satisfied. She herself presided at the preparations for her wedding. Rosenthall had heard her the evening before order her dress and her bridal ornaments.

How could he understand such conduct in one who seemed so delicate and sensitive, and who showed, in every thing else, such strict and pure principles. Rosenthall lost himself in these reflections; but the certainty of being loved, furnished him with a much more agreeable subject for thought.

"No," said he, "I will not fail in the sacred duties of gratitude and hospitality. Leontine, who cannot but suspect my feelings, shall never receive a confession of them. I shall go away without tasting the consolation of opening my heart to her. But what am I saying? Has she not read my sad heart? Shall I not be recompensed for my silence, by her esteem? She loves me—Leontine loves me. I may bewail my lot, but I ought at least to be proud of it."

Rosenthall remained in the park until ten o'clock, when a message was sent to tell him that supper waited. He saw Leontine with an emotion which was increased by remarking that she wore the tube-rose he had given her. At table, Leontine gave him a place by her side, and during supper seemed wholly occupied with him.

Darmond, who found himself a third person with them, saw nothing extraordinary in

their conduct or discourse. With a mind and character the most upright, Darmond was one of those men who apply only to business the faculties of reflection and observation; and who are, in all other respects, careless and absent spectators in the midst of society, seeing there only what others choose to show them—comprehending only that which may be clearly seen; a manner of living which somewhat resembles imbecility, but which, when it is united to some kind of merit, is more useful than the subtlety and penetration which make so many enemies: every body loves these people, they cause so little uneasiness! People can deceive and intrigue in their presence with impunity. Were they harsh and vicious, people would still praise their perfect kindness: but those who know how to see and hear, are very dangerous and very wicked.

After supper, Rosenthall, when playing with Darmond, lost three games, one after another, which caused the latter to remark that he played very unequally; adding that he had often seen him exhibit superior skill.

The next morning at breakfast, Leontine still wore the tube-rose, which, in the meantime, had faded a little.

Meley returned from Paris, and, according to custom, presented a superb bouquet to his bride-elect. Leontine received this homage with her accustomed grace, and after having praised the beauty of the flowers, she said—

"I am not sufficiently dressed to-day to wear this charming bouquet; it will adorn my boudoir, and I shall enjoy its beauty a longer time."

"At least," replied Meley, "permit me to detach this tube-rose, to replace the one you wear, which is not so fresh."

"No, no," exclaimed Leontine, blushing, "this tube-rose has still a very sweet perfume! I wish to keep it."

Saying these words, she rang the bell, and had the bouquet carried into her boudoir.

During this conversation, Rosenthall, as much disturbed as affected, hardly breathed: but afterwards, he felt a very different emotion, when he saw Leontine rise, lead Meley to the embrasure of the window, and then talk to him in a low voice for more than half an hour, with the most tender and affectionate air. At length Rosenthall, quite out of patience, hastily left the room. He descended into the garden, and at the end of an hour Meley went there to find him.

Rosenthall had no desire to talk, but Meley, more communicative and more affectionate than ever, began to tell him of his tenderness

for Leontine, of his happiness, of Leontine's attachment for him, of the perfect confidence she showed him; he finished this long detail with a eulogy on the superior mind and angelic character of Leontine.

Whilst Meley talked with as much volubility as warmth, Rosenthal changed countenance more than once, and kept a profound silence. Meley did not seem to remark either his embarrassment or his pain.

Happily, Rosenthal saw Darmond at the end of the parterre, and hastened to join him, in order to escape from a conversation he could no longer endure.

Rosenthal looked displeased for five or six days, and Leontine, without seeming to notice his behaviour, was only the more amiable to him. Meanwhile, she often drew him from his reflections by her sweet words, and by innocent traits of a touching sensibility: but soon her conduct to Meley, and her intimacy with him, re-animated Rosenthal's vexation and renewed all his grief.

Darmond and his daughter were invited to a rural ball, given at Taverney, by one of their neighbors. Rosenthal, who was also asked, declared he would not go.

On the day appointed for the ball, Meley did not dine at Franconville. On going from the table, Darmond went into his own room to answer a note which he had just received, and Rosenthal found himself alone with Leontine. His first movement was to fly. Leontine called him: he returned, and coldly asked what orders she had for him.

"Several," replied Leontine, laughing; "and first, you must sit down there," pointing to an arm-chair at her side.

Rosenthal seated himself.

"You will go to Taverney?" said she.

"No, Mademoiselle."

"Good!—this refusal is only a joke?"

"I am indeed in a joking mood! I am so very gay, and I have so many things to make me so!"

"Yes, but I have heard you say you like to dance."

"That taste has gone; I hate balls, festivals, society."

"It is a pity; nevertheless, you will go to Taverney."

"Just heaven!" exclaimed Rosenthal with vehemence. "Can you propose to me to go to a ball, when I am going away in six days; when I am going away for ever?"

Saying these words, he rose impetuously, and went towards the door.

"Rosenthal!" said Leontine, in a sweet and penetrating voice.

This single word had a magical effect; she had never before pronounced it, without adding the cold epithet of Monsieur. This tone of feeling and familiarity touched and overjoyed Rosenthal. He stopped with such a palpitation of the heart, that he was obliged to lean against a table. . . .

"Rosenthal," repeated Leontine in a plaintive accent.

Rosenthal, completely bewildered, ran and threw himself at her feet: Leontine, in her turn trembled, and a sort of terror was depicted in her eyes.

"What does this mean?" said she.

"Is it not thus," replied Rosenthal, "that your orders ought to be received?"

As he pronounced these words, he rose, and fell into a chair.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well," began Leontine, "have you nothing to say to me?"

At this pressing and dangerous question, Rosenthal reflected a moment. Then drawing a deep sigh, he said—

"If you desire to know all that I think, all that I feel, ask him who possesses your confidence, to question me. I will answer him without disguise. But it is only to Meley that I can declare what I feel—it is only in his presence that I can satisfy your curiosity."

As her only answer, Leontine extended her hand to Rosenthal, who pressed it to his heart, whilst he looked at her with astonishment. Her face wore a sweet expression of love, gratitude, and serenity.

"What an inconceivable being you are," said he.

"Well," replied Leontine, with an enchanting smile, "you will go to Taverney?"

"Must I repeat," said Rosenthal, "that I am going away in five days! And do not think I am going to stay in Paris. No—I shall not even pass through it. I shall go directly to Germany—I wish to bear with me but one remembrance of France. Alas! what to me are all others?"

"You will not go in five days—you will grant me all the time I ask you."

"What! I await here the return of Meley's uncle!"

"Yes, I expect it."

"I will die rather—"

"Rosenthal, I wish it. I have the right to speak to you thus—"

"How?"

"By the power of a feeling which is as free as it is pure."

"And nevertheless—"

"I hear my father coming—answer me, will you obey me?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Rosenthal, "you utterly confuse me—you pierce my heart; but dispose of me as you will."

At these words, two tears escaped from the beautiful eyes of Leontine.

"You know how to love," said she: as she said these words, she hastened to wipe her eyes, and her face again became serene.

Darmond entered the room.

"Father," said Leontine, gaily, "M. de Rosenthal has changed his mind; he is going to Taverney."

"Ah, that is charming; and I hope he will not leave Franconville before your marriage."

"Oh, no," replied Leontine, "he has just promised to stay."

These words made Rosenthal tremble: happily, at this moment, they were told that the carriage waited.

Leontine rose, took her father's arm, and gave the other to Rosenthal, and they set out.

Rosenthal, dismayed—more perplexed than ever, and finding himself in the carriage by Leontine's side, could only speak in monosyllables all the way.

They found Meley at Taverney. Leontine accosted him with her usual kindness, and Rosenthal could not see in her manners the slightest shade of constraint or embarrassment.

The ball commenced, Rosenthal had never seen Leontine dance, and he now found that she danced perfectly. She was so much engaged with Meley, that she seemed to see but him, and Rosenthal heard repeated in every part of the room—

"What a charming couple; they are made for each other!"

After the first contre-dance, some one came to engage Leontine, she refused, saying—

"I am engaged to Monsieur de Rosenthal."

"That was not true, but Rosenthal could not refuse the hand which she extended to him.

He was a very good dancer, and notwithstanding his vexation, he danced his best.

As soon as the dance was finished, Rosenthal escaped from the ball-room, descended into the garden, plunged into a thick shade, and sat down on a turf-seat which sloped toward a hedge of oak-elms.

After passing more than an hour absorbed in the profoundest reverie, he heard a noise on the other side of the hedge; what was his consternation on recognising the voices of Leontine and Meley! They were both laughing heartily, and Rosenthal heard his name distinctly pronounced. Trembling with sur-

prise and inquietude, he listened, and heard Leontine say—

"Poor Rosenthal!"

Meley burst into a long fit of laughter, and continuing their walk, they went away, and Rosenthal heard no more.

He remained motionless in his place, petrified with astonishment, and suffocated with anger.

"What then," said he, "I am but an object of derision for them. This woman, whom I adore, notwithstanding the extravagance of her conduct; this woman who has subjugated my heart and my admiration, despite the duplicity which ought to make me despise her; this Leontine, in short, is but a monster of falsity; her atrocity is equal to her coquetry! It is clear, that, with my rival, she laughs at the sentiments with which she has inspired me; it is clear, that she has been amusing herself by turning my head; that she has made me her victim; and that her lover is an insolent fop, who, under the mask of friendship, plays with my distress, my pain, and my credulity! And I have thought that I owe him gratitude. I was touched by the perfidious demonstrations of his friendship, and thinking myself beloved, I had imposed upon myself the rigorous law of silence. I wished to go, and when he detained me, twenty times was I tempted to confide to him my secret feelings. Behold the reward of my upright and candid behaviour! Yes, I will tear myself away from this detested place; but I will not go without revenge; the odious Meley shall give me satisfaction for his insolence! After all, it is a happiness to be able to hate and despise him. But, Leontine; can I believe it! . . . Nevertheless, it was not an illusion; I saw her turn pale; I saw her tears flow; I read in her eyes the sentiments which I feel. Can it be Meley whom she is betraying! Has she a project which prompts her to this artifice! She is deceiving one of us. . . . Alas! even if she does not deserve my hatred, she is not more worthy of my esteem."

This last reflection rent the heart of the unhappy Rosenthal, and his tears flowed freely.

He was only about a hundred yards from the castle, when he heard an extraordinary noise in it, he raised his eyes, and saw a commotion which announced that something had happened; people were flying back and forth, the doors were opened and shut violently; the servants were called, and the instruments ceased playing.

The agitated count hastened to the castle; he reached it, and entered the ball-room.

What an object met his gaze. On a sofa he saw Leontine lying, fainting, in her father's arms—one of her arms was bloody. Penetrated, beside himself, the count made enquiries and heard that a large girandole having become detached from the ceiling, had fallen upon Leontine's left shoulder, and it was believed her arm was broken. The accident had just happened: the mistress of the house on her knees before Leontine, was occupied in cutting open the sleeve of her dress. In doing this, she exposed her bare arm, and around it, just below the elbow, was a blue riband, forming a kind of bracelet; she untied it and threw it carelessly on a little table behind the sofa. Leontine's arm was bruised from the shoulder to the elbow, and deeply cut in several places; the pain which she felt on being touched, brought her to herself; she opened her eyes again, her first inquiries were for her father, then her wandering gaze seemed to seek some one else in the room, and she fixed it with the most tender expression on Rosenthal, who was drowned in tears: a moment after she asked for Meley, they told her he had gone for a surgeon, who lived about a quarter of a league from Taverny.

All the dancers, dismayed at the accident, remained in the adjacent gallery, and Leontine was surrounded by only four or five persons; she made a sign for the count to come nearer to her; he was in such a state that every body present except Darmond, understood his feelings for her.

At last, Meley came with the surgeon, who, after having examined Leontine's arm, declared that it was not broken. At this happy news, Meley embraced Rosenthal with transport, while the latter pressed him in his arms, without, at this moment, recalling his resentment.

Whilst they dressed the patient's arm, Rosenthal being easy about her condition, recalled the mysterious bracelet of blue riband, and impelled by the most eager curiosity he seized it, and put it into his pocket unobserved.

The mistress of the house, who had untied it, was too much occupied in doing the honors of the sick-room to remember such a trifle, thus the theft was neither perceived, nor the bracelet reclaimed.

They left Taverny. On arriving at Francville, Leontine went to bed, and Rosenthal shut himself up in his room to recover from the effects of his agitation, and, above all, with the intention of scrupulously examining the bracelet of blue riband.

This bracelet, which caused him so much

uneasiness, was only a little perfumed bag of blue satin, sewed with care, and to which two ribands were attached. But Leontine had worn this bracelet concealed under the sleeve of her dress; it was no doubt some precious love token. By its lightness and its flexibility, Rosenthal judged it could contain only hair. But Leontine, without any mystery, had for some time worn a ring of Meley's hair. Besides, the bracelet seemed to be new—what could it contain? Rosenthal, to clear up his insupportable doubts, and to fix a vague hope, was sorely tempted to cut it open. Nevertheless, he managed to conquer his ardent curiosity. He thought, with reason, that Leontine would inquire for her bracelet, and that not finding it, she would easily suspect the truth. This reflection fortifying his virtue, determined him to take the more generous part, that of returning the bracelet, and, in consequence, of keeping it perfectly intact. He enveloped it in paper, and sighing, put it into his pocket again. He retired at an early hour, slept but little, and rose with the dawn.

No one was awake yet, and he went out for a walk in the fields. About five hundred paces from the village which he was traversing, was a tree-covered hill, that looked down upon a little isolated house. The sun was just beginning to gild the tops of the trees, and it is known what a passionate desire people of all ages have to see the sun rise from the top of a mountain.

Rosenthal, moreover, was restless, jealous, and in love; the morning was splendid: what a fine opportunity to enrich his journal with a poetic description, an interesting picture of sentiments! He seized his tablets, and clambered up the hill. Arrived there, he was so fortunate as to find the trunk of a dead cypress; then he began to write his thoughts—or those of others; but, in short, it is certain that he was in the finest moment of ecstasy and enthusiasm, when a very unexpected object came to occupy all his attention.

Looking mechanically at the little lonely house, he saw Leontine's waiting-maid, Victorine, come out of it. He was placed in such a manner as not to be seen, and the young and agile Victorine disappeared like a flash of lightning, taking the road to Darmond's residence.

Leontine's favorite maid stealing furtively out of a strange house at five in the morning! So much as this was not necessary to cause Rosenthal great inquietude, especially, as he was very curious.

He hastily descended the hill with the intention of pursuing and questioning Victorine.

He saw her afar off; he redoubled his speed, and had nearly overtaken her, when he saw a piece of white paper in her track. He approached, stopped, and picked up the paper: a beautiful curl of blonde hair was attached to it. Rosenthal turned the paper and read these words: "For Leontine the beloved of my heart." "Ah," exclaimed Rosenthal, "Meley has black hair! This lock must belong to some one else." He could say no more. Rage suffocated him. He leaned against a tree, and remained riveted there for more than ten minutes. At length, recovering from his stupor, he cried, "I must know this new, this preferred rival." Saying these words he retraced his steps, and went directly to the house Victorine had just left.

When he came near to it, he saw a large bill on the door, announcing that it was to be let. He thought that the unknown lover had profited by this circumstance to conceal himself in this house, the only one in Franconville that was not inhabited, and that the bill had been left, the better to disguise the intrigue. He saw a bell-rope, which he pulled. An old woman appeared, who contenting herself with partly opening the door and putting her head a little way out, asking what he wanted.

"To rent this house," said he.

"If you had read the bill," replied she "you would have seen that you must go to Bouloi Street, Paris." At these words the old woman abruptly closed the door. In vain Rosenthal rang and knocked with redoubled violence, no one answered; he became furious and was obliged to go away.

On entering the castle he met Victorine, who was going out of it. She looked very sad, and she seemed to be seeking something. He well knew the cause of her inquietude, and he would have tried to make her tell it, had not Darmond come in unexpectedly and taken him away for a walk in the garden, whilst he related some troublesome and knotty business affairs. As Darmond expressed himself gravely and prosily, his recital lasted for an hour. At length Rosenthal thought that he had done with him when he saw him retake the road to the castle; but Darmond said: "As I see by the attention with which you listened, that this affair interests you, come into my closet, and I will read you a memorial I have written upon it which will explain the whole matter."

Poor Rosenthal was obliged to follow Darmond, and plunged in the deepest consternation, he heard the reading of the memorial, and only recovered his liberty at nine o'clock.

On going down stairs he met Victorine who told him in a mysterious manner that Leontine who had just risen, suffered very little with her arm, and that she wished to speak with him a moment in the parterre.

Rosenthal, very much agitated, went there immediately.

As soon as Leontine saw him she came towards him with a disturbed air, and said:—"Whilst at Taverny I lost a bracelet which is very precious to me. I only remembered it on going to bed. I sent to Madame D—— to ask for it, and she answers that she has sought it in vain. Have you it?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied Rosenthal in a cold and severe tone: "calm yourself, here it is."

At these words Leontine's face beamed radiant with joy. She took the bracelet, and after having looked at it she returned it to him; "Keep it," said she; "do not touch it, and in a few days I will open it in your presence; you will then see what it contains."

The astonished Rosenthal hesitated to take it again, but she insisted, and he obeyed. "I have yet another restitution to make you," said he, pronouncing the words with a bitter smile.

"What is it," cried Leontine,

"On the high-road," replied he, "I found this curl of blonde hair with this inscription,—read it Mademoiselle." Rosenthal articulated these last words in a menacing voice.

Leontine looked at the paper and became pale and trembling. Her surprise equalled her agitation, for Victorine had not yet dared to confess her carelessness.* Rosenthal frightened at the state in which he saw her, hastened to assure her that he would keep an inviolable silence in regard to this adventure.

Leontine still pale and trembling seemed ready to faint;—Rosenthal took her in his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, why this terror? Whatever may be my feelings do not fear me." Saying these words he placed her on a turf-seat.

Leontine remained a moment without speaking; she then took the paper and read what was written on it; looking fixedly at Rosenthal, with overflowing eyes she said, "Rosenthal, can you believe it?"

Oh, the power of a look! He who loves knows it; he who loves, will understand why Rosenthal, notwithstanding his rage and jealousy, notwithstanding the evidence, again doubted; and why he exclaimed, "I despise all these mysterious tokens; they are deceitful since they accuse you. Yes, Leontine, I will believe but you!" He held Leontine's hand

he felt it press his own; he saw her tears fall. At this moment they saw Meley approaching; Leontine blushed and hastily put the paper in her pocket. Rosenthal rose and went away.

As soon as he no longer saw Leontine, all his suspicions returned, and he felt convinced that Leontine had a criminal intrigue; how else could he interpret her terror, her silence. Could she not have justified herself if she had wished it! Her tears and confusion, had they not been the most complete avowal of her delirium?

But, on the other side, that look, that touching question made in so innocent a tone—"Can you believe it?" What could he think? He was lost and absorbed in these reflections when he was summoned to breakfast.

He found Leontine pensive and pre-occupied. Meley announced that he was going to Paris, and that he would return on the morrow; and he went, while Leontine, who appeared extremely agitated, retired to her room.

Many persons dined there on that day. Leontine came into the dining-room, but she frequently went out, called Victorine, re-entered her room and returned with a sad and troubled face. She complained a great deal of her arm; but Rosenthal observed her too well to believe the ruse. He saw clearly that she was deeply affected by some mental cause; he resolved to watch all her movements, and in the evening he discovered through his valet that Victorine went out of the castle continually, that she returned out of breath, spoke to her mistress and then went out again.

The day passed in this manner. Rosenthal had Victorine followed, and he learned that she only went to the little isolated house.

Wishing to penetrate the mystery, Rosenthal redoubled his vigilance.

Everybody went away at eight o'clock in the evening. He remarked that Leontine, more agitated than ever, tried to persuade him to retire, proposing to him, as well as to her father, a walk at a very early hour next morning. Darmond always went to bed at eleven; Leontine, to hasten the time, retired at ten.

Rosenthal persuaded that Leontine had the intention of receiving a secret visit, or of going to make one, did not go to bed.

He went into the yard which was overlooked by Leontine's windows, wrapped in a large mantle and with a sword under his arm. Thus prepared, he took a seat upon a stone bench in front of the windows.

The night was exceedingly dark. He saw

the light in Leontine's room until half-past eleven, it then disappeared. He remained another quarter of an hour, and not seeing it again rose to go away, but he heard a door opened—stopped, and presently saw two figures bearing a dark lantern enter the yard.

No longer doubting that Leontine and Victorine were going to the house on the hill, he resolved to precede them.

He escaped quietly into the court, reached the garden, opened a small door which led into the village and hastened to the little house; two rustic columns on each side formed the façade; he concealed himself behind these columns and in a quarter of an hour he saw the dark lantern and its bearers arrive.

At ten paces from the house the two figures stopped, and he heard these words: "Now give me the lantern. Go, and return for me in two hours." Victorine (for she it was) went away. Leontine approached, drew a key from her pocket, opened a door and entered. Rosenthal slipped behind her and as she was so bewildered that she made several steps without closing the door he went in after her; he was in a kind of entry, and feeling about with his right hand, he discovered a sort of niche in the wall formed by a door; there he concealed himself, and remained motionless.

In the meantime, Leontine called "Mary Ann!" and an old woman came and shut the door. Leontine made some inquiry in a low tone, the purport of which Rosenthal did not hear. Suddenly Leontine exclaimed, "Here he is!" And Rosenthal's surprise was extreme on recognising Meley's voice, which said, plaintively, "Oh! dear Leontine, arm yourself with courage!" Leontine replied only by sighs and tears. They ordered Mary Ann to go on before with the lantern, whilst they slowly followed.

The astonished Rosenthal stole on behind them in total darkness. At the end of forty paces they turned to the left, and passed into another dark entry, whilst Leontine and Meley wept. They reached a stair-case and ascended it; but for fear of betraying himself Rosenthal remained below, while he saw the whole party disappear at the top of the stairs.

He heard the shutting of doors, and then there was a profound silence. Notwithstanding the darkness, he now mounted, in his turn, and arrived at the last step. He felt on all sides, found a door, fixed himself there, and applied his ear to the key-hole. In a moment his blood ran cold. The piercing cries of a woman rent the air. Bewildered he drew his sword and struck redoubled blows, but no one answered.

Almost beside himself, Rosenthal tried in vain to force the door. Exhausted by his efforts and by the excess of his terror, he fell on his knees against the wall; the blood mounted to his head and caused him great pain which was somewhat relieved by a copious bleeding at the nose.

Meanwhile a frightful silence succeeded the lamentable cries. Rosenthal transfixed by horror, had not strength either to call or knock; he was bathed in a cold perspiration, and the quantity of blood he had lost rendered him weaker still. He was in this feeble state when he heard some one walking on the other side of the door. How did he feel on recognising Meley's voice and hearing him say these terrible words, broken by sighs and groans,

"Well, is she dead?"

"Yes," replied an unknown voice, "she is dead." Rosenthal fainted.

On recovering the use of his senses, he found himself on a sofa in a strange room; a person placed behind him sustained his head; Meley was on his knees beside him. "Leontine!" exclaimed Rosenthal in a wandering manner, "where is Leontine?"

"You are in her arms," replied Meley.—Rosenthal turned round and saw amid her disheveled hair, the adored face of Leontine drowned in tears; he beheld in her looks an expression of the deepest tenderness, and he came to life again. A flood of tears escaped his eyes.

"Ah! Rosenthal," said Meley, "the dreadful fright you have caused us certainly surpasses that which you felt! Imagine, if you can, what we must have experienced when, on going out of this room, we found you extended on the ground bathed in blood, and your naked and gory sword lying by your side."

"Oh!" cried Leontine, "I cannot conceive how I sustained the terrible sight without dying."

At these words, Rosenthal, penetrated to the soul, looked at Leontine without saying a word; emotion and surprise suspended all the faculties of his mind. At length turning to Meley he said—

"But where am I? What has happened? What crime has been committed? Who is this unfortunate victim that exists no longer?"

"My dear Rosenthal," replied Meley, "you will know in a few days. It is two hours past midnight; we must return to the castle so as to be there before day. All that I can now tell you is, that our hands are as pure as our souls. But come, let us lose no more time."

At these words Rosenthal rose, Leontine gave him her arm, he leaned also on Meley's, and the three set out. They found Victorine at the bottom of the steps with the dark lantern. Meley conducted them as far as the village, and then retraced his steps, saying he would return to the castle in the morning.

Leontine and Rosenthal re-entered without being perceived, and the former, before leaving the latter, said to him—"Sleep soundly, Rosenthal, you will soon know Leontine."

Notwithstanding this assurance, Rosenthal, on thinking of the astonishing things that had passed, and of the victim whose cries he had heard, and whose death had been announced; in short, of all the wonderful mystery of this adventure, felt sure that an atrocious vengeance had immolated its object on that fatal night.

He could not believe Meley or Leontine capable of crime, but a crime had been committed, he did not doubt it. Leontine and Meley were engaged in a dark intrigue, and he thought they had only deferred an explanation of the surprising scene in order to give themselves time to compose a fable. At these moments, remembering the flaxen ringlet, he was tempted to believe that Meley had killed his rival; but the cries had been those of a woman—they had said, "*she* is dead." Leontine had entered the house weeping—she expected a fatal event from the first. Meley, sobbing, had exhorted her to arm herself with courage. How could so many strange facts be explained.

After a thousand reflections, Rosenthal firmly resolved to leave in two days. He felt that the remembrance of Leontine would distress him a long time, and would ever preserve him from any other passionate attachment—but the idea of seeing her united to Meley rent his soul, and the suspicions which he could not dismiss from his mind notwithstanding the certainty of being loved, rendered the thought of his farther sojourn at Franconville odious to him.

On the morrow morning, at ten o'clock, Meley went into Rosenthal's room, and the latter without any preamble declared his intention of setting out immediately. At the first words Meley pronounced to oppose this design, Rosenthal interrupted him. "My dear Meley," said he, "it is impossible that you have not penetrated the reasons which make me wish to leave you; but if any doubts on this subject remain; if the curiosity which last night prompted me to watch and follow Leontine has not sufficiently enlightened you, hear me—I will at length speak to you with-

out disguise. I am your rival. I love Leontine to distraction. I can no longer answer for myself. I must either go, or declare my love, with all the ardor of a most violent passion, contained and concentrated in the depth of my heart for two months."

As the sole reply to these words, Meley threw himself on Rosenthall's neck—embraced him several times, and left the room with a triumphant air.

Rosenthall, stupified, remained standing in the middle of the room. "They will set me mad," said he. "Leontine, Meley—what strange and incomprehensible beings! Who could explain their conduct or comprehend their feelings!"

In a quarter of an hour Meley returned. "Dear Rosenthall," said he, "Darmond is at Paris, and he will not return till dinner-time; and Leontine is waiting alone for us in the dining-room; we can talk at our ease—come."

Rosenthall followed Meley and they found Leontine preparing the tea; she was pale and it was easy to see that she had suffered, and slept but little; nevertheless, she had a calm and satisfied air; and never had appeared more charming in Rosenthall's eyes.

After breakfast they sent away the servants and closed the doors. Then the three looked at each other in silence, and Leontine smiled even though her eyes were tearful.

"Well," said Rosenthall, "will you have done tormenting me, playing with my fears and deranging all my thoughts? I have told Meley my secret (for I had but one) will you now tell me yours?"

"Yes, Rosenthall," replied Leontine, "you shall know everything. Have you my bracelet of blue riband?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Open it," cried Leontine. At these words she blushing handed him the scissors.

Rosenthall, greatly agitated, cut open the little bag with a trembling hand; but what was his emotion on finding in it only the dried leaves of a tube rose, and a little piece of blue satin, on which were embroidered in letters of gold, the two words—ROSENTHALL and LEONTINE!

Nothing could be suspected in this discovery—it was, at the same time, the sweetest avowal, and a most convincing proof of a sentiment, as delicate as it was tender and passionate.

The transported Rosenthall fell at the feet of Leontine, who concealed her face in her hands. Meley, seizing one of them, uncovered her lovely face, which was rendered celestial by sweet and modest blushes, united to

an expression of the deepest sensibility. Leontine, raising her timid eyes to the happy Rosenthall, said, smiling, "Do you not find Meley a singular sort of rival? But it is to him you must now listen; sit down and know at length our situations and all our secrets."

Rosenthall obeyed, and Meley resuming, said, "My dear Rosenthall, a single word will explain many things. I am not your rival."

"You do not adore Leontine? You, to whom her hand was promised! Is it possible?"

"No, I have never been her lover; but this incomparable friend is not the less dear to me; her happiness will always be one of the first interests of my life; you can judge if it ought to be so, when you have heard her history and mine.

"I am six years older than she is. I have known her from her birth, and we were brought up together at some distance from Paris. I loved Leontine as a sister, and this sentiment strengthened as I saw the development of her sweet disposition. I was fifteen years old when my uncle went to the islands. He confided to me the project formed between Darmond and him of some day uniting my fate to Leontine's. I thanked him with transport, and this idea rendered her dearer to me.

"Some years afterwards, the war and the revolution obliged me to separate myself from Leontine who was then about twelve years old; but before leaving her for so long a time, I informed her in the presence of her father, of the plan of our families; she received this information with the simplicity and sensibility of innocence. Although she was yet too much of a child to inspire love, I yet loved her sufficiently to find an inexpressible charm in engaging myself to consecrate my life to her. I cherished her as a most amiable child. I could easily foresee what she would some day become, and I adored her in the future.

"I left, and went to the wars, and after four years' absence, the peace of Prussia recalled me to my country.

"I had always kept up a correspondence with Leontine, and her letters promised and proved to me the tenderest friendship. Absence, far from cooling, exalted my affection for her. At her age, time could but make her more beautiful. I saw her grown up. I saw her at sixteen! I ardently desired to return to her again.

"A troublesome wound which I had received in my shoulder re-opened, and obliged me to stay at Chalons. On the morrow, finding myself somewhat better, I walked out on foot to try my strength. I saw a great commotion

in the street—an immense number of people was collected before a house. I made my way through the crowd, and, on inquiry, heard that an emigrant, who had imprudently returned, was going to be arrested. In fact, in a few moments I saw a young lady of the most ravishing beauty come out of the house, conducted by vile satellites, and the wretches dragged her along with the most revolting brutality.

"She was pale, but there was in her mild and modest mien a striking dignity. Her looks encountered mine; she trembled, and seemed to implore my aid—and I swore to save her.

"I had heard her name. I advanced towards the ruffians. 'Stop,' cried I, 'stop, I know Mademoiselle de Mauny, and I will answer for her.' They did not hear me, and continued to drag her away. The unfortunate girl thanked me with a tender look, and I saw her tears flow; her danger could not draw them from her. 'Make yourself easy,' said I, 'I swear either to save you or perish in the attempt.'

"I flew to the municipality—I was a soldier, and powerfully protected by my officers, and I dared to speak with warmth and boldness of the innocent victim.'

"What right have you to intercede for her?' said they, 'is she your wife or your mistress?'

"I felt that the artifice was absolutely necessary to save her; and not thinking to engage myself, I replied, that I had given my word to marry her.

"They seemed to doubt, and added that this ruse was not new. I protested my sincerity.

"Well,' said one of the magistrates, 'you must leave this place the day after to-morrow. Go to the prison at dawn to-morrow—marry her in our presence, and in your favor we will grant her life and liberty.

"I turned pale. I stammered, and at last I said 'that my parents had other views for me, that I could not marry her for several years. They replied in these terrible words, 'If you do not marry her, to-morrow she goes to the scaffold at nine o'clock.'

"To-morrow she shall be my wife,' cried I, 'I only ask your secrecy, and time to prepare my family.' I went away dismayed—I did not go to bed, but I persisted in my resolution.

"At dawn I returned to the municipality and obtained the necessary order to enter the prison.

"The door of the dungeon, where innocence mourned, was opened. I entered, and found myself *tête-à-tête* with Mademoiselle de Mauny.

She uttered a cry of joy on seeing me. 'Our moments are precious,' said I, 'speak, are you free?'

"Yes, I am.'

"You can only save yourself by giving me your hand; they are coming—say that we are engaged to each other.'

"Oh my generous liberator, know that I possess nothing in the world,—my parents were exiled, and all their wealth is gone.

"So much the better—my action will have all the purity of my motives.'

"At these words Mademoiselle de Mauny, bathed in tears, threw herself at my feet, 'Oh beneficent angel,' said she, 'whose name I know not, whom I would choose were I seated on the throne of the universe; I give you that which is the most precious offering even to the Divinity himself, a heart penetrated with gratitude, a heart which the passions have never darkened or disturbed! But will you not some day repent the sublime sacrifice you are making to pity?'

"These last words vividly recalled the engagement which was so dear to me. I felt cruelly distressed, and I replied with some severity, 'you are to be thought of, not me; you must be saved.' As I said these words, some persons entered and conducted us to the municipality, where I was married to Mademoiselle de Mauny, who only learned my name when giving me her hand.

"After the ceremony I took her home with me. I scarcely had my senses. When we were alone, I dropped into an arm-chair and looked fixedly at my bride with a disturbed air. She regarded me with a species of terror; then drawing a profound sigh, she said: 'Religion has not sanctified this extraordinary union; the caprice of such subordinate tyrants has not the power to bind us. Procure me the means of leaving France—we will both protest against the tyranny which has been exercised against you, and you will be free.'

"She pronounced these words with a firmness and dignity which roused me from my lethargy; her youth and beauty touched me.

"It is true,' said I, 'that I have an engagement which was made in my childhood. I had pledged my troth to another, but I have given it to you, and now I am yours.'

"Do you love her whom you were to have married?'

"I have not seen her since she was twelve years old.'

"And I am seventeen.'

"This reply, made with as much feeling as ingenuousness, sealed my fate.

"I fell at my wife's feet; our tears mingled,

and my heart confirmed the vows that compassion alone had elicited. I found in Bathilda (that is my wife's name,) all that could enchain a soul like mine: the innocence and purity of an angel, a touching softness, a tender and generous heart, and an upright and refined mind.

"In short, fate, in tearing Leontine from me, could only recompense me by giving me Bathilda.

"I informed her of my situation; and I did not conceal from her, that, having no fortune of my own, I was dependent on my uncle's bounty:—I added, that we must keep our marriage a secret, if possible, until my uncle's return, or at least until I had maturely reflected on the means of preparing him for this event.

"Bathilda understood my reasons, and promised to submit to all I exacted.

"We set out separately, and arrived at Paris at the same time. Bathilda, under her maiden name, took board with an old woman in a distant suburb.

"I saw Leontine again; her welcome was that of innocence and friendship,—it touched without embarrassing me.

"But Darmond received me as a son-in-law, and the deepest remorse rent my heart! At length, I told the generous Leontine all: how shall I describe the exalted sensibility she shewed me!

"Dear Meley,' said she, 'this interesting Bathilda shall be my sister, I cannot tell what feelings I might have entertained for you if you had not known her; but, at present, I experience only those which made the charm of our happy childhood. Your new ties, which, in my opinion are so honorable, fix for ever this pure sentiment. Meley is still my brother, and his wife shall be my dearest friend. Keep your secret, wait the return of your uncle to reveal it, and do not tell my father now. I know him; this avowal would irritate him; let us wait for more favorable circumstances.'

"I followed the advice of my incomparable friend. She wished to know Bathilda. She saw her in secret, and these two young girls, the models of their sex, conceived a sincere and ardent friendship for each other.

"It was at this time that the execrable Robespierre received a just punishment for his crimes. This event decided my uncle to come to France without delay. A few months afterwards he wrote to announce his intended return. He started, in fact, and was taken prisoner by the English. Precisely at this time, Darmond, on a calumnious denunciation, was arrested and taken to the Temple:—a few

days afterwards, my dear Rosenthall, you were sent there yourself. I was absent then. On my return, Leontine spoke of you to me with an interest which surprised me.

"Remember, Leontine,' said I, smiling, 'that this young man is a stranger.'

"Yes,' replied she, 'but I have heard him say he is his own master; that no tie attaches him to his country; and that he is resolved to establish himself where his heart shall fix him.'

"After this conversation I wrote to a friend of mine, a banker, to make the most particular inquiries about this young count Rosenthall, who interested Leontine so much.

"You left the prison—you came here, and soon my dear Leontine, confessed, without evasion, the secret which I had so easily penetrated.

"Leontine having made a choice herself, I was released from a great difficulty. But her happiness was as dear to me as my own, and I resolved to employ all the power which friendship gave me, in exhorting her to conduct herself with perfect prudence. I asked her, earnestly, to allow herself to be guided by me, and to say nothing to you without consulting me; and she promised to do as I wished. I received the replies from Germany concerning you, and they greatly praised your morals and your character. I shewed these letters to Leontine, who seemed to triumph while reading them. 'These testimonies,' said I, 'give me great pleasure, but it is not sufficient that Leontine's husband have good morals and probity; he must, besides, be generous, refined, and tender:—he is in love we see,—this is not enough. I wish that he may suspect your *penchant*, and that he may not hesitate to sacrifice love and hope to gratitude; in short, to the confidence Darmond and I shew him,—if he is truly noble he will soon wish to go'—

"But we will keep him,' interrupted Leontine, eagerly:

"Ah, yes,' replied I, 'be easy—if he be worthy of you, your country will be his.'

"Behold, my dear Rosenthall, the explanation of the pretended inconsistencies which have caused you so much surprise. You must know, now, that I did not exaggerate when I spoke to you of Leontine with so much enthusiasm. You could easily mistake the feeling that inspired me at our age; admiration and friendship so nearly resemble love! And is not even the gratitude of a sensitive heart a passion! Leontine sought me to speak of you, and I talked to her of Bathilda; this double confidence rendered our conversation

sweet and animated; it joined the inexhaustible interest of love to the delicious charm of trust and friendship.

"Often, in observing us, you must have seen in Leontine's face, an expression of tenderness, but it was when she had just pronounced your name; and you were jealous of that which confirmed your own happiness.

"Leontine, on her side trembled, while she rejoiced in your love; she liked to see indications of it, but she always feared that you would have the weakness to declare it.

"When she sought to prove you; when she tried to make you break silence, it was always with uneasiness and timidity; and when she saw you struggling with your feelings; when you spoke to her with coldness and severity; when you wished to go away; you attached her to you by the most powerful ties of esteem. Meanwhile, she deplored with me, the extravagant part she was playing in your eyes. But I wished to prove you to the utmost, and I encouraged Leontine, whilst ridiculing the tender compassion she shewed for you, by representing how easy her justification would be, and how happy the denouement.

"We have been very much agitated these few days, for my uncle's letters announce his speedy return, and more than all, we were distressed by the condition of my wife who was about to become a mother.

"I resolved to place her in the untenanted house at the end of the village. This occasioned Leontine's messages, which gave rise to such strange suspicions in your mind."

"And the flaxen ringlet was Bathilda's."

"Exactly so," replied Leontine, "she had written to me on the evening before, that she had a presentiment of the fatal termination of her illness,—thus I received with violent agitation this touching token of her friendship; besides, I easily penetrated the outrageous suspicion that this incident inspired in you.

"I had promised Meley not to tell you anything without his consent, and on this occasion I could only justify myself by revealing a secret not my own; nevertheless, it was insupportable to me to appear base in your eyes were it only for a moment. These thoughts gave me the most cruel anxiety, and I believe I was going to speak, when Meley appeared:—he came to tell me that Bathilda was suffering greatly. He pretended to you that he was going to Paris, and he went and shut himself up in the little house on the hill.

"During the whole day I thought only of Bathilda, and the messages I received made me very uneasy. As she desired to see me, I resolved to go as soon as my father retired:

in fact I went at midnight, and I found her in a most dangerous condition, but in about an hour she gave birth to a daughter, who lived only a few minutes; it was the death of this infant, announced to Meley by the doctor which produced the error that caused you so much fright.

"But who can paint the terror and (I dare confess it,) the despair which I felt when we left Bathilda's room! The old woman, Mary Ann, who held a light went before us and opened the stair-case door;—at the same moment she shrieked,—'A murdered man!' She drew back, and the door being open, we saw you extended on the ground, bloody and motionless, your cloak torn off, and your naked sword lying by your side. I went down on my knees and raised your head to sustain it; cold and senseless as yourself I did not weep; terror suspended my tears: meanwhile a confused hope of recalling you to life gave me supernatural strength.

"Meley in a distracted manner ordered Mary Ann to go for the doctor she left us carrying away the light, and we were in profound darkness; we did not dare to call lest we might frighten Bathilda. This moment was one of inexpressible horror.

"'Unhappy Rosenthal!' cried Meley, in a suppressed voice. I shuddered on hearing your name pronounced.

"The plaintive accent of Meley seemed a confirmation of your death; my heart was rent, but the idea that it would be impossible for me to survive you, gave me the sad resignation of despair. I calmed myself, by thinking that it would soon be all over with me, and speaking to you, I said,—

"'Unfortunate youth, my silence has killed thee! Jealousy conducted thee to this fatal house,—it made thee follow my steps, and I,—I also will follow thee!'

"At this moment Meley cried: 'I feel his heart beating,' I stretched forth my arms to him; he who pronounced these words was my deliverer; we embraced each other and a deluge of tears relieved my oppressed soul.

"The surgeon came, and having examined you, declared you were not wounded; you were then carried into the room—you know the rest.

"Now, if I can announce to my father that you will promise to establish yourself in France, I am certain of obtaining his consent."

At these words, Rosenthal arrived at the summit of his wishes, and swore with transport to adopt France for his country. To Meley, he said the most touching things that gratitude and friendship can inspire. He was

intoxicated with joy, and saw the amiable Leontine perfectly happy.

It was resolved, that Meley, profiting by the misfortune which had cost him his child, should still conceal his marriage from his uncle, and that Leontine should acquaint him with her feelings for Rosenthall, after having made an avowal of them to her father. All was managed in this manner.

Darmond, who only desired his daughter's happiness, would have been much offended if Meley had retracted his word; but as it was Leontine who had made another choice, she easily obtained his consent, by proposing to him a rich and agreeable son-in-law of a distinguished rank.

Darmond was sorry for Meley, to whom Leontine and Rosenthall gave the merit of having sacrificed his pretensions.

Meley's uncle looked black at Darmond, was angry with Leontine, and pitied his nephew.

The lovely Leontine was married to the happy Rosenthall; and a few months after, Meley being in high favor with his uncle, and well knowing the indulgent kindness of his character, led the beautiful Bathilda to his arms and told him her history.

The good uncle wept, admired the ways of Providence, thought his niece as lovely as an angel, and approved the marriage.

The happiness of Bathilda and Meley added to that of Leontine and Rosenthall, and these four people, living together in an agreeable retreat, enjoyed a felicity which was no doubt as lasting as it was pure, since it was formed by friendship, virtue, and love.

M A R G A R E T.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

A winning one is Margaret,
To all who know her well;
She seems to cast around us all
Some soul-bewitching spell.

There is a music in her voice,
A charm in every word,
And better thoughts within the heart,
By those sweet tones are stirred.

I would ye all knew Margaret,—
Why should her loveliness
Be hidden like the violet,
One lowly spot to bless?

Yet seek not in the giddy maze,
Where Beauty bows to Fashion;
Where lovely faces oft conceal
Some dark and baneful passion.

Oh, seek not in those dazzling throngs,
Though all seems bright and fair;
Though you may linger by the way,
You will not find her there.

But in her home, her happy home,
Whence all deceit is driven;
And where, sometimes, I almost think
That I am nearer heaven.

In gentle offices of love,
In every changing scene,
Her heart is like the oasis
For ever fresh and green.

And in this weary wilderness
Where flowers lie withering;
What wonder if we turn to her
As some reviving spring?

Do you not now love Margaret?
You know not yet the whole;
For high and noble purposes
Are shrined within her soul;

And though her heart, its tenderness
In deeds of mercy proves,
That heart would face, unshrinkingly,
E'en death for those she loves.



For the Ladies' Magazine.

BIRDS AND SONG.—No. III.

THE ROBIN.

Nor alone in books, nor even, more really, in pent-up cages, have we now birds and song: but from the green woods and quiet lanes there rises a thrilling chorus of glad melody. And there, in the gaily attired apple tree, and blossom-gemmed wild cherry, they are fluttering and singing, and scattering the flower-leaves upon the mild south wind, that bears them gently, as if glad once more to find spring's lovely children. Let us go out into the woods and fields. There are voices for the heart, which are never heard amid the city's crowded streets, and unchanging exterior. Man's works are fixed. The marble column, the fretted ceiling, the rigid outlines of brick and mortar, even the statue that seems just ready to glow with life, or the picture to speak to you or step from the canvass, are the same to-day that they were yesterday. But nature is ever putting on new forms of beauty. She is never the same, but always lovely. Each new feature has a language for the heart, and speaks to some new affections. Come, then, to the woods and fields.

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"If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumult, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

"How rich the varied choir. The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the bluejay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading his rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

"With the sweet airs of Spring, the Robin comes,
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig

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That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet in constant chime."

J. McLELLAN, JR.

Welcome, thrice welcome, modest, sweet spring bird! simple though thy strain be, yet it is full of tender, artless, true affection. More than a month ago, we saw thee, flitting from branch to branch of the leafless trees, and heard thee tuning an occasional song;—now the milder airs, the green leaves, and fragrant blossoms have awakened thee to eloquent life, and thy song comes to our ear, still the most welcome of any. Since the hour we heard, with streaming eyes, of thy tender offices to those dear lost babes in the woods, up to this moment, have we loved thee, gentle bird! and we shall never hear thy song without an emotion no other strain can awaken. Many a true poet has sung thy praises, and many more will continue to celebrate them. Thy song has awakened song, deep in the human heart; and will still so continue to awaken it.

Wordsworth has made the robin his theme in more than one fine little poem. Our readers will sympathise with the simple earnestness of the following :

THE RED-BREASTED ROBIN.

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air,
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare
Brisk Robin seeks a kindred home ;
Nor like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the ballad read ;
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist ;
And caught by glimpses now—now missed ;
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without !
Was ever such a sweet confusion
Sustained by delicate illusion ?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling
The notes come from the floor or ceiling ;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
Till you have marked his heaving breast,
Where tiny sinking, and faint swell,
Betray the elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred

Command him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive *our* gain
Compared with *his* who long hath lain,
With languid limbs, and patient head,
Reposing on a lone sick-bed ;
Where now he daily hears a strain
That cheats him of too busy cares,
Eases his pain, and helps his prayers,
And who but this dear bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced child ?
Now cooling with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of spring ;
Recalling now, with descant soft
Shed round her pillow from aloft,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of " Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Blessing the bed she lies upon :"
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim,
Lamps of faith now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night,
And the moon filled the church with light,
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice-happy creature ! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands :
Free entrance to the cot has he,
Entrance and exit both yet free ;
And when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings bird and man together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed, and doors made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O'er table *lift*, or light on chair,
Though some may frown, and make a stir,
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part ;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him, from the chimney nook,
Where sits the *Dame*, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday ;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by,
On human nature's second infancy.

WORDSWORTH.

From a fair correspondent, who looks upon nature with an instructed eye, we have received some pleasant stanzas. Happy would it be, if all could truly feel their import, and love, as well as feel them.

THE ROBIN.

BY H. M.

Social, happy little bird !
 When thy pleasant song is heard,
 Childhood's laughter gushes out,
 With a freer wilder shout ;
 There—the skies seem bending nearer,
 There—the air is warmer, clearer,
 There—the field-flower springeth up,
 With more fragrance in its cup :
 While thy loving spirit-voice,
 Makes the listening earth rejoice.

Poets praise the Nightingale,
 Singing in the silent vale ;
 Far from earthly love and strife,
 All that mars or sweetens life ;
 'Tis not thus the Robin flies,
 From our human sympathies,
 He among the homes of men,
 Gives, and finds delight again ;
 Sharing still his simple mirth,
 With the denizens of earth :
 When the harvesters are out,
 Flinging music all about ;
 Bringing to the weary boy,
 Many a thought of hope and joy ;
 Such as only may be stirred,
 When his happy song is heard :
 Pouring out his liquid lay
 Where the little children play,
 Like a gentle blessing—sent
 To the good and innocent ;
 While the farmer, hale and old,

Resting at his cottage door,
 If his feelings be not told,
 Blesses him in heart the more.

Robin ! we may learn of thee
 Lessons of humility ;
 Thou—with fleet untiring wings,
 All unshackled by the earth,
 Caring still for lowlier things,
 Sharing in the humblest mirth :
 So should we, at duty's call
 Let the wings of fancy fall,
 And seek delight, sweet bird ! like thee,
 In home-born love, and social glee.

One more brief address to our favorite we are
 tempted to give. The reader will not turn
 away from it we are sure. It is by Jones
 Very, an American Poet.

“Thou need'st not flutter from thy half built nest,
 Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,
 Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,
 Or he thy young, unfinished cottage spy ;
 All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,
 Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,
 Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now,
 For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves ,
 All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy,
 That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,
 For ever-anxious cares thy songs employ,
 That else upon thy music borne along
 And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer
 Had learned that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys
 to share.”

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner !
 Christian, God speed thee !
 Let loose the rudder-bands—
 Good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come ;
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home !
 Look to the weather bow,
 Breakers are round thee ;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail there !
 Hold the helm fast !
 So—let the vessel wear—
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman ?
 What of the night ?”
 “Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land ye—all's right.”

Be wakeful, be vigilant—
 Danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ?
 Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold ;
 There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights ;
 Hurrah ! the harbor's near—
 Lo ! the red lights !

Slacken no sail yet
 At inlet or island ;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land ;
 Crowd all thy canvass on,
 Cut through the foam—
 Christian ! cast anchor now—
 Heaven is thy home !

LUKE O'BRIAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I wish, with all my heart, I could adequately describe Luke; I have often requested him to sit for his picture, and, if he had done so, I should have had it engraved for the benefit of the English public. Luke, however, has, what he calls, "a mortal objection to his face being in print." Therefore, good reader, you can never have an accurate idea of the subject of my story. He was, when I first knew him, about two-and-twenty; in height, six feet four inches; slight but muscular; and the too visible size of his bones renders him not unworthy of his gigantic nomenclature. His countenance is nondescript—appertaining to no particular nation, yet possessing, it may be said, the deformities of all: an Austrian mouth, French complexion, Highland hair (of the deepest tint), small pepper-and-salt colored eyes, that constantly regard each other with sympathetic affection, and a nose elevated and depressed in open defiance of the line of beauty, are the most striking objects in his strange physiognomy;—in common justice, I must add, that his face is remarkably long, pale, and much disfigured by a cut he received from a "hurley" in his boyhood, which carried away his left eye-brow, and a small portion of his cheek; this mark, Luke, who is an acknowledged wag, terms "his beauty-spot."

It was a drizzling, damp evening, in the month of November, when the aforementioned Luke O'Brian, grasping his shillalah in his enormous hand, passed through the beautifully situated town of Enniscorthy;—glancing as he could do, without inconvenience, one eye towards Vinegar-hill, and the other towards the noble ruins of "the Castle," he proceeded on his way, intending to reach Wexford that night. Although Luke was a tall, stout, brave boy, he would rather have been any where than just where he was: with a dreary road before him, and no one to speak to, the huge rocks looked frowning enough, to a lonely traveller, in the deepening twilight, on one side of the way; and, on the other, rolled the dark, blue waters of the Slaney. Luke had been serving writs in a distant part of the country; he was not a native of the county of

Wexford, though selected for the performance of this, by no means safe, task, by an attorney, who shall be nameless. He had wandered away from the right road, when he fancied he heard steps behind him; his merry whistle sank into a kind of hiss, and his long legs trembled somewhat, as he strode forward; he soon ascertained that his pursuers were two in number, and, from their trot-like walk, justly concluded that they were short, stout men; nevertheless, they soon overtook Luke; long-shanked though he was, he had no chance of out-striding them.

"May-be you've walked far this bleak night?" they inquired.

"May-be I have," replied Luke.

"May-be ye're going far on?"

"May-be so."

"How dim the ould stones look in the grey light!" observed one of the persevering travellers.

"So they do,"

"They say they're mighty unlucky," continued one of the men.

Our hero summoned courage, and replied, firmly, "Nothing's unlucky to a stout heart."

"Say you so, my boy!" exclaimed the younger one; "then here goes!" and the click of a pistol, that was instantly presented at Luke's breast, sounded very disagreeably through the dark night. His arms were instantly pinioned, with almost supernatural strength, by the fellow-robber, and he was drawn back into a sort of fosse, or deep dike, that skirted the path. He shouted loudly for assistance, but was told, very coolly, to "hould his whisht." "Do ye think that people have nothin' to do but to walk the road, to look for young chaps in distress? Hould yer whisht, I say! By the powers! if ye don't I'll——"

"Stop," said the elder; "as ye value yer mother's curse or blessing!—don't ye remember what she said not two hours ago?"

"Can't he give up what he has got?" retorted the younger; "does he think I'm a fool, to feel the cash in his pocket, and lave it there? I'll tell ye what," he continued; "give it up, and ye shall meet with genteel treatment; it's

good to have to do wid gentlemen, in our trade. But look ye, my lad; I've a mother dying of starvation; food hasn't crossed her lips for more than two days; and we're all hunted like wild animals, from house and home. So, if ye've a mother of yer own, *give* us the means of saving her life."

"In troth," replied Luke, "I never had either father or mother, that I know of. But there,—I'm only a poor, lone boy. Sure ye wouldn't take all I have in the world to depend on?"

"Not *all* ye have," responded the elder of the men, with a bitter groan; "we couldn't take *all* ye have, for ye have a good name, may-be, and *that* is what *we* can never have again." They rifled the contents of his leather bag; which the youngest was about to pocket, when the elder interposed.

"It's only five one-pounders, and a few bits of silver. And is this all ye have, for the many times you've been a'most kilt, sarving the law, to be sure? Well, the half of it will do our turn: keep the rest. We'd be long sorry to take all he had from any fatherless boy." The young man grumblingly returned half the money; and Luke, with that natural cheerfulness of feeling, the almost peculiar characteristic of the Irish, felt as if he had gained, not as if he had lost any thing. Still he was sadly perplexed;—he had wandered considerably from the main road, and, in endeavoring to regain it, grabbed amid what appeared an interminable wilderness of overgrown fern, sharp, stinging furze, and low broom-wood—the most intricate thing in the world to escape from, as the frequent cuttings it receives from the broom gatherers makes it very spreading in its under branches; then the turf-holes, and the various inequalities of the ground—now up, now down; not a star twinkling in the firmament—not a light to tell of human habitation in any direction; the rain pouring unceasingly, and the wind blowing, as Luke afterwards declared, "in whatever direction he turned, always in his face." At length he had almost resolved to sit down quietly upon a rock, and wait the morning dawn, when, in what appeared a high mound of clay, at a short distance, he perceived a little ray of light; he knew well that, in Ireland, wherever there is a roof, there is a resting-place for the poorest traveller; and, guided by the flickering spark, he soon arrived at what could hardly be called a human dwelling. It was, literally speaking, a large excavation in the earth; two boards, nailed together, closed the aperture through which the wretched inhabitants entered, and a hole

in the clayey roof served the double purpose of chimney and window. For a moment he rested outside the threshold; and, between the intermediate blasts, the low murmurings of a female voice, in earnest prayer, could be distinctly heard. He pushed aside the unprotected door; and, stretched on the cold, wet floor, with scarcely sufficient straw to keep her wasted limbs from the earth, covered by the remains of a tattered cloak, he saw the apparently dying form of an elderly woman. The miserable rush-candle, that had guided him to the hovel, was stuck in a scooped potato; her head was supported by a bundle of rags, a broken tea-cup, and an equally mutilated plate, both without either food or liquid, were within reach of the skeleton hands that were fervently clasped together. Through the opening in the roof, the rain fell in torrents, forming sundry pools around the fireless hearth; and no article of furniture of any kind was visible in the miserable dwelling-place—the last earthly home of the departing spirit. As Luke entered, she endeavored to turn her head towards him, but appeared unable, and barely articulated, "Is that you, Tom, honey?"

Luke returned the usual friendly salutation of "God save all here!" and advanced towards her. The look of her fast-glazing eye fixed steadily upon the young man, and he has often said, "the freezing of that look will never leave his heart." I have seen him shudder at the remembrance. Slowly she pushed back the grey, yet clustering hair, from her clammy brow, and gazed upon him long and fixedly. "Don't be frightened, agra!" said he, at last; "I've lost my way, and, may-be, ye'd jist let me wait here awhile, till the storm goes by; and, may-be, also, ye'd fancy a bit of what I've got in my pocket (he pulled out the fragments of some wheaten bread); or a drop of this would bring the life to yer heart, astore." She grasped the food he offered, with all the frightful eagerness of famine; but, when she endeavored to swallow, it almost caused suffocation. Luke took a little of the rain-water in a broken cup, and, mixing it with a small portion of whiskey, knelt, and, gently supporting her head, poured it down her throat. She appeared somewhat revived; and, placing her long, bony fingers on his arm, whispered:—

"God reward ye!—God reward ye!—may God keep ye from bitter sin!—there's nothin' to offer ye, nor no fire to dry ye!—but take the wet tacks off, they'll give ye yer death o' could."

Luke obeyed her bidding, and, in a few

moments, the dying woman turned towards him another long and piercing look. "Can ye spare me a taste more of that cordial, honey?" she inquired. Luke again knelt, in the same position as before, and she drank with avidity of what he offered. As he was about withdrawing his arm, her eye fixed upon a mark that had been engraved upon his wrist, by a species of tattooing, which the Irish, particularly along the sea-coast, frequently use. It was of a deep blue, and he had no recollection when or how it had been impressed. She grasped his hand with fearful violence, and her energies seemed at once awakened. She tried to articulate; but, although her eyes sparkled, and she sat upright on her bed of straw, yet she could not utter a single sound. "Is it the maning of that mark, ye want to make out? Why, thin, it's just myself that can't tell ye, because, ye see, I don't know: I'm sorry for it, agra! but it can't be helped; only I often think, that, may-be, it will be the manes of my finding out who owns me, which, at present, I don't know from Adam. Sorra a one ever laid claim to me, only poor Peg O'Brian, of Cranaby Lane, Cork; who found me, as a new-year's gift, the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and seven, outside——"

A scream, loud and piercing, interrupted Luke; and, at the same instant, the withered arms of the poor woman strained him, with a strong grasp, to her bosom. "I haven't an hour to live, boy!" she exclaimed, at last; "and, oh! for the sake of the mercy you expect hereafter, do not throw from ye the poor, sinful, dying mother, that bore ye;—don't, don't—for, oh! my child!—I'm still—though banned and starving—I'm still your mother!"

Luke was much affected: he had argued himself into the belief that he was a son of one of the nobles of the land; and that, some day or other, he would, according to his own phrase, "turn out a lord, or, at the laste, a gentleman;" and it would have been difficult to analyse the nature of the contending feelings that agitated him. Pity, deep and affectionate pity, for her who had just declared herself his parent, was, however, the predominant one; and he returned her embrace with warmth and sincerity.

"I must tell you all I can," she continued, in a broken voice; "but first, let me ask ye, have ye been honest in yer dealings with rich and poor? Have ye kept from the temptation of gould?—Och! but it's the yellow and the bitter curse!—that leads—but tell me, tell me!—are ye honest?"

"God knows," he replied, "I never took to the value of a traneeen from man or mortal; and what's more, many a gentleman's son would be glad to take up with the *karacter* of poor Luke."

"Heaven be thanked for these words!" ejaculated the unfortunate creature; "for, in the deep of misfortune, the best of comfort is come to me,—may the Lord be praised! When I dared to strive (sinner that I am) to pray, even one word, it was, that *you* might be honest. All belonging to me are bad,—bad. My children—all, all but you, banned, cursed,—but brought up as they were!—sure, the kittens of the wild cat must seek the young bird's nest!—even now, to bring me food, my husband, and my other born son, are—no, not murder!—they swore that they wouldn't take life,"

The horrid truth flashed upon the young man's mind, that he had encountered his father and brother; and he explained that he had met them, and told also of their generous conduct towards him.

"Thank God!—but that man is not your father," she said: "listen for one minute. I married a man I hated, for money; but my wild, fierce passions could not bear it—I broke his heart;—you were born after his death—I loved you—but no matter—I loved also a wild and wandering man. He was handsome to look upon, and he promised to make an honest woman of me, if I got rid of you. God had a hand in ye for good, though you needn't thank me for it. So I left ye in a strange place, first setting my mark on ye; and after, whenever I could, I found out that ye were like an own child to poor Peg. But the love of gould followed us both, and, at last, the man was transported. It is quare how my love for him held out; but it did. I followed sin, that I might be sent where he was; and, sure enough, I found him in that land which it's a shame to mention. Still we longed to get back to ould Ireland; and, though we returned too soon, yet we meant to do well; but the informers got scent of him, and again we were forced to fly. I became a sorrowful mother to many children; and some of them I followed to the gallows-tree: and, at last, my heart turned to iron, and all sins seemed one; but if a wretch like me can say so—I heard, and I read among some loose leaves (for I had my share of larning once), that came from a house they wracked one night, that there was a hope even for us! And I told *thim* of it, but they laughed at me; and, even when my heart feels burst and burning, I think upon *thim*, and strive to pray."

With a trembling hand she drew, from under the straw, some torn leaves of the bible.

"I cannot see to lay them properly," she said; "but this half I give to you, and these I will leave here; they will find them when I am dead, And God can bless them—may-be, to salvation."

Luke took the pages, while the tears flowed abundantly down his cheeks.

"And now," said she, "go. I would not have them know ye for the world; they would want ye to be like them. Go go—I shall see them; for they can only get food at night for me, like the wild bastes. One thing more:—in Wexford," and she accurately described the street and house, "you will find Father —; tell him *all*, and *where* I am. Though

none of us are of this country, he knows me well—he will come; and then you may know where they lay my poor bones, and, may-be, ye'd say one prayer for the soul of yer sinful mother."

The unfortunate woman had only a little ray of light afforded her to point the true path to a happy eternity; but to Luke it was granted, at a future period, to know and profit by the words of the Gospel of peace. That night he hastened to find the priest, who was a kind and benevolent man, and hastened to his duty: his mother died before the next sunset. He has been long settled, where his early occupation is unknown; and has often rejoiced in the hope that the dead may be received, even at the eleventh hour; and prayed that he may continue in the right way!

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE GAME OF CHESS BY SUCCESSION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE household of Counsellor Bloc appeared on a certain night to be in a state of unusual commotion. Lights were seen rapidly passing from window to window, and all was confusion. On that night Counsellor Bloc found himself the father of a fine boy.

Now that I am in possession of my hero, it is but justice that I should go back a little in his genealogy. M. Bloc was appointed twenty years before this memorable event to the office of Counsellor to the parliament, and was married very shortly afterward. Since that time things had prospered with M. Bloc, and he had, in consequence of several legacies, become a millionaire. Unfortunately no children were added to his household, and he felt his privation the more keenly as his wealth increased; he longed for a son, that he might transmit his name and fortune to a direct heir. Difficulties sprang up between the married pair, and M. Bloc, losing his good temper, daily showed toward his wife fewer evidences of the love he had so ardently professed for her. It was whispered, indeed, that Madame Bloc had grown peevish and avaricious, and of late years had displayed very little of that charming manner which, formerly, constituted the happiness of her husband, and that M. Bloc, tired of waiting for a return of amiability, took measures to remedy this discom-

fort at home by avoiding it as much as possible.

Allowing his wife to vent her spleen in solitude, he gave himself up to the abstractions of chess. At this crisis young Placide was born, and through his influence all again became bright and happy in the then gloomy household.

Toward the close of the Regency, and under the reign of Louis XV. the game of chess, already in favor amongst the English and Dutch, became a passion with the grave and serious men of our nation. Academies were opened and professors publicly taught this science, in which the warrior saw the demonstrations of his military theories, and the mathematician an application of his infinite combinations. Men of letters, and statesmen sought in this game a relaxation to their intellectual labors, and their ranks furnished worthy adepts to sustain the national honor in the contests which were soon engaged in between the academies of Paris, Amsterdam, Leipsic and London. The celebrated Philidor, who gave up music for chess, was distinguished in these innocent national wars. Counsellor Bloc was his best pupil.

An English peer, Lord Grayson, desirous of testing himself the ability of the French professor, offered him a challenge to a trial of

skill, which was accepted. But many unforeseen circumstances occurring to prevent Philidor from playing the game, he begged the Englishman to allow him to appoint a substitute. After some demurring, he finally consented, and the master did not hesitate to select M. Bloc as the champion. Lord Greyson had reason, however, to be content with his antagonist. Three years after, the game which was carried on by means of letters between London and Paris, was interrupted by the death of the Englishman. But this exigency was anticipated and provided for; Lord Greyson, by will, gave all his income, land, and titles to his nephew, on condition, *sine qua non*, that the game of chess should be continued. The nephew readily accepted the legacy, and sought to merit it by devoting all his energies to fulfil, in the best manner, the conditions imposed upon him by the uncle's will; indeed he was a no less skilful tactician, nor less devoted to the game of chess than Lord Greyson, and showed himself able to sustain the cause of this uncle and the honor of old England.

On his side, M. Bloc educated his son, the young Placide, in the fear of evil and the love of chess. The example of Lord Greyson had shown to him the necessity of preparing a worthy successor in case of his own demise. From his earliest youth young Placide made himself acquainted with the progress of his father's game, and as his ripening mind enabled him to take in the more intricate combinations of the science, M. Bloc gave him theoretical and practical lessons with a zeal truly paternal. At twelve years of age, Placide Bloc was able to cope with some of the most skilful professors. It is true that he had never read any other book than the "Analysis of Chess," by Philidor, published at London, in 1749. Young Placide appeared to have a great taste for the exact sciences and seemed born to become a great mathematician; but he never counted beyond sixty-four, the number of squares on the chess-board.

During a convalescence of two months, the physician forbid his playing chess for fear of a return of the illness under which he had labored. He then showed great taste for mechanics, and put into operation a little lathe which his father had presented to him. But he employed his talent only to turn chess-men in ivory and wood of the most beautiful forms, and of all possible sizes. A cousin begged him to make for her a little box; after many futile attempts he could produce nothing but a beautiful ivory queen, which he hollowed out with much ingenuity into a curious box.

The game of chess, in question, continued

to be played, however, with equal advantage. The national wars between France and England on the subject of the independence of the United States, did not put an end to this particular contest, and the general peace of September 3d, 1784, only had the effect of rendering the hostilities in this case more active by facilitating communication. But, notwithstanding the rapidity of the correspondence, the game still remained undecided. The nephew of Lord Greyson had called to his aid an entire family of quakers, and M. Bloc deemed it advisable to give the young Placide, at the age of fifteen years, a voice in his deliberations. Philidor had promised to remain neutral, and he kept his word to the day of his death, which took place in 1795. The balance of skill was equal, the equilibrium perfect, but this laborious and brilliant game which continued unaffected by the death of Lord Greyson, by the bloody wars of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. by the battle of Fontenay, by the taking of Pondichery, by the defeat of Lord Cornwallis, was interrupted by the revolution.

Under the reign of terror, M. Bloc as counsellor for the parliament, was executed in the place de Grève. Placide was left alone then to sustain the combat which he determined without hesitation to continue. But the circumstances which prevented him, for a considerable period, from pursuing the game and the forced cessation of the work for which he had been born and educated, was not the only misfortune against which he had to bear up in these times of trouble and anarchy.

M. Bloc, as we have said, expiated upon the scaffold the crime of being counsellor to the parliament, and, what was of greater enormity, of being very rich. But some months before his arrest, in anticipation of the coming troubles, he had secured his fortune and placed it in the hands of a German banker. His son was thus raised above pecuniary necessity. But as he was without experience in the world, he scarcely knew what use to make of his great fortune, and probably owed his life to the plain manner in which he lived. He remained in Paris; but never went out, always received the official visitors very politely, exchanging his German gold when necessity required for *assignats*, in accordance with the proclamation, and spending so little that he was thought to be poor. He bore philosophically the loss of his parents; he felt no wish to complain of a government which had taken the life of his father in the Place de Grève, and allowed his mother to die in the Conciergerie. But it is not to be supposed that he was raised entirely above the influence

of human affections; an occurrence took place which overwhelmed him with grief; a splendid edition of the *Analysis of Chess*, in 8vo. 1777, with a portrait of Philidor, by Bartholozzi, was seized by the government. He then dared to ask the commissioners why this outrage had been committed, and was told by one of them, who had been a public writing master before he was clothed with municipal authority, that a truly patriotic citizen would not keep in his house, a book which, in every page, treated of kings and queens. Taken before the municipal counsel for this enormous crime, M. Placide Bloc was happily acquitted on condition of paying a fine of 20,000 livres; his book to be returned, provided he would erase the words king and queen, and substitute for them *right* and *liberty*, or *citoyen* and *citoyenne*. Placide Bloc paid his twenty-thousand livres, hid his fine book, and as he knew it by heart, occupied himself with kings and queens, whilst the Pluvioses, the Ventôses, and the Brumaires passed over his head with rapidity. The Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire succeeded each other, and he regarded these changes only as the regular order of events.

At the commencement of the Consulate, however, Placide Bloc received a letter from England, of which the contents were as follows:

"DEAR SIR—The game of chess commenced sixteen years ago, between your father and Lord Henry Greyson, was committed by the occurrence of painful events into your hands on the one side, and into those of Lord William Greyson, nephew and heir of Lord Henry on the other. We hope that you may live to see it ended, should it continue a hundred years; but we must inform you that fate has given you new adversaries. Lord William blew out his brains three months ago, after having instituted the members of the High Street Academy legatees to his game of chess. His wealth has been placed, principal and interest, under care of the government. A sealed codicil, which is not to be opened until the termination of the game, or at your death, has been deposited in the hands of Mr. John Leslie, notary, of London.

"As the last letter of your father, placing the bishop on the fourth square from the rook, remains without reply, we beg you to accept the present as a renewal of the correspondence. Our first act of hostility, then, will be to move the pawn of the queen's knight one square.

Yours, &c. for the Society,
JAMES WILSON,
President."

Placide Bloc, after twelve days reflection, sent the following reply:

"I received, duly, your favor. I thank you for the details given me; and as the move you have made gives proof of superior skill, I shall be happy to continue the game commenced by my father. The queen's bishop's pawn one square.

"I am, &c."

The correspondence was re-established, but there was as yet little prospect of the termination of the game, for such was the skill and address of the players on both sides, that Placide devoted eighteen months to the taking of a bishop of his adversaries, and they were only able to repair this loss after the lapse of an equal length of time. It is true that the letters did not always pass at regular periods; many months' reflection was sometimes necessary before a piece could be moved. But Placide Bloc, although a young man, was very regular in his habits, and, to pass the whole of his time before the chess board, on which this game was displayed, had become to him a second nature.

In 1807 this peaceful life was disturbed by an event which had upon our hero a serious influence. Fouché, duke of Otranto, was then minister of the police and, as may be supposed, was as well acquainted with the progress of this game of chess as M. Bloc himself. The black-cabinet sought in vain for evidences of conspiracy in the laconic letters of Placide Bloc. They had submitted them to all the vapors and sympathetic proofs, of which Rabelais has left a catalogue, without success; no mysterious ink could be made visible. Beat their brains as they would, they could find in these words no contra-revolutionary meaning: "The rook's pawn, one square;" nor a royalist idea in these: "The knight gives check to king." The letters of M. Bloc, read and re-read, were laid before Fouché as suspicious, and truly their simplicity was frightful, and then despatched on their destination; exciting, doubtless, when it was reached, the curiosity and suspicions of the black-cabinet of London. One day M. Bloc, after five weeks' reflection upon an important move, prepared to inform his adversaries of his determination, when suddenly a commissary of the police, accompanied by two officers, presented himself.

"Gentlemen," said M. Bloc, "pray be seated. In one moment I will be at your service."

He then wrote, hastily, with an inspired air, these glorious words: "*I castle!*" and commenced folding the letter.

"Monsieur," said the commissary of the police, "I have a painful duty to perform toward you, but my orders are formal and compel me to put a seal upon all your papers: this is my duty, Monsieur, and I beg that you will include amongst your papers the letter you were about to sign—"

"To sign?" interrupted M. Bloc. "Ah! it is true; I had forgotten that important for-

mality;" and, taking up his pen, "All is right now," added he.

"I have no doubt of it," replied the commissary, "but it is my duty to take you with me—and you know, Monsieur, that I must perform my duty."

"The devil!" said M. Bloc, "do you intend to guillotine me, as you did my father?"

"That is not *my* duty," replied the commissary.

"Well, what do you desire?"

"That you come with me at once, before the minister of the police."

"I crave your pardon, Monsieur, but at this hour I never go out; it is especially consecrated to my dinner. Gertrude, place three covers more on the table; these gentlemen will dine with me."

"I do not know," said the commissary, "whether my duty will permit—"

"Your orders," interrupted one of the officers, "do not require you to put a seal upon the kitchen and wine cellar."

The commissary was satisfied, and sitting down to the table, adroitly drew the corks, and did ample honor to his host's wine and dinner. As for the officers, they entered into the spirit of the feast without much persuasion.

When they were ready to place the seals on M. Bloc's effects, Gertrude persuaded them to secure his *escritoire*, only. Before going, M. Bloc handed her all the keys, saying—

"Gertrude, I do not know when I shall return. Do always, however, as if I were here. You know where the money is kept, and I wish you to have my dinner ready every day at the usual hour; if I do not return to partake of it, you may do with it as you please."

The commissary, who had not spared the wine at the table, then took the arm of M. Bloc, to sustain himself, and walking down to the street, stepped with him into a carriage where he soon fell asleep upon the shoulder of his prisoner. Ten minutes after, Placide Bloc was thrust into one of the blackest dungeons of the *Conciergerie*.

Placide Bloc waited patiently many months. The privation of external circumstances did not seem to him very hard to endure, as he was soon permitted, by paying largely for the privilege, to occupy a very comfortable little chamber, to await his trial. Besides, Gertrude had managed to carry to him, not indeed without much difficulty, a set of chess men and, thanks to this consolation, he did not much regret the loss of his liberty. But the authorities did not forget him in his forced retirement. He was brought before a justice

of the peace, examined and discharged. But a new era had opened for Placide Bloc. During his examination he had become desperately enamored of one of the witnesses, a young Englishwoman. For the first time in his life, Placide felt his heart agitated with the passion of love. Even chess was forgotten in his dreams of the blue eyes, the fair hair, the lovely countenance, and modest assurance of the young English girl. Once free, he felt a strong desire to see her again. Fortune favored him and, in 1811, the marriage of Placide Bloc with Eliza Summer was celebrated. The history of this interesting stranger up to this time, was very obscure. Some said that she was left an orphan at sixteen years of age; had been taken at sea by a corsair of Saint Valery, and brought into France with some other prisoners. Among her papers was found the correspondence of Messrs. Bloc, father and son, with the English chess players, which accounted for the fact of her being called up as a witness in the case of M. Placide. This last circumstance resulted in her marriage with our hero.

But Placide Bloc, worn out before the ordinary termination of life, by the intense study and ceaseless labor, to which he had devoted himself, was one day found dead, from an attack of apoplexy, with his head upon the chess-board. The sealed codicil of Lord Greyson was now opened, and the contents were as follows:

"The whole of my effects shall belong to the person who wins the game of chess, of which I leave the High Street Academy legates. If, however, M. Placide Bloc should die without leaving a representative, my niece Eliza Summer, as my natural heir, shall take possession, provided she does not marry a Frenchman. In that event, I institute the High Street Academy my universal legates."

Thus poor Eliza found herself in a difficult position. She had married a Frenchman, and the game of chess was still unfinished. The members of the High Street Academy demanded the legacy of Lord Greyson, but it was decided by many eminent jurists that the widow had still a chance left for the recovery of the property of her uncle. If she could find a champion capable of winning this game of chess which had continued so long, the two first conditions of the codicil would be fulfilled.

We are happy to be able to state that the widow found a champion who, in a short time, gave checkmate to her adversaries. Although fate prevented M. Placide Bloc from having the satisfaction of closing the game himself, the successful issue must be attributed to the

skillful manner in which he gradually brought his pieces into the position in which they were found by Eliza's champion. It may be said, indeed, that the plans were conceived by M. Bloc and carried into execution by his

successor, and so skillfully were they arranged that the subsequent moves on the part of the English players were all forced, and to M. Placide alone must be attributed the glory of this brilliant victory.

THE LADY AT HOME.

OR, STRAY LEAVES FROM THE EVERY-DAY BOOK OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

BY MARY ELMWOOD.

[Above is the title of one of the cheap publications of the day, which we think no American woman can read without profit. A single extract will afford a better idea of its character and tendency than a page of comment. We therefore transfer a chapter of the work to our Magazine. Those who wish to see more of it, will find it at any of the depots for the sale of cheap books.—Ed.]

THE FISH WOMAN.

Not many days after I had been called upon to reprove myself a little severely for my conduct towards old Moses, it rained very heavily. The wind was from the northeast, and the air, in consequence, raw and cold. It so happened that there was nothing in the house for dinner. Some one would, of course, be compelled to go to market, and market was a long distance away. Cook was not well. I did not feel like going out myself, and getting thoroughly drenched, as I most certainly would, if I ventured into the street. In this dilemma, my ear caught the welcome cry of a fish-woman.

"The very thing!" I ejaculated, rising to my feet, and going to the window, upon which I tapped as she went by. It was raining in torrents. The clothes of the poor woman were completely saturated, and clung to her body, as the wind swept heavily against her.

"Poor creature!" I ejaculated with a feeling of real sympathy. I knew something about her, for once she told me that she had five little children at home, for whose support she thus toiled about the street.

"This is a dreadful morning for you to be out," I said, on opening the door.

"It is, indeed ma'am. But I can't afford to lose the sales of even a single day. Here's a fine bunch of fish for you ma'am," holding up, as she said this, a large string of rock fish.

"What is the price?" I asked.

"A quarter dollar a bunch, ma'am."

"What will you take for two bunches?" I asked, instantly forgetting all about her peculiar situation, in the desire to save a few pennies that arose in my mind.

The poor creature paused a moment, and stood thoughtful. I can see her now, with her pale, sober face, standing in the drenching storm, with the water dripping from her shapeless bonnet about her breast and shoulders, calculating the amount of reduction she could afford to make on her goods.

"You shall have the two bunches," she at length said, "for forty-five cents. They cost me twenty cents a bunch. But it's a dreadful morning, and I don't feel very well. I want to get home as quick as I can."

"Very well," I returned, "I will take them."

I then retired from the door, and took from my purse half a dollar, which I gave the cook, and told her to go to the door and get two bunches of fish.

"Here is a half dollar," I added. "*She will give you five cents change.*"

I had hardly uttered the last sentence, before my conscience began to smite me. But I stifled its reproofs until it was too late. While yet debating whether I should generously pay the woman her own price, instead of taking from her one-half of her meagre profits, the street door closed, and Jane came

in with two handsome bunches of fish. As she handed me the change, she said, holding up the purchase—

"They are cheap enough."

I did not reply. "*They are dear enough*"—would have sounded much pleasanter to my ears at that moment. How insignificant and unattractive did the small piece of money I held in my fingers look—and yet, to gain just that little piece of money, I had permitted myself to wrong a poor fish woman, who had five little children to provide with a home, food, and clothing!

"She shall have it again!" I said, laying the coin upon the mantel-piece. "The next time she comes round, if it is to-morrow, I will buy fish from her, and return her this five cent piece, in addition."

This resolution quieted the murmurings of conscience. On the next morning I listened for an hour or two, but she did not come into the neighborhood. I was disappointed. For I felt anxious to make restitution. The next day, and the next passed, but the fish woman did not appear. *I never saw her again.*

Several weeks afterwards, I inquired of a woman who called at the door to sell something, if she knew any thing about her. My description was quickly recognized.

"O, yes," she said, "I knew her very well. But she is dead now."

"Dead!" I exclaimed, in painful surprise.

"Yes, ma'am. Some weeks ago it rained very hard, and she was out in it nearly all day. She took a dreadful cold, got sick, and died in about ten days."

"And her children? What of them?" I asked.

"I took one of them, a little girl, into my own family—though it was large enough already, dear above knows! But I thought of my own children if I should be taken away, and that made me crowd and pinch a little for the child's sake. The oldest has been put to a trade. One has been taken into another family; and the two youngest are in the Alms House."

"Not in the Alms House!" I said, shocked at the closing sentence.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry to have to say it—but two of the poor little things had to be sent there. No one that felt as if she would like to, was able to take them—for we poor bodies have always as many of our own as we can scratch for. Sometimes I think it is a blessing that even the Poor House is provided, where they can at least have a home, if we should be taken away. This is often better than being distributed about among

families, where they are too often shamefully neglected, if not treated most cruelly. When I die, I want to take all mine with me. I do not think I could sleep quietly in my grave, if any one were to abuse my children."

The woman was much disturbed by these thoughts, and showed it very plainly. As I felt disposed to talk with her a little further, I asked her to come in, which she did. "How old is the child which you have taken?" I asked.

"About five years old," she replied.

"Is it well off for clothes?"

"No, ma'am, not very. None of our children are very well off in this respect. It takes so much to feed them, that we never have a great deal over for any thing else."

A thought came into my mind at the moment.

"How would you like to part with the child," I asked, "if I got a place for it in the ——— Orphan Asylum?"

"It would be so much better off there than I can make it, that I could not refuse to let it go, as much like one of my own as it begins already to seem," she replied.

"How many have you of your own?"

"Four."

"All young?"

"Yes, ma'am. The oldest is but seven years of age."

"Have you a husband?"

The woman was disturbed at this question. So much so that I regretted having asked it. But she replied in a changed voice.

"Yes, ma'am. But he isn't much help to me. Like a great many other men, he drinks too much. If it wasn't for that you wouldn't find me crying fish about the streets in the spring, and berries through the summer, to get bread for my children. He could support us all comfortably, if he was only sober. For he has a good trade, and is a good workman. He used to earn ten, and, sometimes, twelve dollars a week."

"How much do you make towards supporting your family?" I asked.

"Nearly all they get to live on, and that isn't much," she said, bitterly. "My husband sometimes pays the rent, and sometimes doesn't even do that. I have made as high as four dollars in a week—but oftener two or three is the most I get."

"How in the world can you support yourself and husband, and four children, on three dollars a week?"

"I have to do it," was her simple answer. "There are women who would be glad to get

three dollars a week. They would think themselves well off."

"But how do you live on so small a sum?"

"We have to deny ourselves almost every little comfort, and confine ourselves down to the mere necessities of life. After those who can afford to pay good prices for their marketing have been supplied, we come in for a part of what remains. I often get meat enough for a few cents to last me several days. And the same way with vegetables. After the markets are over, the butchers and country people, whom we know, let us have lots of things for almost nothing, sooner than take them home. In this way we make our slender means go a great deal farther than they would, if we had to pay the highest market price for every thing. But, it too often happens, that what we gain here is lost in the eagerness we feel to sell whatever we have, especially when, from having walked and cried for a long time, we become much fatigued. Almost every one complains that we ask too much for our things, if we happen to be one or two cents above what somebody has paid in market—where there are almost as many different prices, as there are persons who sell. And, in consequence, almost every one tries to beat us down. It often happens that after I have walked for four hours, and sold but very little, I have parted with my whole stock at cost to some two or three ladies, who would not have bought from me at all, if they hadn't known that they were making good bargains out of me—and this, because I could not bear up any longer. I think it very hard, sometimes, when ladies, who have every thing in full and plenty, take off of me nearly all my profits, after I have toiled through the hot sun for hours, or shivered in the cold of winter. It is no doubt right enough for every one to be prudent, and buy things as low as possible; but it has never seemed to me quite just for a rich lady to beat down a poor fish woman, or strawberry woman, a cent or two on a bunch or a basket, when that very cent made, perhaps, one-third or one-half of her profits.

"It was only yesterday that I stopped at a house to sell a bunch of fish. The lady took a fancy to a nice bunch of small rock, for which I asked her twenty cents. They had cost me just sixteen cents. 'Won't you take three fips?' she asked. 'That leaves me too small a profit, madam,' I replied. 'You want too much profit,' she returned. 'I saw just such a bunch of fish in market yesterday for three fips.' 'Yes, but remember,' I replied, 'that here are the fish at your door. You neither have to send for them, nor bring them

home yourself.' 'Oh, as to that,' she answered, 'I've got a waiter whose business it is to carry the marketing. It is all the same to me. So, if you expect to sell me your things, you must put them at market prices. I will give you three fips for that bunch of fish, and no more.' I had walked a great deal, and sold but little. I was tired and half sick with a dreadful headache. It was time for me to think about getting home. So I said—'Well, ma'am, I suppose you must take them, but it leaves me only a mere trifle for my profits.' A servant standing by took the fish, and the lady handed me a quarter, and held out her hand for the change. I first put into it a five cent piece. She continued holding it out, until I searched about in my pocket for a penny. This I next placed in her hand. 'So you've cheated me out of a quarter of a cent, at last,' she said, half-laughing, and half in earnest. 'You are a sad rogue.' A little boy was standing by. 'Here, Charley,' she said to him, 'is a penny I have just saved. You can buy candy with it.'

"As I turned away from the door of the large, beautiful house in which that lady lived, I felt something rising in my throat and choking me. I had bitter thoughts of all my kind. Happily, where I next stopped, I met with one more considerate. She bought two bunches of my fish, at my own price—spoke very kindly to me, and even went so far, seeing that I looked jaded out, to tell me to go down into her kitchen, and rest myself for a little while. Leaving my tub of fish in her yard, I accepted the kind offer. It so happened that the cook was making tea for some one in the house who was sick. The lady asked me if I would not like to have a cup. I said yes. For my head was aching badly, and I felt faint. And, besides, I had not tasted a cup of tea for several days. She poured it out for me with her own hands, and with her own hands brought it to me. I think I never tasted such a cup of tea in my life. It was like cordial. God bless her! When I again went out upon the street, my headache was gone, and I felt as fresh as ever I did in my life. Before I stopped at this kind lady's house, I was so worn down, and out of heart, that I determined to go home, even though not more than half my fish were sold. But now I went on cheerfully and with confidence. In an hour my tray was empty, and my fish sold at fair prices.

"You do not know, ma'am," continued the woman, "how much good a few kindly spoken words, that cost nothing, or a little generous regard for us, does our often discouraged

hearts. But these we too rarely meet. Much oftener we are talked to harshly about our exorbitant prices—called a cheating set—or some other such name that does not sound very pleasant to our ears. That there are many among us who have no honesty, nor, indeed, any care about what is right, is too true. But all are not so. To judge us all, then, by the worst of our class, is not right. It would not be well for the world, if all were thus judged."

"Indeed it would not," I said, almost involuntarily.

After offering the woman a few encouraging words, I gave her some clothes for the little girl she had taken, and promised to use my influence to get her into an asylum for orphans. This I readily accomplished; thus relieving her of a burden, and providing the child with a comfortable home. The two children who had been taken to the Alms House weighed upon my mind a good deal. I could not put the thought of them away until I had succeeded in getting them taken out, and placed in the care of two benevolent, kind-hearted women, who adopted them as their own.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

BY LUCY HOOPER.

"Nelly bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage. . . . There was but one lady, who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men, (not unfavorably at *them*.) and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman, urgent to tell her fortune, saying, that it was told already, and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers, put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home, and keep at home, for God's sake. . . ."

BEAUTIFUL child! my lot is cast;
Hope from my path hath for ever past;
Nothing the future can bring to me
Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee;
The warp is woven, the arrow sped,
My brain hath throbb'd but my heart is dead:
Tell ye my tale, then, for love or gold?—
Years have passed by since that tale was told.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair pure buds it is thine to bring,
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

Beautiful child! may'st thou never hear
Tones of reproach in thy sorrowing ear:
Beautiful child! may that cheek ne'er glow
With a warmer tint from the heart below:
Beautiful child! may'st thou never bear
The clinging weight of a cold despair;
A heart, whose madness each hope hath crossed,
Which hath thrown one die, and the stake hath lost.

Beautiful child! why should'st thou stay?
There is danger near thee,—away! away!
Away! in thy spotless purity;
Nothing can here be a type of thee;

The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;
Lo! spirits of evil haunt the bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling flowers.

Beautiful child! alas, to see
A fount in the desert gush forth for thee,
Where the queenly lilies should faintly gleam,
And thy life flow on as its silent stream
Afar from the world of doubt and sin,—
This weary world thou must wander in;
Such home was once to my visions given,
It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

Beautiful child! let the weary in heart
Whisper thee once, ere again we part;
Tell thee that want, and tell thee that pain
Never can thrill in the throbbing brain,
Till a sadder story that brain hath learned,
Till a fiercer fire hath in it burned;
God keep thee sinless and undefiled,
Though poor, and wretched, and sad, my child!

Beautiful being! away, away!
The angels above be thy help and stay,
Save thee from sorrow and save thee from sin,
Guard thee from danger without and within.
Pure be thy spirit and breathe for me
A sigh or a prayer when thy heart is free;
In the crowded mart, by the lone wayside,
Beautiful child! be thy God thy guide.



THE DESOLATION OF YTCHTENE.

A REMARKABLE PASSAGE IN THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

"THE memorial tree," from which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced, and beside which the king lay extended on the ground, is now exceeding old, and scarcely a trace remains of its former greatness. It stood in this wild spot, (the New Forest) when the stern decree went forth, which enjoined that throughout the whole extent of the south-western part of Hampshire, measuring thirty miles from Salisbury to the sea, and in circumference at least ninety miles, all trace of human habitation should be swept away.—William the Conqueror might have indulged his passion for the chase in the many parks and forests which Anglo-Saxon monarchs had reserved for the purpose, but he preferred rather to have a vast hunting-ground for his "superfluous and insatiate pleasure" in the immediate neighborhood of Winchester, his favorite place of residence. The wide expanse that was thus doomed to inevitable desolation was called Ytene or Ytchtene; it comprised numerous villages and homesteads, churches, and ancestral halls, where Saxon

families of rank resided, and where an industrious population followed the daily routine of pasturage and husbandry. A large proportion had been consequently brought into cultivation; yet sufficient still remained to afford a harbor for numerous wild animals. This part comprised many sylvan spots of great beauty, with tracts of common land, covered with the golden blossomed gorse, and tufts of ferns, or else with short herbage, intermingled with wild thyme. Noble groups of forest-trees were seen at intervals, with clear running streams, and masses of huge stones which projected from among the grass. The sun rose on the morning of the fatal day in cloudless beauty, and fresh breezes tempered the heat, which, at harvest-time is often great; the people were already in the fields, and the creaking of heavy-laden wagons was heard at intervals, with the sweeping sound of the rapid sickle. In a moment the scene was changed. Bands of Norman soldiers rushed in and drove all before them. They trod down the standing corn, and commanded the terri-

fied inhabitants of hall and hut, to depart in haste. More than one hundred manors, villages, and hamlets were depopulated, even the churches were thrown down—those venerated places, where the voice of prayer and thanksgiving had been heard for generations. He who passed the next day over the wide waste, saw only ruins black with smoke, trampled fields, and dismantled churches. Here and there broken implements of husbandry met the view, and beside them, not unfrequently, the corpse of him who had dared to resist the harsh mandate of the Conqueror. Females, too, had fallen to the earth in their terror and distress, and young children were in their death-sleep, among the tufts of flowers where they had sported the day before. Many stately buildings were pulled down at once; others, having their roofs thrown open, were left to be destroyed by the weather, and hence it not seldom happened that a stranger, in passing through a meadow into one of those shady coverts, which still varied the aspect of the country, forgetting, in the freshness and the loveliness of all around him, the terrible undoings of previous days, might see through the undulating branches of the trees, the walls or roofs of houses, which looked as if they had escaped the general ruin. They stood, apparently, in the midst of cultivated fields, occasionally by the road side, and their pointed roofs were covered with the vine or honeysuckle. On a nearer approach the illusion vanished, not a sound disturbed the silence of the place; the houses which looked so inviting when seen at a short distance, showed that the hand of ruin had done its work. The doors were broken open, the windows dashed in, the roofs were open to the winds of heaven, and the little gardens overrun with weeds. The ruins of an antique abbey were often close at hand, with its richly painted windows, broken through and through; or, perhaps, the shattered walls of some hospitable dwelling, in which a Saxon thane had resided.

Where the labor of man has ceased, vegetation soon asserts her empire, and fields, when left to themselves, become, according to their soil, either wild or stony, or else covered with a dense growth of underwood, and tall trees. Such was the case over the wide expanse which had been rendered desolate; the spaces of common ground, with golden blossomed gorse and wild thyme, continued such as they had been, but trees grew thick and fast, the beautiful groves became woods in the course of a short time, and the once cultivated country was rapidly absorbed in the wilderness portions of Ytchtene.

The "memorial-tree," which now stands lone and seamed, was then a sapling, for such we may conjecture to have been the case, according to the well-known longevity of forest-trees. Three events of great interest are associated with it—the making desolate a wide extent of country; the death of the proud Norman, by whose command the work of ruin was achieved; and the untimely end of his successor.

Had the history of William I. been written with reference to his private actions, it might be noticed that a tissue of domestic sorrows succeeded to the laying desolate of Ytchtene. His wife Matilda died a few years after, and his fair daughter Gundreda, the cherished one in her father's house, was cut off in the flower of her youth. He saw with grief the jealousy that subsisted between his sons William and Henry, and during the time that Duke Robert, his first-born, continued an exile and a fugitive, Richard, his second son, was gored to death by a stag, as he was hunting over the wide expanse which his father had depopulated. Men spoke of the sad event as a just punishment on him who had respected neither the lives nor feelings of those who once had dwelt there. Some said, this is but one; we shall see others of his family to whom the forest will prove fatal, and they spoke true.

War was declared with France, and the king shortly afterwards departed for the continent. The object of the expedition was expressly to take possession of the city of Mantes, with a rich territory situated between the Epte and the Oise. The corn was nearly ready for the sickle, and the grapes hung in ripening clusters on the vines, when the fierce king ordered his men to advance on the devoted territory; when in the bitterness of his spirit he marched his cavalry through the corn-fields, and caused his soldiers to tear up the vines and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes could offer but a weak resistance, and the town was set on fire. Riding beside the ruined town, to view the misery which he had wrought, the horse of the Norman conqueror trod on some hot cinders; the frightened creature plunged violently, and the king being unable to retain his seat, fell to the ground. The injury which he sustained caused him to be carried in a litter to a religious house, in the neighborhood of Rouen, where his army was encamped, for he could not bear, he said, the noise of the great city. It was told by those who were present at the time, that although he at first preserved much apparent dignity, and conversed calmly on the events of his past life, and concerning the vanity of human

greatness; when death drew near, the case was otherwise. He then spoke and felt as a dying man, who was shortly to appear before the tribunal of his Maker, there to render an account of all the deeds which he had done, of all the gifts committed to his care, of his riches and his power. His hard heart softened then, and he bitterly bewailed the cruelties which he had committed.

One morning early, the chief prelates and barons received a summons to assemble with all haste in the chamber of the king, who finding his end approach, desired to finish the settlement of his affairs. They came accordingly, though the day had not yet dawned, and found with him his two sons, Henry and William, who waited impatiently for the declaration of his will. "I bequeath the duchy of Normandy," said he, "to my eldest son Robert. As to the crown of England, I bequeath it to no one, for I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, from my father, but acquired it by conquest, and the shedding of blood, with mine own sword. The succession of that kingdom, I therefore, leave to the decision of the Almighty. My own most fervent wish is, that my son William, who has ever been dutiful to me in all things, may obtain and prosper in it." "And what do you give me, O my father?" impatiently cried Prince Henry, who had not been mentioned. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury," was his answer. "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" "Be patient," rejoined the king, "and have trust in the Lord; suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee—thy time will come after theirs." On hearing this, Prince Henry hurried off to secure the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then provided himself with a strong coffer, having locks and iron bindings to keep his treasure safe. William, also, staid no longer by the bed-side of his dying parent; he called for his attendants, and hastened to the coast, that he might pass over without delay to take possession of his crown. He, whose sword had made many childless, was thus deserted in his hour of greatest need by his unnatural sons.

His last sigh was a signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights buckled on their spurs, the priests and doctors, who had passed the night by his bed-side, made no delay in leaving their wearisome occupation. "To horse! to horse!" resounded through the monastery, and each one galloped off to his own home, in order to secure his interests or his property. A few of the king's servants,

and some vassals of minor rank staid behind, but not to do honor to the poor remains of him who had been their king. They spoke loudly and trod heavily, where but a short time before men would scarcely have dared to whisper; where the noiseless step and hushed sound, told the rank and sufferings of him, whom now the voice of seven thunders would not wake. They proceeded without remorse to rifle the apartment both of arms and silver vessels; they even took away the linen and royal vestments, and having hastily packed them in bundles, each man threw the one, which he secured, upon his steed, and galloped away like the rest. From six till nine the corpse of the mighty conqueror lay on the bare boards, with scarcely a sheet to cover him. At length the monks and clergy recollected the condition of the deceased monarch, and forming a procession, they went with a crucifix and lighted tapers to pray over the dishonored body. The Archbishop of Rouen wished that the interment should take place at Caen, in preference to his own city, it being thought most proper that the church of St. Stephen, which the king had built, and royally endowed, should be honored with his sepulchre. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the corpse being carried by water to Caen, was received by the abbots and monks of St. Stephen. Mass was performed, the Bishop of Evreux pronounced a panegyric on him who had borne the name of Conqueror while living, and who had done great deeds among his fellow-men, and the bier on which lay the body of the king, attired in royal robes, and being in no respect concealed from the view, was about to be lowered into the grave, when a stern voice forbade the interment. "Bishop," it said, "the man whom you have praised was a robber. The very ground on which we are standing is mine; and this is the site of my father's house. He took it from me by violence to build this church upon its ruins. I reclaim it as my right, and in the name of the Most High I forbid you to bury him there, or to cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly, was Asseline Fitz-Arthur. He had vainly sought for justice from the king while living, and he loudly proclaimed the fact of his injustice and oppression, before his face, when dead. Many who were present well remembered the pulling down of Fitz-Arthur's house, and the distress which it occasioned, and the bishop being assured of the fact, gave his son, sixty shillings for the grave alone, and engaged to procure the full value of his land. One moment more, and the corpse remained among living men; another, and it

disappeared in the darkness of the tomb, and the remainder of the ceremony being hurried over, the assembly broke up in haste.

Barons and men-at-arms were assembled in Malwood-Keep, at the invitation of William Rufus, who proposed to hold a chase, and to follow the red-deer over the wide hunting-grounds, where once stood the pleasant homes, which his father had rendered desolate. William was preparing for the chase, when an artizan brought him six new arrows. He praised their workmanship, and putting aside four for himself, he gave the other two to Sir Walter Tyrrel, or, as he was often called, Sir Walter de Poix, from his estates in France, saying, as he presented them, "Good weapons are due to him, who knows how to make a right use of them." Many of the younger barons were already mounted, and their horses were curvetting on the grass, as though they partook of the impatience of their riders, while every now and then the blast of the hunter's horn, in the hand of some young squire, gave notice to those within, that the sun was already high. All was gaiety and animation, and boisterous mirth within and around Malwood-Keep, when a stranger was seen approaching through the forest, grave, and yet in haste. He spoke as one who had business of moment to communicate, and which admitted of no delay, but his look and voice sufficed to check the eagerness of those who sought to know whence, and why, he came. He told the king, when admitted to his presence, that he had travelled both far and fast; that the Norman abbot of St. Peter's at Gloucester had sent to inform his majesty how greatly he was troubled on his account, for that one of his monks had dreamed a dream which foreboded a sudden and awful death to him.—"To horse!" hastily exclaimed the king, "Walter de Poix, do you think that I am one of those fools who give up their pleasure, or their business, for such matters? the man is a true monk, he dreameth for the sake of money; give him an hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."

Forth went the hunting train, and while some rode one way, some another, according to the manner adopted in the chase, Sir Walter de Tyrrel, the king's especial favorite, remained with him, and their dogs hunted together. They had good sport, and none thought of returning, although the sun was sinking in the west and the shadows of the forest-trees began to lengthen on the grass, at which time an hart came bounding by, between the king and his companion, who stood

concealed in a thicket. The king drew his bow, but the string broke, and the arrow took no effect; the hart being startled at the sound, paused in his speed, and looked on all sides, as if doubtful which way to turn. The king, meanwhile gazing steadfastly at the creature, raised his bridle-hand above his eyes, that he might shade them from the glare of the sun, which now shone almost horizontally through the forest, and being unprovided with a second bow, he called out "Shoot Walter, shoot away!" Tyrrel drew his bow, but the arrow went not forth in a straight line, it glanced against a tree, and struck the king in its side-course against his breast, which was left exposed by the raised arm. The fork-head pierced his heart, and in an instant he expired. Sir Walter flew to his side, but he saw that his master was beyond all human aid, and mounting his horse he hastened to the sea-coast, from whence he embarked for Normandy. He was heard of soon after, as having fled into the dominions of the French king, and the next account of him was, that he had gone to the Holy Land.

Rufus had left the bed-side of his dying parent while life still lingered, intent only on obtaining the English crown; he even left the care of his interment to the hands of strangers, for it does not seem that he at all concerned himself about the matter. Now then was he also left alone, in the depth of the still forest. His companions in the chase were eagerly following their amusement, and chanced not to pass where he was lying. At length the royal corpse was discovered by a poor charcoal-burner, who put it, still bleeding, into his cart, and drove off to Winchester. The intelligence soon spread, and Henry hastened to seize the treasures that belonged to the crown, while the knights, who had reassembled at Malwood-Keep, thought only how the accident might affect themselves; no one caring to show respect to the remains of the unhappy monarch, with whom they had banquetted the evening before. It was afterwards observed by many, that as the corpse of the Conqueror lay extended on a board, with scarcely a vestment to cover him, so, by a reasonable coincidence, the body of his unnatural son, unwashed, without even a mantle, and hideous to look upon, remained in the cart of the charcoal-burner till the next day, when it was conveyed in the same condition to the cathedral church of Winchester. There, however, some faint show of respect was paid to what had been a king: it was interred in the centre of the choir, where, as wrote the chronicler of this sad history, many persons looked on, but few

grieved. It was even said by some, that the fall of a high tower which covered his tomb with ruins, showed the just displeasure of Heaven against one, who having deserted his dying parent, sought not to repair the evils which he had done, who neither acting justly, nor living righteously, was undeserving of Christian burial.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

I would not tell thee for the world,
Thy early love will change ;
I would not see thy sweet lip curled
In scorn of words so strange.

I would not bid thy smiles away,
Nor quell that speaking blush ;
For happy spirits lend the ray,
And timid thoughts the flush :

Yet, love is but a dangerous guest
For hearts so young as thine ;
Where youth's unshadowed joy should rest,
Life's spring-time fancies shine.

Too soon—oh ! all too soon—would come,
In *later* years, the spell,—
Touching, with changing hues, the path,
Where once but sun-light fell.—

Then, sweetest, leave the 'wildering dream,
Till Time has nerved thy heart
To brook the fitful cloud and gleam,
Which must in love have part.

Ah ! life has many a blessed hour,
That passion never knows ;
And youth may gather many a flower,
Beside the blushing *rose*.

Turn to thy books, my gentle girl !—
They will not dim thine eyes :
That hair will all as richly curl,
That blush as brightly rise.—

Turn to thy friends ! A smile as fond,
On friendship's lip may be,
And breathing from a heart as warm
As love can offer thee.—

Turn to *thy home* !—Affection wreathes
Her dearest garland there :
And more than all, a *mother* breathes
For thee—for thee, her prayer !

Ay ! life has many a hallowed hour,
That passion never knows ;
And youth may often find a flower,
More precious than the *Rose*.*

* The flower of Love.

THE GREAT MAN.

Bring him of giant intellect,
And a soul high deeds to dare,
And a spirit that will not be crushed,
By its weight of worldly care.
Whose pride can brook no rivalry—
Ambition, no delay,
Who will harden his heart 'gainst his fellow men
If they hinder his onward way.—

And I will show you a nobler one—
He hath conquered his heart of pride,
And moveth in calm and silent joy
Still waters of peace beside,
Ambition he hath, but 'tis good to do—
Pride, of his Father above—
High purpose, to win a glorious crown
In the Kingdom of Truth and Love.

HOME.

Home of our childhood ! how affection clings,
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !
Dearer thy hills though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairer summits which the cedars crown !

Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE—MAY, 1844.

We offer this number to the public with confidence, feeling satisfied that we are adhering to our promise of gradual improvement. Our contents will be found of varied character, grave and gay—combining passing amusement, with food for after reflection. Our great object will be to make our work at once useful and amusing, and to progress steadily and quietly. Nothing can be easier than to promise largely, to make wonderful professions of extraordinary intentions, without thinking of fulfilling them. We could, were we so inclined, give an endless string of such promises, and though by so doing, we might secure a considerable extension of temporary patronage, the reaction consequent upon non-fulfilment of them would counteract any benefit so obtained. We know that we do not like to be deceived. We love the plain honest truth, and like Bassanio, would have chosen the leaden casket because it rather forbade than flattered—and we are convinced that the public thinks with us. Too often is it believed that a certain garnish is absolutely necessary to attract attention—that a portion of the marvellous is the surest inducement of public patronage. But we think differently. We firmly believe that “honesty is the best policy;” and homely as the adage is, and still more homely the custom of acting upon it, we do intend rigidly adhering to its doctrine, and endeavoring to avoid, as far as possible, ever failing in any promise that we make—and we are confident that this course, besides satisfying ourselves, will find favor in the eyes of a public, ever ready to distinguish true merit from overweening pretensions. Therefore we have not made a great flourish of trumpets—we have not sought to astonish with one good number, and then gradually fall back to mediocrity—but we have striven to improve—to make each number better than its predecessor—and we hope to go on improving until we reach the highest pinnacle of excellence that human imperfection can attain.

Our readers will doubtless perceive with regret that no contribution from the pen of our Editor appears in our present number—sickness has unfortunately prevented his enjoying the usual commune with our readers—we trust that it will be of short duration, and that by next month he will again be enabled to cater for the amusement of his old friends.

A mass of cheap literature has appeared since our last notice—a mass much too solid to allow of more than general observations. We pick a few of the best. The first in place as in beauty, is a splendidly illustrated edition of Shakspeare—it is printed in octavo numbers of 12½ cents, each num-

ber containing several admirably executed wood cuts illustrating the text. The type and paper are both good, and the work bids fair to rival every edition now extant—it will be completed in about 100 nos. Harpers have issued No. 2 of their Pocket Edition of Select Novels, which like No. 1 has two volumes in one—the tale is entitled “Young Kate, or the rescue,” and contains upwards of 180 pages for 25 cents. “Mnemonics, or the New Science of Artificial Memory” is the title of an useful little book, published by Mowatt & Co.—who have also brought out No. 3 and 4 of their “Modern Standard Drama,” containing “The Lady of Lyons” and “Richelieu;” this series appears likely to afford an opportunity of obtaining all modern dramatic poems in uniform shape, at exceedingly low prices. “The Child’s Poetry Book,” by Mary Howitt, is a collection of poems that will be highly acceptable to all our juvenile friends. Winchester has given us another romance, called “Rural Life in New England,” and Berford a tale called “Old Fort Duquesne,” a tale of the early struggles of the first settlers at the forks of the Ohio—a book that will be found deeply interesting.

Godey’s Library of Elegant Literature—Lady’s Book Extra.—No. 2 of this series contains “Robert Rucful, or a Lesson to Valetudinarians,” by T. S. Fay. It is a capitally written book, affording a fund of amusement with no small amount of wisdom in addition.

“THE LADY AT HOME, or Leaves from the Every-Day Book of an American Woman,” by Mrs. Mary Elmwood, is what it professes to be, “a book for every American Woman.” It is written with much pathos, and gives such views of life, and female duties and influences, as will not fail to interest, at the same time that it will improve the mind of every woman who reads it.

Our friend Berford can supply all these and a host of others—besides a capital sheet containing the Life of Henry Clay, and a very beautiful badge, intended for the approaching election.

Our Embellishment, “Theresa,” needs no words to recommend it—it has the happy property, peculiar to all good engravings, of pleasing at the first glance, and continuing to improve upon acquaintance—the longer it is examined the more it is admired—a more perfectly beautiful face we certainly have never beheld. Our present illustration of birds exhibits the Robin, a bird sacred to all our best and earliest feelings. We also offer an illustration of one of those remarkable passages in history, which show the propriety of the assertion that “truth is stranger than fiction.”

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ALICE MULVANY

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ALICE MILVANY

1884

DAY OF



THE
LADIES' MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1844.

ALICE MULVANY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Don't talk to me, Paddy Mulvany—don't talk to me!—where's the use of your talking, chitter-chatter, like a nest of magpies? Don't I know what I know?—Improvements, indeed!—answer me this: am not I fifty-two years and three months old—and having a fine memory, as well as much foresight—thanks be to God for the same—don't I recollect as good as fifty years? And what then? Why this; that all the trading-boats landed, on that out shore, safe and sound, whatever was wanted. Don't tell me of the place being inconvenient, Paddy Mulvany: it's no such thing. In a peaceable village, building a quay to land coal! As if the people can't burn turf as their grandfathers did afore them! And timber!—won't wattles do for the cabins as well as ever! But mark the upshot of this—every potato, every grain of corn, 'll be bought up, and sent out of the country, when the English boats come in, and we shall be all starved; and neither man, woman, nor child, will be left alive to tell the story."

"Why, thin, Mister Peter, sure it's yerself that sees the sunny side of a thing; ye've a mighty cheering way wid ye, ever and always," said Paddy Mulvany, looking archly at his companion.

"Sunny side!—Why, there's no sunny side, man alive, to see. When Wellington Bridge was built over the Scar, and sure they were talking of that bridge more than a hundred years before it was begun;—no good will come of it, says I, and I was right; it has now been built three years, and no road made to it yet; and, by the same token, it's cracked in the middle; I knew no good would come of it. Oh, what sarvice that money would have done the neighbors, if it had been properly laid out!"

"Troth, Master Peter, you may say that—that is, I suppose, if you had had the management of it; but, any how, the quay 'll be built in spite o' ye; for it's an English gentleman that has taken it in hand; and, bless ye, although I know ye kept a creditable shop in the town o' Ross, you have no notion how quick they get things done in England. Sure I see it all whin I used to take Mister Nick Lett's pigs to Bristol fair; ye'd hardly credit it, but I have seen an entire street of houses built up, plastered, painted, papered—great, big houses—and the people ateing, drinking, and sleeping in thim, comfortable as any thing, all in one week. Bless ye, they go about things, and finish them out of hand in a jiffy!"

"So much the worse—so much the worse, Paddy Mulvany; no good can come of that; but I suppose, as you say an Englishman has taken it in hand, the quay will be built. Ye're all mad, I believe, barring myself; I see how it will end; but, you mark my words, Paddy Mulvany, no good will come of it. I'll just step over to see what they're after down yonder; so good-bye, Paddy—remember my words!"

"God be wid ye, Master Peter. Hulloo!—I forgot to tell you that Friar Mulloy's brown nag pitched him into the ditch, and Mister Hollin's chimbley took fire on account of the new English way of sweeping; they put a goose at the top of the chimbley, and let it fly down."

"There, didn't I say so?" replied the little man, stopping and looking as pleased as Punch at the narrative of accidents. "Sure, I told Friar Mulloy, 'that nag'll brake yer reverence's neck,' said I—I knew it; mark my words; and as to the chimbley,—sure, I guessed that, though I said nothin' about it."

"Why, thin, ye're a quare little animal of a Christian, and ye believe every word I said, ye little fool of a thing!" continued Paddy, as he looked after Master Peter Callaghan, *alias* "Peter the Prophet," *alias*, "Peter the Croaker," "and it's a dale more ye think of yerself than any body thinks of ye; so much the better; one madman in the parish is enough.—But yon chap's not to say clane mad, only a little touched, and mighty puffed out, thinking he's got more in his brain-box than any other body in the whole kingdom—priests and bishops into the bargain. God forgive us all our sins!"

And Paddy went off in an opposite direction from Peter the Prophet, who journeyed towards the intended quay. Peter was a slight, stiff, pertinacious, pragmatic old bachelor—sour as a crab-apple, and obstinate as a mule; he had realized a small independence, and invariably passed his summer months at Bannow, having taken it into his head that sea air did him much good; he was a source of great amusement to the peasantry, who named him "Peter the Prophet," from his habits of prognosticating; others called him "Peter the Croaker," for he always prophesied evil.—Paddy Mulvany was a very different person—a cheerful, careless Irishman, whom the farmers held in constant request, as a drover. The most wealthy considered themselves fortunate in securing Paddy's services, when cattle were to be sent to England or Wales. In matters of business, Paddy's word was his bond; and, although he could neither read

nor write, his accounts were always "fractionally" correct, and he made most extraordinary sales for his employers; he had not even his national fault, the love of whiskey; but I must confess that he sometimes indulged in most marvellous stories, and often quizzed without mercy. He took especial delight in tormenting Master Peter, and it was perfectly astonishing how "the Prophet" could ever have believed a word that Paddy Mulvany uttered. He spoke the truth, however, in saying that an English gentleman was going to build a quay in Bannow harbor; no spot could be better suited for the purpose than that so judiciously fixed upon; it was well sheltered, and beautifully situated, with sufficient water to float a thirty-ton sloop, even when the tide was out—the road which led to it was a succession of hill and dale, at one side shadowed by trees, while the view, on the other, passed over sunny fields and little cottages, and was terminated in the distance by the sea—the boundless sea, forming innumerable creeks and bays along the coast. The little island opposite was enlivened by a cheerful looking farm-house, while a few relics of some old castles, o'er parts of which—

"The plough had passed, or weeds had grown,"

served as a relief to the sameness of the view, and afforded subject for meditation; on the land side, high hills rose above the valley in rude magnificence, their heathy hue broken by patches of cultivation; and, indeed, nowhere could a more interesting spot be found, than the one selected by the English gentleman, Mr. Townsend, for the long projected quay. I lament, for the sake of Peter the Prophet's reputation, to be compelled to state that all things went on prosperously at the new building; and even the gentry were astonished at the rapidity with which the work proceeded; each man had his allotted portion, and the wages were paid every Saturday evening, precisely as the clock struck six. To the quay were added stores and a salt manufactory; and, before a twelvemonth had elapsed, all was finished—properly finished, plastered, and painted; the windows were even and set—the slates regularly pegged—the tiles all of a size—and the buildings had a neat and business-like appearance.

Peter the Prophet and Paddy Mulvany met at nearly the same place where they had separated about a year before, and both turned their steps towards the new quay.

"It's a fine sunny day—God bless it!—Mister Peter, and I suppose ye're going to the new quay to see the fun; it was, I must say,

very generous of Mr. Townsend to give us a let-out : all the top of the ginty are to have a grand entertainment—a cold *collation* they call it—up stairs in the stores ; and below, there's a piper—and who knows what !—and the atin' and the drinkin' in lashin's—and the two sloops, that are after comin' in with the timber and coal, have such gay streamers out as it's charmin' to see."

"I don't see any thing charming in it, Paddy Mulvany—charming in a colored rag flying, red and blue, like a turkey-cock ! What are entertainments of all kinds but empty puff—'vain show,' as the poet says !—but you have no taste for poetry. No ; few have ; I had, however—but gave it up—I had a turn for the grocery business, and poetry ; but no man can be great in two things—so I fixed on the former."

"That was a mercy, Mr. Peter, for somehow, although I am but an ignorant man, seeing I don't know B from a buttercup, yet I think yer poetry would'nt have sould as well as yer tea and sugar."

"Humph !" replied the Prophet : "I see, Paddy, that long red house is to be let, and the owner's off to America ; there—my words always come true ; no good will come of that man, says I, and so it was."

"Why, I knew no good could come of him myself," replied Paddy ; "who ever saw a good end come to any one who was hard to the poor !—besides being unjust, did'nt he write a will, and make his dead uncle put his name on it, by houlding the corpse's hand !—and then he swore that he had life in him at the time—and troth, so he had, for he put a live worm in the dead man's mouth—the baste !"

"That's one of your stories, Paddy ; like what you told me, long ago, about Friar Mulloy's brown nag, and Mr. Hollin's chimbley ;—there goes the friar : that's not a nag, but a fine hunter he's on now ; I suppose that's the one Paul Doolan gave him for marrying him to that foolish bit of a widow ; he's a holy man, without doubt ; but mark my words, that beast will break his neck, it's so spirity !"

"As to the worm, ye may believe it or not, as you please, Mister Peter, but it's as true as the sun's above us ; and as to Friar Mulloy, sure all the world knows he's a holy man, and a good ; never a cratur passes his door without the bit and the sup, barring the gauger—the blackguard !—that tuck his potteen, and killt his elegant little bit of a mare. Oh ! wisha ! every day's bad luck to him for that same !"

"Is it true that your niece, Alice, is going

to be married to Corry Howlan ! She's a sweet pretty girl, but—"

"Now, Mister Peter, or Peter the Prophet, or what other name you may have, I'll trouble ye to hould yer tongue about Alice and Corry ; not that I care a toss-up (with all due respect) for yer prophecies, although ye want every body to believe ye've the second sight, like a Highlander, but ye see, as they are to be married, it's unlucky to have any ill laid out for them ; and as to the girl, God's blessing be about her ! she's the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, every day and hour of her life, the jewel."

Peter looked annoyed at hearing his prophetic powers called in question, but he deemed it safer to hold his peace for a time ; at all events, until they came in view of the new quay.

Along a green, shady lane, which led to the centre of that day's attraction, two people were walking, or rather strolling, very different in appearance from Paddy and Peter. A lively, lovely girl, with roguish, hazel eyes—not the soft sleeping eye of that bewitching color, but a round, brilliant little orb, now twinkling, now dazzling, now half shut, not unfrequently stealing under its pent-house lid to "the far corner," and peeping slyly about, for fun or mischief ; the nose of this little personage was, moreover, *retroussée*—an unerring token of much spirit, and, if vexed, not a little spite. But it was the glittering fairness of this fairy creature, which, united to the pure glow of health and cheerfulness, completed her fascination, and made Alice Mulvany the most perfect bit of Nature's coloring I ever had the good fortune to behold. Her companion, Corry Howlan, could not have been mistaken as belonging to any country, principality, or power, but the green little island. How often have I been both amused and mortified at hearing my English friends exclaim, whenever a particularly miserable, dirty, round-faced person met their view, "Oh, how like an Irishman !"—"quite impossible to mistake that *creature* for any thing but an Irishman !" Trust me, those know little of our peasantry who judge of them from bricklayers, laborers, superannuated watchmen, and Covent-garden basket-women. Corry Howlan was a good specimen of our small farmers, and I will sketch him for your amusement, gentle reader, as he loitered down that green lane with his merry companion :—height, six feet, or nearly so—an air of easy confidence, and every limb well proportioned ; face, oval ; teeth, white and even ; nose, undefined as to aquiline, Grecian, snub, or Roman, but,

nevertheless, highly respectable; eyes, large, *bien foncée*, and expressive; brow, open—shaded with rich, curling, brown hair; the dress, as usual on holiday occasions—red waistcoat, blue coat, knee-breeches, white stockings, neat, black, Spanish leather shoes—shirt-collar thrown back, *à-la-Byron*, loosely confined at the base by a green silk neckerchief,—a “bran new beaver,” placed on one side the head in a knowing position, and a stick, not dignified enough to be designated as “shilalah,” nor slight enough to be called “switch.” There are many likenesses which, though correct as to shape and feature, fail in expression; and so it is in the present instance. I cannot paint the affectionate feelings portrayed in the young man’s face, when his eyes rested on the careless, thoughtless girl who tripped at his side, as giddy as the gay butterfly that wavered from the perfumed meadow-sweet to the beautiful but scentless convolvulus, whose long, twirling stems were supported, at either side their path, by black thorn or greeny furze. One of the most beautiful features in an Irish landscape is the quantity of small singing-birds, which animate every brake and bush. As they paced along the young folk disturbed either the soaring lark, the merry stone-chatter, the gay goldfinch, the tiny wren, the linnet, bunting, or yellow-hammer; when they approached the thicker coverts, a jetty blackbird, or timid partridge, would rustle for a moment amid the leaves, and then dart across their path, swift as an arrow.

“The poor, harmless birdeens!” said Corry; “Alice, do you know, I never could hurt one of them small things.”

“Well, nor I, Corry,” replied the little lass, “particularly the robin red-breast, that has got, you know, the blessed Virgin’s own Son’s blood upon it: for when the Saviour was crucified, the poor bird was heart-sorry, and away it flew round the cross, and over the cross, bemoaning all the time; and when the cruel Jew-man pierced his holy side, some of the blood flew on the cratur’s breast, and then it never stopped until it nested in the holy Virgin’s bosom; and, to be sure, she knew the blood, and the faithfulness of the robin, and blessed it, and settled it so, that every red-breast has the mark of the holy blood to this very day.”

“You’ve a good memory, Ally: I hope you’ll think of every thing as clear as that; and, above all, don’t forget what you more than half—indeed, as good as whole—promised me last night at yer uncle’s door, and I laning against the post.”

“I’m sure, Corry, I’ve not the laste thought of any thing;—was it about Paddy Clarey’s white mare that broke into uncle’s clover-field?” And Alice stooped to gather a wild polyanthus, whose blossomy coronal pushed its way over some cuckoo-bells and crawling “Robin-run-the-hedge.”

“Ye’re the devil’s teaser, Ally, darling!—ye haven’t yer little cocked-up nose for nothing.”

“Well, if I’m the devil’s teaser, you own yerself the devil; and, as to my nose, there are plenty to admire it without you.”

“Sure it’s I that do admire it, and, what’s more, love it, and its owner; but, Alice, last night, don’t you remember, when the moon-bames fell on your sweet face, and when ye turned away, even from that weak light, to hide yer blushes—(that ye did not need, on account that ye’re too handsome, even without them)—and when I held yer hand, and did what I’m sartin no man living would dare to do but myself—kissed it, with warm love, and yet with as much respect as if it had been a queen’s: do you remember—oh, I know you do!—that when, not only I, but yer uncle, begged ye to fix the day, ye whispered—oh! it was so low, so sweet—sweeter, Alice, than ever I heard even your own sweet voice before!—to-morrow I will tell!—that, that was all you said; that sweet ‘to-morrow.’ Alice, I have thought on it ever since. You will not disappoint me. We can’t fail to be happy; and all so smiling: yer uncle, who loves me next to his own; my mother, who dotes upon ye—how could she help it!—a nate farm; and this morning I’ve been after a milch-white cow, for the sake of the luck—such a one isn’t in the whole bar’ny—and I’ve bought it, too, and we’ll look at it this evening after the bit o’ dance at the new quay. I didn’t mane to tell ye yet, but somehow I can’t keep any thing from ye that would give ye satisfaction. And now, darlint!—Ally, my own Ally—the day, the day!” The young man took the maiden’s hand within his, and was about to press it to his lips, when, instigated by a sudden fit of caprice, she jerked it from him, and, averting her head, to hide the self-satisfied smile which played over her countenance, replied:

“You need not make so free, *sir*; I said that, jist to please uncle. I can do no such thing; and I hate white cows.”

Corry had been long enough a lover to have suffered from those little whimsical tricks which, poor as well as rich, Misses practise for their own amusement, and their lovers’ mortification. I must confess, I am

often amused at the discomfiture the lords of the creation experience upon such occasions; they twist and writhe so much under their sufferings, like eels trying to get out of their skin; anxious to show off in all their native dignity, yet fearing to offend the slippery fair one, who, for all her teasing, would not lose the "tasseled gentil" for worlds. Then, after marriage, the noble Sir beginning to think it is *his* turn to show off, grows capricious; and then some old bachelor uncle, or brother, tough and crusty, and perpendicular as a church steeple, gives the bridegroom his "word of advice, to put his feet in his shoes, keep her nose to the grinding-stone, support the dignity of his sex, keep his own secrets," &c. And the bride has her "female friends," old maiden aunts, who hate "male creatures," and beg their "dear niece to have a will and a way of her own, and be mistress in her own house;" and poor relations, anxious that the lady should have a private purse, that stumbling-block to domestic happiness:—"so disagreeable to go to a husband for every shilling,"—"no need to inform a man of all things,"—"never suffer a husband to know how much you love him." And, if these counsellors are attended to, the cat-and-dog warfare commences, and the "I will," and "I won't,"—"You shall," "I shan't,"—"Sir,"—"Madam,"—all which terminates with the mutual exclamation—"Would to heaven we had never been married!"

Now, a little harmless teasing does no harm in the world: where "bear and forbear" is moderately attended to, it gives a zest, a spirit to existence; and where there is much and pure affection—

"The short passing anger but serves to awaken

Fresh beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken."

Not that I mean to say Alice was right in asserting "she hated white cows," which was a decided story. No Irish girl or woman yet ever hated a white cow; the thing is impossible—quite. Every body, who knows any thing, knows that a white cow is as good as the priest's blessing, or holy water, in the house of the early wed; and it was much too saucy a thing to say: but her nose was up, and her tongue went as nimbly as a greyhound's foot.

"Well, Alice," replied Corry, who, as I said before, often suffered from his love's whimsies—"I'm perfectly astonished at yer not liking the white cow that I bought to please ye; but, whin ye see her, I know ye'll admire her, beyant—"

"Ye need not have troubled yerself to buy

the cow, Mr. Corry for *me*; for may-be I'll never own her," interrupted Alice.

"Ye're not going to be jilty after yer promise, and yer uncle to the fore, Alice," said Corry, who loved her too well to have the wedding jested about.

"I gave no promise to be bothered wid ye; and, whether I did or no, I'll change my mind if I like, myself."

"Is that the pattern of yer honor, Miss Alice Mulvany?" inquired the young man, much annoyed.

"Mind yer own business, if ye please, Mr. Cornelius Howlan, and I'll mind mine. I've bothered him fairly," she muttered to herself, "I knew I'd get a rise out of him."

"May-be, Miss Alice, ye'd rather have my room than my company?"

"There's no manner o' doubt of it."

"May-be, Miss Mulvany, ye'd wish me to take my lave?"

"Ye have the lave, so now take yerself off," she replied, very sharply.

The young man looked earnestly in her face, and said, in his usual affectionate tone, "Dear Alice, let us be friends—dear Alice—you can't, can't really mean to quarrel with your Corry—dear—"

"Don't dear Alice me, sir, after that fashion! Don't dare to dear Alice me!—what do ye mean? After callin' me jilty, and all manner o' names, to be coming 'dear Alice' over me!—no, sir; and I tell ye my mind, Mister Cornelius Howlan, I hate you as well as the white cow, and I won't dance a step with ye, nor spake a word more to ye, this blessed day, Amen!—and if ye take my advice, ye'll be off with yerself!"

Alice, after this pretty piece of eloquence, tossed her little head, pressed her lips firmly together, and walked sturdily towards the main road. Corry did all he could to make her laugh or speak—but no; she was as obstinate as a mule. He gathered wild flowers, and stuck them in her hat—she flung them from her; he told his drollest stories; then he reasoned with her; then, in his fine, rich voice, he sung her favorite airs;—and the only wonder is, that she managed to hold her tongue so long—she afterwards confessed it was sore at the tip from inaction.—At last, quite wearied by her stubbornness, Corry said, as they drew near the new quay, "Now look, Alice, I'll not taze ye with spaking any more, this day; but, may-be, before night comes, you'll be sorry for this fit of the dumps."

What a cheerful noisy assemblage! A pattern!—a pattern was nothing to it. There was the clear sea, and the small waves run-

ning little races on the firm strand; the two brigs, the largest ever seen close to the shore in that part of the world, drawn up to the quay, which was crowded by the gentry and bettermost farmers' wives and daughters, with the piper at one end, and the fiddler at the other, both playing the same tune, of which little could be heard for the shouting, the laughing, and the chattering; then the windows of the stores were all open, and such of the ladies as did not like to encounter the heat of the sun, tempered even as it was by the refreshing sea-breeze, were seated on high, enjoying the noise and bustle; while the large rooms beneath sent forth such clouds of savory perfumes as told of roast and boiled, pickled and preserved, besides spicery and cates that would do honor to an aldermanic assembly. Then the machines, employed to convey the company invited from various parts of the country, were amazingly curious: one or two carriages of ancient days; some few gigs; jaunting cars, under all their classifications—the double, the inside, the outside; then the common car “made comfortable,” for the more homely, first filled with straw, then a feather-bed, covered with that destroyer of time, calico, and taste—a patch quilt. I have seen five dames, strange as it may seem, in such a conveyance; two seated next the horse's tail, partly on the shafts of the car, two in the middle of the feather-bed (no bad seat that), and one cross-ways at the bottom; this unfortunate is always obliged to hold fast with both hands, for a sudden jerk would inevitably dislodge the most ponderous. So they reached our pretty quay of Bannow, situated in a district for which commerce ought to do much more than it has done; although our harbor is not a good one for large vessels, it is “elegant” for small craft. The place is very picturesque. Directly opposite is the village of Fethard, a corruption of “Fought-hard;” so called, it is said, because here occurred the first battle between the Anglo-Normans and the “mere Irish,” immediately after the arrival of the former upon the soil, of which they subsequently became possessors. One of the earliest castles of the invaders still exists—a picturesque ruin. A few miles inland is “Tintern Abbey,” now a modern residence, but once a famous monastic institution; where, it is reported, and universally believed, the spirits of the murdered monks still take their solemn walk, yearly, on the eve of the anniversary of All-Saints. Overlooking the quay is the old church of Bannow; and still nearer to it are the remains of one of the old square towers, of which the followers

of Strongbow erected so many in all parts of our country. The whole neighborhood is, indeed, deeply interesting to the historian and the antiquarian. But to my story.

The sailors mixed with the rustic groups, congregated under several awnings that stretched along the strand, and enjoyed the eagerness shown by the untravelled peasantry to inspect the wonders of their barques, which were cleaned and trimmed gaily out for the purpose of exhibition. The most interesting of all the sights, however, was a black cabin-boy: scarcely any one, in Bannow, had ever seen a negro, and the poor little fellow was subjected to all manner of inspection; the old women were for washing and scraping him, to see if he could be brought to a “dacent color;” the young ones appeared terrified; and Peter the Prophet, after much critical examination, declared “that no good could come of bringing such outlandish things among Christians.”

“Ally, my dear,” said Paddy Mulvany to his niece, “what ails ye, that ye look so solid!—come, you and Corry are ilegant hands at the jig, and ye must both put the best foot foremost to-night, ’cause of the ginty.”

“I’ll not dance a step this night, uncle, with Corry!” she replied, heartily sick of her resolve, but mistaking obstinacy for firmness: “I won’t do it, because I said I wouldn’t; and, for the matter o’ that, he doesn’t want me to—he’s been flirting away this half-hour with Ellen Muccleworth.”

“He’s been doing no such thing, my dear; I’ve been watching ye both; you won’t spake to him, and yet ye ixpect him to sit at yer elbow, putting up with yer snouting—for what? I’ll go bail ye don’t know yerself. It’s well, pretty Alice, I’m not yer bachelor; I’d lave ye to get rid of yer humours as ye could, my jewel.”

So saying, Paddy Mulvany turned on his heels; tears filled the fine eyes of Alice, but she remained obstinate as ever; and, when Corry danced with Ellen, she really believed herself a much-injured, insulted little maiden.

“I don’t care,” said she to herself—“I’ll not sit so quiet to please him—I’ll jig it with the very next boy that asks me.” And so she did; throwing off her mantle; folding her gay kerchief over her head and neck; and exhibiting her pretty figure to the best advantage, in her loose “jacket” of white, bordered with muslin; while her buckled shoes marvellously set off her small feet. “The next boy that asked her,” was no other than handsome Horatio Laverton, the mate of the timber vessel; and Corry had the mortification of seeing that

Alice danced to perfection, and of hearing such expressions of approbation from the surrounding company, as, "illegantly danced!"—"Success!"—"Well, in all my time, I niver saw so sweet a couple on the flure." "Corry, ye're bate out by the English boy—clane bate—and at the jig too." "Hurra!—there's a dling; well, that *is* dancing!" Then Alice figured in a three-handed reel, with the mate and her rival, Ellen, and, certainly, she had the advantage there; for Ellen was pronounced as "not fit to hold a candle to her." Yet, as the evening waned on, Alice's bad spirits increased, and even the attention of the handsome Horatio Laverton failed to reconcile her to the reproaches of that little, silent, yet powerful, monitor within her own bosom. As the moon rose slowly over the waters, she remembered that she had been more happy at her uncle's door, with no eye upon her but her lover's, than she was at that moment, walking up and down the pier, with an almost stranger, and listening to so much praise, that she began to doubt she could deserve it: still she remained obstinate.

"We will make friends to-morrow," said she to herself; and, as she stood leaning on handsome Horatio Laverton's arm, looking towards the little island of Bannow, Corry and her uncle came on the pier. She saw, in a moment, that her lover had taken too much whiskey-punch, and this reminded her that he had broken a promise he had made her the preceding evening. She forgot how she had acted herself; and, when Corry good-humoredly spoke to her, turned away, curled up her nose, and replied not.

"I am glad to find, Alice," he said, "that you like the smell of tar better than that of whiskey." This remark was only noticed by the little nose mounting still higher; but the sailor immediately replied:

"I suppose, Mister Irishman, the young lady may like what she chooses."

Corry, hot, hasty, and rapid, was nothing loath to answer; but Paddy Mulvany interfered immediately.

"Mister mate—that young lady as you are so civil as to call her, is my niece, and, moreover, engaged to that young man; some tiff came betwixt them this morning, but it'll blow off, only I'm sorry my eldest brother's child should act so flirty a part. Come, you two shake hands; sure we ought all to be glad of the strangers who will bring, not only plenty, but peace, to our strand." The young men shook hands, and Paddy Mulvany placed his niece's arm within his, and whispered that it was time to go home.

"What do you think of our pier and harbor?" inquired Corry of the mate.

"It's nicely suited for trade," replied the sailor, "and the little island opposite, shelters it from the nor'-west wind. I'll try and swim to that spot to-morrow morning; though, if I can do it, I suppose I'm the only one in the country could; it's a long stretch."

"It's a good swim, for sartain, but I'd do it as easy as kiss my hand—clothes and all, this minute, with all the ease in life."

"Well, that's good, faith!—now, do you expect me to believe that? Why, I'd bet ye a gallon of stiff grog ye'd founder before ye'd get half way."

"Done."

"Done."

"Done and done's enough betwixt us two at any time, and so here goes, clothes and all, excepting coat and shoes."

"What are ye after, Corry?" inquired Paddy Mulvany, seeing him taking off his coat.

"Going to swim to the island for a small taste of a wager; this gentleman says, though he's a sea-faring man, it's impossible; so I'm jist going to show him the differ, for the honor of ould Ireland; I'm no fresh water rat to fear a ducking in the brine—here goes!"

Whenever a true Patlander meditates a dashing exploit, it is for the honor of "ould Ireland;" and many of Corry's friends, heedless of the consequence, cheered him to the undertaking. Paddy expostulated; but the voice of the thoughtless is always loud; his reasonings were not heard.

"What!—strike a bet with an Englishman?—a bet musn't be broken."

"But I say it must and shall," said Paddy, "he's not in a fit state to swim; put on your coat, Corry; here's Ally will ax you not to go."

"Will she?" exclaimed Corry; "if she does, I'll give it up—pay the grog; and that's more than I'd do for any man, woman, or child, barring herself."

"Alice," said her uncle, in an under-tone, "Alice, for the love of God, ax him not to go; as sure as ye're alive some harm 'll happen to him."

"I don't care," replied the sulky beauty.

Corry heard the words. "You don't care, Alice;—now here goes in earnest!" and he sprang off the pier into the ocean. Alice flew to the spot, and ejaculated "Dear Corry!"—but it was too late. "I knew the tide would be over strong," exclaimed Mulvany; "and so much whiskey!"

"By George, he's doing it nobly!" said the Englishman.

"Ould Ireland for ever!" shouted the peasants. Paddy knew well that the attempt was highly dangerous; he had often seen Cornelius swim, and perceived the difference now. Without uttering a sentence he jumped from the pier to the deck of the nearest vessel, then dropped into a little boat that was alongside, which was quickly unmoored, and, seizing the oars, tacked after his young friend. This was the work of a moment, and one of the English sailors observed—

"I say, who'd ha' thought that yon old fresh-water chap could have slipped off the craft so nimble!"

It was one of the clearest evenings that ever beamed out of the heavens; the moon had risen up an unclouded sky; the waters reflected "night's fair queen," and the little twinkling stars, in its clear blue bosom. The island may be somewhat more than an Irish mile from the pier, and the efforts Corry made to gain it were distinctly visible; but the eddy near the distant shore was very strong. As there were many jutting crags that intercepted the even flowing of the tide, Paddy Mulvany did not follow in the exact track, but kept to the right of Corry; Alice stood on the pier in breathless anxiety; and that feeling was increased to one of indescribable agony, when she heard the mate exclaim, "Good God!—sure it can't be!—yes, the current—he's struggling! as I hope to be saved, he's gone down!" The crowd now pressed forward to the end of the pier. Stoutly did Mulvany try to tack his boat so as to gain the drowning man; but unfortunately, she stuck upon a sand bank, and there was no time to disengage her; he, therefore, relinquished the oars, and plunged into the sea. By this time Corry had risen; but before his friend reached him he had again disappeared. One loud, long shriek of agony drew the attention of the spectators, for a moment, to the land; it was Corry's aged, widowed mother: she rushed fearfully along the quay, exclaiming, "My boy—my boy!—my blessed boy!" It was with difficulty she was restrained from casting herself into the waters; her eye fixed on Alice, and she said, in a tone between bitterness and affection, "Ally, Ally!—why did ye let him go?"

Mulvany had watched the moment for Corry's rising, and "treaded the water," while he seized him by the collar, so as to prevent the possibility of grappling. Instead of the exertion he expected, he was much horrified to find the poor fellow apparently a motionless corpse; and, when he placed him

in the boat, no symptom of lingering life was manifested. A loud shout from the shore told, plainly, how sincerely the people rejoiced in what they considered the success of Mulvany's exertions. Alice and Corry's mother rushed into each other's arms, tremblingly awaiting the arrival of the boat; but it is quite impossible to describe what followed, when the wet and senseless form of the beloved of their hearts was laid on the strand.

One in the crowd tried to sooth the wild grief of Alice. "Asy, asy, dear! sure it's God's will!" She turned towards the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body; then, with the action of frenzy, shook the pale hand shrieking, "Corry, oh, Corry, dear!—why won't ye wake! Oh, wake, wake! 'tis I that ask it!" and the unhappy girl fell senseless on the bosom of him she had dearly loved. The noise roused the mother, who had been wiping off the chill damp from her son's forehead;—her sorrow "was too deep for tears." "I tell ye, Alice, he's dead!" she murmured, when the girl's lament broke upon her ear, "and will never wake again!" She bent over him, while her hand rested on his ashy brow, and muttered, unconscious of the presence of strangers, "You were a good son, agra!—the green plant of the desert. How like his father he is now, whin I saw him last—jist before they put him in the coud grave, in the morning of his days—dead—dead—"

"My good woman," said the captain of the vessel, pushing through the crowd, "it is impossible that such a strong, fine fellow as that, could be smothered, in so short a time, by a mere mouthful of salt water; come, my hearties, lend a hand, and haul him on board; there's hot water, and stoves, and every convenience, and it won't be the first time we brought a lad to life after a ducking!" The old woman looked earnestly in his face, and, clasping her hands, faintly articulated, "Life—to life! God's blessing!—life—life!"—and accompanied the kind-hearted Englishman.

At any other time, the Irish would have strenuously exerted themselves to prevent the interference of the English about "death consarns;" but the captain's kind manner, and Mr. Townsend's going on board, silenced all their scruples. Paddy Mulvany, also, followed, supporting his niece, whose youthful feelings rebounded at the prospect of Corry's recovery. As Paddy was stepping on board, some one pulled his sleeve, and the ominous face of "Peter the Prophet," popped over his shoulder.

"I just wanted to remind you, Paddy Mulvany, that I tould ye no good would come of

the new quay; you'll just please to remember, Paddy Mulvany—"

Paddy turned on him—"Ye ill-looking, croaking, money-making, ould vagabond, if I catch yer wizen raven-face within tin yards of me or mine, either in town or country, I'll just give ye the finish—and here's the beginning!"

The drover made a blow at Mister Peter, which, if it had arrived at its destination, would have silenced his prognostication for a time; but he had wisely retreated, and ever afterwards kept the other side of the road when he espied Paddy's figure approaching.

The efforts of the English crew were successful; and the next morning a group of three—no—*four*—, passed up the green lane, where the birds were singing, and the flowers blossoming, as sweetly as on the past evening.

An old woman could hardly be said to be in

the advance, so closely did she keep, and so often did she turn back to look upon the party of three, who filled up the pathway. A young man, exceedingly pale, was in the centre, and he derived support and happiness from those on whom he leant. The girl was delicate to look upon, and the tear-drop glittered in her eye, even when the pale youth gazed upon her with looks of unspeakable affection. His hand lay, but could hardly be said to lean, upon her fairy arm; while his companion, on the other side, had enough to sustain.

Alice became a reformed flirt; and, although she never quite conquered her love for ingeniously tormenting, yet did she conquer her obstinacy, and declared unqualified approbation of the white cow. I cannot say so much for Peter, who continues to prognosticate, after his old fashion, and bitterly complains that a prophet hath no honor in his own land.

TO MARY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

It is my love's last lay!—and soon
Its echoes will have died,
And thou wilt list its low, wild tones
No more—pale victim-bride!—
I would not, lovely one, that thou
Should'st wrong the heart that deems thee now
Its glory and its pride!—
I would not thou should'st dim with tears,
The vision of its better years.

And yet I love thee. Memory's voice
Comes o'er me, like the tone
Of blossoms, when their dewy leaves
In autumn's night-winds moan;
I love thee still—that look of thine
Deep in my spirit has its shrine,
And beautiful and lone—
And there it glows—that holy form—
The rainbow of life's evening storm.

And, dear one, when I gaze on thee
So pallid, sweet, and frail,
And muse upon thy cheek, I well
Can read its mournful tale;—
I know the dews of memory oft

Are falling beautiful and soft
Upon love's blossoms pale—
I know that tears thou fain would'st hide
Are on thy lids—sweet victim-bride.

I too have wept. Yon moon's pale light
Has round my pillow strayed,
While I was mourning o'er the dreams,
That blossomed but to fade;
The memory of each holy eve,
To which our burning spirits cleave,
Seems like some star's sweet shade,
That once shone bright and pure on high;
But now has parted from the sky.

Immortal vision of my heart!—
Again, again, farewell!—
I will not listen to the tones,
That in wild music, swell
From the dim past. Those tones now fade,
And leave me nothing but the shade,
The cypress, and the knell!
Adieu—adieu—my task is done—
And now—God bless thee, gentle one.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE FRIENDS.

OR, LUXURIES LOST AND HAPPINESS WON.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine."

Young.

It was a pleasant day in June, the month of roses, when the young earth seems to send on the balmy air a whispered thanksgiving to heaven for her rich and gentle beauty. The fresh foliage grows brighter as the sweet breath of the summer wind plays among the leaves, and sportively kisses the fragrance from the lovely flowers, wafting it over the green meadows and quiet plains.

At the open casement of a white cottage, two young girls were seated; one sewing, the other reading aloud, yet often pausing to utter the elevating thoughts the volume suggested. They were about the same age, and might number eighteen years. The reader was very beautiful. Her dark hair was arranged with exquisite taste around her finely formed head, and a Grecian braid confined the shining ringlets that would have shaded too closely the white intellectual brow. Her usually proud face was now soft and yielding as a child's in its look of confidence and love. A thoughtful tenderness dwelt in her large black eye, as it rested on her friend, while a faint smile stole over her lip, telling how hushed was every unholy feeling, and betraying a heart full of sisterly affection.

Her companion, who possessed no beauty save that which is reflected from a pure heart, was seated on a low chair by her side, and as she raised her gentle countenance to that of her friend, it wore a look of almost spiritual loveliness.

The intimacy between Ellen Wilbur and her beautiful friend, commenced at school. The latter was wealthy and talented, and there-

fore received the homage of her companions, which was probably rendered to her "acres of charms;" for even children learn to hold "filthy lucre" in the same estimation as their elders.

Gertrude Stacy was the only daughter of a rich merchant, a native of England, who had early come to this country, where he married a poor, but beautiful and intelligent girl. His wife lived but a few years after her marriage, and Gertrude was a stranger to a mother's care from the age of three years. Mr. Stacy, wholly absorbed in money-making, cultivated none of the gentler affections. He possessed that calculating spirit, which so often chills the love of a young heart. As the fair girl grew towards womanhood, she yearned for a friend who might appreciate the deep feelings known only to her own soul. The sweetness and *naïveté* of Ellen's manners, combined with her intelligence, won Gertrude's admiration; and the fact that the friendless orphan showed less eagerness than any one else to become intimate with her, and always wore an air of gentle self-respect when they met, perhaps impelled the proud heiress to sue for the friendship of one who was regarded by many young ladies of the institution as too poor to be blessed with their familiarity.

Since they had left school, Gertrude resided in the city, where she shone in the courts of fashion, as a "bright, particular star." Rich, beautiful, and highly gifted, she met with adulation at every step, and although she received it with apparent indifference, its flattering breath fell upon her too haughty spirit like a

grateful incense. She had few female friends among her fashionable acquaintances, for close observation had taught her, that she must seek for friendship where luxury and self-indulgence had not enervated the intellect, and put to silence the low, sweet murmurings of affection that would fain breathe over the soul like the music of heaven. Gertrude possessed strong feelings, and many noble qualities; but these were often thrown into the shade by one great fault—*pride*. When she left her luxurious home in the city, and found herself in the simple white cottage where Ellen dwelt in her grandmother's family, this blemish in her character apparently vanished, and the affections of her better nature gushed forth; new thoughts found entrance in her bosom, and she felt a desire to put away every evil thing within her, and become gentle and unselfish as her companion.

How great the influence of a friend! and how important that we should select those only whose influence will deepen in our hearts the little goodness that may have found root there, instead of choking it with weeds of hasty and evil growth.

There was now in the communion of the friends a deeper interest than ever; a sadness they had never known before; they were about to be separated for two long years, and what changes might not occur before they met again? Many times their eyes filled with tears, as they dwelt with lingering tenderness on the happy hours they had spent together, which had given so bright a glow to their existence. They well knew,

"Thought can dare

The pathless waste, the viewless air;—
And though the roaring seas divide,
Where spirits mingle and confide,
They form no interposing bond,
Thought can outstretch e'en these beyond!"

Yet though such reflections might lessen the pain of separation still it was pain.

A wealthy aunt of Ellen's, whose health idleness and dissipation had rendered delicate, had persuaded her husband that it was necessary for her to cross the ocean, and sojourn in a foreign climate, in order to recover her lost bloom. It was decided that they should be absent two years, and Ellen had been invited by her aunt to accompany her as a companion. With the delighted curiosity of a young girl, she consented, and when she could forget the endearments of home, her heart beat high with enthusiasm as she anticipated the time when her feet should press the classic soil of Europe.

The day of separation at length came, and the rosy light of morning streamed in the chamber occupied by the friends. They had risen early, and hour after hour slipped away as they felt the luxury of being alone for the last time, and pouring out their full hearts to each other. But the time drew near, and, with arms drawn closely around each other, they knelt at the bedside, and the fervency of that last prayer hung over their spirits long after the ocean had divided them.

Two years passed away, and during that time the heart of Gertrude Stacy had "grown familiar with deep trials of its own."

Her father had imbibed the spirit of speculation, and, as was the case with many others, instead of increasing his wealth, it tore from his grasp all that he possessed. The love of money was his ruling passion, and when he discovered that his riches were lost beyond recall, he felt a blow from which he never recovered. His energies seemed to leave him entirely, and he sunk into a low, desponding state of mind, which necessarily impaired his bodily health. Gertrude was called upon to bear the death of her father soon after the loss of that wealth she had not known how to value until it was taken away.

When Ellen Wilbur returned to her native land, her manners yet frank and simple, and her heart still glowing with the same warm love towards the beautiful girl she had left with prospects so fair, Gertrude was poor, lonely, and an orphan. She had no near relatives to offer her a home, and many persons she thought interested in her, proved cold and indifferent when she most needed friends. Pride impelled her to shrink from every one she had known in prosperity—even those who might and perhaps would have aided her. The unhappy girl obtained a boarding place in a retired part of the city, and with bitterness in her bosom, sought and with difficulty procured some employment in plain sewing, which barely defrayed her most urgent expenses. Buried in loneliness, she brooded morbidly over the events that had so changed the world to her. Yet amid all her gloomy thoughts and dark forebodings, when her mind reverted to Ellen, a ray of hope visited her, and the desolate girl longed for the time when she might be cheered by the affectionate kindness of that gentle being. No sight she more desired "Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen in darkest day."

At last, her wishes were gratified. On her return Ellen eagerly sought her humble residence. With a beating heart, the long-absent one ascended the stairs that led to the cham-

ber of the once rich heiress. Her trembling hand was laid upon the latch, and yet she lingered to still the emotions that thrilled her bosom. She listened to hear if any one was within, but no sound met her ear,—again her fingers pressed the latch; it yielded to her touch, and with a noiseless step she entered the apartment. Gertrude sat sewing, apparently buried in painful thought. Her face was pale and thin, and tears gushed into the eyes of her gentle visitor as she paused a moment, unobserved, and marked the change suffering had wrought in those beautiful features.

"Oh! Gertrude," broke huskily from her lips. And with a faint scream of joy the astonished girl sprang from her chair, and the long-parted friends were clasped in each other's arms. They wept long together, and their hearts communed more deeply than if words had broken that blessed silence. When they had seated themselves, Gertrude said in a low tone—

"We looked for changes, dear Ellen, when we parted, but I little dreamed that I would know so much wretchedness. My best feelings are wasted by sorrow; and every thing that was good and beautiful in my spirit, is withered and dead. One deep, warm, kindly feeling found a dwelling place in my bosom; I could weep over the troubles of others,—but now, I am changed; there is nothing left of my former self. Oh! Ellen, you will find nothing in me to love"—and the wretched girl leaned her head on the shoulder of her friend, and gave way to a flood of passionate tears.

Ellen replied only by drawing her arm more fondly around her, and brushing the hair from the hot brow of the weeping girl, upon which she pressed her lips, while her own tears fell fast. How eloquent then, was that silent caress, the lingering lips upon the forehead!

When Gertrude had ceased weeping, Ellen broke the silence by saying,—

"Every thing appears darker than it really is, dearest. If you *will*, you *may* be happy again. Your best feelings are not wasted; you are beginning to know yourself; circumstances have developed the evil feelings that appear *new* to you, yet you possessed them before, although they were never called into action. Now that you are aware of their existence, dear Gertrude, overcome them, and you will be purer and happier, than if they yet remained in their unconscious slumber. The green spot in your soul is not withered; dark clouds have hidden it, and you think the fierce tempest has laid all waste. There was an object

in that wild storm; it was to purify that chosen spot, and protect it from greater ills.

"When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair."

Try to be resigned to what God has ordered, Gertrude, and forget your own sufferings in efforts to be useful to others; then the sun of true happiness will break in upon your spirit with its pleasant warmth, refreshing the new and delicate germs of goodness, that they may be strengthened by future storms and outlive them. When happiness depends on external things, it must ever rest on a broken reed. To be real it must spring from love and gentleness within; then its clear light of purity and joy may be shed with blessings upon the hearts of others. Every evil thing that is banished from our bosoms, renders our reform easier, and it is no less true than poetical, that if it is our constant aim to become better, the angels minister unto us, and impart to us their pure thoughts and heavenly affections."

"Ah! Ellen!" returned Gertrude, with a faint smile, "I almost fancy you an angel. I can *feel* that you are good and pure, and if I could always be with you, I think I might learn what true happiness is."

She leaned her head upon her hand for some moments, lost in deep and earnest thought; her brow knit at times, but there was no bitterness in her look. At length the troubled expression vanished, her slightly quivering lip grew firmer, and in a voice low and tremulous with its weight of new-born, elevated feeling, she said,—

"I know it is easier to resolve than to follow a resolution under all circumstances, yet, if I may have strength from above, my life shall no longer be wasted in idle repinings. If I cannot impart happiness to others, my spirit may at least learn not to cast a gloom. But how can I always resist despondency? How can I stifle every selfish emotion? Ah! Ellen, it is no slight thing to change our very natures."

"It is the work of a life, dear Gertrude, yet do not be discouraged, if we do the best we can, 'angels can no more.' But now let me turn to another subject, and tell you some good news; you must give up this sewing, that confines you from six o'clock in the morning till near midnight. My home shall be your home—"

"But," interrupted Gertrude, "I cannot be dependent, and even if I were willing, the addition of *one* would be felt in your family."

"You mistake me," said Ellen, "we are not to be idle. A good school is very much needed in our vicinity, and if you will con-

sent, we will take upon ourselves the office of school madams. I think we can soon get accustomed to wearing our dignity-caps. What is your opinion?"

Tears sprung into the eyes of Gertrude, as she replied,—

"You are not compelled to labor, Ellen, and it is only for my sake this school is proposed. Tell me, would you have thought of it, if I yet possessed the luxuries I once did?"

"Well, I suppose not," answered her friend, with a frank and playful smile, "so I am indebted to you for the brightest idea that ever entered my dull cranium. But we shall be perfectly happy, I am sure, Gertrude; we can be together every day, and we must make our duties a source of pleasure."

A smile, grateful, yet tender and subdued in its loveliness, passed over the face of Gertrude; a fountain of purer feelings was opened in her heart, and it thrilled with new-born hopes, and yet was chastened with a pensive fear, lest her late despondency might banish her half sad yet sweet emotions.

Night warned Ellen to depart, and the fair girls separated with the pure halo of disinterested friendship around them.

A few weeks after, on a little house in a certain town, a new sign might be seen, bearing these words, "Seminary for Young Ladies." Within, a pleasing scene was presented. In one corner our friend Ellen was seated, her sweet countenance bright with happy feelings. She was gently encouraging to greater efforts in spelling half a dozen female urchins, who were grouped around her; and

when a ludicrous mistake from some child, too eager to display her abilities, met her ear, a quick mischievous glance at Gertrude, and a hard-suppressed smile, betrayed a teacher not yet familiar with her occupation. The innocent children clung to her, and looked up in her kind face with that confidence they always manifest towards those who treat them with uniform tenderness.

Not far distant, Gertrude directed a class in painting, and only those who are familiar with the pencil can tell with what anxious delight she marked the improvement of one pupil in a favorite piece, or how she longed to seize the brush and with a few careless touches remodel a landscape another poor girl was half-discouraged over. The face of the lovely mistress wore a look of cheerful dignity. One word, spoken in a kind, affectionate tone, was sufficient to gain implicit obedience to her commands; and the warm interest she manifested towards *all* under her care, rendered her beloved without any feelings of jealousy.

Every day, when the school was dismissed, the young teachers sallied forth, their steps impeded by some rosy-cheeked damsels, who invariably sued for the honor of taking their hands and walking by the 'madams.'

Experience taught Gertrude that the power of being useful and making others happy gave her a far more abiding joy than she had ever felt when surrounded by luxury, and seeking only self-gratification; a closer intimacy rendered the friends more deeply attached, and no blight ever marred the beauty of their perfect friendship.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

Life has its moments
Of beauty and bloom;
But they hang like sweet roses
On the edge of the tomb.
Blessings they bring us,
As lovely as brief;
They meet us when happy,
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
Tinging the sky;
Come on the sunbeams,
And off with them fly.

Shadows of evening,
Hang soft on the shore;
Darkness enwraps them,
We see them no more.

So life's better moments,
In brilliance appear,
Dawning in beauty,
Our journey to cheer.
Round us they linger
Like shadows of ev'n;
Would that we, like them,
Might melt into heav'n!

J. N. M.

THE DREAM OF GOLD.

A LEVANTINE FABLE.

From the French of Charles Nodier.

CHAPTER I.

THE KARDOUN.

THE Kardoun is, as every body knows, the most beautiful and gentle of lizards. The Kardoun is clothed with gold like a great lord; but he is timid and modest, and lives alone and retired, on account of which he has acquired the reputation of being very learned. The Kardoun has never injured any body, and there is no one but loves the Kardoun. The young maidens are proud when he looks at them as they pass along the road, with eyes of love and joy, curving his neck with its varying blue and ruby colors; or making glitter in the rays of the sun, the wonderful tissue in which he is clothed. They say to each other:—

“It was not you, it was me whom the Kardoun regarded to-day; he has found me the most beautiful, and will have me for his love.”

But the Kardoun thought not of the young maidens. The Kardoun was seeking, here and there, for savory roots to regale his comrades, and to rejoice, with them, upon some broad stone, in the noontide blaze.

One day the Kardoun found a treasure in the desert. It was composed of many pieces of new gold coin, which were so beautiful and so finely polished, that one might have believed that they groaned and leaped under the pressure of the coiner's die. A king who was fleeing for his life, and found his progress retarded by its weight, had left it behind him.

“*Vertu de Dieu !*” said the Kardoun, “either I deceive myself, or here are some fine provisions; and how opportunely they come for my winter's store! These are slices of fresh and sweet carrots; which, always so refreshing, rouse up my dull spirits when solitude depresses me. But I never before saw them look so enchanting.”

And the Kardoun glided toward the treasure; not directly, for that is not his custom, but making prudent detours; sometimes with his head raised, his muzzle in the air, his body straight, and his tail vertical. Sometimes he stops, undecided, turning first one eye then the other towards the sun, and each of his acute ears, successively, ready to catch the slightest sound; looking first to the right, then to the left, hearing all, seeing all, and reassuring himself more and more, he starts forward like a bold Kardoun—then shrinking tremblingly within himself like a poor pursued Kardoun far away from his hole. Then pleased and confident, arching his back, rounding his shoulders to all the playful rays of light, displaying all the folds of his rich robe, and the golden scales of his coat of mail, now green, now red, varying and fading; giving to the winds the dust under his feet, and lashing his tail. Without doubt he is the most beautiful of Kardouns.

When he had reached the treasure he threw upon it a piercing glance, straightened himself like a rod, and catching up the first piece of gold which came in his way tried it with his teeth. But he broke one of them in the first attempt he made to bite the gold.

The Kardoun started ten paces backward; then he returned and began to nibble more modestly.

“They are devilishly dry,” said he. “Oh! but the Kardouns who lay up these slices of fresh carrots for their posterity, are very culpable in not putting them in a damp place where they might preserve their nourishing qualities. It must be admitted,” added he, interiorly, “that the Kardoun race has not improved much. But as I dined the other day and am not, thanks to heaven, so pressed as to make such a wretched repast, I will carry this provender and place it under the great tree of the desert, amongst plants moistened by the dew of heaven, and watered by the

springs. I will sleep in the soft sand by its side, until the first dawn, and when some clumsy bee who rises, thoughtlessly, from the flower in which he has slept, awakens me with his humming, as he whirls madly about, I shall commence one of the finest breakfasts a prince of a Kardouon ever made.

The Kardouon of whom I speak was a Kardouon of execution. What he projected he performed; which is saying a great deal for him. In the evening all the treasure, transported piece by piece, was spread upon a fine mossy carpet, the long silken spires of grass bending under its weight. Above, a great tree spread out its immense green, luxuriant branches, covered with beautiful blossoms and seeming to invite the passers-by to take an agreeable slumber under its shade.

And the fatigued Kardouon slept calmly, dreaming of fresh roots.

This is the history of the Kardouon.

CHAPTER II.

XAILOUN.

On the following day the poor wood-cutter Xailoun was irresistibly drawn to this spot, by the melodious murmur of the running waters, and the cool and laughing rustling of the foliage. This pleasant place of repose was attractive to the natural indolence of Xailoun, who was still far from the forest, and which, as usual, he was in no hurry to reach.

As there are few persons in existence at present, who knew Xailoun during his lifetime, I will say that he was one of those unfortunate children of nature who seem to have been produced only to vegetate on this earth. He was deformed in person, and his mind was very much obscured. He lived, a simple and good creature, never wishing nor doing harm to any one, yet so incapable of thinking or understanding, that his family had looked upon him as a source of grief and pain only, from his infancy. The humiliating treatment to which Xailoun had been exposed from the earliest period of his life inspired him with a taste for solitude, on which account they gave him the profession of a wood-cutter, as, from others requiring more intelligence, he was interdicted, in consequence of the weakness of his mind. In the city he was called only the simple Xailoun. The children followed him in the streets with shouts of malicious laughter, crying:

"Give place! place, to honest Xailoun! to

Xailoun! the most amiable wood-cutter who ever handled an axe; for he goes to talk with his cousin the Kardouon in the shade of the woods. Oh! worthy Xailoun!"

And his arrogant brothers retired from his path reddening with shame; but Xailoun seemed not to see them, and only laughed at the children.

Xailoun was accustomed to thinking that the daily contempt and derision he experienced was in consequence of the pooriness of his clothing; for no man judges unfavorably of his own mental qualities. He concluded that the Kardouon whom he thought, as his brilliant colors glistened in the sun-light, the most splendid of all the inhabitants of the earth; was the most favored of created beings, and he promised himself, in secret, that he would cultivate the intimacy of the Kardouon, and endeavor to obtain from him some of his cast off holiday clothes, with the magnificence of which he would fascinate the eyes of the good people.

"Besides," added he; after he had reflected as deeply as he was capable of doing, "the Kardouon, they say, is my cousin, and I perceive a sympathy which draws me towards this honorable personage, since my brothers have so contemptuously repulsed me, I have no other relation so near as the Kardouon, and I should like to live with him if he would permit me. I could make up for him, every evening, a bed of nice, clean straw, on which he might sleep, and could heat his chamber with a clear and cheerful fire when the weather grows cold and damp. The Kardouon, I know, will grow old before me," pursued Xailoun, for he was, already, active and beautiful when I was very small, and my mother used to show him to me, saying, 'see! there is the Kardouon!'—and I know, thanks be to God, how to perform those little offices which can amuse and interest the old and infirm. It is a pity he is a little proud!"

In truth the Kardouon received the ordinary advances of Xailoun very coolly. At his approach the Kardouon disappeared like a flash, in the sand, and did not stop till he had reached the shelter of a hillock or stone, from behind which, he would turn upon Xailoun his two glittering eyes that outshone the Carbuncle. Xailoun would then regard him with a respectful air, and say, with hands clasped:—

"Alas! my cousin, why do you flee from me; from one who is your friend and well wisher? I only ask to follow, that I may serve you, in preference to my brothers; for whom, indeed, I would willingly die, but who appear to me less gracious and less amiable than you.

Repulse not as they have done, your faithful Xailoun, if you have need of a good domestic."

But the Kardouon always fled from him, and Xailoun would return, crying, to his mother because his cousin, the Kardouon, avoided him.

On the present day his mother had struck him angrily, pushing him out by the shoulders:

"Go away, miserable wretch!" she had said to him, "go and join your cousin, the Kardouon, for you are unworthy to have other relations!"

Xailoun had obeyed his mother, and he sought his cousin the Kardouon.

"Oh! oh!" said he, when he came under the tree with the luxuriant branches, "it is my cousin, the Kardouon, who is sleeping here in the shade, at the confluence of the springs, although such is not his custom! A fine opportunity when he awakens of speaking to him about this business of mine. But what is he guarding there; and what is he doing with those little pieces of yellow lead, if it be not to get himself new clothes! Perhaps this is for his wedding. By my faith! there are cheats in the bazar of the Kardouons, too, I believe. As for this old iron, there is not one of the pieces of the old doublet of my cousin but is worth a thousand times more. I will wait, however, till he awakens, and get his opinion, if he should be in a more conversant humor than usual. I will lie down comfortably here, and as I sleep lightly, I shall wake as soon as he."

At the moment Xailoun laid down he was, suddenly, struck with an idea.

"The night is cool," said he, "and my cousin, the Kardouon, is not accustomed, as I am, to sleeping upon the earth near the springs and under the shade of the trees only; the morning air, besides, is not wholesome."

Xailoun took off his coat and spread it, softly, over the Kardouon, taking care not to waken him. The Kardouon did not awaken.

When he had achieved this, Xailoun was soon sleeping soundly and dreaming of the friendship of the Kardouon.

This is the history of Xailoun.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAKIR ABHOC.

ON the next day there came to the same place the fakir Abhoc, who pretended to be going on a pilgrimage, but who was, in reality, looking about for some wind fall of fortune.

As he drew near the springs to rest himself, he perceived the treasure, and, intoxicated with

the sight, he eagerly computed its value on his fingers.

"Unexpected grace!" cried he, "the all powerful and merciful God, thus, at last, recompenses my piety, after so many years trial. He has deigned to place this treasure in order to render its attainment more easy to me, under the guard of an innocent lizard of the walls, and a poor simpleton!"

I should state that the fakir Abhoc, was perfectly acquainted, by sight, with Xailoun, and the Kardouon.

"Heaven be praised for all things!" said he, seating himself at a little distance from the treasure. "Adieu to fakir's robe, to long fasts and rude mortifications of the flesh. I will change my country and my life and buy, in the first kingdom that pleases me, some province, which will yield me a large revenue. Once established in my palace, I will occupy my time, making merry, in the midst of my beautiful slaves, amongst flowers and perfumes; my spirit softly lulled by melodious sounds, whilst I am quaffing wine of exquisite flavor from the largest of my golden cups. I am becoming old, and good wine makes the heart light. It seems to me, however, that this treasure will be somewhat difficult to carry, and it is not well that a great lord of the earth, like myself, who has a multitude of servants and innumerable bands of soldiers, should stoop to the office of a porter. It is necessary, in order that a prince may gain the respect of his subjects, that he should be accustomed to respect himself. This peasant, here, could not have been sent for any other purpose than to serve me; and, as he is strong as an ox, he can carry it, easily, to the next city, where I will give him my old clothes and some small change, which he will consider an ample recompense for a trifling service."

After this soliloquy, the fakir Abhoc, very certain that his treasure had nothing to fear from the Kardouon, or the poor simpleton who was as little aware of its value as the Kardouon, gave himself up, without resistance, to the sweet approaches of drowsiness, and he soon slept soundly, dreaming of his province, his harem, filled with the rarest beauties of the East, and his Shiraz wine sparkling in golden cups.

This is the history of the fakir Abhoc.

CHAPTER IV.

DOCTOR ABHAC.

ON the following day the doctor Abhac, a man deeply versed in the law, who had lost

his way mediating upon an obscure point of text, to which jurists had, already, given one hundred and thirty-two different interpretations, came to the same place. He was upon the point of seizing the thirty-third, when the sight of the treasure caused him to forget it entirely, and to transport his ideas back to the difficult ground of fiscal affairs, the right of discovery, and right of property. The new interpretation was so perfectly annihilated in his mind, which is a great loss to the learned world, that he could not have recovered it in a hundred years.

"It appears," said the doctor Abhac, "that the Kardouon discovered this treasure, and he will not, I am very sure, urge any claim to a legal part in the division. The said Kardouon, then, is entirely out of the question, and no one else can claim it under the right of discovery. As regards the right of property, I contend that this place is waste land, common to all, and belonging, particularly, to none. This confluence of the running waters, too, is a happy fact, marking, if I do not deceive myself, the disputed boundaries of two warlike people, the settlement of which might involve them in long and bloody wars. Under existing circumstances, then, I shall be then doing an innocent, lawful and, indeed, useful act, in carrying this treasure to my house. As for these two adventurers, of whom one appears to be a miserable wood-cutter and the other a worthless fakir, persons without any weight or influence in society, it is very probable that they, entirely ignorant of the law, are sleeping here with the intention of proceeding in the morning to an amicable division of the gold. But I cannot allow them to take it without trial, or I shall lose my reputation. However, as I am becoming drowsy in consequence of the intenseness of thought which I have given to this matter, I will proceed to take possession, by putting some of the pieces of gold in my turban; for that will establish my priority of right, if the affair should come under the jurisdiction of the court. It is well known, that, in law, possession gives great weight to a claim."

And the doctor Abhac filled his turban with so many pieces of conviction, that he passed a greater part of the day in dragging it, poor man, to the edge of the shade thrown from the great tree in the rays of the declining sun.

He returned many times, always stuffing his turban till, at last, satisfied he had every thing in form, or so much wearied that he was capable of no further exertion, he threw himself upon the sand. He was compelled to

sleep, however, with his head exposed to the heavy dew.

"I shall have no difficulty in awaking," said he, placing his newly shaved occiput upon the stuffed turban, which served him as a pillow, "for these persons will be disputing from the dawn of day. They will be too happy, besides, to have a doctor of law at hand, to decide between them; so that in any event I shall be sure, at least, of my fees."

After which the doctor Abhac slept, magisterially, dreaming of law and gold.

This is the history of the doctor Abhac.

CHAPTER V.

THE KING OF THE SANDS.

THE next day, towards evening, there came to the same place a famous robber, whose name has not been preserved by history, but who was the terror of the caravans of the country, for which reason, if the records of this remote period be faithful, he was called King of the Sands. He had never before been in this part of the desert, as the route was not much frequented by travellers. The aspect of the springs and the shade carried a lively sensation to a heart little susceptible, ordinarily, of impressions of pleasure from the beauties of nature and he stopped immediately.

"I have not been badly prompted," said he, perceiving the treasure. "The old Kardouon here, according to the immemorial usage of lizards and dragons, guards this mass of gold for which he has no use; and these three spongers have come to share it with him. If I should attempt to carry it off whilst they sleep, I should not fail to awaken the Kardouon, who has a watchful eye—and I should have to contend with the lizard, the wood-cutter, the fakir, and the man of law, who would, do doubt, in their eagerness to retain possession of the gold, fight boldly for it. It will be more prudent, as it is not yet quite dark, and as it appears that they purpose to remain here till morning, to pretend to sleep until night comes on, when I can easily kill each with a good stroke of my kangiar. As this place is so unfrequented there is no fear that any one will prevent me, to-morrow, from carrying off my booty; besides I do not intend to leave without making a breakfast of this Kardouon, the flesh of which, I have heard my father say, is very delicate."

And he slept, in his turn dreaming of as-

sination, pillage, and Kardouons roasted upon the coals.

This is the history of the King of the Sands, who was a robber, but who received this appellation to distinguish him from others.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAGE LOCKMAN.

ON the following day the sage Lockman, the philosopher and poet; the philanthropist, the teacher of the people, and counsellor of kings; who often sought the deepest solitude to meditate upon nature and God, came to the same place.

And Lockman walked with a slow and unsteady step, in consequence of the weakness of age, for he had, this day, reached the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman was arrested by the spectacle which presented itself under the tree of the desert. He stopped and reflected an instant.

"The picture which your divine goodness, presents to my eyes," cried he, at last, "Sublime Creator of all things, teaches ineffable precepts, and my soul is borne down in contemplating it, with admiration for the lessons which result from Thy works and with compassion for the senseless beings who know Thee not.

"Here is a treasure as men call it, which has, many times, no doubt, cost its owner his repose of mind.

"Here the Kardouon, who discovered these pieces of gold and who, lightened by the feeble instinct with which Thou hast provided his species, has taken them for slices of roots dried by the sun.

"Here, the poor Xailoun, whose eyes were dazzled by the bright coat of the Kardouon, and who was unable to penetrate the mystery which envelopes Thy works, as the swaddling clothes of an infant in the cradle, and to adore in the magnificent tints of this animal's skin, the all-powerful hand which decorates, at its pleasure, the vilest of His creatures.

"Here lies the fakir, Abhoc, who, bold in the natural timidity of the Kardouon, and the imbecility of Xailoun, thought to remain sole possessor of this great wealth and to render opulent his old days.

"Here is the doctor Abhac who, in anticipation of the difficulties which might arise in the division of these vain gifts of fortune, expected to act as mediator and take to himself a double share.

"Here is the King of the Sands, who has come last to this place, whose mind, doubtless, has been occupied by the deadly thoughts usual to men abandoned by Thy sovereign grace to the passions of the earth and who, judging from the desperate violence with which his hand is closed upon his kangiar, has conceived the purpose of taking the lives during the night, of those who preceded him, and appropriating to himself the treasure.

"They are all sleeping, for ever, under the poisoned shade of the upas, the seeds of which have been cast by the breath of Thy anger into the depths of the forests of Java."

When he had concluded these words, the sage Lockman prostrated himself upon the earth and adored God.

And when he had risen, he passed his hand over his beard, and continued:

"The respect we owe to the dead should induce us to remove their mortal remains and dispose of them so that they may not be devoured by the beasts of the desert. The living judge the living, but the dead belong to God."

And he took the bill-hook from the belt of Xailoun, and dug three graves.

In the first grave he placed the fakir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed the doctor Abhac.

In the third grave he placed the King of the Sands.

"As for thee, Xailoun," continued Lockman, "I will carry thee beyond the influence of the mortal poison of the tree, that thy friends, if any are left on earth since the death of the Kardouon, may weep without danger over the spot where thou reposest; because thou hast taken thine own coat to protect the sleeping Kardouon from the cold."

Then Lockman carried Xailoun afar off, and dug a grave for him in a little flowery ravine, the bottom of which was bathed by water from the springs, and the branches of fragrant trees, waving in the wind, shed upon him their perfumes.

And when he had accomplished this, the sage Lockman passed his hand a second time over his beard and, after having reflected a little, he went to find the Kardouon under the poison tree.

Lockman then dug a fresh grave* above that of Xailoun, upon a little elevation better exposed to the sun, the rays of which always awaken the gaiety of lizards.

"God preserve me," said Lockman, "from separating, in death, those who loved each other in life!"

And when he had spoken thus, Lockman

passed his hand a third time across his beard and after having reflected, he returned to the foot of the upas tree.

He then dug a very deep hole, in which he buried the treasure.

"This precaution," said he, "may save the life of man or that of Kardouon."

Then Lockman directed his weary steps towards Xailoun's grave, with the intention of lying down there to recruit himself; he felt himself growing weaker in consequence of his great age and the fatigue he had undergone.

And when he had reached the grave of Xailoun his strength failed him, altogether; he fell upon the earth, elevated his soul towards God and died.

This is the history of the sage Lockman.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANGEL OF GOD.

THE next day one of those spirits which are never visible to us except in our dreams, floated in the air near the earth and, then, soaring away, seemed to be lost in the eternal azure; then balancing himself for a moment at a height which thought cannot measure, upon his large blue wings, like an immense butterfly, he rapidly descended. As he approached, his ringlets of fair hair, shining like gold, might be seen flying loose upon the air, resembling little golden clouds brilliant with the sun's last rays.

He reached the earth but not a branch was broken, not a leaf stirred, not a flower pressed down under his light footsteps; he raised himself again, and fluttered over the recent grave of Xailoun.

"Ah!" cried he, "Xailoun is dead, then.

Xailoun whose innocence and simplicity of heart, heaven has so long witnessed, and which has merited eternal peace."

And from his large blue wings he let fall upon the earth that covered the grave of Xailoun, to mark the spot where he lay, a little feather, which took root and germinated and developed a more beautiful plume than ever decorated the coffin of a king.

Then he perceived the poet, who was sleeping in death as in a joyous dream, his countenance radiant with tranquillity and happiness.

"My Lockman too," said the spirit, "has desired to grow young again by coming to us, although he has past but a few seasons amongst men, who, have not, alas! profited by his teachings. Come, now, my brother; come with me. Awaken from death and follow me. Let us go to eternal light. Let us go to God!"

And imprinting the kiss of resurrection upon the brow of Lockman, he raised him lightly from his mossy bed, and they soared away till they were lost in the blue heavens.

This is the history of the Angel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE DREAM OF GOLD.

MANY ages have passed by since these occurrences took place, but the name of the sage Lockman, has never passed from the remembrance of men.

And since that time the upas has extended its branches, its deadly shade still poisoning the springs, and carrying death to the ever running waters.

This is the history of the World.

DEVELOPEMENT OF MIND.

THE mind must grow, not from external accretion, but from an internal principle. Much may be done by others in aid of its developement, but in all that is done it should not be forgotten, that even from its earliest infancy, it possesses a character and a principle of freedom which *should* be respected, and *cannot* be destroyed. Its peculiar propensities

may be discerned, and proper nutriment and culture supplied; but the infant plant, not less than the aged tree, must be permitted with its own organs of absorption, to separate that which is peculiarly adapted to itself; otherwise it will be cast off as a foreign substance, and produce nothing but rottenness and deformity.

EVERY BODY DOES IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"**EVERY** body does it, and what is the use of my attempting to swim against wind and tide?"

"But is it right?"

"Why, as to that, I suppose, strictly considered, it is not exactly right. Still, every body does it. If one half of the world need to be humbugged, the other half have no alternative but to play the game on them. The plain honest truth is no longer believed. You must lie roundly before people will put any confidence in your statements. Were I to set forth, in my advertisements, the simple facts in regard to my goods, I wouldn't get a customer. But when I blaze before the public with high sounding terms, and praise my wares extravagantly as the best and cheapest in the market, every body believes me, and every body comes to my store. My neighbors, you for instance, who won't do this, may sell better and cheaper goods, and really do in many instances, but I take the cream off the custom. I get the dollars and cents, and tip top prices for my goods. There is no use in concealing the truth—you must play the humbug game, or you won't thrive. I'm fully satisfied on this head."

"But the honesty of the thing, friend Barker. How can you get over that? Do you never think about the effect such a course of conduct will have upon the community? Are you willing to join in the work of corrupting instead of elevating society?"

"Oh, as to that, I'm no moralist. I'm a man of business—am in the world, and must do as the world does. Every body does as I am doing. It is necessary. A man will go to the wall very quickly who attempts to deal perfectly fair and open. Look around you at every kind of business. Read over handbills and advertisements, and see how every thing is puffed up and lied about. This is 'superb,' and that the 'cheapest and most economical,' and the other the most 'elegant and unique' of any thing ever before offered to the public.

The knowing ones laugh, but the great mass, the 'gulls,' are taken in, and fleeced of their money. So it goes. You must cheat the people, or they won't be satisfied."

"And you, friend Barker, are content to go with these knowing ones, as you call them, and help to deceive and 'fleece' the great mass?"

"It's the way of the world. If I expect to get along in the world I must do as the world does."

"But I think a man may deal with perfect fairness and prosper."

"I shouldn't like to try the experiment."

"Really, your frank admissions confound me. I can hardly conceive it possible for a man of standing in the community; a man upon whose reputation there is not a shadow of suspicion; to deliberately set himself to work to lie to and deceive the people in order to get from them their money."

"Mr. Plainfield, what do you mean?" interrupted the merchant, somewhat sternly.

"Didn't you acknowledge to me, but a moment since, that you had to lie and deceive in order to get along?"

"Why—why—yes—something of the kind. But not quite so plain—so—so—"

"Never be afraid, Mr. Barker, of calling things by their right names. It will help you to the better understanding of their true natures. I ought to have said, that I am confounded to hear a man of good reputation in the community contending for the propriety of lying and cheating."

"Mr. Plainfield!"

"Do not be offended at me. Names are of little account compared with qualities, which they signify. If you misrepresent an article of goods, making it appear better than it really is, is not that telling what is untrue—in other words, *lying*?"

"Why—why, lying is rather a hard term, when one comes to think of it."

"But does it not express the precise fact? To tell what is not true is lying, is it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Very well. Then if you misrepresent the character of your goods, you are a liar. Don't frown! But look the truth in the face like a man. Isn't it just as I say?"

"It looks something like it, I must confess," was replied with an expression of countenance that said he would rather not be probed any closer on the subject.

"Very much, I should think. You would whip your son for telling a lie, and yet you think nothing of lying about your goods every day."

"Mr. Plainfield!"

"There, there, friend Barker! Don't be like the man who got angry with the painter for drawing him too faithful a likeness. Let me bring out another important point in this matter. You can't deny the fact that you are guilty of lying in business. Your excuse is, that every body does it; and that no one can get along in the world who does not do as the world does. But there is a still grosser error. You are a cheat as well as a liar."

At this the merchant went off into quite a passion, and said he wouldn't allow any man to talk to him in that way. But the individual who was drawing his picture was an old man, and quite a plain spoken one into the bargain, as the reader no doubt thinks. He permitted Barker to cool off a little, and then resumed—

"Don't be afraid of yourself, friend Barker. Other people will look at you, and not a few will value your character at exactly what it is worth. Surely, you ought not to be ashamed of your own picture. But, as I was going to say, after you have, by false representations, gotten customers to visit your store, you then sell them goods of which they are not the judges, for more than they are really worth. Is not that downright cheating? I call things, you see, by their right names."

"Yes, but I never sell goods for more than they are really worth. Goods are too cheap. We make a great deal too little profit on them at best."

"You advertise to sell the best and cheapest goods in the city?"

"Yes."

"And yet, you have, yourself, admitted that this is a mere pretence—a 'gull' trap, and that your more conscientious neighbor next door, often sells better and cheaper goods than you do. If this is not cheating your customers, I don't know what cheating is. Look at it. Are not your customers deceived? And do you not knowingly deceive them? What

higher morality is there in this, than in the code which governs the more open swindler; or, rather, the illegal swindler. You, lie, and cheat, and swindle *legally*, and it is all right, because every body does it."

"I tell you, Mr. Plainfield," retorted the merchant, in an angry voice, "that I will not permit you or any other man to use such unwarrantable and outrageously gross language towards me. I am in earnest in what I say."

"Softly, softly, friend Barker," the old gentleman returned, mildly. "Don't run away in disgust and alarm at the sight of your own portrait. You acknowledge that you state in your advertisements what is not true?"

"They are exaggerations of the truth, certainly."

"Very well. Isn't that lying?"

"I don't like that kind of plain language, Mr. Plainfield."

"But isn't any untrue statement, made to deceive another, a lie?"

"Have it so, if you will."

"But I want you to have it so. If a man were to come and assure you that a piece of cloth which he wished to sell you was of French manufacture; that he had actually imported it; while at the same time it was English broadcloth, and he knew it; would you not say that he had lied, after you discovered the truth?"

"I suppose I would."

"Then do you not lie when you do a similar thing?"

"Yes, perhaps I do."

"Ah, well, then you are a liar according to your own confession. Now, as to the cheating part, that can be quite as easily demonstrated. Shall I do it for you?"

"O, no. It is quite unnecessary. Have me a liar and a cheat, if it will do you any good."

"It does me no good," was the old man's serious remark. "But I sincerely trust this calling of things by their right names will do you good. There is no real heart-difference, in my view, between the man who deceives me in regard to the quality and prices of his goods, and thus gets from me my money without the rendition of a just equivalent, and the individual who puts his hand into my pocket and robs me. The one is more reckless of consequences than the other, and prefers legal to illegal robbery."

"Good morning, Mr. Plainfield!" said Barker, abruptly, turning suddenly away, and leaving the too plain dealer *solus*.

"Humph!" remarked the latter. "The

truth cuts too deeply. It's rather a hard matter for a man to own himself a liar and cheat, and no better than a common rogue. But, where's the moral difference between Barker's acknowledged conduct, and that of the *illegal* swindler? I can see none. But all the world does it! Humph! A world of cheats and liars, then, that's all. But, thank heaven! all the world don't do so. There are a few honest men, the salt of the earth, in society, and these, I trust, will preserve the whole mass, from putrefaction. Let Barker, and those like him, go on; they will, in the end, work out their own ruin. Even for the thoroughly selfish man, 'Honesty is the best *policy*.' If all turn rogues, the greatest rogues will get the most; but, if all are honest, every man will prosper according to the measure of his usefulness to society; and that is just as far as any man ought to prosper. A poor argument, I know, for a selfish, cunning rogue. But for a truly *honest* man, the only one that he can stand by."

Notwithstanding old Plainfield's severe rebuke in the open exposition of his conduct, Barker went on in his old ways. His eager desire to make money soon caused him to estimate all that had been said as supremely arrogant, insolent, and preposterous. It was necessary to humbug people, or you couldn't get along. This he demonstrated daily. His crowded counters proved the potency of his scheme. People flocked to his store, and bought his goods, often at extravagant prices, and all because he puffed them in the newspapers and in handbills far above their real merits. Thus matters continued for three or four years; after that his schemes seemed less effectual. His store was never as crowded as in times past. Old faces were missed. Most of those who now came in were strangers, and these did not return very frequently. Undiminished expenses consumed all of and more than his profits. He felt himself going to the wall. To prevent this, he had resource to more flaming advertisements. A slight reaction was the consequence. But he had overdone the matter before, and this new advertising extravaganza soon defeated itself. The attempt to deceive was too palpable. People had come to know the "humbug Barker" too well. Conversations like the following were of no infrequent occurrence and had prevailed for years.

"I've been cheated in this piece of goods."

"Let me see. What did you pay for it?"

"Forty cents."

"I bought much better at old Plainfield's for thirty-seven. Where did you purchase?"

"At Barker's."

"Indeed! No wonder you were cheated. Surely, you were not deceived by his lying advertisements?"

"I was induced to go to his store by seeing his advertisement; and bought this piece of goods on his assurance that he was selling it at cost precisely."

"But you were not simple enough to believe him?"

"I was. I didn't suppose any man would tell so bare faced a falsehood."

Oh, dear! Why Barker is considered the greatest liar in the trade. I thought every body knew that. I wouldn't believe any thing he said about a piece of goods."

"Such kind of dealing won't do in the long run, that's all I have to say."

"No, it will not. The public don't relish being swindled in this kind of style. It may prosper for a time, but won't stand always. There is in the whole community a common sense approval of fair dealing, and a common perception of it into the bargain, that always sustains the fair dealer. Look at old Plainfield. He advertises, it is true; but with no exaggerations. Just what he says his goods are, you will find them to be. He asks you one price, and that you will have to give. But, in doing so, you will assuredly get your money's worth. His store is never much crowded, but still there are always customers to be found there, and those who buy pretty freely. I have quit dealing with him several times, because I thought the old fellow too unyielding, and gone elsewhere to get cheaper goods. But, after being outrageously cheated, I have been content to go back again, and pay him fair prices for good articles. Not once have I had cause to repent of a bargain bought at his store. I wish all were like him."

"I'll go to him after this," was the declaration of the lady. "I hate to be cheated."

The tide turned so steadily against Barker, that he felt it prudent to change his business. He accordingly advertised to sell off his large stock of goods, at thirty per cent. below cost, preparatory to closing. This brought him a new run of customers, to whom, instead of selling below cost, he sold at a very good advance on the invoice prices. This succeeded so well, that he commenced buying again, and continued to "sell off" for some three or four months, by which time the bargain-buyers began to have their eyes opened as to the excellencies of their purchases. So this humbug failed, and Barker, finally, after a good run, closed up in good earnest.

In his new business, which was that of a wholesale dealer in dry goods, he found himself after the expiration of a couple of years, much embarrassed. He commenced with a flourish of trumpets. Advertisements were extensively inserted in Southern and Western newspapers, and imposing circulars sent to all the country merchants, far and near, whose addresses he could obtain. The result was, as his circular set forth his new house to be one of the largest and most advantageous in regard to prices to be found in the city of —, quite an influx of customers in the ensuing Spring. To many of these he sold freely, and made a fair proportion of bad bills. The bad customers did not return in the Fall—they preferred buying elsewhere, and saving the amount of their bills to him. Many of his good, that is, sound and honest customers, discovered, after they had made bills with Barker, that they might have bought at other houses to a much better advantage. This did not incline them to return. The fact was, Barker, in entering the jobbing business, entered it under certain disadvantages that made it impossible to sell on as good terms as some other houses. This he knew. Still, he set forth in his business circular, that in no house in —, could the country merchant deal so advantageously. "With facilities for selecting and purchasing goods," thus ran a portion of his circular, "possessed by no other house in —, the subscriber is enabled to keep at all times on hand a stock of goods unequalled in variety and extent. As to prices, his large sales enable him to retain only a very small advance on invoice prices to customers. In a word, with the best assortment of goods in —, his prices are the lowest in the city." The falsehood of the circular was proved fully in the course of a couple of seasons. The house of Barker became known, and was generally avoided by the best merchants. This made the jobber more eager to sell to the few customers who came in; and the result was a majority of bad bills in the third season's operations. Conscious that he was going to the wall, Barker made a more vigorous effort to "humbug," as he openly declared to his principal salesman, the country merchants. A new circular was prepared, arranged something after the style of a theatre bill, or a newspaper prospectus, the prominent points displayed in staring capitals, and embellished with many notes of admiration. There was little real truth in it. It was intended to mislead from beginning to end. This was sent out far and near. But, it was too bald. He had already been found out in the matter of

circulars, and this with its absurd pretensions and palpably false statements, could deceive only a few, who were simple-hearted enough to believe any thing in print to which a man would put his name. Much to Barker's disappointment, when the next business season came round, although he had many calls, he sold but a few bills. He was in quite a desponding mood, one day about this time, when he met old Mr. Plainfield, against whom his resentment had only burned for a short time. That individual had also changed his business from the retail to the wholesale trade.

"How's business?" asked Barker, as they met.

"Fair, quite fair."

"There are a good many merchants in town, but they don't seem at all disposed to buy."

"I haven't found it so. My sales have been unusually good."

"It hasn't been so with me, then. Scarcely a man can be induced to make a bill."

"There is, doubtless, a reason for this," said Plainfield, looking at Barker significantly.

"No doubt of that. There is a reason for every thing. But you seem to know the reason."

"I only guess at it."

"I should like very much to have the benefit of your guessing."

"You shall have that, in welcome. Though I'm not sure that it will do you any good. The fact is, you haven't set your 'gull traps' dexterously enough."

"What?"

"You have humbugged it too strongly. I've seen your circulars, season after season, up to the last affair, that has about done the business for you, and have seen just where you would end. All the world are not fools and simpletons. It isn't every man that is going to believe you when you tell him black is white. You may deceive once or twice, but, after that, people's eyes begin to open, and you are esteemed for just what you are worth. I tried years ago to convince you of the criminal folly of a course that ultimately ruined your retail trade; but you got offended at my plainness of speech. It all turned out as I expected. I did hope, when you tried the jobbing line, that you would have been content to work your way into a safe, honest, and honorable business. But no. You must take all the world by storm. You must try your old humbug game of drawing custom by hanging out deceptive colors: and now you have your reward in a ruined enterprise. I have heard

more than a dozen country merchants allude to your circulars as mere 'traps,' and to the fact that the worst purchases they had made were from you. Do you understand now why business is dull?—why merchants are reluctant to buy? The fact is, they have lost all faith in you. They are afraid of being taken in. One said to me yesterday, in allusion to your late foolish circular—'A man who will lie will cheat.'"

Barker's face colored at this plain speech, but he restrained a feeling of anger and replied—

"I don't know, Mr. Plainfield, as to the force of all you have said. Every body does the same. All the trade send out circulars in order to draw custom, and in these circulars color things pretty highly. The fact is, you must pretend to be something if you wish others to regard you as of importance. I've seen as great 'gull traps' as any I have put forth.

"But you havn't seen the end of the whole matter."

"There's Trap, Fleece & Co. I've seen their circulars and advertisements. Mine are nothing to them. They get along. They are doing the best business in town."

"You may think so. But my word for it, they'll make a wretched failure before two years. I happen to know something of their business."

Barker was silent.

"It is a fortunate thing," resumed Mr. Plainfield, "that abuses such as you and too many others have introduced into business, are evils that work in time their own cure. Already the public begin to understand the worth of flaming pretension. A few are still deceived for a time, but the leaven of a common-sense understanding of all such matters is spreading rapidly. People are coming back to the good old notion that merit rarely sounds his own trumpet. That it is, after all, safest to deal with him who makes fewest pretensions."

The disappointed merchant felt little disposed to discuss this matter, and got off from Plainfield as soon as convenient.

"Oh, no. Thank fortune! Every body doesn't do it. Every body isn't dishonest," said the old man to himself, as he walked along towards his own store. "Other people may estimate a lying advertisement as they please. I call it a dishonest trick, and believe that it indicates a dishonest principle in the mind of him who utters it. If pushed into extremities he will do worse than that."

When Barker parted with the plain spoken

merchant he returned to his store. It was after dinner. Seating himself at his desk, he commenced an examination of his Bill Book, taking from it memoranda as he went along. These he pondered over for some time after closing the Bill Book, and at last, with a deep sigh, left the desk and commenced walking the floor with a slow step and contracted brow. The result that had thus painfully affected him was the startling fact that, in the next ten days, his payments amounted to twenty thousand dollars, while notes falling due, and some of them uncertain, only showed an aggregate of eight thousand. Of two merchants, each of whom owed him five thousand dollars, and whose bills he had expected to receive on their visit to the city, he had heard of as in New York, but they had not yet made their appearance in —, and he had good reasons for fearing that they would not show themselves. After pacing the floor for a while, in deep thought, he returned to the desk, and taking out a bundle of letters commenced looking over them. The object he had in view in doing so, seemed but half settled in his mind. Still he kept on opening letter after letter, merely glancing at the signatures as he did so, and, sometimes contemplating a particular one long and attentively. At length he paused longer than before, gazing fixedly on the signature of a Western merchant of high standing. This letter he finally laid aside, and then resumed the examination of the remaining ones in the bundle. Two others were in like manner laid aside; and then the package was restored to its place in the desk.

What followed would have given an observer more than a dim perception of the design of Barker. He took a piece of paper and a pen, and spreading out one of the letters before him, wrote slowly the signature appended to it, and in a style as near as he could resembling the original. This he looked at attentively for some time, and then tried it again, with rather better success. He kept on until he was enabled to produce almost a fac simile of the original. When this was accomplished he took from his desk some blank notes of hand, and in the place for the signature filled in the name he had been writing. This did not exactly please him. He tried again. At the fourth trial he was satisfied—looked at the blank note with a quiet smile, for a moment or two, and then slipped it into his desk. Another signature was tried in the same way, and when it could be imitated, attached to another note of hand. Then a third was attempted with like success. After he had done this he locked the desk in which

the three signed blank notes of hand had been placed, and putting the key into his pocket, walked out into his store, and busied himself among the goods for half an hour or so. During this time, his mind was active in determining whether he should proceed or rest where he was. A full sense of the stern necessity there was to raise money speedily, at last decided the question. He returned to his counting room, and taking the three notes from his desk, dated them, and filled in the sums of ten thousand, nine thousand, and eight thousand dollars, payable in six months. He then selected from a package of paid and cancelled notes, one bearing the name of Isaac Plainfield. This signature he imitated, as he had done the others, until he could produce it very correctly. He then endorsed each of the three notes "Isaac Plainfield," added his own name, and placed them in the large pocket book where he kept his bills receivable.

On the next day these three notes were offered at three different banks, in each of which he kept an account, and readily discounted. The reputed drawers were well known, and Plainfield's name alone would carry any thing through bank. Barker now felt quite cheerful. There was opened before him a long and pleasant vista. Money would now be plenty for every emergency. He had nothing to do but fill up a few blank notes of hand with any amount he chose, sign and endorse them, and receive the money from the willing banks. He did not intend to cheat any one. The reputed drawers were not residents of the city, and it was a tacitly understood thing in the banks, that the offerers of country paper would see to its being punctually taken up. He would lift this forged paper at maturity, and so no one would suffer any thing by it. It was only a little *ruse* practised upon the banks—that was all. No harm done to any body. Thus he reasoned, and thus quieted any reproofs of conscience—if, indeed, he was at all troubled by the inward monitor.

From this time he began to operate more extensively. He took a new store and fitted it up elegantly. Bought heavier stocks of goods, and advertised and put forth circulars more extensively than ever. His really handsome establishment attracted many customers, and he sold pretty heavily in the next season. But his end was near. He had been tempted into speculation, and this made it necessary to enter more deeply into his game of forgery. Notes originally created were also beginning to fall due, and these must be cared for. The result was, that one year after he had stepped

aside so palpably* from virtue, he had out forged paper to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

One evening about this time, a gentleman, a director in one of the banks, met Mr. Plainfield at a friend's house, where a small party was assembled for social recreation. During a conversation that this gentleman had with Mr. Plainfield, he said—

"Excuse me, sir, but really it seems to me you are a little in danger in placing your name upon so much of Barker's paper."

"Me place my name on Barker's paper!" ejaculated Plainfield, in surprise. "That's a strange idea. I never endorsed a dollar for him in my life. I would just about as lief throw my money into the sea."

The bank director looked confounded.

"But, my dear sir," he returned, "your name has been on lots of his country paper for the last year. That has carried it through our bank."

"Something is wrong, then. I never put my name on a dollar of his paper in my life."

"Wrong! Yes, it must be wrong, indeed. At least a thousand dollars have been done within a year for him on the strength of your endorsement. Thus far, every note has been lifted at maturity. We hold at this time, I suppose, twenty thousand dollars guaranteed by your name."

"That has been, of course, forged."

"Can Barker be such a villain?" asked the gentleman.

"I presume so. I never had any confidence in him. He would lie and cheat on a small scale; or rather, within the statute. Of course, he only wanted a strong enough incentive to go beyond this bound, as he has now done. Drawers and endorsers are, doubtless, alike forgeries."

On the next morning, the splendid store of Barker was not opened. One of the banks had, on the day previous, declined to discount a note of twenty thousand dollars, without the proceeds of which, to meet notes of the ensuing day, all his iniquity would come to light. A forged note would lie over. Gathering together a few thousand dollars, he left the city for the South in the morning train, and kept so far in advance of the officers of justice, who were quickly on his heels, that he got off safely into Texas, where he is doubtless at this day consoling himself with the reflection that it is the only way to get along—"Every body does it."

A man who is really, dishonest in little things, only needs a strong enough inducement to become dishonest in greater matters. The principle of dishonesty is in his mind. Give it room for development, and it will show its real quality. The truly honest man is such in all the relations of life—small or great.

J U N E.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

JUNE, with its roses—June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;
And with the drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

Earth, at her joyous coming,
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on;
And Nature greets her with a benison;
While myriad voices, humming
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
As if the light of heaven were melting through
Its sapphire home on high;
Hiding the sunshine on their vapory breast,
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—
Gladsoine, yet not of glee—
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill-side, where
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,
Young children gambol there,
Crushing the gathered fruit in playful mood,
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given
To the half-ripened cherry, as the sun
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,
Till the rich pulp is riven;
The truant school-boy looks with longing eyes,
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;
While Hope, bright-pinioned, points to coming days,
When all his toil shall yield
An ample harvest, and around his hearth
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow wing,
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,
A gay and happy thing;
Born for the sunshine and the summer day,
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away!

These are thy pictures, June!
Brightest of summer months—thou month of
flowers!
First-born of Beauty, whose swift-footed hours
Dance to the merry tune
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
Of Childhood on the sunny hills peeled out.

I feel it were not wrong
To deem thou art a type of Heaven's clime,
Only that there the clouds and storms of Time
Sweep not the sky along;
The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine!

ROCK ISLAND.

BY A. H. MAXFIELD.

No place on the Mississippi presents so much picturesque scenery and natural beauty as Rock Island. This and the immediate vicinity, has been, for above a century, the paradise and pleasure ground of the aborigines. Black Hawk, in his memoirs, describes it in the glowing language of a poet:—

"A good spirit had care of this island, who lived in a cave immediately under the place where the fort now stands, and has often been seen by our people. He was white, with wings like a swan, but ten times larger. We were particular not to make much noise in that part of the island for fear of disturbing him. But the noise of the fort has driven him away, and no doubt a *bad spirit* has taken his place!"

The United States' garrison on the lower point, was erected soon after the close of the late war with England; and the post has since been the scene of many treaties and other official acts by officers and agents of the general government.

I was at this place on the evening of the 2d Sept. 1838, when an immense multitude of the natives had assembled to receive payment for their lands. The evening was such as none but poets can fully appreciate. It was clear, calm, serene, and solemn; illuminated by the full moon! The natives seemed to rejoice in their sphere of being, though their existence had been harrassed much by civilized oppression. They formed themselves into a large ring, in the middle of which were several females seated on the ground. The males, forming a circle, danced round-and-round to a most melodious air, accompanied by motions and gestures peculiar to themselves. The squaws, in the centre, kept time by beating on a kind of drum, and joining in the chorus with their treble voices. Others, not far remote, were seen busily weaving rush carpets by moonlight.

The serene beauty of the night, the solemnity of the music, and the contemplation of the beings around me, conspired to make the scene strikingly impressive. The language of their song, which for the most part seemed extempore, was not reduced to exact numbers

like English lyric verse, and yet was much more regular in its movement than Ossian. The substance of the words seemed to evince a design strongly to impress a few great truths, rather than any connected theory of ethic or philosophy. This will account for the seeming tautology in the translation, which may at first seem barren of diversity. By aid of a French interpreter, I took notes on the spot, and have, in the following lines, attempted to give the substance of the words, in a measure and manner as nearly as possible, corresponding to the simplicity of the original air.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

We all are happy, free and blest;
We're happy in our sphere to rest:—
No future being need we fear,
For all are happy in their sphere.

Unnumber'd grades of being move
Around, within, below, above;
Nature, their author and their friend,
Does equal bliss to each extend!

Almighty nature, "fixed as fate,"
Has made all beings for their state,
They all are bless'd, content and free,
Both happy they, and happy we!

The same vast wisdom is display'd
In forms whose world's a grassy blade;
Then sure in reason's eye they are
Like objects of wise nature's care!

We are but bubbles on the sea
Of matter, and must shortly be
Dissolved, and to that sea again
Return, like all the insect train!

Our particles may live again,
Re-organized in nature's chain;
But future being none need fear,
For each is happy in its sphere!

CHORUS.

They all are bless'd, content and free;
Both happy they, and happy we!

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE BELLE OF RED RIVER.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

THERE is not a prettier village in the world than Natchitoches. It would be considered a gem even in the picture-land of Italy. Situated on an elevated bluff of the Red river, it commands a view of a rich and well cultivated cotton district. The neat houses—French built,—are almost hidden by the foliage and flowers of magnolias and other tropical trees, and the air is constantly filled with sweet aroma wafted from their gardens.

I can never forget my impressions of this beautiful village, as I first looked upon it from the hurricane deck of the steamboat "Houma." I had been led to expect a *parvenu* city, hewn out from the forest, but what was my surprise at beholding a romantic old town—old enough, in appearance, to be deemed coeval with the Conquest. It was a sweet morning in April when the "Houma" approached the landing. I can recal the scene as though it were yesterday. The clean little French houses peered forth from their verdant drapery, and seemed to smile welcome and hospitality. A beautiful girl with dark hair, standing upon a balcony, was gazing at us from a pair of the most liquid eyes I ever beheld. A group of Indians, leaning upon their rifles, and dressed in picturesque costume, with silver bands and plumes, stood upon the summit of the bluff. Half a dozen hungry looking vultures were perched upon the old wooden cupola of the market place. On the opposite side of the river a planter, dressed in sky blue cottonade, dashed along at a swinging gallop. A boat with white awning was crossing over, containing a party of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen; and close by the water's edge, an old white-haired negro, in blue jacket and Guayaquil hat, was paddling his skiff, and quietly placing his baits for the finny tribes of the river. He completed the picture. All around was radiant of prosperity. Such was Natchitoches in 1838. It was then the

entre pôt of Texas, by the old San Augustine road, but the treacherous river has threatened to change its course, and if so, the thriving little village will be deserted. Inaches, thou god of rivers, forbid such an event, for we heartily love the little place! It has been endeared to us by many pleasant recollections, and the romantic incidents of the following story, which are strictly true, and which are gleaned from those who still live to vouch for their truth, have lent additional interest to our memory of the sweet village.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 18—, there lived in the neighborhood of Natchitoches a wealthy planter, of Spanish extraction, by name Don Felix Carlino. His ancestors had been among the early pioneers of the Red River country, and he now enjoyed, as the reward of their enterprise, a beautiful plantation fronting the river, and nearly opposite to the town. Carlino had been married to a lady of French descent, who died in giving birth to a daughter, the only fruit of their marriage. Don Felix was now fifty—evinced no disposition to re-marry, and, in consequence of this, as well as from her beauty, his daughter, the Donna Josepha, was considered the belle of the Red River country. At the time our story commences she was about sixteen years of age, less vain than virtuous; and far from disposed to coquette with the jealous feelings of her many rival admirers. The heart of the young Spanish beauty was, in fact, already devoted to the friend and playmate of her youth, nor were her affections bestowed upon a worthless object. Henri Perrot was every thing that a maiden might admire, young, handsome, and talented; full of promise and ambition. It would be

superfluous to say that her love was returned, for all who saw her loved; and although no confession had ever passed the lips of either, yet each had read in the eyes of the other that language, compared with which words are weak and worthless.

Jean Baptiste Perrot, the father of Henri, was by profession a lawyer. He had early settled in Natchitoches, and had been for twenty years the firm friend and companion of Don F. Carlino. Don Felix's wife was distantly related to the Perrot family. During his long professional career, M. Perrot had not accumulated a fortune. His heart had been open to the generous impulses of our nature, and his hand had obeyed the promptings of his heart. From his profession, however, he derived enough to suffice for the support and education of his small family, consisting of his daughter Adele, and Henri, already mentioned. Henri had been instructed by his father, and had adopted his profession, but it had been resolved by Jean Baptiste that his son, previous to fully embarking in the practice of the law, should study twelve months with an old friend and relation, now a lawyer of high reputation in the city of New Orleans.

The time had arrived for Henri's departure. Carlino and M. Perrot had both observed the silent attachment that existed between Henri and Josepha; and it was the dearest wish of both that their families should be thus united.

"So Henri will start for New Orleans next week, Perrot?" said Don Felix, as the two old friends sat together in the verandah of Carlino's mansion, enjoying their cigars in the cool air of the evening.

"How long do you intend that he shall remain there?"

"One year."

"He will then pursue his profession here, I presume?"

"Yes. I was desirous that he should improve by the instruction of my old friend Duplantier. I have grown rusty myself—besides Henri may be benefited by a twelve months' residence in the city, previous to his settling down for life."

"You are right, Perrot, you are right," and Carlino resumed his cigar and his silence.

After a short pause the conversation was renewed by Don Felix.

"Henri is now about twenty?"

"Exactly twenty."

"He's a fine youth, Perrot, you have reason to be proud of him."

"True. I have no right to complain of Henri. He has ever been dutiful to me."

Don Felix, impatiently twitched the ashes from the end of his cigar, and continued—

"Perrot. I am glad you came over to-day. I was just on the point of going over to your side, when I saw you. I wanted to have a conversation with you upon a subject which concerns our happiness as well as that of our families."

"Upon that same errand have I come, Carlino," was the Frenchman's reply.

"M. Perrot, we have long been friends; reserve between us is misplaced, and I shall use none. Have you observed any attachment between Henri and Josepha?"

"I have."

"Josepha will soon be of an age to marry: her hand has already been sought by several, among others the wealthy Gaston."

"Gaston the merchant?"

"The same. Gaston is rich—very rich, and fair enough in the eyes of most maidens; but Josepha likes him not. I am glad of this, and glad too, to perceive her attached to your son Henri, for it has ever been my favorite wish to have our families thus closely united."

"And mine, Don Felix."

"Then, what think you? Had we not better break the subject to them previous to Henri's departure?"

"You are right, it might be well they should know that they are destined for each other. I see no difficulty. Ha! look here, Felix! we shall not have an opportunity of breaking it to them. See! he has taken her hand—see!—now; now, by the Virgin! the rogue is kneeling to her!"

It was even so. In an arbor of orange trees, in a remote corner of the parterre, was the scene of love about being enacted. Henri had told Josepha of his intended departure. Her regret was expressed in such a manner as not to be mistaken. He had knelt, as he supposed, unperceived by all save the blushing maiden, and received from her lips the sweet assurance of pure and holy love. It was to him a glorious moment; and his joyful countenance, as he arose, assured the two old friends in the piazza, that all had gone as they could have wished it.

"Your hand, Perrot, your hand. How do you feel, old boy? By San Pedro! I feel twenty years younger. Come, change your segar, or you will burn your lips with that stump. Chinita, bring out more claret," and the two friends heartily shook each other by the hand, and re-lit their cigars while their faces beamed with happiness and delight.

CHAPTER II.

O who hath felt (and he alone can tell)
 How hard it is to break that mystic tie—
 The lover's knot? to speak the wild farewell,
 While gazing in the mirror of that eye,
 That gleams more lovely as the time draws nigh
 For the last parting kiss?

(*The Polacca Marquee.*)

On the evening of the following day the lovers Henri and Josepha, were seated in an arbor of the garden of Carlino's mansion. Their hearts were filled with unalloyed happiness. There was no longer any reserve between them. Their loves had been mutually confessed, and now found vent in wild kisses and expressions of delight. Occasionally a dark shadow would flit across the sunny track of hope when they dwelt upon the separation that was about to take place; but the cloud would speedily pass, and anxiety for the future soon give place to the enjoyment of present bliss. Josepha looked unusually lovely. She was now sixteen, but her sunny clime had already called her forth into womanhood. She had surrendered herself heart and hand, to the idol of her adoration. She gazed upon him with that fervor which true love alone can feel; nothing in nature could symbolise the intense glowing of that deep dark eye.

"Henri, how often will you think of me when you are gone?"

"Once—only once, dearest Josepha; but that once shall last for a year. You shall never be absent from my thoughts; I mean to dream of you, Josepha."

"Ah, Henri, do not flatter me thus. But you will write often—weekly, nay, daily, if you can—I will answer them all. Oh! how long will seem that year!"

"Believe me, Josepha, it will not seem longer to you than it will be to your Henri."

"But you will not feel lonely, Henri. You go to a great city where you will have balls and theatres; and they say, too, Henri," and the look of the Spanish maiden was half sorrowful as she spoke, "they say, that the ladies of New Orleans are very fair."

"And were they," exclaimed the youth, grasping her hand, and gazing tenderly upon her, "were they as fair as fancy itself could conceive, they cannot be lovelier than thee, my own my gentle Josepha."

He concluded his words by imprinting upon her lips an impassioned kiss. The ardor with which it was received, expressed the firm reliance of the maiden on his honor and constancy.

In such sweet dalliance, passed the hours like moments. There were no vows plighted—no pledge given—what care hearts that love for such shackles as these! They are but miserable emblems to remind us of our weak and fallen nature.

The boat that is to convey Henri to New Orleans, is preparing to start—the bell is ringing forth the accustomed signals of departure—crowds are collecting on the landing, to shake a hand with their friend, and bid their good wishes for his success. One fervent kiss, one wild "farewell!" and the young lawyer is seen rushing from the arbor. As he passes the gate of the arbor he is met by Gaston, of whom we have already spoken, and who was Henri's most powerful rival. A look of hate from Gaston is returned by the young lawyer with one of triumph and defiance. He passes to the water's edge, throws himself into a skiff, and is soon on board the "Choctuma," receiving the adieux and blessings of his numerous friends. In ten minutes the Choctuma is under way, and flinging the red waters into numberless eddies, soon passes out of sight.

The beams of the setting sun are falling upon the mansion of Don F. Carlino. A female form is in the piazza. It is Josepha. She listens, to catch the last echoes across the woods—the sounds grow fainter—they are lost even to the ear of fancy—she raises her crucifix and kneels in prayer, and the word that lingers longest on her lips, is the name of "Henri!"

CHAPTER III.

FRANCIS GASTON, whom we have already introduced to the reader, was a man of less than thirty years of age—rather handsome than otherwise; but a malicious expression might be frequently detected upon his countenance, when his thoughts were wandering away from his ordinary occupations. He was a native of New Orleans, but had settled some years before in Natchitoches, combining the occupations of merchant and planter, a thing by no means uncommon in the south west. He was reputed wealthy, which he really was. Possessing a fine estate in the neighborhood of the village, and a mercantile business of no small extent. He had charge also of the post office, and the mail arrangements to the Texan frontier. There was no moral blemish against his character, and if he were not loved

in the community, he was at least respected by all. But as there are many poets who have never sung, so there are many villains whose villany has never been developed. Want of motive has annulled many a wicked conception, which otherwise would have led to crimes of the deepest die. Here was a villain's heart and a villain's head. They had hitherto slumbered from the absence of proper incentives; but now, that love, jealousy, and revenge had waked them, they were not long in showing their capacities for action. Gaston had formerly proposed for the hand of Carlino's daughter, and had been firmly, though not disdainfully, rejected by the girl herself. He had been looked upon as a friend by Don Felix and his family, and he well knew that the only one whose chance stood between him and the maiden, was Henri Perrot. It was, therefore, with unfeigned satisfaction that he witnessed the departure of his hated rival. How different were his feelings from those of the fair Josepha, as he watched the receding vessel that bore the young lawyer from his home.

"Go, fool!" muttered he, "go, and be happy on the recollection of those kisses—they are the last you shall have from the lips of Josepha Carlino!"

On the night succeeding the departure of Perrot, Gaston was seated in his parlor alone. His whole demeanor resembled that of one who had just laid out a plan for the consummation of a cherished hope, and was impatient to put it in execution. Ever and anon his eye would wander impatiently towards the door, and once he had risen and opened it; as no one appeared he resumed his seat, and became, for a moment, thoughtful. A footstep without and a knock at the door, started him from his reverie.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a young man with a red face, shabby-genteel apparel, and evidently excited with liquor, made his appearance. He was a journeyman printer, out of employment, and as he had been expelled from the only printing office in the place for misconduct, he was not in a likely way to find any.

"Ah! Hunter, how do you do?—take a seat," said Gaston, rising and offering him a chair.

The other thanked him, and muttering that his health was very good, sat down as he was desired.

"Your servant, Mr. Gaston, told me that you wished to see me."

"Yes; there was a little matter of business

that I wished to talk over with you, but there's no hurry I suppose. You're not engaged at present?"

"No—not particularly."

"Well, then, we'll have a segar and a glass of wine first. Jacob, bring in some cigars, and a bottle of Claret—or maybe, you'd prefer a glass of brandy?"

"Why if it's all the same to you——"

"Oh, no matter; Jacob bring in the decanter, I believe I'll take a glass of brandy myself for sociality's sake."

The servant did as he was desired, and, in a short time, the brandy and cigars were produced. They both filled their glasses, and sipped them.

"That's good brandy," said Hunter.

"Yes, it is," answered the merchant.

"When I was foreman in a London printing office, with six guineas a week, I never drank bad liquor—but times are changed with me."

"If I mistake not, Mr. Hunter, you are out of employment at present. Is it not so?"

"You are right, sir; I am 'on the town.'"

"And yet, you are an excellent printer, I am informed?"

"I believe, sir, I know the business as well as any typo in the country."

"'Tis a pity you should be unemployed. Would you have any objections to take a situation in a printing office in New Orleans?"

"I should be glad to hear of such a chance."

"I think, then, I can help you to one. A friend of mine, who publishes the —, daily newspaper there, will find you an opening on my recommendation. The salary shall be such as will satisfy you."

"What can I do in return for your kindness, sir?"

"Why, my business here requires a great deal of advertising in the New Orleans papers. Now, I would wish you to attend to this advertising for me. I will write these advertisements, and send them on; you shall see to their insertion, in the time and manner I shall direct. There may be other matters of business that you can transact for me. In the meantime, I will have an eye to your advancement, provided you follow my advice and directions."

The printer declared that he would serve the interest of his patron as far as it lay in his power, and after some preliminaries had been arranged, he arose to depart. They walked out together, the fool and villain—what use the villain made of the fool, the sequel will show.

CHAPTER IV.

GASTON, notwithstanding his rejection by the Donna Josepha, still continued to visit the family of Carlino. There was residing with Don Felix a maiden sister, the Senora Paulina, with whom Gaston was a great favorite. He had taken pains to humor the whims and oddities of the old Spanish prude, and she was pleased in proportion. Gaston, moreover, was a frequent, and not unwelcome visitor at the table of all the gentry in the district; and his gentlemanly habits and address, together with his reputation for wealth, caused him to be esteemed *'bon ton.'* Since the refusal of his offer by Josepha, he had still continued to pay her slight attentions; but in so delicate a manner as not to give offence. The fair girl, in whose composition there was not one element of coquetry, instead of harboring a wish to triumph in the misery of a rejected lover, was pleased to observe the cheerfulness with which Gaston bore his humiliation; and his repeated kindnesses to her, endued her with a gratitude and friendship for him she had never before felt. Little did she know the heart she was pitying—little did she know the web that he was weaving to ensnare *her* happiness, who would have done much for his. That smile was sardonic—that cheerfulness was assumed; the thorn was festering in the heart of the rejected Gaston.

On a beautiful evening, not long after the occurrences related in the previous chapter, a party might be seen strolling through the garden of Carlino's mansion. The party consisted of Gaston, the Donna Josepha, and Adele the sister of Henri Perrot. They were cheerfully engaged in conversation. A sigh would frequently escape from the lips of Josepha when she thought of her absent Henri; but out of respect for the feeling of Gaston, she forbore to mention his name. The party at length reached a small summer-house of exquisite workmanship, one of the fancies of Don Felix. They entered and sat down. A table of carved wood stood in the middle of the floor, covered with writing materials. Gaston took up a pen, and made some flourishes upon a blank sheet of paper.

"Ladies favor me with your autographs, that I may judge between you which is the better scribe,—penmanship is becoming quite an accomplishment for young ladies. You Ma'mselle Perrot, I doubt not are a beautiful writer!"

"No—no," said Adele, laughing, "though I am a lawyer's daughter, I am but a poor

scribe. Josepha, however, writes better; you will excuse *me* from want of practice, as I have not yet written my first love letter."

"Nay, that I could not credit except from your own lips, Ma'mselle Perrot, but come ladies, here is the paper, I will pass a fair judgment between you," and as he spoke, he folded the paper so that the autographs might fall near the bottom of the page. Josepha willing to gratify the whim of one who was her guest, took the pen and wrote her name in full, then handed it to the laughing Adele, who signed her's in like manner. Gaston caught up the sheet of paper, and pretended for a moment to examine the autographs thoughtfully; then smiling to the ladies, he declared that "the styles were so different, and both so excellent in their way, it was impossible for him to decide which was most deserving of the first place."

A steward appeared to announce supper, Gaston motioned the ladies to precede him from the arbour, and, as they passed out, he folded the sheet, and thrusting it into his pocket, followed them to the mansion.

CHAPTER V.

HENRI PERROT had now been gone nearly six months, during which time he had written almost weekly to either Josepha or his sister. His letters to Josepha still breathed the same unalterable spirit of affection. At the expiration of this time, his correspondence all at once ceased. Several weeks passed without either his father, sister, or Josepha, receiving a letter. Their anxiety on his behalf was raised to the highest pitch; as they supposed that no cause could prevent his writing to them but some severe calamity—sickness or death. But at this time a letter was received by a young man in Natchitoches from Hunter, the printer, of whom we have already spoken; and who was now foreman of a daily newspaper in New Orleans, stating that the "young lawyer Perrot was well—was quite a star in the *beau monde*, and was likely soon to be married to a creole lady of wealth and fashion."

The news was not long in reaching Josepha. She at first discredited the whole story; but some of her friends had taken pains to see the letter, and to convince her that there was no doubt of its authenticity; still the writer of this unwelcome news could have no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the designs or intentions of Henri, and after all, it might be only on his part a thoughtless assertion.

But, then, again when she reflected upon the long silence of her lover (it was now nearly a month since she had heard from him), the fatal truth seemed to be confirmed, and the mind of the poor girl was agitated by the contending passions of hope and despair, but in each new struggle the latter predominated. The visits of Gaston to the house of Don Felix were more frequent, and his attentions to Josepha redoubled; but they had no effect in dispelling the gloom that clouded her brow. She would try to smile, but in vain. The faithless Henri still held possession of her heart.

Things were in this position when, one morning, a messenger from the post office, bearing a small packet, opened the gate in front of Carlino's mansion. The messenger had been perceived by Josepha, who came out in the piazza to meet him. It was simply a newspaper wrapped and addressed to herself. Hope beat high in her heart. She hastily tore off the wrapper and glanced over the marked passage. It ran thus:—

"MARRIED upon the 12th, by the bishop of Louisiana, Henri Perrot, attorney at law, to Julie, the wealthy and accomplished daughter of Jerome de Louvre."

She did not faint—no! The rich Spanish blood mantled in her veins and rose to her temples; her cheek grew flushed—her eye fiery. She made one desperate effort at composure in the presence of the messenger; it failed, and with a wild laugh, she tore up the hated paper and flung its fragments to the winds.

The truth was now clear. Henri had not only been faithless, but had added insult to injury by thus addressing to her the unwelcome tidings. Perhaps the paper had not been sent by him. She took up the torn wrapper; the superscription was not his hand writing. No matter, it was done by a friend, and, doubtless, too, they had jested upon the effects it would produce when it should reach its destination. The arrival shortly after of Monsieur Perrot and Adele with a duplicate copy of the paper, confirmed the bitter truth—if it needed any farther confirmation. The old man was bitter against his son; declaring that he should never again enter his house, and Adele wept beside her bosom friend. That evening was a sad one in the family of Don Felix Carlino.

In the course of a few days, as soon as the first burst of grief and disappointment had somewhat subsided, Gaston began to renew his addresses, at first warily and with caution. It would not do to probe too deeply wounds still fresh and bleeding. By degrees, however,

his advances grew less timid, and by the assistance of the maiden aunt, the Donna Paulina, were received with some degree of favor. The first object of a disappointed woman is to prove her power by receiving the addresses of a rival; to revenge, if possible, the slight passed upon her by creating vain regrets in the breast of the faithless; and thus many a woman rushes into the arms of a man she would otherwise have despised. The wealthiest is generally chosen for this sacrifice, as he may the better enable her to work out her purposes of revenge.

There was nothing of this feeling, however, in the present instance. Even despite the insult which she still supposed Henri had put upon her, Josepha did not hate him. She wished not for revenge, and though she listened now to the addresses of Gaston with a more favorable ear, it did not arise from any active principle in herself, but rather was she borne along by the direction of friends, against whose wishes she opposed little or no resistance. She had become purely passive, and when, after the lapse of a couple of months, Gaston a second time proposed for her hand, his offer was, though without any degree of warmth, accepted. The world, at least, would suppose that she had triumphed over the faithless Henri by marrying Gaston, as the latter was wealthy, while the other inherited only his profession. This, however, entered but little into the contemplation of Josepha. Her mind was of a nobler and purer order. Don Felix was not averse to her marriage with Gaston now that Henri had proved unworthy, and the ceremony was fixed to take place at an early day.

CHAPTER VI.

LET us return to Henri Perrot. On his arrival at New Orleans, he entered the office of M. Duplantier, an eminent lawyer, and the friend of his father. Through the influence of Duplantier, he had frequent opportunities of practice in the city courts, and his eloquence and legal acumen had already attracted the notice of several members of the bar. Through the same influence he also found himself a welcome guest in the most exclusive circles of Creole aristocracy. His handsome face and figure, together with the popularity he was daily acquiring by triumphs in his profession, rendered him a favorite in female society, but beauty smiled for him in vain. His heart was wholly occupied with the image

of Josepha. From the time of his arrival in the city, he wrote as we have seen almost weekly to some one of his friends in Natchitoches, and for nearly six months received regular answers to his letters; but, to his mortification, at the end of that time, his letters remained unanswered. He could not account for this neglect. It at first caused chagrin; but as weeks passed over without any news, his chagrin was changed to painful anxiety. He wrote to his father and sister, to Josepha—and even to Don Felix himself, yet still no answer. Vexed and perplexed to discover the mysterious cause of their seeming neglect he was in a constant fever of excitement; and he had come to the determination of returning to Natchitoches rather than spend his days and nights in such misery.

He was just dressing himself on the morning of the day he had fixed for his departure, when a young friend, named Duval, rushed into his room, breathless with excitement.

"Haste, haste, Henri!—put on your coat, there's news for you. Whether it be of good or evil I know not."

"News! What news, Duval?"

"Why, a man named Hunter, a printer in the — office, has been killed during the night in some drunken quarrel. They are holding an inquest upon his body, and among other things, they have found in his pocket a letter which seems to concern you and that lady of whom you talk so much. But come follow me down Chartres to Casa Calvo, and you may see the letter yourself."

Henri hastily finished his toilet and followed his friend.

When they reached the entrance of the Rue Casa Calvo, a crowd was gathered around the door of a café where the coroner was holding his inquest upon a body whom Henri at once identified as that of a young man whom he had seen in Natchitoches. He requested to see the letter. It ran thus:—

MR. JAMES HUNTER,

You will insert in two copies of the — daily newspaper, the following advertisement:—

"MARRIED, upon the 12th, by the bishop of Louisiana, Henri Perrot, attorney at law, to Julie, the wealthy and accomplished daughter of Jerome de Louvre."

Print only the two copies containing the advertisement, then take it out. Direct one copy to Jean Baptiste Perrot, attorney at law, Natchitoches. The other to Donna Josepha Carlino. Do this secretly. Enclosed is a check on the Planter's bank for your trouble.

Signed,

FRANCIS GASTON.
JOSEPHA CARLINO.

"O, God! can Josepha be capable of such treachery as this. No—no—but that signature

—it is her hand writing—I cannot be deceived. I know it well,—and her silence, too, confirms the hideous truth—she never loved. And yet how like love it seemed. I will show her the proof of her guilt. She need not fear any interruption—she may marry whom and when she pleases, if she be not already married to this wretched Gaston. Duval!"

"Henri."

"Duval, my friend, to-day I start for Natchitoches—you will accompany me, nay, no refusal—your time is your own—we shall try the hospitality of Jean Baptiste Perrot; and I have a pretty little sister, Adele, who, I know, will interest you—come, now, come; we shall return in a week. Oh! this letter. I will explain, Duval; but not now—I am wild—wild."

And talking thus incoherently, Henri took his friend's arm, and they walked towards the Levee. In another hour the friends were on board a Red River boat on their way up the "great water."

CHAPTER VII.

It is a lovely evening in May. The soft blue sky of the South is without a cloud. The sun is fast sweeping towards the horizon, and his golden beam trembles upon the broad leaf, and the red waters of the swift stream. The cayman loves the hot ray, and quivers with delight; but the frame of the slave laborer is faint and weary,—his eye brightens and his heart bounds when he sees the fiery orb rest his lower limb on the dark outline of the forest. Then comes his hour of rest. To-day there is no weary heart nor limbs on the plantation of Don Felix Carlino. To-day has been a day of preparation. To-night will be a night of merriment and rejoicing. A wedding ceremony is about to take place. The verandah is filled with youth and beauty,—gay groups are strolling in the gardens—gentry are constantly arriving; the friends of the bride, Donna Josepha Carlino, and the friends of the wealthy bridegroom, Francis Gaston. The happy laugh and the sweet smile, greet you on every side. But how looks she, the far Josepha—the creator and the cause of all this happiness. There she sits, in the presence of her bridegroom, pale and thoughtful—not like a bride who willingly comes to the altar of love and life; but as a victim about to be led to the altar of sacrifice and death. Poor Josepha, Henri is now in your heart, Henri—the false, the faithless

Henri!—none other shall ever tenant the dwelling which he so rudely has deserted!

The setting sun is flinging his last rays into the chamber. The magistrate is about to proceed with the ceremony. Two strangers have entered and mingled with the guests unperceived.

"If any one can show cause why Francis Gaston should not be united in wedlock to Josepha Carlino let him speak!"

A dead silence ensued. A young man presses through a group and confronts the magistrate. He is at once recognized as Henri Perrot.

"Sir, I do not appear before you to declare why this marriage should not take place; but for the sake of one whom I once loved, and whom I would still risk life to defend. I stand up to state that this night the bridegroom, Francis Gaston, shall be arrested as a swindler and robber. Nay, do not start and look so dignified, Gaston!—I have here sufficient evidence in the person of your own clerk, to prove your having embezzled my own and my friend's letters from the post office. Think not Josepha," he exclaimed, fixing his eye upon the pale and trembling bride, "that I have done this to enable me to renew my claims upon you—no; after a knowledge of the trick you have made use of to blind me to your guilty faithlessness, I would be worse than fool to even desire such a claim. You see, Josepha, I have discovered your stratagem."

"What stratagem, Henri?" faltered the pale girl, almost breathless with agitation.

"What stratagem! You would still conceal it! Here then is the proof—this letter. Isn't this your signature?" and he held out the letter found upon the body of Hunter.

"It is my signature; but I know not the letter; and how obtained I know not."

"Let me see it," asked Adele, stretching out her hand for the letter, "perhaps I can tell; yes, Josepha, this is the sheet upon which we wrote our names to amuse Mr. Gaston. It was then blank—see, here my name has been scraped out, and in its place is written "Francis Gaston," and this—and this. And so, brother, you are not married?"

"No—no!"

The truth was now clear to all. A wild burst of enthusiastic joy filled the room. Josepha was in the arms of her lover—the two old friends, Don Felix and Jean Baptiste, were hugging each other like children, and the latter was firing French so fast that no one could gather a word of it. When the excitement had subsided, it was found that Gaston the bridegroom had disappeared, but all were well satisfied with his substitute, particularly the bride; and the marriage ceremony was witnessed by nought but smiling faces and joyful hearts. That was a night of dancing and delight; of feasting and fandangos, in the mansion of Don Felix, and the morning sun smiled upon their mirth and merriment.

The incidents of the above story are strictly true; many will recognize the characters here portrayed. The names, of course, are fictitious. Gaston was never heard of afterwards; there was a rumor abroad that he had fled to Mexico and entered the service of Santa Anna. In the course of a few weeks after Henri's wedding, his gay friend Duval became his relation, by marrying the *petite* little beauty Adele. The old friends, Don Felix and Jean Baptiste, are still living, and enjoy good health. They are now grandfathers to their satisfaction.

POETRY.

THE poet stands on the mountain with the face of nature before him, calm and placid. If we would enter into his views, we must go where he is. We must catch the direction of his eye, and yield ourselves up to the instinctive guidance of his will, that we may have a secret foretaste of his meaning—that we may be conscious of the image in its first conception—that we may perceive its beginnings and gradual growth, till at length it becomes distinctly depicted on the retina of the mind.

Without this, we may take the dictionary in our hands and settle the definition of every word, and still know as little of the lofty conceptions of the author, as the weary traveler, who passes round in the farthest verge which is visible from the mountain, knows of the scenery which is seen from its summit. It has been truly said, that Johnson was incapable of conceiving the beauties of Milton. Yet Johnson was a living dictionary of Milton's language.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. IV.

RICE BIRD, OR BOB-O'-LINKUM.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Thou vocal sprite,—thou feathered troubadour !
 In pilgrim's weeds through many a clime a ranger,
 Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
 And play, in foppish trim, the masking stranger ?
 Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature ;
 But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
 The school-boy best has fixed thy nomenclature,
 And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O'-Linkum !

Say ! art thou, long mid forest glooms benighted,
 So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,—
 With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
 It makes thee musical, thou airy rover ?
 Or are those buoyant notes the pilfered treasure
 Of fairy isles, which thou hast learned to ravish
 Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
 And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish ?

'They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks,
 Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges ;
 And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
 They say, alike thy song and plumage changes.
 Here both are gay ; and when the buds put forth,
 And leafy June is shading rock and river,
 Thou art unmatched, blithe warbler of the North,
 When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

Joyous, yet tender,—was that gush of song
 Learned from the brooks, where mid its wild
 flowers, smiling.

The silent prairie listens all day long,
 The only captive to such sweet beguilings ?
 Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
 And columned isles of western groves sympho-
 nious,
 Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
 To make our flowering pastures here harmonious ?

Caught'st thou thy carol from Ottawa maid,
 Where, through the liquid fields of wild-rice plash-
 ing,
 Brushing the ears from off the burdened blade,
 Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing ?
 Or did the reeds of some savannah south
 Detain thee, while thy northern flight pursuing,
 To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,
 The spice-fed winds had taught them in their
 wooing ?

Unthrifty prodigal !—is no thought of ill
 Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever ?
 Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still
 Throb on in music till at rest for ever ?
 Yet now, in wildered maze of concord floating,
 'Twould seem, that glorious hymning to pro-
 long,
 Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a-doting,
 And pause to listen to thy rapturous song !

THE BIRDS OF MADAME HELVETIUS.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

MADAME HELVETIUS, the amiable wife of the celebrated author of that name, had a remarkable fondness for birds. At her country residence, a large and beautiful aviary had been fitted up, in which was a large collection of these little favorites. But this benevolent lady, aware that no luxuries can compensate for the loss of independence and liberty, allowed her guests to rove at pleasure in the neighborhood during the day and only closed their dwelling place at night, to preserve them from destructive animals. It is true that, at the appearance of fine weather, the numbers diminished very much and few returned after the cold winds and storms of March had passed; preferring an insect picked up at random, the muddy water of a pond, the shelter of the foliage of a tree, to the grains of millet, the limpid water, and the downy nests of the aviary. In the winter, however, when it was more difficult to obtain food, numbers were again attracted to these pleasant quarters.

Madame Helvetius usually spent the winter season in Paris, whither she went towards the end of January, but she never left her then numerous and cherished guests without regret. The winter of 1788, so remarkable for its intense cold, and the great amount of suffering experienced during the first two months of the year, will long be remembered in France. The swiftest mountain streams were frozen, and some of the oldest forests partially destroyed. Beasts of prey, pressed by hunger, were to be seen prowling around the villages, plundering the sheep-folds and devouring every living thing they could find. Travellers were frequently found upon the roads frozen to death and seemingly petrified. Thousands of birds were caught in the snares set for them, into which they rushed, enticed by the smallest morsel of food, and regardless of danger. One might almost have been led to suppose that the earth had changed its position,

and that France now occupied the place of Nova Zembla or Greenland.

Madame Helvetius extended her succors to all the needy in the quarter of Paris where she was established. Her kind heart felt for all the suffering beings which surrounded her. Her favorites, the birds, were also remembered. The windows of her apartment looked out upon a terrace, upon which she threw grain that was eagerly sought every morning by a number of sparrows which, at night, took shelter in the stables, and during the day sought every where for food. She delighted to step out, notwithstanding the rigor of the weather, to scatter grains to the poor birds, which would flock around, tamed by their necessities, and sometimes almost fly into her apartment.

One day, as she was standing upon the terrace, enjoying the eager haste with which the little creatures caught up the food thrown to them, a sparrow lit upon her shoulder, flew upon her hand and, then, nestled in her bosom. Supposing, at first, that its boldness was caused by the suffering it experienced from the extreme cold, she caressed it and carried it to the fire. But, perceiving that it perched familiarly on her hand, and did not appear to feel the least dread, she concluded it must be a pet of some one, which had escaped, and been attracted to the terrace, like the other birds, by the grain scattered there. After having detained the little thing for some time, Madame Helvetius, not wishing to deprive it of its liberty, opened a window, and with a kiss, let it go, saying:

"Fly quickly, thou little wanderer, to those who, doubtless, regret thy loss; but if thou dost not find an asylum, return and take refuge in this bosom, which will always be ready to receive and cherish thee!"

The bird flew away, and soon disappeared amongst the trees of the garden.

The next day, when Madame Helvetius came out as usual upon the terrace, the same sparrow flew familiarly down upon her hand, and seemed to express, by its confidence, the liveliest gratitude to its kind protectress. In caressing the bird, Madame Helvetius perceived around its neck a piece of blue silk lace, to which was attached the end of the finger of a glove formed into a little bag. Passing it between her fingers, she thought she perceived the crepitation of paper; she opened it with the liveliest curiosity and found in it a very small piece of paper folded into the narrowest compass, upon which were written several lines bearing every evidence of haste and agitation, the ink being scarcely dry. The two first lines had been changed from Racine to read—

"Thou givest food to the young of the bird,
And thy goodness extends to all nature."

Moved, as much as surprised, Madame Helvetius hastened to read the rest of the billet, which contained the following:—

"Virtuous persons in your vicinity are suffering from want; will you do less for them than for the numerous family which you feed every morning?"

"No!" said she, giving way to her emotion, "it would be impossible to resist a demand so touching!"

And going to the desk, she took from it a bank note of six hundred livres, and placing it in the little bag, gave the sparrow many kisses for its commission and let it fly. She watched, carefully, its flight, in the hope of discovering the house from which it had come, but it was soon lost to her view among the trees of the garden. She was at a loss to imagine how the sparrow had been taught to bear this message to her.

"By what means," said she, to herself, "was it made to direct its flight toward my apartment, at the moment when I was feeding his companions in misfortune; to light upon my shoulder and to distinguish me, in a word, to choose me to relieve the sufferings of those of whom it is the charming representative? I am lost in astonishment!"

Many days passed, during which Madame Helvetius thought constantly of this singular occurrence. She mentioned it, however, to no one, as that would have been to have revealed what it might be supposed she considered a meritorious action. Sometimes, too, as she had much knowledge of the world, she was inclined to believe that she might have been the dupe of some dishonest persons, for, ever

amongst the really needy, are those who present false claims to our charity.

A few mornings after, as she was brushing away the snow, to attract her little favorites, the faithful messenger returned, bearing upon its neck the same little bag, into which this kind hearted lady had put the bank note. She prepared herself for a new demand upon her purse, but what was her surprise to find a note, couched in these terms:—

"Your generosity has saved an almost perishing artist with a large family. Rest assured the six hundred livres will be returned to you, as soon as the spring enables us, by the labor of our hands, to acquire sufficient to pay it back to you."

Madame Helvetius read, many times, this anonymous note and, as she perceived that many words were blotted, as if the tears of the writer had fallen upon the paper, she was no longer able to restrain her's, and felt more than ever pleased that she had yielded to the first promptings of her heart. She retained the little messenger for some time, loading it with caresses; but feeling that the bird must be dear to those who had committed their destiny to the little creature, she set it free, after having placed in the bag the following answer to the note.

"In sending the money I had intended it as a gift; but I cannot now consider it in that light, for the happiness of having been useful renders me your debtor."

A considerable time elapsed without again bringing the sparrow. Madame Helvetius, would sometimes think she recognised it among the crowd that daily came to her terrace, but the moment she attempted to approach them with the intention of taking it up, the whole flock would take to flight as if she were a bird of prey.

At last, the intensity of the cold diminished, and the melting snow, giving way under the rays of the sun, which became, every day, more powerful, announced the approach of spring. Madame Helvetius now vainly threw out grain upon the terrace, it attracted but a small number of her dear guests; already finding sufficient for their necessities, and already occupied in building their nests, they rarely came to this feeding place. They appeared, indeed, to grow wilder as the fine weather approached.

In the beginning of May this lady left Paris for her residence in the country, that she might repair the evils of the past winter. She hastened to restore her aviary, which had suffered some injury by the frost, to its former comfortable condition; and each time she

looked upon a sparrow in her collection, her mind naturally reverted to the charming little messenger of the unknown family. Although this species of bird are not remarkable either for the variety of their songs, or the beauty of their plumage, Madame Helvetius now showed a predilection for all sparrows; the reason for which was known only to her own generous heart.

Toward the middle of summer she was compelled, in consequence of some business matters, to give up her country occupations and go to Paris. A few days after her arrival, as she was inhaling the pure morning air from her pleasant terrace, she perceived the faithful sparrow, bearing upon its neck the same little bag; but it was flying about from spot to spot, seemingly undecided whether to light, and not appearing to recognise its former friend. She vainly called it, throwing grain and making a thousand caressing signs; the bird passed and repassed, above her head, seeming to have a wish to alight, yet still fearing to do so. Madame Helvetius then thought that it might be some change of dress which caused this estrangement, and, entering her apartment, she hastily put on the winter clothing in which she had received the sparrow many months before, and reappeared upon the terrace. The bird, instantaneously, alighted familiarly upon her shoulder, expressing pleasure and confidence by all its movements. She hastened to open the bag, and found in it the same sum she had placed there some months before, with a note, containing these words:—

“We hasten to return to you the sum you had the kindness to lend us; but for your benevolence we retain our gratitude, which will remain, for ever, engraved upon our hearts!”

She was, at first, tempted to return the sum, but she reflected that this would be to deprive these estimable persons of the sweet pleasure of liquidating what they must have considered a sacred debt. She then desired to accustom the intelligent little emissary to her summer clothing and, putting off her velvet dress and furred pelisse, she appeared in a simple white muslin gown. The pet sparrow soon became familiar with the new dress, and as its intelligence and the service it had rendered, often procured its liberty, the little creature, would come, every morning, to the terrace of Madame Helvetius and if she did not, at once, make her appearance, would peck at the window, never leaving, without, as it were, paying homage to its benefactress.

On a Sunday morning a few days after,

Madame Helvetius had been enjoying herself in the Jardin des Plantes, her favorite promenade and becoming a little wearied, had set down with some friends of distinction to rest herself. As she was conversing with them, the messenger sparrow, flew from the lap of a young girl seated upon a bank of turf opposite to her, lit upon her shoulder and, by its actions, seemed to recognise her.

“Why this is my pretty emissary,” said she, covering the little thing with kisses, “but how, I wonder, came it in a public garden, in the midst——”

“Excuse me, madame,” said a young girl, about ten or twelve years of age, coming up, “but this pet sparrow is my sister’s.”

“And who is your sister, my little dear?”

“That young girl, there, dressed in white, whom you see near my father and mother. The sparrow belongs to her, madame, I assure you; and she would not part with it for all the world.”

She pointed out a girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, with an interesting countenance, who, blushing with joy and surprise, said to her parents:—

“It is she! yes, it is herself!”

Madame Helvetius soon found herself surrounded by the now happy family, all expressing the liveliest feelings of gratitude. The eldest daughter was so much agitated that she could not utter a word, but taking the hands of Madame Helvetius in her own, she pressed them to her heart, covering them with tears. The faithful sparrow, flying from one to another, seemed to partake of the general emotion, and completed the refreshing picture.

When, at last, the young Lise, which was the name of the girl, found herself able to speak, she informed Madame Helvetius that she was the daughter of a carver of wood, named Valmont; that in consequence of her father’s long illness and want of employment, his whole family had been reduced to the extreme of necessity. She said that the reputation of Madame Helvetius for benevolence had inspired her with the idea of trying to procure the succor for which the pride of her father would not have allowed her to make application; and that without the knowledge of her parents, she made the attempt of sending her sparrow, the sagacity of which had enabled her to succeed beyond her most sanguine expectations.

“But I cannot understand,” said Madame Helvetius, the means by which you were enabled to direct the flight of your little messenger to my apartment.”

“O! madame! if you knew how much pain

it cost me!" replied the young Lise, caressing the sparrow, which was now nestling in her bosom. "I was compelled to expose him to the cold, and to have the cruelty to deprive him of food for entire days, that he might become attracted by the grains which you threw out to the other birds, and become familiar with you. I could see all from the window of my chamber, which looked down upon your garden. Sometimes the poor little frightened thing would, when thrust out, fly about the neighborhood, and return after a long time, attracted by my voice; sometimes pursued by the savage sparrows he would return wounded by their beaks, with torn wings. At last, I saw him one day fly around you and light upon your shoulder; the next day, after having kept him from food, watch-

ing the moment when you came out upon the terrace, to scatter the grain, I ventured to send my first note. You know the rest!"

Madame Helvetius, notwithstanding the number of persons that surrounded her, was unable to restrain her emotion. She saw in this interesting occurrence, the most beautiful and touching instance of filial piety. She pressed to her heart many times the young girl, thanked her for having chosen herself as the instrument to relieve an estimable family, and begged her still to allow the dear little bird to visit her frequently.

May we not, on this occasion, say to the reader, that it is better to extend your charity to many who are unworthy than to neglect, through fear of imposition, one, who really needs assistance.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

FACTS AND FANCIES FROM A FENCE CORNER.—NO. II.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

ONCE more out in the warm April sunshine, with the spring birds singing their blithe songs in very abandonment of joy, and the buds swelling with re-awakened life, and the grass springing green beneath the tread, and the young lambs bleating, plaintively, or skipping and bounding in innocent frolicsome play across the tender and dainty pasture. A sudden tint of greenness has come over the weeping willow, and the maple branches are colored and covered with young leaves of a brownish red,—the daffodils with their bright yellow flowers shine sunnily on the eye. From the sheltered nook peep forth the blue eyes of the modest violet, and there, also, you may find the lowly butter-cup, and the sweet smelling peppermint.

The farmer is busily at work with all his teams in the field, preparing the earth to receive those seeds whose upspringing stems, rocked by the winds, and refreshed by the dew and the rain and the sunshine, shall greet his sturdy and patient labor with a bounteous and a blessed harvest. But what is all this to thee, sallow denizen of the city, whose sun only shines through the dingy windows of the counting room, and whose walk is circumscribed by the bank, thy dwelling, or, perhaps,

the remote house of some helpless, sad visaged, debtor?

Yet dost thou sigh at times to be released from the hot, stifling atmosphere, confined within close brick walls! To shut out again the noise of the artisan's hammer,—the rumbling of drays and wagons, and the hum of the busy and ever restless multitude. Sigh for the green fields and tinkling waters—for the hum of bees, and the refreshing odor of sweet smelling flowers,—to feel once more the soft breeze on your cheek, untainted by the breath of many men; to be again a boy—to be disenthralled from city bonds—to throw off, for a time, precise city habits—to let the spirit roam in dishabille—to wander as the wind wanders, even at your own sweet will; or sated with the fulness of delight, to throw yourself in dreamy indolence upon a shady and soft green bank, and forgetting care and trouble, and all vexation of spirit, let your eyes take in the glory of the beautiful creation around, and your heart expand with joy and reverential awe. Right truly sings gentle Bernard Barton.

"By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played!
By the waving tree through which thine eye,

First looked in love to the summer sky ;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tuft in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!"

And fine quaint old Francis Quarles, in a rapt extacy, sings thus :—

"How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves, and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see, or hear
The frantic mirth
And false delights of frolic earth.
Where they may sit and pant,
And breathe their pury souls;
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts, nor sullen care controls.
Away, false joys; ye murder where ye kiss—
There is no heaven to that, no life to this."

And another, whom I know not, in the joyous frankness of his nature, thus discourses of country delights, as he calls upon others to come and share them with him.

"There he may hear sweet voices,
Borne softly on the gale;
There he may have rich choices
Of songs that never fail!
The lark if he be cheerful,
Above his head shall tower:
And the nightingale, if fearful,
Shall sooth him from the bower.

"If red his eye with study,
If pale with care his cheek;
To make them bright and ruddy,
The green hills let him seek.—
The quiet that it needeth,
His mind shall there attain,
And relief from care that feedeth
Alike a heart and brain."

Is not that glorious, old friend! Cheerly! cheerly! fear not to lean on me, for thou art wan and weak, but this pleasant spring day will make the sap of life start anew and vigorously. Oh! but it will! So do not shake your head with such a solemn gravity, but look about you, and let the soft breeze fan your scant locks and cool your feverish brow. I tell you, Luke, I am right glad we have met once again! So sit you down on this old bench, and listen while I tell this young mild-eyed blossom something more touching the old dramatists of whose works you and I have ever been such earnest and sincere admirers,—ah! even now your eyes brighten at the recollection.

Verily, Luke, those youthful days passed like pleasant dreams, when you, and I, and a gentle

spirit on whom the green turf now rests lightly, would sit together in sweet abandonment, beneath the shade of that glorious old beech tree, over whose roots the tiny rivulet made a soft, lulling music, and upon whose clear bark our three names were deeply graven. Do you remember it? Can you forget it rather? And how as we reclined, one of us would read aloud, while the other twain offered running commentaries in our own dogmatic simple way. Those were the sun-spots in our life, Luke, and have grown brighter and brighter on the memory ever since. But do not sigh for the past, old friend; I trust we have both so lived, that

"Our yesterdays look backward with a smile,
Nor like the Parthians wound us as they fly."

To the poor man, to-morrow is always full of hope. Action! action! Luke, that is the grand secret of contentment. The grand catholicon for all mortal, and many bodily ills. Look at old Plethora, lolling in his easy chair, with his cushioned foot racked with aristocratic gout; himself the very picture of splendid misery. Go forth, oh, rich man! There are lanes and alleys where meek misery suffers uncomplaining. Take thy feeble brother by the hand, he hath lacked food these three days—for shame! and thou hast rioted. Open thy purse strings—not coyly—he is honest! Give prudently, and bid him eat and God speed! Learn the pale child of wretchedness to welcome thy approach with a glad, crowing laugh. Forbear thy sumptuous cheer for plainer viands, so that the widow's cruise may be filled—do this, and health shall revisit thy cheek, and cheerful dreams make sweet thy hours of slumber.

Body o'me! I had forgotten. Nay look not so serious, gentle heart! The sunbeam must not be clouded. So with your finger on your lip, thus! and your delicate ear slightly inclined, listen while I say a few words concerning sweet, classical, pedantic, John Lyly, taking for my present theme the play of "Alexander and Campaspe," as affording not only the best specimens of his poetic abilities, but also because the prologue is a rich specimen of that peculiar style of writing and speaking invented by him, and formerly so well known under the name of Euphuism.

It is difficult to describe Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe;" it smacks more of the court of Queen Bess than that of Alexander the Great, though of the latter it savors slightly. The characters, with the exception of an exaggerated portrait of Diogenes, are all feebly drawn; and the plot, if plot it can be

called, turns merely upon the rivalry of Alexander, and Apelles the celebrated painter, for the love of Campaspe. The language is easy and graceful, though its polish is marred by the pedantic and affected similies with which the whole play abounds. Coming, however, from the parent of Euphuism, extravagance in language could not be otherwise than expected.

As a specimen of the new English invented by Lyly, and destined to create so wonderful a revolution in the olden tongue, I recite the prologue. "They that fear the stinging of wasps, make fans of peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes. And Lepidus which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast, whose head was like a dragon: and we which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set up before our owl Pallas's shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine in Egypt when Nylus flowed less than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen; and it may threaten despair unto us, if we be less envious than you look for, or more cumbersome. But as Theseus being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and travelling all the day found but a wren in a hedge, yet said, *"this is a bird!"* so we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountain, seeming to bring forth an elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say, *"this is a beast."* Basil softly touched yieldeth a sweet scent; but chafed in the hand, a rank savor. We fear, even so, that our labors slyly glanced at may breed some content, but examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse.

. . . But howsoever we finish our work, we crave pardon if we offend in matter; and patience if we transgress in manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel; and discipline with delight; thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot herbs, that we set flowers. But we hope, as hearts cast their horns, eagles their bills, snakes their skins, become refreshed for any other labor; so our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But lest like the Mynians, we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out a tithes preface, we here conclude; wishing, that although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesy a general silence."

Many writers have been inclined to detract from the merit of Lyly in refining the English language, and some deny him the credit altogether, but it seems to me evident from

the success which Euphuism met with in the most fashionable and courtly circles, where it was made the test of gentility, that it was better calculated than any other means to produce such a result. The affectations and far-fetched allusions which were the original source of attraction, becoming wearisome, were at length dropped altogether; and the reaction stripped the language of the gauds and trinkets with which it had been loaded, but still preserved the graceful dress that sustained them.

The lighter poetry of Lyly's time abounded in fanciful conceits, some of them far too highly wrought, and overstrained; and others again exceedingly beautiful. The sonnet which I am now about to repeat, commends itself as much for its easy, happy elegance of language, as for its freedom from the predominating fault of the writers of that period.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's dove, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek, (but none knows how.)
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimples of his chin:
All these, did my Campaspe win.—
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid, blind doth rise.
Oh love! hath she done this to thee!
What shall, alas! become of me?"

Now for the "Song of Trico," and then we will resume our walk.—Not wearied did you say, sunbeam! Aye, we know that, nevertheless we must have done for the present; nay do not pout your pretty lips, another time you shall hear more, so listen to the "Song of Trico."

"What bird so sings yet doth so wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale!
Jug, jug; jug, jug; terew she cries,
And still her woes, at midnight rise.—
Bravo pricksong! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
*How at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.*
Hark! hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin red breast tunes his note!
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing;
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring."

Had Lyly written nothing more than this

song of Trico, and the sonnet of "Cupid and Campaspe," he might have deservedly laid claim to poetic abilities of no common order. The song contains the germ of more than one amplified poem upon the same subject. Even Milton, in his *L'Allegro*, has not disdained to borrow that beautiful fancy of the lark clapping his wings at heaven's gate,

"The morn not waking till she sings."

And a writer in *Dorsely*, boldly adopts the same couplet into his own poems, altering, but not amending it, as follows:—

"And the lark from out the furrow,
Soars upright on matin wings,
And at the gate of heaven sings!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW VOLUME.

WITH this number closes the first volume of our new series. Since the work came under the hands of the present publishers, and exclusively under the control of the present editor, every reader must have observed a steady improvement both in the character of the work and the style of embellishment. Our aim has been to combine elegance and excellence with utility. In our efforts to do this, we have not by any means reached the standard we aimed at. This cannot be attained in a moment. But we are gratified to know, that our improvement has been so marked, as to bring warm expressions of approval from many intelligent quarters. With the July number will be commenced a new volume. As that progresses, we shall still go on in our efforts for the attainment of excellence. Our work, in the past volume, has not, perhaps, contained as many articles of a thoughtful cast as is really desirable in a magazine whose aim is to elevate, at the same time that it offers pleasing recreations for the mind. This defect we have seen—and this defect we purpose to remedy. We shall do it, gradually, at the same time that dulness will be carefully avoided.

The success that has met our efforts thus far, has been of that steady, substantial kind, that most surely encourages to perseverance. Our list has not run up with "wonderful and unprecedented rapidity;" we did not expect nor ask this. But subscribers have been coming in quietly, and our sales to agents gradually increasing from the day of issuing our first number. This is all we expected; time which will prove us, will give all the success we deserve, and all we ask.

FASHION PLATES.—A few months, experience has satisfied us, that in the matter of fashion plates, "all is not gold that glitters." An introduction into the *modus operandi* of the thing, has taken the scales from our eyes. Before, we thought, when we looked at the fashion plates for April, or May, or June, or for any other month, which were published in the magazines, that they were all they purported to be. But we found ourselves mistaken. We found that when we wished to arrange a fashion plate for April, for instance, that we had to get

London or Paris fashions for February to select from. A lady-reader knows how suitable a February fashion is for April. The reason why a fashion so far back has to be taken is this. The steamer which leaves London on the first of April, (we specify a month so as to be more clearly understood) arrives here about the sixteenth or eighteenth. The magazines for May are already printed and bound up, fashions for May and all. The London fashions brought over in the first of April steamer, cannot, then, be possibly used in an American magazine before June. How well they represent June fashions in reality, it is needless to say. Long before the June magazines are out, the dress makers have modified the latest imported prints of fashion, and introduced a style of dress suited for the season. When the magazines come along with *their* June fashions, proclaiming them to be the latest and truest, the modes of dress to be seen in the streets differ very materially from their standard. Another fact that illustrates the case is this; at least six weeks before the first of any month for which a magazine is issued, the fashion figures must be selected and placed in the hands of an engraver, who will require two weeks, sometimes more, to get the plate ready for the printer. The printer and colorer will take as long; and then the binder must have time to stitch and cover the book, which is always done at least two weeks before the first of the month for which the magazine is issued. Then, it is plain, that *no magazine can give authentic fashion plates for the month.*

For reasons above stated, we have determined to omit, hereafter, regular monthly fashion plates, and to give, in their stead, fine steel engravings. Each number of our work will, therefore, contain, instead of a steel plate and a plate of fashions, two steel plates,—except, perhaps, three or four times during the year, when important changes in the fashions occur. Then we may give a print of fashions, exhibiting a general review of prevailing modes, for the gratification, particularly, of our lady readers in the country.

So much have we been dissatisfied with the way

in which we had to get up the fashions for our work, that nothing but our promise could have induced us to continue to furnish them through the volume. As soon as we can do so, consistently, we give up the office of men-milliners; and in shaking ourselves loose from such unnatural trammels, feel a sensation of freedom that is very pleasant. The marriage between elegant literature and the fashions, we have always looked upon as an unnatural one; but we have been told on all sides that plates of the prevailing modes of dress were absolutely indispensable to the success of a magazine! We make bold to doubt the position, and to act up to our doubts. Beautiful steel engravings such as we shall give, must certainly be far more acceptable than unsightly fashion plates:—bad enough when uncolored, but absolutely disgusting, as works of art, when daubed over here and there with a few rough patches of paint.

We do not object to fashions in themselves, when they infringe upon neither health nor delicacy. They have their use which is a very important one. It is their silly union with literature to which we object—a union unnatural and revolting.

ALICE MULVANY.—The very attractive plate, engraved for us by Graham, which embellishes the present number of our work, represents the heroine of one of Mrs. Hall's admirable Irish Sketches. Both the story and its illustration are beautiful specimens of their respective arts.

Our next number, which commences a volume, will be printed on a new and beautiful type, which our printers have had cast expressly for the purpose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIBRARY.—This juvenile magazine, published by T. H. Carter, and Co. of Boston, and edited by Mrs. Coleman, is a work that we can freely recommend to parents as one that contains a variety of useful, entertaining, and instructive articles, many of them furnished by writers of well known talents. Among the contributors are Jacob Abbott, author of *Rolla*, Jonas, and Lucy Brooks, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, and others. Much attention is paid to the embellishments, many of which are chaste and beautiful. The "Library" is published at \$1 25 per annum.

We notice that volumes of the "Boys' and Girls' Library," have been prepared in good, substantial, binding by the publishers. These will serve exceedingly well as presents for the young folks.

THE STORY BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, By T. S. Arthur.—Second edition, with illustrations. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co. This little volume contains seventeen stories, written for the instruction of children and young persons who are able to discriminate, rationally, between a right and a wrong action. "Their design," as set forth in the preface, "is to give pictures of real life, such as may be seen every day; and in these pictures to present what is good and true as something to be loved and desired,

and what is evil and false as something to be shunned. They are intended, also, to give to the young who are just beginning to look about them, and to reason on what they see, true principles of action;—such principles as will elevate them out of mere selfishness, into a living and active interest for all around them."

MEMOIRS OF MISS ELIZABETH CARTER. By the author of *Miriam*. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co.—Miss Carter, was a woman of learning and piety, who died in 1806, at the age of eighty-nine. She was cotemporary with, and on terms of intimacy with Johnson, Lady Montague, Bishop Butler, Richardson, and others. Her memoir is written in a pleasing style, and contains much that is calculated to inspire the mind with a love of truly elevated principles.

CECILIA HOWARD, OR THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAD FINISHED HER EDUCATION. By T. S. Arthur: John Allen, New York.—This story, which ran through the volume of Miss Leslie's Magazine, has been published in a neat, cheap form, by John Allen of New York. It is for sale at the various periodical and cheap publication offices: price twenty-five cents.

THE VELVET CUSHION.—Philadelphia: J. K. Simon. This is the republication of a little story, that it appears by the preface has attracted some attention in England, and brought the author a due share of vituperation both from Churchmen and dissenters. He, however, declares himself to know no "party but that of the Church of England." It will, doubtless, prove interesting to the particular class of readers for whom it is designed.

NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

The exhibition opens this year with about two hundred paintings, a large proportion of them highly credible specimens of the art. There is a preponderance of portraits; but this is not a matter of surprise. Artists in this country meet with but poor encouragement in any other line. Among the landscapes and compositions that are to be found in the exhibition, are several of superior merit, showing the existence in the artists of a high order of talent. Want of space prevents us from particularising. Our citizens, at least such as have any taste for the fine arts, should, by all means, visit this collection of paintings—and visit it frequently.

Parents, who desire to guard their children against the allurements of grovelling sensual pleasures, should strive to cultivate in them a taste for the high arts of painting and statuary. No man can look long at a good picture or a fine piece of sculpture, without becoming inspired, in some degree, with a love of the beautiful. This love is a protecting angel to the young. Visit, then, this exhibition with your children, frequently. It will be money well spent.

Urb. &
Cal. 1900

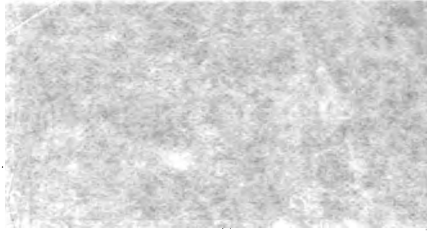


The Young Artist.

3333

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

2000



2000



Engraved by H. G. Carter.

A MORNING SCENE FROM CUPP.

100

ARTHUR'S
LADIES' MAGAZINE

OF

ELEGANT LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS,

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOLUME II.

FROM JULY, 1844, TO JANUARY, 1845.

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THE
LADIES' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1844.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

SILENT LOVE.

Translated and abridged from the German of Caroline Pichler.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

THE wife of the President Von Almstein entered the chamber of her daughters to announce to them that they were invited to a grand ball at the foreign ambassador's and laid on their table the latest number of the Journal of Fashion, from which to select their costumes. With a radiant countenance, Caroline, the youngest sister, sprang up from her work, eagerly, took the book and turned over the leaves, while with joyous volubility she admired some of the drawings, found fault with others, and finally selected the one which best pleased her fancy. Her elder sister sat quietly beside her.

"You say nothing, Henrietta," said the president's wife, somewhat displeased, "are you not glad?"

"You know, dear mother, that I do not love such entertainments; and if you would allow me—"

"To stay at home—is it not so? But this will not do. You must go with us. I can easily understand that with your face you do not like to appear by the side of Caroline; but for this very reason you must go with us, and be dressed as handsomely as she is. I will not let the world

say I make a difference between my children, and leave you in the back-ground because you are ugly."

She left the room. She thought by these means to show the world that she did not prefer the beautiful Caroline to her sister; but the world was not deceived. From her earliest childhood, Henrietta had been the repulsed, neglected, child and her mother felt herself quite relieved when about ten years before, her sister, the widow of a general, had begged to have the little girl, who, as she had no children of her own, might afford her companionship amid the solitude of a country life. There Henrietta was brought up with carefulness and affection. Her aunt, an excellent woman, cultivated her active mind and her feeling heart upon the highest principles. She sought to make amends for the absence of outward charms, by the superiority of inward attractions. Henrietta knew well that she was not handsome; but in the country, as the niece of a lady so universally respected, as a girl who even without this advantage, might be loved and esteemed for her own sake, it never occurred to her that the want of beauty was so great a fault, so powerful

a preventive to success or happiness in the world. The aunt died, and the president brought his daughter home.

Here, she now experienced with a feeling of deep bitterness, the high value placed upon a gift of nature which depends so little on ourselves, and has no influence upon our true merit. When she appeared with her beautiful sister, no one took notice of her, no one spoke to her; and wounded and repulsed by this treatment, she forgot or disdained those attractions that might have drawn towards her the attentions of a better class of men. But she saw that even they followed the lovely enchantment. She remained quiet, forgotten, alone, in the midst of brilliant circles, and the ungentle treatment of her mother increased the deep sorrow which often made her shed burning tears over the loss of her excellent aunt, and the lovely period of her earlier youth.

Caroline, although adored by her parents, and overwhelmed with flattery by the world, had still preserved her good feeling. She loved her sister tenderly; but even she was not quite happy. The wishes of her father, and a sort of family arrangement, destined her to be the bride of a relative, whom she had known only as a child, and of whom for ten years she had known nothing further than that he was a major, a very handsome man, and a brave soldier. Caroline was not refined or cultivated enough to think of sympathy of mind or character, but she trembled at the thought of giving her hand to a man who might not be in any way agreeable to her. The girls wept together and tried to console each other, and mutual sorrow served only to unite them more closely.

The President Von Almstein was the last male scion of the younger branch of his family, which by a singular accident possessed all the wealth and property of the elder branch. His grandfather had two sons by two wives, whom, as well as their mothers, he loved with a very different degree of tenderness. Domestic troubles and his own inclinations led the eldest son, after the death of his mother, to become a soldier, in which character he obtained that love and esteem which had been denied him in his father's house. He rose by his own merit to the rank of general, but when yet in the bloom of manhood, hardship, fatigue, and dangerous wounds had so enfeebled his health, that he looked forward either to a speedy death or a miserable old age. He gave up all thoughts of happiness arising from the possession of a wife and family and, while in this mood, a self-styled friend who was in reality an emissary of his step-mother, persuaded him to relinquish his property to his younger brother, and thus enable him to maintain

the honor of the family. The general then retired to a small estate he still retained, where he led a calm and secluded life. But amid the quiet and repose of rural life, his health was gradually restored; existence again became dear to him; he found a maiden whose beauty and gentle goodness touched his heart, and who was willing to share his fate and his small fortune. His eldest son followed his father's footsteps; his grandson, the major, who was destined for Caroline, had already obtained considerable renown, and the president was extremely anxious to bring about this alliance, which was to unite the two branches of the family, and thus restore to the elder branch the possession of that property of which it had been deprived for half a century.

Caroline sought in vain to turn aside her father from the execution of a plan which seemed to endanger her future happiness; but he was inflexible, and seemed to be influenced by some weighty reason which involved his own tranquility and contentment.

Thus several months passed away. Towards the end of the next autumn the president received news that the major had obtained leave of absence in order to visit the city and become acquainted with his future bride. Report preceded him and announced to Caroline and the other ladies of the capital, that the major was the handsomest, noblest and bravest of officers, and many anecdotes were related to prove his valor and goodness. It was he who had once, when almost alone, stormed a hostile fortress, and at the risk of his own life protected from injury and borne from the field one of the enemy's generals, whom he had wounded and taken prisoner; it was he to whom a village that had been fired owed its preservation and the inhabitants their lives and the safety of their property. He was thus a topic of conversation several days before his arrival, and although it was known his hand was promised, this did not prevent many fair damsels from laying plans for the capture of his heart.

It was natural that Caroline and her sister should anticipate his coming with eager anxiety, and their confidential conversation turned almost entirely upon him. One evening a numerous circle assembled at their house, when the doors were suddenly thrown open, and a young man entered dressed in uniform, with an order upon his breast. He had a fine manly appearance, and there was something so noble in his countenance and bearing, that it involuntarily detained the eye which had casually fallen upon him. With modest self-possession he approached the president and handed him a letter, which the latter had no sooner opened and glanced at, than he greeted the young man with sincere pleasure,

presenting him to his wife and the whole circle as his nephew, Major Von Almstein.

Caroline blushed up to her temples. This, then, was the man to whom she was to be indissolubly united! His appearance, at least, was not unpleasing, and she often stole a glance at this object of universal attention, while her mother looked round in triumph, as if to say: "this phoenix, of whom report has said so much, and whose looks promise more, is ours, is the property of the admired Caroline!"

Henrietta's eyes had also been directed towards him, and a trembling feeling pervaded her whole frame. Here was her realisation of a perfect man. How often had an ideal being, with just such features appeared to her silent dreams! She turned pale, for this man was her sister's betrothed lover; and while others joyfully gathered round him, she quietly withdrew, with a deep wound in her heart. When in her solitary chamber, she gave a sad glance at her mirror, and tears stood in her eyes. She determined to avoid this dangerous being as much as possible, that the arrow might not pierce her heart too deeply.

The major was soon at home in the house of his relatives, and every thing seemed to go on exactly as they wished. Caroline's appearance had at first attracted him, and her natural amiability held him fast. He soon found that she was deficient in mental culture, but he trusted, as she was so young, he might remedy this neglect when she became his wife. He perceived in her too great a fondness for dress and dissipation, but he flattered himself that when she had learned to know and love him truly, love and domestic happiness would make her ample amends for the loss of these glittering pleasures. Thus, this connexion, at which his whole nature had at first revolted, gradually lost its terrors, and he reconciled himself to the idea of considering Caroline as the future companion of his life. He had no passionate feeling for her, she was not indispensable to his happiness; but he felt towards her an affectionate regard, and hoped with this feeling his married life might be happy.

The conduct of his future sister-in-law seemed to him very strange. That she had more sense and cultivation, and more character than her sister, was evident from the few conversations he had forced her to enter into, and what Caroline told him of her excellent heart, confirmed the opinion he had himself formed of her, so that he esteemed her highly without knowing her well. But it was almost impossible for him to approach her more nearly, for she sedulously avoided him, and did every thing in her power to

escape being with him, especially alone with him.

Her parents noticed this behaviour, and expostulated with her about it. She tried to defend herself by various excuses, but as she did not change her conduct, they were at length convinced that she entertained a secret hatred towards the major, or at all events disliked the connexion, because the larger portion of their property was destined to Caroline, while only a moderate sum was secured to her.

Such a supposition wounded Henrietta deeply, but she did not attempt to disprove it. She would rather have suffered any thing, death itself, than betray her unhappy feeling for a man who was intended for her sister, and was so well contented with his prospects. The major at last began to believe she cherished a secret prejudice against him, and many misunderstandings, inevitable under such circumstances, many hints of the imprudent mother confirmed him in this opinion.

The major's leave of absence had now expired; it was hoped the approaching campaign would be the last, and the wedding was to take place as soon as peace was proclaimed. He took leave of his betrothed without deep grief, though with some emotion, received the blessing of her parents, and Henrietta's silent trembling farewell, and departed.

For a few days, Caroline felt sensibly the loss of her pleasant companion, but diverted herself afterwards by attending to her outfit, and making preparations for her future establishment. Henrietta was quiet as ever, but the house, the world, seemed empty and dead to her. She listened tremblingly to the news of the war: consulting newspapers and maps was her favorite occupation: she changed color when letters came from the major, and was evidently anxious when they were long delayed. Her parents who had never understood her, were at a loss to account for this; they called her strange, ridiculous, at length became used to her peculiarities, and let them pass unnoticed. This was all she wanted.

Towards spring, Caroline was attacked by a severe illness, which increased with great violence. Henrietta would not leave her bedside, notwithstanding the danger of infection, with which the physician threatened her. On the fifth day, the joyous, blooming Caroline was a corpse. Henrietta's grief was deep and abiding, yet it was in her affection that the bereaved father first found comfort. Her mother was in despair; the death of her darling daughter had broken her heart, and she began to droop. These unhappy tidings were communicated to the major; his

letter bore the marks of the deepest sympathy and true sorrow, but no sign of that distraction which the death of the woman he loves must produce in the heart of a young man.

When the first stupefying effects of grief were over, the president spoke of his plan of uniting the two branches of the family as still unchanged.

"We have still a daughter," he at length said. "Henrietta shall take Caroline's place; the estate will thus be undivided and return again to the elder branch."

Henrietta was present. A fever seemed to run through her limbs. Rapture and anguish—hope and sorrow, alternated in her soul.

"Alas!" said her mother. "What an exchange! Leah for Rachel!"

These words cut Henrietta to the heart. Leah for Rachel! She tottered as if falling, and supported herself by a chair. It was not the unkind allusion of her mother, but the conviction that with her appearance she could never become the wife of so handsome and attractive a man, without drawing upon herself the contempt and censure of the whole world, and see him pining away at her side from chagrin and repentance—it was this that now seemed painfully clear to her mind. She resolved to resist to the last extremity, rather than receive this terrible sacrifice, which only a regard to family interest could compel him to make.

All her refusals were of no avail. A letter was written to the major, who avoided giving an answer to the proposition; saying it was impossible for him, so soon after the loss of his first love, to think of any second alliance, and begging for delay and time for reflection. This was enough for Henrietta. She knew now all she needed to know, to render her earnest resolution still more irrevocable.

In a few weeks her mother died from grief for the loss of her daughter, and Henrietta persuaded her father to retire with her to one of his estates, for he had remained in the city only to please his wife. There she devoted herself with enthusiastic affection to the comfort and happiness of the only loved being now remaining to her, and the president, who, in his fashionable marriage, had never known this feeling, lived anew in her confiding love, and seemed nowise dissatisfied that the major postponed his decision still longer, and left him the daughter who had now become so dear to him. But Henrietta's cruel destiny was not yet weary of aiming at her heart. Late in the autumn, while engaged in the chase, which he passionately loved, the president was thrown from his horse, and was brought home to the castle, dying. He had lost his speech, and Henrietta felt despair when she saw

the signs, the intensely anxious looks, with which he pointed to his secretary, and which, after a hundred attempts she could not understand or explain. He died in her arms a few hours afterwards, leaving her in possession of all his immense property.

Thus bereaved, and alone in the wide world, she was for a time dead to every pleasure—to every glad and happy feeling; at length time exercised its soothing influence upon her, and she was able to think of something else than her grief and the loss of her loved ones. The first thing was to break off her proposed alliance with the major, and restore him to perfect freedom. It seemed to have been the dearest wish of her father to restore the property to the elder branch. This should be done in part, though not as he had intended it.

She wrote to the major: she did not conceal from him the little inclination she knew he felt for her; she described the high requisites she thought necessary for a happy marriage, and for that reason begged him to release himself and her from all future compulsion, and to relinquish a plan which could make neither of them happy. At the same time she begged him to allow her as she was an orphan, and alone in the world, to form another tie with him in place of the one now broken; to consider her as a sister, and her property as a common inheritance to which he had the same claim as herself. Finally, she urged upon him the acceptance of half her property with so much warmth and earnestness, that one must have been as much charmed with the beginning of the letter as the major was, who could see in these expressions any thing but the most urgent desire to break off the connexion, cost what it might.

In this disagreeable mood, he sat down to answer her at once. He restored to her her liberty; renounced all claims to her hand; sent back all her father's letters referring to the matter; but rejected decidedly, and with much bitterness, her offer to divide the property.

He was very angry. He knew he was no fool, and thought that his conduct had awakened sufficient confidence in every one, even in Henrietta, to make them feel he was incapable of marrying a woman who did not give him her hand of her own free will. Then why all these circumstances? Why so great a sacrifice? Was he so unbearable or so mean-spirited that she must give up half her wealth to buy him off?

His letter pained Henrietta, whose intentions had been so good: but she was charmed by the noble pride that spoke in every line, and she felt with sorrow how excellent the man was whom she renounced, from whom an insuperable diffi-

culty, as she called it, separated her for ever. "Leah for Rachel!" It sounded in her ears whenever she yielded to deceitful hopes—to flattering possibilities—and her resolution again stood firm as before.

When the first heat of the major's anger was over, he read Henrietta's letter a second time. And first he was struck by the beautiful writing, which he had not noticed before; the firm, fine hand. Then he came to the sentiments: these were at least not common—almost noble. He imagined himself in her situation; he found there was something delicate and beautiful in her course of action; something sincere in her tone towards him, and he began to have a high esteem for the girl who refused so pointedly to become his wife.

A whole year had now passed away since her father's death. The major had meantime been promoted to the rank of captain, and it was only by chance or secret means that Henrietta heard of him. At this time, a change she had made in the arrangements of the castle, made it necessary to remove the furniture from her father's sleeping apartment, which, from a feeling of reverence, she had hitherto left undisturbed.

The secretary she had removed to her own chamber, and there arranged it for her own use.

While thus occupied, she remembered with sorrow the last moments of her father, and her vain attempts to understand his signs. She had then searched the secretary and found nothing. Now, in consequence of the moving, a hidden drawer had become visible in the back part of the cabinet, whose existence she had not suspected. She opened it with a secret shudder, and found some very old writings endorsed in an envelope in her father's hand-writing. She read. How great was her astonishment—her horror—as she learned from these papers that her family were unjustly possessed of their property; that there was in existence a second will of her great grandfather, cancelling the unjust arrangement he had before made, and re-instating the eldest son in his rights. Her father had found this will among some private papers of his grandfather: and apparently neither the wife nor younger son had been aware of its existence, or they would have destroyed it. Brought up amid wealth, and accustomed to luxury, the president had not the strength to renounce all, by making the matter public; but as his conscience did not let him rest, he sought the middle way, of attaining both his objects by means of this family alliance.

Henrietta now understood her father's last anxious gestures, and a thousand thoughts and feelings rushed upon her. For a time she sat as if stupefied—the ominous letter in her hand. But

to a mind like her's there was no doubt as to what was to be done. She sprang up: her resolution was fixed. Without consulting any one, without even disclosing the matter to her guardian, she made her preparations for a journey to the capital, where the Countess of Dehnitz, Almstein's sister, was spending the winter. She went directly to her, and begged her to call her husband, as she had an important family secret to reveal to him. The count came. Henrietta drew forth the papers, handed them to him, and begged him to write to his brother-in-law, and request him to take measures for resuming the property, which she was ready to resign at once.

The count and countess gazed upon Henrietta with mute astonishment. They did not know which to admire most, the greatness of the sacrifice or the calmness and apparent pleasure with which it was made. At last the countess threw her arms round Henrietta's neck:

"But have you not considered, noble girl, that you will now be quite poor, when you give up every thing to my brother? Have you no conditions to make? Name them! Ask what you will! I know my Adolph, he will joyfully share with you what you might have retained altogether."

Henrietta's heart swelled. Noble pride, joy that she could thus give happiness to one she loved, and tender emotions swayed it alternately. She sank in the arms of the countess, and said with tears:

"I shall be quite happy when your brother takes and keeps that which is his in the sight of God, and every just judge. What I inherit from my aunt is sufficient for my wants; I need nothing more."

Again they urged her; she persisted in her refusal, and insisted that their brother should wait no longer for these good tidings.

The count wrote at once, but the countess would not let Henrietta go away; she considered her as a guardian spirit, a higher being, who had come as a blessing to her house. Henrietta found a part of her reward in the love of her relatives; and the likeness to Almstein attracted her strongly to his sister. Sophie, so the countess was called, had her brother's features and complexion, and a voice whose tone recalled the remembrance of his. Henrietta felt herself drawn to her as if by a charm; she loved to be with her and spent here many happy days.

In the meantime the captain had received his brother-in-law's letter. Henrietta's noble conduct astonished him. It was not her restoring an estate to which she had not a full right that touched him—he felt that she must have acted thus; that he would have acted so himself—but

the manner in which she did it,—this disinterested noble conduct—this entire forgetfulness of her own interests—this beautiful confidence in her friends touched and charmed him. He recalled his former broken ties, and it seemed to him as if his life would have been happier by the side of Henrietta than of Caroline. He sought out her first letter, in which she had entreated him to break off their engagements, and he found in it much which a year before had struck him very differently. He wished to know Henrietta better; his heart was free—and then the thought arose in his mind, that their engagement might perhaps be renewed, and thus the noble, delicate-minded girl, remain in possession of her property.

He wrote to her. The letter bore the impress of the tenderest esteem and the kindest sympathy. He would hear of no unconditional renunciation of the property: he offered her a portion—or the whole, if she would decide to fulfil her father's old wish, and receive it with his hand.

Henrietta trembled as she read the letter; her feeling for Adolph awoke in all its strength. She stood—she doubted. A happy future presented itself to her soul. But then her eye fell upon a mirror. “Leah for Rachel,” sounded in her ears. She compared her face with Almstein's splendid form; she thought of the opinion of the world; she reflected, it was impossible that inclination, it was only magnanimity, had induced him to make this offer and she controlled her deeply moved heart to give him a decided refusal. That she might not seem obstinate or wound his kindness, she consented to retain the single estate of Rohrbach, which was of inestimable value to her, as it was in a very romantic situation and very near Festenberg, where Almstein's sister, to whom she was bound by so many secret ties, passed the greater part of the year—where she could hear news of him—where she thought herself nearer to him.

Tender and considerate as was Henrietta's refusal, Almstein, who really esteemed her, was offended by it. He thought he perceived in it the same prejudice and dislike, of which he had before heard in her parent's house. Conscious of his own worth, and his irreproachable conduct towards her, he could explain it only as arising from a natural antipathy, and this wounded his feelings. From this time he thought of the strange girl with very conflicting emotions. But he looked upon it as a sacred duty so to provide for her future comfort that she should never have occasion to repent of what she had done. In a letter to his sister he formally resigned all claims to Rohrbach, and all that belonged to it, enclosing at the same time a *carte blanche* upon his banker, with the earnest request that Henrietta would

make unlimited use of it. He delayed making any division of the remaining property until his return, which he would endeavor to hasten, in order to speak with her upon the subject.

Henrietta felt the coldness of the captain's letter, and explained it as quite consistent with her own views. She received the gift of Rohrbach with grateful thanks—tore in pieces, before Sophie's eyes, all the *carte blanche* except the signature, which she placed in her bosom, she said, as a remembrance of his generosity. Sophie gave her an earnest and inquiring look. Thoughts rose in her mind which had before transiently crossed it. Now they became clearer and more definite, but she was silent—for she feared to offend Henrietta's deeply hidden feeling by any untimely words.

When she was alone she congratulated herself on having declined Almstein's offer—the great sacrifice which his magnanimity had urged him to make.

“He does not love me. How could he! He does not know me,” she exclaimed with sorrow. “I have nothing that men consider attractive, and if I am any thing, it is only to those who have learned to know me well. That Almstein will never do!”

She remained a fortnight longer with Sophie, and then returned to her lonely castle to resign it with all other possessions to her cousin's agent. To her great astonishment she heard from him that he had received directions to take it only in a conditional manner, subject to any requisitions she might think fit to make.

A sweet feeling of gratitude and emotion pervaded her heart; she said, decidedly, she wished no stipulations made; caused a paper to be drawn up by her guardian, who was much displeased at her too hasty magnanimity; surrendered every thing, and in a few days set off for Rohrbach, accompanied by her companion the widow of an officer.

It was a pleasant surprise to her, on alighting from her carriage, to find Count Dehnitz and his wife already here, who welcomed her as a neighbor, most kindly to her new residence; but a still more agreeable one awaited her. The whole castle, as far as the short time permitted, had been fitted up by Almstein's directions, with every thing necessary to convenience, elegance, and the most refined enjoyment of life. A well filled library—a room hung with choice engravings, excellent musical instruments, a greenhouse, full of the rarest and loveliest flowers and plants—in short, all that a cultivated mind could need in solitude, was provided with as much taste as generosity. The countess led Henrietta all around, and she followed with a beating heart and visible emotion.

"Tell your brother," she said at last, "how joyous you have seen me; how his gift and his attentions have made me happy, and beg him to accept the unspoken thanks of a moved heart, as the reward of his kindness."

On the third day, the Count and Sophie returned to the capitol, intending soon to revisit Festenberg, and pass many happy days with Henrietta. She interested herself in her house and furniture, and in sweet remembrances of the friendly giver. To think of him was the dearest employment of her solitary hours; but her heart and her active mind found more important occupation in plans for bettering the condition of her tenantry. Thus the remainder of the winter passed away, and with the spring, her loved neighbors returned to Festenberg. She now had society, and society of the most refined and elevated character. She was daily at Festenberg, or the family with her, and Almstein's letters from the army were exciting eras in the quiet life of these excellent people, who were so much interested in him.

His last letter contained his feelings on the eve of a great battle which was expected to take place on the following day. It was very serious, and almost sad; it seemed as if dark presentiments swept before him. A second letter was looked for with anxious expectation at Festenberg, and with still greater at Rohrbach; but it did not arrive. The news of the battle which had been won, came through the public papers; among those who had most distinguished themselves, and among the severely wounded, was his name. Deep grief and fearful apprehension took possession of Sophie—and suffering she could not express, kept Henrietta for two long days in terrible anxiety. On the third day a letter arrived from Almstein's body servant. The captain, by his coolness, and the good conduct of his regiment, had regained the battle, when it was almost lost; at the head of his cuirassiers, he had thrown himself upon the advancing enemy, broken through their closed ranks, and spread havoc and confusion around. His courage excited that of his troops, the flying stood, the scattered assembled themselves together. In the close combat, he received a sabre thrust in his head, but still regardless of his own danger, he pressed forward, when a second thrust threw him backwards off his horse, and the whole front rank of his squadron, not knowing what they did, and no longer to be restrained, dashed over him. After the battle, he was drawn out from the slain as dead; and although at the time the letter was written, about eight days after the affair took place, he still lived, there was little or no hope of his recovery.

Warm tears flowed in Festenberg and Rohrbach, for his misfortune and their own threatened loss. Henrietta now felt, for the first time, how unspeakably dear to her Adolph had become. Violent grief affected her health; she became very sick, and Sophie's heart was divided between the apprehension she felt for her brother and her beloved friend; but she would not have been a woman, if all this had not taught her that her former suppositions were correct, and Henrietta loved her brother. Henrietta's decided rejection of her brother was, however, perfectly inexplicable; but as she observed so strict a silence about her feelings, and endeavored to conceal the true cause of her illness from Sophie, delicacy prevented her from trying to tear aside the veil in which Henrietta so studiously shrouded her heart.

Two weeks passed away in unspeakable sorrow and anxiety. At last came a second letter. The servant announced to the Countess, they had now hope of the Captain's life, but that they scarcely expected his entire restoration to health, as his wounds were deep and dangerous; and under these circumstances, his master seemed scarcely to wish for a longer life, and was depressed and melancholy.

This letter filled his friends with mingled feelings; the predominant one with Henrietta was her own increased love for him. His image had often appeared before her in more peaceful days, in all the glory of beauty, dazzling, enrapturing. Now it was never out of her sight—but she always saw him, pale, sick, melancholy, and for that very reason so attractive, so irresistible. She now repented that she had not accepted his offer, for then she might have attained what seemed to her the highest object of her life: the power of dedicating herself entirely to him, of brightening his sad lot, and removing many a burthen from his weary spirit. His personal beauty was no longer any hindrance—its charm was in a great measure destroyed—she would now have been on equality with him, and his happiness have been her work.

She carefully concealed these feelings under a quiet, friendly sympathy; but Sophie had read her heart, and, without allowing it to be known, she was secretly building up a plan, founded upon Henrietta's love, and her brother's well known opinions, which was to secure the happiness of the whole family.

Two months more had elapsed, when a letter was received from Almstein himself. He was able to be up again, and could amuse himself for a little while with reading and writing. His wounds were healed; but their effects would, he wrote, embitter his whole life. The future lay

dark and sad before him; and were it not for the fear of inflicting an intolerable burthen upon his sister and her family, it would be a comfort and pleasure to him to come to her the next autumn, and pass his remaining days among his beloved relatives.

The letter bore so evidently the impression of the deepest melancholy, that Sophie and her husband were quite moved by it, and Henrietta could scarcely conceal her tears. The Countess wrote to him at once; she entreated him, with the sincerest affection, to come to them as soon as possible, assuring him that it would be the most earnest endeavor of herself and her husband to make life pleasant to him; that she rejoiced in his coming as a great pleasure and trusted that many bright smiling hopes were in store for him in the future.

He was actually coming again—Henrietta was to see him, to be constantly near him! Various feelings alternated in her agitated soul—longing and joy, fear and anxiety. Autumn at length drew nigh, and a letter came from Almstein, announcing his arrival the next day. His mind seemed to have aroused from the melancholy which bodily suffering had induced; he was less gloomy, and better satisfied with his health.

Almstein knew that Henrietta lived in the neighborhood of his sister, that he was constantly with his relations, although Sophie had designedly said little about her in her letters. It was rather a bitter appendix to the pleasures he promised himself, to be forced to be constantly with a person of whose decided aversion to himself he thought he had so many convincing proofs. He hoped, however, that by constant intercourse of such a quiet character, this unpleasant feeling between him and his former betrothed would wear away.

It was a lovely autumn day when he entered on his journey. The distance was considerable, and as he could accomplish it only by short stages, it was on the eighth day, a bright, clear Sunday morning, that he arrived in the vicinity of his future residence. As he saw, from a distance, the red roof of Festenberg, a glad feeling arose in his breast. The strong excitements and wild life of war had not made his heart cold; he had still a keen sense of the pleasures of domestic happiness; and though his misfortune did not allow him to enjoy them in their purest and most direct form, he gratified his feelings by thinking of the happiness of his sister and his brother-in-law, for whom he felt so strong an interest. He now discerned, on a distant hill, the pointed tower of Rohrbach, and soon after saw the white castle on the declivity, gleaming through the trees. There lived the strange girl who had

been willing to resign half her property in order to free herself from his addresses. He was absorbed in imagining how she would receive him, how conduct herself towards him, and with secret satisfaction, he formed plans for repaying her generous sacrifice, and compelling her to share the wealth she had so willingly relinquished.

In the mean time, he had reached the avenue of fir-trees that led to Festenberg. His carriage had already been seen from the castle. Sophie, her husband, her children, all hastened to meet him, welcoming him with loud exclamations of joy. With a swelling breast, he descended from the carriage, threw himself into the arms of his loved friends, and with tearful eyes pressed them to his beating heart. The feeling of home, the happiness of finding himself beloved, penetrated his inmost soul, exciting the purest human joy. His friends thought him changed, but by no means so unrecognisable as he had described himself. Two great scars on his cheeks and forehead, indeed disfigured his beauty, and his blooming complexion was gone; but there was still the large spiritual eye, the noble features, the commanding height, the proud bearing, though a contusion on the foot rendered his walking difficult. Sophie's plan was formed in a moment. No one in the castle was to say a word of the captain's arrival, to the inhabitants of Rohrbach who might come over to attend the church service. She expected Henrietta as usual, with some other guests from the neighborhood, who dined with her on Sunday. She arranged it all with her husband, and gave a hint to the captain as to the part he was to play. She wished him to read Henrietta's soul, to give him some idea that at least he was not hated. As Henrietta's carriage entered the court, she reminded them of their agreement.

Henrietta entered. Sophie, and a part of the company, went to meet her, and surrounded her, so that she could not see the captain, of whose presence she had not the slightest idea. Suddenly he approached her from one side, and spoke to her. "Adolph!" she exclaimed, frightened and trembling, while she laid her hand on her heart. His voice had been echoed there. She turned quickly round; he stood before her. Trembling, speechless, she extended him her hand; at first she could not bring out a word, but in the glistering eyes, in the tears that moistened them, there was expressed the purest joy, the surprise of the truest love. She held his hand in a long, close grasp. "At last we see each other again!" she exclaimed, looking at him with an undisguised interest. The captain was struck—he had expected so different a reception! At first, words failed him too: then he asked her if she

would have recognised him, if he had not first spoken, if she had met him elsewhere than at his sister's.

"Oh, in a moment!" exclaimed Henrietta; "among a thousand, any where!"

"And yet I am very much changed," continued the captain.

"Because you have suffered so much," Henrietta interrupted, with an agitated voice. "We had given you up for more than three weeks! Oh, that was a sad time!"

She stopped—for she feared her tears were ready to fall. Sophie too approached, who had seen enough, and put an end to this agitating conversation. The conversation became general, and Henrietta gradually recovered her usual self-possession.

It was not so with the captain. Her greeting, her manner, during the whole day, was so inconsistent with the dislike he supposed her to feel towards him. He occupied himself in trying to explain it, and the girl who had so proudly rejected him, whose outward appearance was not such as would attract most men, began to awaken a lively interest in him. Henrietta was quite cheerful, and took part in the conversation; but the captain was quiet, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. When her carriage was announced, he begged permission to visit her, and it was granted with heartfelt pleasure.

He came the next morning, and was received like a dear friend. She led him round her little mansion, showed him all its advantages and conveniences, and told him how happy she felt in being able openly to express her feelings to the one whose attention and kindness had procured her all these enjoyments. Almstein was confused and strangely affected by these strange circumstances. When she returned to the library, and was about to begin a conversation upon indifferent subjects, he interrupted her. "No, my cousin, matters cannot remain thus between us. I have long waited for an opportunity to speak with you about our mutual concerns; and if the unfortunate accident that destroyed my plans of life, had not intervened, I should long ere this have obtained leave of absence to put an end to the affair."

He then told her that since his ill health and melancholy had cut off all his hopes of domestic happiness, he had resolved to divide his property into two equal portions, securing the one to his nephew by will, and resigning the other to her entire disposal. Henrietta's eyes filled with tears as he spoke. It was not emotion at his offer; it was sorrow for his condition, for his gloomy views of life.

"You shall not do so," she said, with anima-

tion, as she took his hand; "you must not so hastily, so resolutely, renounce the best joys of life. You must marry: you will find some one—"

"Oh! of that I have not the least doubt. I can find enough of girls who, through me, would gladly become wives—then soon widows, and owners of my estate. But if I should ever have the folly to marry, my wife must devote herself entirely to me and to my way of life. She must renounce the world and its pleasures to sit at home with a sick, perhaps morose, man; and in this solitude be my companion, my entertaining sympathising friend. Where shall I find one capable of doing this and renouncing so much? Those whom I could get would not make me happy, and those who could make me happy would know how to choose a better alliance."

Henrietta was silent. Her feelings were too much excited; the hopes of the past stood before her—she sighed, but did not answer.

Again Almstein urged her to accede to his wishes, but she as earnestly declined. In order to avoid injuring his generous feelings, she graciously accepted her mother's jewels, which he had brought with him, and she promised in such a sincere, serious manner, to apply to him whenever she needed any thing, that he could not doubt the firmness of her resolution. He went away half pleased, half displeased with her, but determined at all events to become better acquainted with this noble girl.

He soon had opportunity for doing this. Henrietta came quite as often, or perhaps even oftener, than before to Festenberg, or they were with her at Rohrback. The captain saw her daily, and was daily more convinced of the beauty of her character. Her information afforded inexhaustible materials for conversation; her talents, for she played and sang with more than ordinary skill, entertained him agreeably; but more than all these advantages, which were the fruits of high cultivation, her tender consideration for him attracted him towards her. When walking, she was content to follow slowly on his arm, the more rapid paces of her companions. If the others ascended a hill or went where it was difficult for the captain to follow, she stayed so kindly, so cheerfully with him, that she seemed scarcely to be making any sacrifice. If pain from his wounds attacked him or a dark cloud seemed to overshadow his spirit, Sophie sent immediately to Rohrback. Henrietta came, gave him her society, read to him when he was able to listen, narrated tales, histories, jests, to divert him; and when nothing else would do, she went to the piano, and like David, charmed away the evil spirit from her friend, by its sweet sounds.

Slowly and imperceptibly their souls seemed to be uniting more closely together. Almstein was so accustomed to Henrietta's society, that he seemed restless and disturbed, as if something was wanting, if she missed a day in coming to Festenberg. Then he would order the carriage and drive over to her. He now scarcely remarked that she was not beautiful, her intellectual eye, her elegant figure, so often charmed him. Sophie saw the tender feeling growing in the heart of her brother, and she rejoiced at it; his condition rendered it doubly desirable that he should be united to an affectionate, sensible woman, who would gladden his heart, and open it to the enjoyment of life. But with proper delicacy she avoided every thing like intermeddling in the affair; she suffered their hearts to unfold to one another, watched over them, and took care that they were undisturbed, and trusted to time and love for the issue.

Henrietta observed with heartfelt pleasure how much Adolph seemed drawn towards her; she felt what she was to him, and thought how much more she might become. The thought of sharing his fate, and by sharing rendering it less hard, dedicating her whole existence to him, living for him alone, considering all his pleasures and his cheerfulness, as her work, filled her with happiness. But the more she loved, the greater was her anxiety. "He indeed prefers me to all his friends," she often said to herself, "he shows me openly an attention and affection that almost borders upon love, but only borders. He does not yet, love me; and he is now bowed down by suffering, solitary and restricted to the society of a few persons. How will it be when he returns to the city; when his wealth, his personal attractions, his fine appearance draw upon him the looks and designs of both mothers and daughters, when efforts are made on all sides to attract and please him? How will it be then? He must stand his trial, his affection for me must resist these attacks before I can believe it is love, before I can hope to be to him all I wish to be, and our mutual happiness be secured."

Thus thought Henrietta. Almstein, convinced that he should never marry, thought only of the present moment; and thus without having tried his feelings was unconscious of their strength. In the meantime the autumn passed away, and the approach of winter summoned Dehnitz and his wife back to the city. His affairs also required the presence of the captain. They tried to persuade Henrietta to accompany the family. Almstein urged her to do it, with warmth, with sincerity, at last almost with tenderness. But she steadfastly refused. Her heart bled at the thought of living quite alone, without him who had now

become so necessary to her happiness. But she conquered this feeling; she thought of the test of his love, and excused herself on the ground of her love of solitude, and her many occupations. Almstein, wounded and vexed, at last ceased his solicitations, and Henrietta remarked, not unwillingly, that from this moment he was colder and more reserved towards her.

She felt pained that she had refused him this request. He was now convinced that she did not care as much for him as he did for her, since she so easily renounced his society, and found compensation for his friendship in solitude. He remembered her former rejections; and although he no longer believed in any dislike on her side, he considered her as incapable of true, deep feeling.

The day was fixed for the departure of the family. Henrietta wept half the night, and the next morning came to Festenberg to breakfast for the last time with her relations, looking so distressed that every one whose judgment was not warped, like Almstein's, could guess the true cause of the change. He was out of humor, and so vexed at the approaching separation, that he interpreted every thing the wrong way. According to him, all this sorrow was for his sister, and the breaking up of the pleasant social circle. The carriages were packed, and the servants announced that every thing was ready. They rose from the table. On the steps Almstein extended his hand to Henrietta. He did not speak, but she saw that he was deeply moved. Her tears started, she could no longer retain them. "Oh, Adolph!" she said, with a voice almost choked with rising sobs: "when shall we see each other again?" He stepped back and looked earnestly at her.

"Do you wish then to see me soon again?" he asked, in a half bitter, half tender tone.

Henrietta raised her clasped hands. "Oh, Father in Heaven!" she exclaimed, and her tears streamed forth.

The tone penetrated his heart—it was the tone of the sincerest love, the truest sorrow. Touched, enraptured, he threw his arm around her and drew her toward him. "I shall come soon again, very soon, dear cousin! perhaps sooner than you will expect me."

"Oh, Adolph," she said, weeping, as her head rested against his shoulder, "my days will be very, very solitary." He kissed her forehead—she blushed and trembled. "My dear, my beloved Henrietta! I cannot live without you!" At this moment the count, who had already waited for some time in the carriage, called out to his brother-in-law. The captain tore himself from Henrietta, got in rapidly, and the carriage

rattled through the castle gate and over the bridge.

Henrietta stood for a time as if stupified—lost in sorrow, joy, and unspeakable love. Then she slowly ascended the steps, set down where she had before been with Adolph, and wept herself tired. At last she rose up, visited all the places where she had talked, read, sang with him; where she had first seen him—bade farewell to all these joys, threw herself into her carriage, and returned home through a thick December mist.

One thought alone brightened her sad solitude; the hope, that was now almost certainty, that Adolph felt for her more than friendship, that it was really love. But the sweeter this confidence was to her, the more anxiously she thought of the attractions of the city. Only his letters, in which he spoke with such warmth of the happiness he had enjoyed, and his longing desire to see her again, calmed her anxiety, and rendered her solitude endurable.

All that she had foreseen really happened. The captain had scarcely appeared in the circle into which he was drawn by his profession, and his former acquaintance, than designs were made upon him on all sides, and the loveliest women and girls made advances towards him. He amused himself with some of them; here and there he found dazzling beauty, shining talents, kind dispositions—but he found no where the even, equable cheerfulness, mild goodness, and deep feeling in such beautiful combination, as in Henrietta. Every time he returned home his conviction was strengthened that no woman on the earth suited him so well or could make him so happy as she; but as this conviction grew stronger, Almstein became more depressed. Sophie remarked it; she expostulated with him affectionately and at last he confessed his feelings for Henrietta; he said that if she could now resolve to accept his hand, he would look forward to a brighter, happier future than he had ever anticipated even in the full bloom of health. Sophie was rejoiced; her satisfaction was evidenced by her reddening cheek, her glistening eye. To the captain this pleasure seemed somewhat premature; but Sophie assured him that she was certain of Henrietta's consent, she bade him be of good courage, and urged him to write to her. He at first consented, but then determined to go himself and receive his sentence. The project had too much interest for him to allow of any delay, and his departure was fixed for the following day.

Four weeks had now passed away since Henrietta had been quite alone, living on the remembrance of past happiness and her uncertain hopes

for the future. On a gloomy evening, when not a star was shining, and dark clouds hung over the leafless forests in the narrow valley through which wound the road leading to Festenberg, she sat at the window looking out sadly and thoughtfully on the winter night. She suddenly saw lights moving at a distance; they seemed to be coming up the road that led through the valley. At first she thought it was the peasants who with lights were seeking their way home. At length she heard a distant rattling—it was a carriage—a sweet presentiment took possession of her heart—the lights came nearer, followed the road that turned off on the hill towards the castle; now they had reached the entrance, she recognised the arms of her house—Almstein's equipage—it was he. She hastened out, trembling with pleasure and surprise; he met her in the hall with outspread arms. His overflowing feeling had made him speechless, and he pressed her to his heart. It was only when quietly seated together in the drawing-room, and the first tumult of their joy was over, that they had found words to express how each had wanted the other; how they had longed for one another; how impossible Adolph had found it to live longer without her. Gradually, however, he became more silent; he seemed abstracted, lost in one absorbing thought. Henrietta observed it, and affectionately asked him the reason.

"I have an important question to ask you," he at length began, "and I must entreat you to answer me candidly and with the strictest truth."

She promised, and he continued. "Why have you twice so decidedly refused my hand? What was the cause of your former dislike towards me?"

"Dislike?" repeated Henrietta, blushing, and she cast down her eyes, but said no more.

The captain pressed the question upon her;—at last she confessed, that the marked difference between her appearance and his,—his first hopes of her beautiful sister; her dread of the world's derision, and his future repentance had impelled her to it.

Almstein listened to her silently and seriously. "You think then," he said after a pause, "that perfect equality of circumstances is indispensable to a happy marriage? That neither should make the least sacrifice to the other, neither excel the other in the most unimportant points? Do you really think this, my cousin?"

Almstein's manner was very serious. At first she was silent—she saw the drift of his question. "Only a true love," she answered after some reflection, "a love that dreads no sacrifice because it feels none; because all that it does for the beloved object is sweet and easy—only such a love

can equalise greater differences. But this I could not then expect from you."

"And could you be capable of such a love?" His voice was low, and almost trembling, and he looked earnestly and inquiringly in her eye.

She became more excited—she felt how much he was moved—she looked at him, and this look might have revealed to him her full loving heart—but it did not satisfy his excited feelings, and again her eyes fell to the ground.

"Can you resolve," he earnestly continued, till at last he was quite carried away by his feelings; "can you resolve to make this great sacrifice, to renounce all the pleasures of youth and society, to bind yourself to the person, perhaps ere long to the sick bed, of a hypochondriac, joyless man—to be every thing to him; to make his whole happiness—to render his life one of heavenly enjoyment; his—"

"I am resolved to do all for you," cried Henrietta, and her tears burst forth as she threw herself into his arms.

The captain pressed her to his heart. Her confession made him unspeakably happy; but he scarcely dared to trust the sweet enchantment.

"But have you tried your feelings, my Henrietta. We have known each other only a little while; sympathy, esteem have deceived many a

warm heart because it was so warm. Is it love that you feel for me?"

She rose and looked at him with glistening eyes. This noble sentiment seemed to have given a calm elevation to her whole being. "Listen to me, Adolph—and then decide," she said. "I have loved you since the first time I saw you. I fled from you, because my heart suffered too deeply in your presence. I refused your hand because I knew that you could not love me. I wished to share my wealth with you, to do all that was in my power to make you happy—and I rejected your second offer, because I saw it was only generosity that induced you to make it. But when you were wounded, when I knew that you needed the sympathy, the tender care of a true, loving being, every drawback vanished, and I firmly resolved to share your fate—to live for you—to do for you all that was in my power. Now judge, Adolph, whether I make a sacrifice when I accept your hand!"

Dumb with emotion and rapture, Adolph could only press her to his heart. He was now convinced that he was making another as happy as himself. In a few weeks his good sister, who now with a sort of triumph imparted her long cherished convictions to the lovers, and praised her own penetration, had the pleasure of celebrating the marriage of the happy pair in Festenberg.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

INDIAN SERENADE.

Noted down by a traveller at Prairie Des Chiens, June, 1834.

BY A. H. MAXFIELD.

SWEET forest Flower! awake and smile;
And thy pure plaintive notes beguile,
Lone prairie-bird, our evening hours,
'Mid softly silent dewy showers!

O, Love! with eyes so like the fawn,
That loves to greet the dewy dawn;—
Those eyes to me give life anew,
As to the prairie-flower the dew!

Thy breath is like the early rose,
Which spring's pellucid rays uncloze;
Sweet as spring's smiles at evening hour,
When Luna gilds each sylvan bower!

My throbbing heart thy presence thrills,
And through each nerve new life distills!—
Each thought of thee renews life's tide—
My Pledged, my only Indian Bride!

EARLY DREAMS.

Oh! never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy, Hope, lay down as a child,
And slept amid opening flowers.

Little we recked of our coming years,
We fancied them just what we chose;
For, whatever life's after lights may be,
It colors its first from the rose.

EVENING PARTIES.

BY MRS. J. FARRAR.

THE days of minuets, and courtesies, and handing of ladies by the tips of their fingers, are gone! and with them is gone much graceful carriage, and many distinguishing traits of a high-bred lady are lost. When a lady was handed into a room, at arm's length, she had an opportunity of making a graceful courtesy, and the gentleman, a low bow; but when her arm is tucked under that of the gentleman, a little bob of the head and neck is all that each can accomplish, and therefore entering a large assembly has ceased to be a matter of any consequence. There are, to be sure, different degrees of awkwardness in this simple act of being led in, and saluting the lady of the house; but the most graceful person has no opportunity of doing herself justice. As much bending of the knees and body, as is compatible with your position, should be attempted; but a very retreating courtesy, on the lady's part, with a forward bending of the gentleman's body, in a bow, has a very bad effect, they appear to be pulling two ways at once. Having made your obeisance as well as you can, be careful not to step back upon those who are coming after you, but make way for them, by turning off on one side.

Some girls have a trick of *jiggling* their bodies, (I am obliged to coin a word in order to describe it;) they shake all over, as if they were hung on spiral wires, like the geese in a Dutch toy; than which, nothing can be more ungraceful or unmeaning. It robs a lady of all dignity, and makes her appear trifling and insignificant. Some do it only on entering a room, others do it every time they are introduced to any body, and whenever they begin to talk to any one. It must have originated in embarrassment, and a desire to do something, without exactly knowing what; and being adopted by some popular belle, it became, at one time, a fashion in New York, and spread thence to other cities.

All unmeaning and unnecessary movements are contrary to the rules of grace and good-breeding. When not intentionally in motion, your body and limbs should be in perfect rest. Addison says, that "the use of dancing lessons is to teach a lady how to sit still gracefully." Your

whole deportment should give the idea that your person, your voice, and your mind, are entirely under your own control. Self-possession is the first requisite to good manners, and where it is wanting, there is generally a reason for it in some wrong feeling or some false appreciation of things. Vanity, a love of display, an overweening desire to be admired, are great obstacles to self-possession; whereas, a well disciplined and well balanced character will generally lead to composure and self-command. In a very elegant assemblage in a large drawing-room in a southern city, I saw a young lady walk quietly and easily across the apartment, to speak to a friend; who said to her, "I wanted very much to get to you, but I had not the courage to cross the room; how could you do it, all alone, too, and with so many persons looking at you?"

"I did not think of any body's looking at me," was the reply; and in that lay the secret of her self-possession. Very modest people believe themselves to be of too little consequence to be observed; but conceited ones think every body must be looking at them. Inexperienced girls, who are not wanting in modesty, are apt to dread going into a crowded room, from an idea that every eye will be turned upon them; but after a while, they find that nobody cares to look at them; and that the greater the crowd, the less they are observed.

Your enjoyment of a party depends far less on what you find there, than on what you carry with you. The vain, the ambitious, the designing, will be full of anxiety when they go, and of disappointment when they return. A short triumph will be followed by a deep mortification, and the selfishness of their aims defeats itself. If you go to see, and to hear, and to make the best of whatever occurs, with a disposition to admire all that is beautiful, and to sympathise in the pleasures of others, you can hardly fail to spend the time pleasantly. The less you think of yourself and your claims to attention, the better. If you are much attended to, receive it modestly, and consider it as a happy accident; if you are little noticed, use your leisure in observing others. A woman of sound sense will neither be liked by

attention, nor depressed by the want of it; and if not invited to join in the dance, which would so well suit her buoyant spirits, she will indemnify herself by entering into conversation with some agreeable person near her, or by studying some bust or picture, or specimen of art, which the place affords. There is much pleasure to be taken in at the eyes, by a person who understands the art of seeing.

The popular belle, who is the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of the other, has her secret griefs and trials, and thinks that she pays very dearly for her popularity; whilst the girl, who is least attended to in crowded assemblies, is apt to think hers the only hard lot, and that there is unmixed happiness in being a reigning belle. She, alone, whose aim is to grow better and wiser every day of her life, can look with equal eye on both extremes. If your views are elevated, and your feelings are ennobled and purified by communion with gifted spirits, and with the Father of spirits, you will look calmly on the gayest scenes of life, you will attach very little importance for the transient popularity of a ball-room; your endeavor will be to bring home from every visit some new idea, some valuable piece of information, or some useful experience of life.

Next to great beauty, good manners are the chief attraction in a party; these, combined with good sense and cultivation of mind, generally procure a young lady as much attention as is good for her, as much as she ought to expect.

In the present state of society, these large evening parties are considered as a necessary evil; and, until some better way of associating is devised, the most reasonable people feel obliged, occasionally, to attend them; but it is a great waste of time to go often, and very young ladies would do well to avoid them as long as they can, and, when obliged to begin, to partake very sparingly of a gratification that is so empty and transient, and one that is so often purchased at the expense of health.

Very young ladies should always be accompanied, on these occasions, by a mother or some matron, on whose aid and guidance they can rely; and, when not necessarily separated, they should keep near their *chaperone*.

There may be occasions, when girls, over twenty, may go into general society without this protection; but, for girls in their teens, it is very undesirable; there are a thousand little contingencies, wherein the experience of an older person is needed, and a look from the lady who matronises them, may save them from something they would be sorry for.

The great temptation of this sort of society is, to do or say something which is not true to yourself, and therefore you should be as much on your guard, to speak the exact truth in a party, as if you were on oath in a court of justice. The desire of pleasing, the wish to appear that which they know another admires, too often makes girls affected, and induces them to express sentiments they do not really feel. If you are conscientious, and call yourself to a strict account for all you say and do, you will suffer so much from any such want of truth, as to be saved from the degradation which invariably follows its habitual indulgence; but, if you are careless of yourself, and think more of the effect you have produced on others, than of the good or evil you have done to your own soul, you may be led away by your desire of attracting attention, till you become false to yourselves and to others, and your whole character will be corrupted by this early perversion. It is a mistaken policy, too; because there is a greater charm in truth and simplicity, than in any particular sentiments that can be feigned. All the most delightful heroines in Miss Edgeworth's tales, are distinguished by their perfect sincerity, their noble candor. How much we love Lady Geraldine, Belinda, and Grace Nugent, for their honesty of character, for the truth of all their words.

There is a charm in mere youth, which is set off to the best advantage by a simple style of dress. Young girls lose a great deal, if they sacrifice their peculiar privileges for the sake of ornament and an elaborate toilet, which would better become them at a later period. The simplest muslin frock, if well made, and accompanied by well dressed hair, neat gloves and shoes, will become a girl in her teens far better than the richest satins and laces. If you have any doubt as to the size and nature of the party you are going to attend, it is better to be on the safe side, and err by being too little rather than too much dressed.

Whatever the fashions may be, never be induced by them to violate the strictest modesty. No woman can strip her arms to her shoulders, and show her back and bosom, without injuring her mind and losing some of her refinement; if such would consult their brothers, they would tell them how men regard it.

Do not stake your gentility on going late to parties; but show your love of reasonable hours, by going as early as it will do to go. Late hours are the bane of some of the old countries of Europe; let us beware how we aid in introducing them here. It seems to me that all wise and good people should do their utmost to prevent

their countrymen from running into the folly of turning night into day, by midnight revels and morning sleep.

There is a great difference in the manner of moving about in a crowd; some push audely through, regardless of the finery they are disturbing; they tread upon the feet of others, or press unshrinkingly against their elders; whilst a true gentlewoman wins her graceful way without harm or offence to any, but conciliating every one she approaches; she never retreats without looking to see if she incommodes any person behind her; she never pushes forward without taking every pains to avoid coming in contact with the dresses around her.

At the supper-table, too, great difference of character is seen. Where things are so managed as to give the elderly and married people the precedence they ought to have, there will sometimes be a want of proper courtesy in the eagerness shown by the young people to reach the scene of action. The pushing and crowding is sometimes more like that of a street mob, or the mixed company on board a Hudson steamboat, than what befits a private house, and an occasion where all will be equally well served without it. Gentlemen often feel their pride engaged in doing their utmost to provide well for the ladies on their arms, and so press on too violently; it is, therefore, incumbent on a lady to repress the earnestness of her cavalier, to say she is in no haste, she will go presently, when there is more room. A slight movement back from the crowd will often affect all around you, and induce others to wait as you do; thus a party is formed who eat their supper half an hour later, and all are better accommodated. In the matter of eating the good things provided, the characters of individuals are shown, and very greedy propensities will occasionally appear, under very fair forms. It is best to make up your mind beforehand as to what refreshments agree with you, and what do not, and partake of them accordingly. Both health and delicacy are best consulted by avoiding mixtures; to eat freely of one thing is better than to eat of a variety of things, and to eat slowly is not only better for your stomach, but for your reputation too; for what is more disagreeable than to see a person devouring rich things as though they were famished, or never before had tasted any thing so good.

However agreeable a beau may be, he should not be allowed to engross a lady for any considerable time. Some gentlemen make a practice of selecting a young lady whom they like,

and keeping her to themselves for the greater part of an evening, unless the lady take measures to prevent it. If she appear pleased with the *tête-à-tête*, other gentlemen will avoid interrupting it; and thus a foundation is laid for one of those idle reports, which every one should take pains to avoid. In such a case, you need not hesitate to break off the conversation, and to change your position so as to ensconce yourself among ladies, and get rid of such marked attentions. No man of delicacy would choose so to exhibit a real preference of the heart; this sort of monopoly is one of the amusements of the selfish, and if you suffer it, they will think you highly honored by their notice.

There is a predicament, the opposite of this, which inexperienced young girls sometimes fall into; it is that of keeping a gentleman talking to them longer than he wishes, because they do not give him a chance to break off. They are, perhaps, standing apart from the rest of the company, and he cannot leave her without her remaining quite alone. If you suspect that a gentleman has said his say, and wishes to be off, make it easy for him to go, by changing your position, or speaking to another person; taking care not to do it so pointedly, that he shall be obliged to go, if he do not wish it. If you have a quick eye, and observe the expression of faces, you will be able to regulate your words and actions so as to be true to yourself, without hurting the feelings of any. The less you think of yourself, and the more you consider others, the more agreeable you will be.

If, on going away from a party, a gentleman begs leave to hand you to your carriage, or to walk home with you, and you are obliged to leave him in the entry, whilst you go in search of your shawl, look out for him again when you are equipped; and do not let another intercept him, if you can avoid it without making a fuss. If another arm is offered, you can hesitate, and say, "Mr. *such-an-one* was going with me;" then, if he is at hand, he will appear, and if not, you can proceed with the substitute. This is the rule of politeness, where there is no special reason for refusing a gentleman's attentions.

Learn to put on your things very expeditiously, if you would not exhaust the patience of all concerned. A gentleman is so easily equipped, that he often has to wait, and cannot but wonder at the time ladies consume; to lengthen his penance, by dawdling or stopping to talk, is not fair, and shows a want of proper consideration for others.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

LOVE SUPPRESSED.

BY B. L. WILTON.

HERS was a face most exquisitely bright,

And beautiful as is the early morn,
When first earth blushes in the rosy light,

And nodding roses and sweet pinks are born.
'Twas thus her beauty seemed—serenely fair,
As if 'twere heaven's own light that kindled there.

And well I knew that not one charm behind
Her face—though it was so divinely fair—
Was that surpassing loveliness of mind

That breathed like witchery in her very air;
For gentler heart ne'er heaved 'neath maiden's vest,
Than that which beat within her peaceful breast.

And yet I strove to shun her, and *forget*.

I knew I was no favorite of Fate:
For me to woo Love's smile was but to set

At fearful venture all the hidden weight
And wealth of love, within my heart:—whose wreck
Would but regret or sad remorse awake.

It was to wait, through many weary years,

'Till Time should to a 'lated harvest bring
Those glorious hopes that, like to golden ears,

I strewed too lavishly in life's young spring;
To find the bliss I thirsted for, alone,
When youth's glad freshness was for ever flown.

Methinks 'twas well, too, thus to win away,

By hated force, my heart's young fantasies
From worshipping the living fire that lay,

Like sunlight, in that lovely maiden's eyes;

And save from after bitterness of heart
That had of earth, or grief so little part.

And then Ambition's pealing trumpet-tones
Were ringing high within my startled ear,
And stirred me on to join those mighty ones
That shiningly o'er Time's dark wrecks appear.
And, so, I heard *her* voice, and boldly strove
To shut mine ear to the sweet tones of love.

Those years are gone, those fresh young years when
first

My fond heart's early offering of love
I sacrificed to Fame, and Fate, accurst;
More darkly now life's varied woof is wove.
Stern manhood's dream comes dimly on; and yet,
My foolish heart! *it will not, still, forget*.

Upon my lonely hours, 'mid scroll and book,
That lovely face will yet like fay intrude
With the self-same, familiar, well-loved look:
And *then* I would not shun it, if I could:
For that sweet face is dearer far to me
Than wealth, or fame, or happiness can be.

Ah! let me for one brief, one glorious hour,
Indulge my dreamings—unrestrained by aught
Of mingling fate's, or sober reason's power;
(For *Fame* is gone that once my fond eye
caught.)

And, thro' life's gloom, I'll see again arise
That brow, those lips, those soul-enchancing eyes!

LEILA.

BY GEORGE HILL.

WHEN first you look upon her face
You little note beside
The timidity, that still betrays
The beauties it would hide:
But, one by one, they look out from
Her blushes and her eyes;
And still the last, the loveliest—
Like stars from twilight skies.

And thoughts go sporting through her mind,
Like children among flowers;
And deeds of gentle goodness are
The measure of her hours.
In soul or face, she bears no trace
Of one from Eden driven;
But, like the rainbow, seems, though born
Of earth, a part of Heaven.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

FROM MISS BREMER.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.—How cold, how gloomy it is! The window-panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Nordland, however, the mid-day has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months.

They say in the North, that "Nature sleeps," but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time—if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and while every thing sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out "what in all the world" you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christman should lose his way and pass by thy door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts; ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking-pig squeaking in it, which must endeavor, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good humor.

It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass blade; forbids the birds to sing and the

gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into gray space, and takes heed that every thing keeps itself immovable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times.

At length comes the darkest moments of the year, the midnight hour of nature; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations, and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout, full of gladness, "It is Christmas! it is Christmas!" Earth sends her hallelujah on high!

And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving? "A Child is born!" A child! In the hour of night, in a lowly manger, He has been born; and angels have also sung, "Peace on earth!" This is the festival which shall be celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy! Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this Friend, this Brother, was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shall help to answer the great questions of life. Rejoice, ye happy children, whom He blesses! Rejoice, and follow after Him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

There are inexhaustible, love-inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts, in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole;—and in them the healthy find an elevating life's refreshment. Of this kind are the thoughts on that Child—His poverty, His lowliness, His glory!

FATHERS OF FAMILIES.—Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scoldest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children—thou who makest unhappy wife and child and servants—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter

saucy out of thy gall—shame and indigestion to thee!

BUT—Honor and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech, callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavor than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them—honor to thee, and joys in abundance. May good-will ever spread the table for thee; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honor and joy to thee!

NATURE.—The wind on the sea, the air on the mountain, the sea-like sound in the wood, the fresh, fresh breath of nature, which expels care and refreshes life—I praise you! Who has not felt himself elevated—when he has returned from the house of mourning, from the impure atmosphere of society, and from the exhaustion of business? Wonderful, powerful, care-free-life in the air, in the water, and in the earth! Mighty Nature, how I love thee, and how gladly would I lead all hearts to thee! In hostility to thee, life is a burthen; in peace with thee, we have a presentiment of the repose of Paradise. Thy storms sound through the immortal harps of Ossian and Byron; in the songs of the sea-heroes—in the romances of the north, breathes thy life. The feeling heart owes to thee its best and freshest sentiments. To her also who pens these lines hast thou given new life. Her soul was sick to death, and she cast herself on thy bosom. Thou didst raise her up again; she received power to lift herself up to God.

SELFISHNESS AND ECOTISM.—It is indeed a terrible sight, that of a man who has so completely smothered every thing divine in his nature, that nothing remains but a horrible egotism. To such an one nothing is sacred; to accomplish his will, and to satisfy his humor, he hesitates at none, no, not the most criminal means, and finds a pleasure in making himself a tormentor.

THE FAR NORTH.—So poor, so waste, so gloomily does nature here present herself—monotonous, but great! Great, since she is eternal, without change, without disquiet. Proud and immovable in her poverty, she casts from her the industry of men, the affluence of agriculture, and renounces every joy, but at the same time every fetter. She turns away her countenance from life, draws the winding-sheet around her, and seems to rejoice herself in everlasting repose.

LIFE'S MOONLIGHT.—There is also a moonlight in human life—a moonlight in the hearts of men. It ascends cheerfully after a disquieting, stormy

day. It has the reconciling of light and shade; a bright twilight; a still melancholy; a soft slumbering of feeling; a wo—but it also is a benefit: then are shed quiet tears, gentle and refreshing as the dew upon the scorched-up valleys. Often, however, is it a long time before this repose, this heavenly light, descends into the heart; often is it tempested so long.

THE BRIDAL HOUR.—We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears; if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being—when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease—even then people will not think of misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, "I was just so on my wedding-day—but that passes over with time!" Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh arise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself, in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, "O that is the way of the world!"

MISFORTUNES.—When a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily-laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No; we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne

down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labors for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, could I be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

But I must here remark a difference. There is a misfortune in which we see a higher hand, an inevitable fate; it is like a thunder-stroke out of the clouds. But there are sufferings of another kind, of which the torture resembles a perpetual needle-pricking. These proceed from the hand of man; these arise in families, where married people, parents, children, only live one with another to make home a hell: there are the plagued and the plaguers; it were difficult to say which are most worthy of pity—the unhappy

ones! The first kind of misfortune is most easy to endure. It is much, much easier to suffer under the hand of God, than under that of man. Lightning from above gives death, or light and exhilaration; the prick from the hand of man wastes away like a slow cancer; it embitters the heart—bitterness is the simoom of life; where it blows, there exists a desert. But even here is there a means of deliverance. There is an angel-patience which blunts the wounding point, which sanctifies the sufferer under his pang, and at length improves others by this means. There is a Socratic courage which converts all Xantippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains which it finds too heavy to be borne. Many a tormented one proves himself, but he proves himself before a higher eye; he may, if he will, prevent his heart becoming embittered, for that is the worst that can happen to him.

For the Ladies' Magazine

THE BLESSED.

Luke xi—23

I saw young children playing,
And my heart was full of bliss,
For I know not midst the scenes of earth,
A lovelier sight than this;
Like rose-hearts glow'd each flushing cheek,
With pleasure's richest hue;
And the warm blood lit the tell-tale brow,
Most eloquently true:
Then my thoughts grew bright with joyfulness,
And sweet words were on my tongue,
"How blessed are the innocent!
How blessed are the young!"
But a voice, (like low flute music,)
My wakened spirit heard;
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I looked on life more earnestly,
With all its checkered lot;
And saw how bitter weeds would spring,
Where flowers of love were not;
I learned to read the heart-deeps,
Where mines of feeling glow,
To give a purer light to life,
Or fill it up with wo;
Then softly spake I to myself,
Ah! childhood's mirth is vain;

But who blessed are the loving,
When their love is met again!"
Yet still that deep heart-music,
Like a whisper round me stirred;
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I saw how men were toiling,
All through their little day;
To win from earth the glittering wealth,
That often leads astray;
And my heart and eyes grew weary,
At this folly of mankind,
For I saw how gold grew dim, before,
The brightness of the mind;
Then I sang aloud, triumphantly—
What dazzled fancy taught;
"How blessed are the gifted!
With their dower of burning thought;"
But a shadow fell among the light,
And the music seemed a sigh,
When the world-ador'd, the worshiped ones,
Were called upon—to die:
Then I needed not that spirit-voice,
To tell me how I erred;
For I felt that they alone are blest,
Who keep God's holy word. H. M.

SHELLEY'S ALASTOR.

THE poetry of Shelley is singularly attractive. An exquisite sense of the sublime and beautiful in nature, pervades all he has written. The blue over-arching sky with its glittering mysteries—the boundless ocean that rolls its restless billows for ever upward and onward—the rushing waterfall, and the beetling rocks that uphold the everlasting hills—the swift-gliding river and the playful streamlet—the tall trees that lift their green branches to the caressing breeze; and the painted blossom, bending beneath the weight of its own sweetness, all had for him a familiar expression, and he loved them as brethren.

In "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," from which we propose to make a few extracts, there are many passages of exquisite melody, and thoughts pure and deep as caverned waters. The poem is mainly allegorical, and is intended to show how utterly vain is the effort to live without human sympathy and affection. "It represents," to use the author's own language, "a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an inflamed imagination, and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sink profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, tranquil and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself." . . . "He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave."

The poem opens with the following beautiful and impassioned address to nature, the closing lines of which embody an idea of passiveness and resignation to the power which he apostrophizes, the expression of which may be almost called inimitable.

"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
If our great Mother has imbued my soul

With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
If dewy morn, and adorous noon, and even,
And sunset with its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
If autumn's hollow winds in the sere wood,
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs;
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;
If no bright bird, insect or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred;—then forgive
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
No portion of your wonted favor now!

"Mother of this unfathomable world!
Favor my solemn song; for *I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries.* I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,
Thy messenger, to render up the tale
Of what we are. *In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own still-
ness,*
*Like an inspired and desperate alchemist
Staking his very life on some dark hope
Have I mixed awful talk, and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears,
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmed night
To render up thy charge; and, though ne'er yet
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,
Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms and deep noonday thought
Has shone within me, that serenely now,
And moveless as a long forgotten lyre,
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forest and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man."*

A youth is then introduced whose infancy has been nurtured by "solemn vision and bright midnight dream":

"—————Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses,
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew."

He leaves his "cold fireside and alienated home," as soon as earlier years have passed away, "to seek strange truths in undiscover'd lands." He finds a deep interior joy in his communion with nature, which gathers calmly about his heart, as he drinks in of her all-absorbing inspirations. With him, "high mountains are a feeling." The records of days long past he ponders with a deep enthusiasm, amid

"——Athens and Tyre, and Balbac, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange,
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills
Conceals."

Still, he has no sympathies with his kind, nor has even a bright creature of the imagination yet lured his thoughts from their high purpose, although while sojourning in "Araby the blest,"

"——An Arab maiden brought his food,
Her daily portion from her father's tent,
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole
From duties and repose to tend his steps—
*Enamored, yet not daring for deep awe
To speak her love;—and watched his nightly
sleep,
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips,
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath
Of innocent dreams arose; then, when red morn
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home
Withered, and wan, and panting, she returned."*

But the yearnings of nature are at length felt, and he awakens from his trance never to rest again.

"——A vision on his sleep
There came, a dream of hopes that never yet
Had flushed his cheek. *He dreamed a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low silver tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul,
Heard in the calm of thought: its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many color'd woof and shifting hues."*

"——Her fair hands
Were bare alone, *sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony; and in their branching veins
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.
The beating of her heart was heard to fill
The pauses of her music, and her breath
Unobtrusively accorded with those fits*

*Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,
As if her heart impatiently endured
Its bursting burthen: at the sound he turned
And saw by the warm light of their own life
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil
Of woven winds; her outspread arms now bare,
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night.
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips
Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.
His strong heart sunk and sickened with excess
Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and quelled
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet
Her panting bosom;—she drew back awhile,
Then yielding to the irresistible joy,
With frantic gesture, and short breathless cry,
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms."*

He is now a changed being. The bright hues of heaven that "canopied his bower" are fled for ever. He no longer hears familiar voices in the running stream, nor spirit-whisperings in the gentle breeze. He pines for the reality of his vision, and wanders about, restless, and sad, and weary at heart in search of the living image.

"——He eagerly pursues
Beyond the realms of dreams that fleeting shade:
He overleaps the bound. Alas! alas!
Were limbs and breath, and being intertwined
Thus treacherously! Lost, lost, for ever lost,
*In the wide pathless deserts of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape!"*

The change that has passed over the enthusiast, as related in the following, is told with a melancholy energy that will move the heart of every reader capable of feeling.

"——Wildly he wandered on,
Day after day, a weary waste of hours,
Bearing within his life the brooding care
That ever fed on its decaying flame.
And now his limbs were lean; *his scattered hair
Scared by the autumn of strange suffering,
Sung dirges in the wind; his listless hand
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin;
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly,
From his dark eyes alone.* The cottagers,
Who moistened with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,
Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deemed that the spirit of the wind,
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In his career. *The infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe,
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after times:* but youthful maidens, taught
By nature, would interpret half the wo
That wasted him, would call him with false names,
Brother and friend, would press his pallid hand
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
Of his departure from their father's door."

In the following there is something so mournful, and so fully imbued with the spirit of utter loneliness and desolation of heart, that we can scarce peruse it with our eyes undimmed. A swan rises gracefully and soars away over the blue waters, and as his eye pursues its flight, he says—

"——Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird: thou voyagest to thy home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.
And what am I, that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven,
That echoes not my thoughts?"—

The poem now progresses by the aid of invisible agencies, ingeniously introduced, and is attractive for the splendor and richness of its description of nature. The hero is led on impulsively, until, in a silent nook, amid all that is grand and beautiful, he lays himself down to rest in the slumber that has no waking. His

"——Untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence rear'd,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness."

In the poem of "Alastor" there are many exquisite passages, and some beautifully descriptive of nature. In reading the following extract, the admirer of fine poetry as well as the lover of nature will receive a pure gratification. It is rather long, but none, after reading it, will wish it had been omitted.

"——The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingled shade whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those very rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or God, or mighty death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immeasurable arms,
Embraces the light beach. *The Pyramids*
Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks and as gamesome infant's eyes
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,

Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark blue light of day
And the night's noontide clearness mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One dark glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with
jessamine,

A soul dissolving odor, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noonday watch and sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of the most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between the foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or, painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the poet came. *His eyes beheld*
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain; as the human heart,
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung
Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel
An unaccustomed presence and the sound
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs
Of that dark fountain rose. A spirit seem'd
To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes
Of shadowy silver or enshrined light,
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;
But undulating woods, and silent well,
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming
Held commune with him as if he and it
Were all that was,—only—when his regard
Was raised by intense pensiveness—two eyes,
Two starry eyes, *hung in the gloom of thought,*
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles
To beckon him.

"Obedient to the light
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
The windings of the dell.—The rivulet
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood laughing as it went:
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept
Reflected every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness."

In Shelley there is more of intellect and less of passion than in Byron, and as a poet, of the two

he is superior. Byron found poetic thought in circumstances and situations affecting his selfishness and sensuality; Shelley in his delicate perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature, and of all that was refined, and elevating, and far-seeing in the intellect. Byron has been and will long continue the public favorite, because, in glowing language and impassioned thought, he appeals at once to the heart. He comes down to the sensual plane of the mind where every one can appreciate him and sympathise with him. But Shelley revels amid beautiful ideals, up to which the mind has to rise by an effort, and which cannot be seen and enjoyed while the soul is held down by passion, selfishness, and sensuality. Here lies the broad difference between these two great poets—and herein lies the true secret of their relative appreciation by the public.

Shelley was an avowed sceptic, Byron a practical one. For his opinions, the former was branded and held up to public execration, while the practice of the latter was winked at and passed over in spurious charity. This is the way of the world,—a man will be hunted to death for avowing an opinion, while hundreds who bring forth daily the living fruits of the same opinion, are suffered to mingle freely in common society.

We are not, however, an apologist either for Shelley's scepticism, or the consequences of it, his false views of marriage. These were the vital defects in his moral and mental constitution that made his life miserable.—These the poisoned fountains from whence flowed forth the bitter waters of which his spirit drank so freely. We were merely presenting a contrast between him and his gifted contemporary. T. S. A.

WALTER SCOTT'S MANNER OF COMPOSITION.

THE following extract from the Diary of Sir Walter Scott will be interesting to those who are curious in such matters, and particularly so to writers. Scott's success as a novelist was owing in a very great degree to his leaving his mind untrammelled by rigid rules in the construction of his story. Every one who has woven fictitious incidents around a tale of truth, or written a purely imaginative story, has found the naturalness of his composition much more dependent on the progressive mental conception of right words and right actions of characters, than on previous rules laid down by a critical and sober judgment:

"Having ended the second volume of Woodstock last night, I had to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be in former days when I lost myself in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasanter route, and either found or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing. I never could lay down a plan—or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always extended some passages, and

abridged or omitted others—and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the piece, but according to the success or otherwise with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly labored, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice, and sometimes three times over. This hab nab at a venture is a perilous style, I grant, but I cannot help it. When I strain my mind to ideas which are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me the sun leaves the landscape—that I think away the whole vivacity of my original conception, and that the results are cold, lame, and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something of the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however."

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE COPPERSMITH: OR RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.

Translated from the French of Madame de Genlis.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

WHEN James II., of England, was compelled to abdicate his throne and flee his kingdom, he took refuge in France where an asylum was offered him by Louis XIV. Some faithful subjects followed him and established themselves at Saint Germain. Amongst them was Madame de Varonne, the widow of an Irish gentleman who had been warmly attached to the cause of the deposed king. During the lifetime of her husband she had lived in ease and plenty, but on his death found herself unprotected, without relatives or sufficient influence at court to insure the payment of her pension. She petitioned the ministers however, in the hope of obtaining what was necessary for her subsistence, and received from them the promise that they would lay the case before the king." Satisfied with this assurance she waited two years for some action upon her claim, and then, venturing to renew her demands, received a refusal to act in the matter so formal and positive that she could no longer deceive herself with regard to her future prospects. Her situation was indeed deplorable; she had been compelled to sell, during the two years, in order to support herself, first her silver and then the greater part of her furniture so that she was now entirely without resources. Her taste for solitude, with her bad health, had always kept her from an extensive association with the world, and, since the death of her husband, she had separated herself entirely from society. Thus she found herself without means of subsistence, without friends, without hope, plunged in the most frightful poverty and to heighten her ills, in addition to her impaired health, she felt the rapid approaches of old age. In this extremity she looked to the only true source of consolation. She bowed herself before that Being who could brighten the dark path before her or give her strength and fortitude to bear up against any ills that might come. She prayed to God for assistance and

when she rose from her knees, could, trusting entirely in His power and mercy look calmly upon the future.

"Since this fragile existence must end," said she, "what matters it whether it terminates by disease or for want of means to sustain it? What does it signify whether one dies under a silken canopy or upon a bed of straw? And will my death be more painful because I leave nothing with regret upon the earth? Assuredly not! On the contrary, I have no sacrifices to make; deserted by the whole world, I look to Him who governs the universe, and who seems waiting with open arms to receive me, as my only friend. Far from fearing death, I regard it as the greatest blessing I can now receive."

As she reflected upon her situation, her footman, Ambrose, entered her chamber. This servant, now forty years of age had been in her service for twenty years. He was unable to read or write, was naturally rough in his manner, taciturn and disposed to grumble; he wore an air of contempt toward his companions and was sullen to his masters; his gloomy countenance almost made his presence unpleasant. In consequence however, of his exactitude, his good conduct and his perfect fidelity he had always been regarded as a good domestic; but none were aware that under this rough exterior was hidden a noble soul capable of the most refined and elevated sacrifice of self.

Madame de Varonne, after the death of her husband had dismissed all her people but a cook, and one servant beside Ambrose; the time had now come when it was necessary to part with the three remaining domestics. It was winter and Ambrose had come into the chamber with a supply of wood for the fire. Madame de Varonne said to him

"Ambrose, I wish to speak to you."

The agitated manner with which Madame de

Varonne uttered these words struck Ambrose, and relieving himself quickly of the wood, he looked at her with surprise : saying :

"Heavens! Madame, what is the matter!"

"Do you know, Ambrose, how much I owe the cook?"

"You do not owe any thing, madame, to him, to Marie or to me, you paid us yesterday, for the past month."

"Ah indeed! I had forgotten; so much the better. Well, Ambrose, you must say to the cook and Marie that I have no longer any need of their services. And, Ambrose, you too must find another place."

"Another place! What do you mean," cried the astonished Ambrose. "No! I shall die in your service. No! madame, I will not leave you, let what may happen."

"But, Ambrose, you do not know my situation."

"Ah! you do not know Ambrose, madame. If your income is so limited that you cannot pay the other people, dismiss them at once, but I do not deserve to be driven away with them. I have no mercenary soul—"

"But, Ambrose," replied his mistress, much moved at this unexpected display of fidelity, "I am ruined, totally ruined. I have sold every thing valuable that I possess, they have refused to grant me my pension—"

"Refused to grant your pension! impossible!"

"Nothing is more certain."

"Ah! good heaven!"

"We must adore the Dispenser of all good," said Madame de Varonne, "and submit to His decrees without a murmur. I find great consolation, Ambrose, in feeling perfectly resigned to this reverse of fortune. Alas! how many virtuous families in the world may at this moment be in a worse condition than myself. I, at least, have no children dependant upon me, and have only to suffer alone, and that is little."

"No, no!" cried Ambrose, in an agitated voice "you shall never want while I live. I have arms and strength, I know how to work—"

"Ah! my dear Ambrose," interrupted Madame de Varonne, unable to restrain her tears. "I have never doubted your attachment, but I will not abuse it. I shall only ask you to rent me a little chamber and to see if you cannot find some employment for me in Saint-Germain. I can work lace and do not wish to remain idle. I have enough ready money to pay my rent for a few months. This is all I ask of you and all you are able to do for me."

Whilst Madame de Varonne was speaking Ambrose stood opposite, silently regarding her; when she ceased he threw himself at her feet.

"Oh! my loved mistress!" cried he "hear the determination of your poor Ambrose. I will serve you to the end of my life, with greater respect and obedience than I have ever shown you. You have done all in your power to render my life happy and I know very well that I have often abused your goodness and tried your patience. Pardon all the faults which my bad nature has led me to commit since I have been in your service. I will repair them, rest assured, if my life and health are preserved to me."

With these words Ambrose caught the hand of his mistress, bathed it in tears and without waiting for a reply precipitately left the room.

The lively gratitude which penetrated the heart of Madame de Varonne may be easily imagined. The conduct of Ambrose surprised her so much that she remained, lost in astonishment. In a few minutes he returned carrying a little leathern purse which he laid upon the chimney-piece.

"Thanks to God;" said he, "thanks to you and my late master, here are thirty louis. This money came from you and belongs to you."

"Ambrose! the fruit of your savings for twenty years. Oh! heaven—"

"When you had money you gave it to me," interrupted Ambrose, "now you have it no longer I return what I received of you. I know very well that this trifling sum will not relieve madame of her embarrassments, but I have a plan in view which will at least enable me to preserve my dear mistress from want. Would that I were enabled to sustain her in the position she should occupy. You know, madame, that I am the son of a coppersmith, at which trade I worked during my youth; well, I have not forgotten my knowledge of this business, for when I had leisure and, sometimes, when through your kindness I was permitted to go out, I went to the house of Nicault one of my countrymen who is a coppersmith and worked in his shop for amusement. Now I will work, seriously, and with what determination—"

"Ah! this is too much," cried Madame de Varonne. "Noble man! in what an unworthy condition has fortune placed you!"

"I am content," replied Ambrose "if madame will be able to accommodate herself to her reduced condition."

"Your attachment to me, Ambrose, should give me courage to sustain any affliction. But how can I bear the reflection that you are suffering for me?"

"Suffer, madame!" cried Ambrose, gaily. "Suffer, whilst laboring with the consciousness that my labor will be useful to you! No, madame; as for me, I shall be very happy. To—"

morrow I will commence my work. Nicault, who is an honest and good man, will not let me want for employment. He has need of a good workman; I am strong and will be almost able to do the work of two; so, you see, all will go well."

Madame de Varonne unable to find expressions to paint her deep emotion raised her eyes to heaven and replied only by her tears.

The next day the cook and servant were dismissed. Ambrose had rented a commodious little chamber in Saint-Germaine on the third story, where he removed the remaining portion of his mistress' furniture. He conducted Madame de Varonne to her new dwelling place. She found a nice bed, a large easy-chair, a little table with a desk and paper, above which her books were arranged upon five or six shelves, a large press, which contained her linen, her dresses and a supply of thread for lace work; a silver dish, for Ambrose could not bear the thought that his mistress should eat from pewter, and the purse containing the thirty louis. In one corner of the chamber behind a curtain were arranged the cooking utensils.

"This," said Ambrose, "was the best I could do for the rent madame was willing to pay. There is but one chamber, but the servant can sleep upon the mattress which is rolled under the bed—"

"What say you?" interrupted Madame de Varonne, "the servant?"

"Heavens, why do you exhibit surprise! Can madame do without a servant to wait upon her?"

"But my dear Ambrose—"

"Oh! this servant will cost you but a trifle," said Ambrose. "She is a little girl, but thirteen years of age; you will have to pay her no wages and her food will add little to your expenses. As for me, I have made arrangements with Nicault. I told him that I was compelled to leave in consequence of the reform in madame's household, needed employment and wished to engage in my old occupation. Nicault, who is rich, an honest man and my countryman, gives me lodging, board and twenty sous a day—his house is but a few steps from here. Living is cheap in Saint Germaine, and madame, with twenty sous a day, will be able to subsist comfortably, as she has some cash in hand. I did not wish to tell you this before the little Susan your new servant whom I will now go fetch."

Ambrose then went out and returned in a few moments holding by the hand a pretty little girl which he presented to Madame de Varonne, saying:

"Here is the young girl of whom I had the honor, to speak to madame. Her father and

mother are poor but industrious; they have six children and it will be a kind act to take this one into her service."

After this introduction Ambrose in a severe tone charged Susan to conduct herself properly; then taking leave of Madame de Varonne, he went to the shop of his friend Nicault.

Madame de Varonne, remained for some time standing lost in reflection where Ambrose had left her. All this seemed too much like a dream to be real. The sudden change which had taken place in the manner of Ambrose astonished her beyond measure. It seemed impossible that this man, always so rough, so rude to every one should, on becoming her benefactor immediately put on a totally different nature. The delicacy with which he rendered the most important services showed he felt that to do any thing to humiliate, in conferring a benefit, is not to be truly generous.

The day after Madame de Varonne took possession of her new domicile she did not see Ambrose, until the evening, as he labored closely all day. He begged his mistress to send Susan away on some pretext and when he found himself alone with her, drew from his pocket twenty sous enveloped in paper and laid them upon the table.

"Here," said he, "are my day's wages."

Then without waiting for a reply he recalled Susan and returned to Nicault's. After such an employment of the day need it be said that Ambrose slept sweetly and awoke in the morning with a light heart? Faithful to the noble duty he had imposed upon himself, he came to Madame de Varonne every evening, to leave with her the wages of the day, reserving sufficient only to pay for his washing and for his other little necessities; no: he did not reserve even this small sum but asked it of Madame de Varonne and received it as a gift. In vain did his mistress, deeply touched at the thought of thus despoiling the generous man, try to persuade him that she could live on less than the whole of his earnings; Ambrose either did not hear or appeared to hear with so much difficulty, that she was compelled to remain silent upon that subject.

In the hope of inducing Ambrose to relax his severe labors Madame de Varonne occupied herself closely upon her lace work, assisted by Susan, whom she sent to sell it when a piece was completed. When, however, she would exaggerate the profits of this employment he would answer simply: "So much the better," and immediately speak of something else.

Time produced no change in the conduct of Ambrose and during four whole years he never once relaxed his exertions. But now approached one of the most deeply painful trials which Ma-

dame de Varonne had ever been called upon to bear. One evening she waited as usual for the coming of Ambrose and saw enter, in his stead, a servant of Nicault who came to tell her that Ambrose was ill. She prayed the servant to conduct her, at once, to the house of Nicault and at the same time ordered Susan to go for a physician. Madame de Varonne caused much surprise when she entered the house of Ambrose's employer who had never seen her. She wished to go at once to the chamber of Ambrose.

"But, madame," replied Nicault, "it is impossible—"

"How! impossible?"

"You will be compelled to mount a ladder to reach his garret."

"A ladder!—ah! poor Ambrose! Come, show me the way."

"But madame," urged Nicault "you will run the risk of breaking your neck, and then you would be unable to stand up in Ambrose's apartment he is lodged in such a villainous hole."

At these words Madame de Varonne could not restrain her tears and praying Nicault to conduct her, she followed him to the foot of a little ladder, which she mounted with much difficulty and found Ambrose in the corner of a wretched garret extended on a straw mattress.

"Ah! my dear Ambrose," cried she, on seeing him, "in what a condition do I find you! and you said that your lodging pleased you and that you were perfectly comfortable."

Ambrose was unable to understand or reply to his mistress; for an hour he had been delirious, and when Madame de Varonne, heard his incoherent prayers for her happiness she was overwhelmed with grief. Susan came at last with the physician who was struck with surprise to see in the garret of a poor journeyman copper-smith, apparently in the depths of despair, a lady decently clad whose air announced that she was of noble birth. He approached the patient and, after having examined him attentively, declared that he had been called too late to render him any service. Imagine if you can, the feelings of Madame de Varonne when she heard this terrible sentence.

"It is his own fault, the poor Ambrose," said Nicault; "for more than eight days he has been unwell and I tried to persuade him to leave off work but he always went on in the same old way. I am sure it was with the greatest difficulty he kept up till this morning. Indeed on first entering the shop, he undertook more than he could accomplish without incessant labor and I believe he has killed himself by over exertion."

Every word uttered by Nicault pierced the heart of Madame de Varonne. She threw herself

toward the physician and with clasped hands and streaming eyes implored him not to abandon Ambrose. The physician was a humane man; besides, his curiosity was excited in the liveliest degree by the scene he witnessed and he was easily persuaded to spend the night with the patient. Madame de Varonne sent at once to procure bedding and bed clothing and having with the assistance of Susan prepared a more comfortable couch for Ambrose he was softly removed from his miserable straw by Nicault and the physician. At four o'clock in the morning after having taken some blood from the patient, the physician left, with the promise to return at noon. Madame de Varonne did not leave Ambrose for a moment. She passed forty-eight hours at his pillow without receiving from the physician the lightest hope; on the third day, however, he found the patient much better; and in the evening declared him out of danger. The transports of Madame de Varonne in finding that the prospect of Ambrose's recovery was nearly certain may be better imagined than described. She wished to watch with him during this night, too, but Ambrose who had now recovered his senses would not permit her to do so. She returned to her chamber at his earnest solicitation worn down with her extraordinary exertions. The physician visited her the next morning and displayed so much interest in his inquiries about her, that, added to the remembrance of his kind attention to Ambrose, she could not refuse to gratify his curiosity. She related her history and the noble conduct of Ambrose. Three days after, the physician, who did not reside at Saint-Germain was obliged to return to Paris.

Madame de Varonne now found herself in the most needy circumstances. She had expended for Ambrose the little stock of ready money she possessed and had scarcely enough left to supply her wants for a week. She trembled at the thought of Ambrose being compelled to enter upon his labors again before he had entirely recovered at the risk of a relapse. She then felt more keenly than ever her deplorable situation, and reproached herself for having accepted the assistance of the generous Ambrose.

"Without me," said she, "he would have been happy; by his work he could have procured a comfortable subsistence, but his attachment to me has kept him in the most abject poverty, and will, perhaps, cost him his life. I shall die without being able to make him any return for all he has done for me. Alas! how can I ever hope to repay him. God only can cancel this sacred debt. God, alone, can worthily recompense such sublime virtue!"

A few evenings after she had returned to her little room, as she was endeavoring to comb

with such painful reflections Susan, in breathless haste, entered the room, saying, that a lady was below who wished to see her.

"She is mistaken, surely," said Madame de Varonne.

"No, no!" replied Susan, "I saw this beautiful lady, who said, 'can you tell me where to find Madame de Varonne; she lives at M. Daviet's, third story, upon the court-yard.' She asked this from her carriage—her carriage drawn by six splendid horses. I was at the door, 'She lives here, madame,' I said. 'Will you have the goodness to request her,' she asked 'to permit me to see her, for a few moments,' and I ran here as fast as I could."

As Susan ceased speaking a soft knock was heard at the door. Madame de Varonne rose with much agitation and opened it when a lady richly dressed advanced toward her with a timid and affectionate air. Madame de Varonne sent Susan out of the room and when she found herself alone with the stranger, the latter said:

"I am delighted, madame," said she to her, "to be able to inform you that the king has, at last, become acquainted with your situation and that he is prepared to make reparation to you for the injustice you have suffered."

"Oh Ambrose!" cried Madame de Varonne clasping her hands and raising them toward heaven with the liveliest expression of joy and gratitude.

The unknown lady could not refrain from tears as she listened to this passionate expression, and taking Madame de Varonne affectionately by the hand,

"Come with me," said she, "to the more suitable lodgings which have been prepared for you."

"Ah madame," interrupted Madame de Varonne, "how can I express to you my feelings? If I dared, madame—I would ask permission—I have a benefactor—allow me to go and acquaint him with my good fortune."

"You are at liberty of course to do so," replied the lady. "I will not accompany you. Such a meeting as this should have no witnesses: but I will show you to your carriage, which is at the door."

"My carriage!"

"Yes, madame, let us lose no time. Come."

When they went down to the street and she heard the strange lady call for Madame de Varonne's people she could scarcely believe she was awake. She ordered the driver to take her to the shop of M. Nicault, the coppersmith. When she arrived there and entered she found Ambrose in his working clothes, attempting in spite of his weakness to perform his usual amount of labor. Madame de Varonne experienced an inexpressi-

ble pleasure at the sight. He was laboring for her and she had come to draw him, for ever, from his hard employment, from misery and fatigue. She then tasted in all its purity the happiness which gratitude affords to noble souls.

"My dear Ambrose," cried she, "follow me—come—leave this work—you shall labor no longer—your fortune is changed."

Ambrose struck with astonishment begged in vain for an explanation—in vain he wished for time to put on his Sunday clothes. Madame de Varonne could neither hear nor reply. She seized his arm, drew him out with her and forced him into her carriage.

On the way, Madame de Varonne informed Ambrose of the visit of the lady; he listened with pleasure mingled with fear and doubt; he dared not believe a happiness so extraordinary, so unexpected, could be real. At last the carriage stopped before a fine house in the forest of Saint-Germain. They descended and entered the saloon where they found the unknown lady waiting for them. She advanced toward Madame de Varonne and presented her with a paper.

"Here, madame," said she, "is the certificate of a pension of ten thousand livres, which the king has charged me to present to you."

"Ah what goodness!" cried Madame de Varonne. "But allow me to present to you this person, madame, a man of sublime virtue who is worthy of your protection and the favor of his sovereign."

At these words the embarrassment of Ambrose, who, till then had remained standing behind his mistress was increased, he made some steps backwards with an awkward air holding his cap in his hand, and in spite of his excess of joy he experienced a painful confusion, to hear himself so much praised; besides he was ashamed to appear before the ladies, without a perruque, with his leather apron and dirty vest. The unknown lady approached him:

"Stay, Ambrose!" said she, "stay! let me look at you."

"Heavens! madame," replied Ambrose casting down his eyes and turning his cap uneasily in his hands: "I have done nothing but what is very natural: there is nothing that should surprise—"

Here Madame de Varonne interrupted him and detailed with as much warmth as rapidity, all that she owed to Ambrose. At this recital the strange lady was much moved.

"After having witnessed so much ingratitude," said she, "how much pleasure do I experience in finding two hearts truly sensible and grateful! Adieu, madame; this house with the furniture is yours and you may draw for the first quarter of

your pension whenever you please." She then, after embracing Madame de Varonne affectionately, left her. Hardly had the door closed upon her before it re-opened and the good physician to whom Ambrose owed his life entered. Madame de Varonne at once divined all;—it was to this man she owed her good fortune. She questioned him and learned from him that the lady who had been to inform her of her change of fortune was Madame de P——, who resided at Versailles and had much influence at court :

"For ten years," continued he, "I have been her physician. I knew well her benevolent disposition and was certain that having heard your history she would take a lively interest in your cause. I repeated what you had told me and you know the result."

Madame de Varonne no longer regarded Ambrose as her servant, but bestowed upon him half of her pension which was left entirely at her disposal and always addressed him as her friend.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

(See Engraving.)

BEAUTIFUL earth! how I love to look
On the varied page of thine open book,
On the lights and shadows that round me fall,
And know that my Father made them all.
To sit in the shade of some spreading tree
All, all alone with my thoughts to be,
And with the magical pen to trace
The changeful beauties of thy bright face.

Yet not alone in this sunny hour
Have I sought thy woodlands, and felt thy power,
For grateful thoughts in my heart will rise
As I view thy charms in each fair disguise,
And fain in my rapture would lowly fall
Before the Giver and Guide of all.

Thou art fair, when the snow-flakes, soft and light,
Clothe thee in robes of dazzling white,
When the lonely streamlet is studded o'er
With a starry brightness from shore to shore,
When the moon-beams glance on the snowy height
And all is so still, so pure, so bright—
A spell seems resting on lake and glen
Oh! beautiful earth—I love thee then.

Thou art fair when the snow-flakes pass away,
'Neath the genial warmth of a summer day,

When the sun is shedding a warmer glow
On the verdant plains, and the flowers below,
When the stream, from its icy chains unbound,
Goes murmuring on, with a gentle sound.
Far, far from the weary haunts of men,
I love to gaze on thy beauties then.

But fairest of all—oh! earth, art thou,
When spring's bright verdure hath crowned thy
brow;
When flowers spring up, on the wooded steep,
And nature wakes from her death-like sleep;
When the birds rejoice in their life thus given
And all seems raising a hymn to heaven;
Oh!—who can marvel that erring men
Are most of all loth to leave thee then?

'Tis sad to go, 'mid the winter's air
When our hearts seem lightened of half their
care;
And sadder still, 'mid the spring's glad lays
Or the summer's lengthening, happy days—
But when autumn comes with its funeral pall,
And thoughtful shadows are round us all,
Then, only then, with thy slow decay,
Let me—oh! let me pass away.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. V.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes—and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthalls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide.
No light from history's starlike page illumes
The memory of those nations—they have died.
None cares for them but thou—and thou mayst
sing,

Perhaps, o'er me—as now thy song doth ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Thou scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's turmoil and never ceasing-din,
Where one from other's no existence weaves,
Where the old sighs, the young turns gray and
grieves,

Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
And thou dost flee into the broad green woods,

And with thy soul of music thou dost win
Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes
Upon thy sounding melody. Oh, where,
Amid the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thee to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! the Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the lone woods—and now it comes again—
A multitudinous melody—like a rain
Of glossy music under echoing trees,
Over a ringing lake; it wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness—
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
Their waves of brilliant flame—till we become.
Ev'n with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb.
And pant like some swift runner clinging to the
goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
(Even as men love light,) the song of birds:

For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were, that I did rove
Amid the woods—what time the snowy herds
Of morning cloud fled from the rising sun,
Into the depths of heaven's heart; as words
That from the poet's tongue do fall upon
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in those songs, and sorrowed, when
With noon-heat overwrought, the music's burst
was done.

I would, sweet bird! that I might live with
thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades,
Alone with nature—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the tumbling sea
Of human life, until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Thro' the thick woods and shadow-chequered
glades,
While nought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart—but I must wear,
As now, my garmenting of pain and care—
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain?—What though fond hopes
deferred
Have overshadowed Youth's green paths with
gloom!
Still, joy's rich music is not all unheard,—
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird!
To welcome me, within my humble home;—
There is an eye with love's devotion bright,

The darkness of existence to illumine!
Then why complain?—When death shall cast
his blight
Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest
Beneath these trees—and from thy swelling
breast,
O'er them thy song shall pour like a rich flood of
light.

TO A MOCKING BIRD IN THE CITY.

BY MRS. GILMAN.

BIRD of the south! is this a scene to waken
Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing tone?
Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken—
Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lend-
ing
Joy to the happy, soothings to the sad:
O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending.
And I am glad.

And I will sing, though dear ones, loved and loving,
Are left afar in my sweet nest of home,
Though from that nest, with backward yearnings
moving,

Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding,
Still swell the note of human joy aloud,
And with untrusting soul kind heaven upbraiding,
Sigh mid the crowd.

THE CHINA TREE.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

THOUGH the blossoms be ripe on the China tree,
Though the flower of the orange be fair to see,—
And the pomegranate's blush, and the humming-
bird's wing,
Throw the charms of elysium, O South, on thy
spring;
It is dearer to me to remember the North,
Where scarce the green leaf yet comes timidly
forth,—
To walk in the gardens, and dream that I roam
Through the verdureless fields and the forests of
Home.

If the golden-hued oriole sing from the tide,
Oh, the blue bird is sweeter by Delaware's side:
And the sound of that flood on the beaches so dear!
Ne'er ripples the river so pleasantly here.

Oh, the pebble-strown beaches, that echo all day
To the kill-deer's shrill shriek and the bank-
swallow's lay
And at eve, when the harvest moon mellows the
shade,
To the sigh of the lover, the laugh of the maid!
China tree! though thy blossoms, in chaplets,
may bond
The brows of the brave, and the necks of the fond,
Never think that fit garlands our oak cannot form,
For heads as majestic, and bosoms as warm,
They may sit in thy shade, but their dreams are
away,
With the far hills and forest, yet naked the gray,
With the floods roaring wildly, the fields lying bare,
And the hearts,—oh, the hearts,—that make
paradise there!

OLE BULL.

[INTO the great newspaper maelstrom, how much goes down and is lost for ever. Occasionally, some thought-freighted argosy is saved from destruction—is drawn back from the in-pressing waters, and her white wings spread to gentle gales on calmer seas. Thus we rescue the following from the oblivious waves that would soon have hidden it from view. It is from the pen of Mrs. Child, and is one of her letters to the Boston Courier. The calm, philosophic reader, will smile at some of the sentences—but, in others, even he, will find a beauty, a strength, and an energy of thought, lifting up, and stirring his soul to its very depths. The whole letter is well worth preserving—and, to this end, we place it upon the pages of our magazine.—Ed.]

At last, you have Ole Bull in Boston. Would that I could annihilate space, or invent some method to transmit the most delicate of vibrations by an aerial railroad, over two hundred miles of the earth's surface. May no accident happen in boats or cars; for if Ole Bull should lose his right hand, what could compensate the world for its loss? What delight could supply the place of that rush and whirl of golden melodies, gone mute for ever, to mortal ears.

The scientific would remind me that earth need not go into mourning, while *Vieux Temps* remained. The musical world are divided into parties, each eager to prove that its idol is greater than the other. Experienced critics pronounce *Vieux Temps* so perfect, that not a single deficiency could be discovered in his performance. I believe it, and I am thankful for all greatness, and reverence all. But in listening to Ole Bull, where is the mind that could pause in its extatic wonder, to discover whether there were deficiencies or not! *Vieux Temps* is, by unanimous decree, pronounced the perfection of art; and as John S. Dwight says, "to be that, he must be more than that." It has, however, always been a favorite theory with me, perhaps a mistaken one, that genius, in its highest manifestations, not only delights the cultivated few, but finds its way to the universal heart. This is remarkably true of the Shakspeare of poetry, and the

Shakspeare of the violin. There is no incongruity in this comparison. Ole Bull's style is strikingly Shakspearian, with its rapid transitions from mirth to pathos, its stormy grandeur, and its fairy grace. The nature of the instrument increases the similarity by "its appetizing harshness, its racy sharp volinity."

It would be curious to know how much climate has had to do with the flashing energy and impassioned earnestness of this Norwegian minstrel. The scenery and sounds, to which we are accustomed from infancy, are a spiritual atmosphere, imperceptibly fashioning the growth of our souls; and a nervous organization so acute and delicate as his, must have been peculiarly susceptible to all sensuous influences. Had he lived in the sunny regions of Greece or Italy, instead of seagirt Norway, with its piled-up mountains, and thundering avalanches, and roaring waterfalls, and glancing auroras, and the shrill whispering of the northern wind through broad forests of pines, I doubt whether his violin could ever have discoursed such tumultuous life, or lulled itself to rest with such deep-breathing tenderness.

Where on this planet is a place so sublimely appropriate as the rocky coast of Norway, to the newly invented Æolian sea signals. Metal pipes, attached to floating buoys, are placed among the breakers, and through these do the winds lift their warning voices, louder and louder, as the sea rages more and more fiercely. Here is a magnificent storm-organ, on which to play "Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou!"

On this coast has Ole Bull, from childhood, heard the waves roar their mighty bass to the shrill soprano of the winds, and has seen it all subside into sun-flecked, rippling silence. In his music, methinks I hear all that Frederika Bremer says of "The old sea-circled Narroway." "Is the soul fatigued with the trifles of poor, everyday life? Is it depressed by the confined atmosphere of the room? By the dust of books, or the dust of company? Fly, fly towards the still heart of Norway? Listen there to the fresh, mighty throbbing of the heart of nature! There wilt thou gain strength and life. Fresh and clear stand the thoughts of life there, as in the

days of their creation. Wilt thou gaze on the sublime? Behold the Gausta, which raises its colossal knees six thousand feet above the surface of the earth. Listen to the Rjuhan, the Voring, and Vedal rivers, foaming and thundering over the mountains, and plunging down into the abysses. Wilt thou see life in its fairest pomp? See winter and summer embrace in old Norway. See how the silver stream winds itself down from the mountains; behind the leafy hills, see the snow mountains elevate themselves; observe the evening play of colors upon the heights and in the depths; see the affluent pomp of the storm, and the calm magnificence of the rainbow, as it vaults over the waterfall. Wilt thou delight thyself with the beautiful? The Satea-hut stands in the narrow valley; herds of cattle graze on the beautiful grassy meadows; the Sater-maiden, with fresh color, blue eyes, and bright braids of hair, tends them, and sings the while the simple, gentle, melancholy airs of Norway."

Bostonians, ye have heard Ole Bulbul. Say, has not all this passed into his soul, and come out at the ends of his fingers? Has he not transmitted to you the moan of the sea, the flash of the aurora, the warbling of birds, and the gentle maiden's song, to go with you, even into the far eternity? And should you hereafter visit Norway, would not the wondrous secrets of memory puzzle you with the question,—“Has my soul been here before me?” Yea, verily. But you know it not; for the subtlest of all essences is this spiritual magnetism, which pervades our life.

Even on our physical being do these sensuous influences leave their mark. They classify the nations, and are sometimes strongly impressed on individuals. They would always be so, if we were free and true; for our bodies would then become perfect, transparent mediums of the spirit. Wordsworth thus describes the young maiden, to whom Nature was “both law and impulse:”

“She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And Beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.”

This impress has music left on the countenance of Ole Bulbul. His habitual attitudes have a listening expression, which strongly reminds me of Allston's wonderful picture of the Lady Hearing Music, in which the very finger-ends seem listening.

I know not what significance the Nord-men have in the world's spiritual history; but it must be deep. Our much boasted Anglo-Saxon blood is but a rivulet from the great Scandinavian sea. The Teutonic language, “with its powerful primeval words—keys to the being of things”—is said by the learned to have come from the East. This language has every where mixed itself with modern tongues, and forms the bone and muscle of our own. To these Nord-men, with their deep reverence, their strong simplicity, their wild, struggle-loving will, we owe the invention of the organ, and of Gothic architecture. In these modern times, have they not sent us Swedenborg, that deep in-seeing prophet, as yet imperfectly understood, either by disciples or opponents; and Frederika Bremer, gliding like the sun-light into the hearts of many nations; and Thorwaldsen, with his serene power and majestic grace; and Beethoven, with aspirations that leap forth beyond the “flaming bounds of time and space;” and Ole Bull, with the primeval harmonies of creation vibrating through his soul in infinite variations?

Reverence to the Nord-men; for assuredly their deep utterance comes to us from the very heart of things.

This letter is not written from New York. I cannot help it. It is written from where I am; and that is the memory of Ole Bull's music.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

STORM had been on the hills. The day had worn
As if a sleep upon the hours had crept;
And the dark clouds that gather'd at the morn
In dull, impenetrable masses slept,
And the wet leaves hung drooping, and all
Was like the mournful aspect of a pall.
Suddenly on the horizon's edge a blue

And delicate line, as of a pencil, lay,
And as it wider and intenser grew,
The darkness faded silently away,
And, with the splendor of a God, broke through
The perfect glory of departing day—
So, when his stormy pilgrimage is o'er,
Will light upon the dying christian pour.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Nor going to the ball?" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look and tone of surprise. "What has come over the girl?"

"I don't know, but she says she's not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a beautiful ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that you are not going to this ball?" she said.

Helen looked up with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying, for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or stay at home. I think, perhaps, I ought to remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like your dress?"

"O yes! very much. I think it beautiful."

"Doesn't it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the largest and most fashionable of the season. You know that your father and myself are both going. We shall want to see you there, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, unless you can satisfy him that your reason for doing so is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you are doing right. I wish all my children to act under the government of a sound judgment. Impulse, or reasons not to be

spoken of freely to their parents, should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke.

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for his, my dear?"

"He doesn't go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is too young, and too backward. You couldn't hire him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend the evening in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he cannot or will not participate."

"He does not. I know he would not hear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not have a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him that I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

"I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments. "You are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But, I must say, I think you rather foolish. You will not find Edward disposed to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I ought not to think."

"Perhaps not. Well, you may do as you like. But, I don't know what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen; that period when many young men, especially those who have been blessed with sisters, would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was shy, timid, and bashful in company, and could hardly ever be induced to go out to parties with his sisters. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many

good qualities endeared him to his family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a very tender regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with whom his own was on friendly terms. With these he associated frequently, and, with two or three others, quite intimately. For a month or two, Helen noticed that one and another of these young friends called every now and then for Edward, in the evening, and that he went out with them and staid until bed time. But unless his sisters were from home, he never went of his own accord. The fact of his being out with these young men, had, from the first, troubled Helen; though, the reason of her feeling troubled she could not tell. Edward had good principles, and she could not bring herself to entertain fears of any clearly defined evil. Still a sensation of uneasiness was always produced when he was from home in the evening.

Her knowing that Edward would go out, after they had all left, was the reason why Helen did not wish to attend the ball. The first thought of this had produced an unpleasant sensation in her mind, which increased the longer she debated the question of going away, or remaining at home. Finally, she decided that she would not go. This decision took place after the interview with her mother, which was only half an hour from the time of starting.

Edward knew nothing of the intention of his sister. He was in his own room, dressing to go out, and supposed, when he heard the carriage drive from the door, that Helen had gone with the other members of the family. On descending to the parlor, he was surprised to find her sitting by the centre table, with a book in her hand.

"Helen! Is this you! I thought you had gone to the ball. Are you not well?" he said, quickly, and with surprise, coming up to her side.

"I am very well, brother," she replied, looking into his face with a smile of sisterly regard. "But I have concluded to stay at home this evening. I'm going to keep your company."

"Are you indeed! right glad am I of it! though I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the pleasure of this ball, which, I believe, is to be a very brilliant one. I was just going out, because it is so dull at home when you are all away."

"I am not particularly desirous of going to the ball. So little so, that the thoughts of you being left here all alone had sufficient influence over me to keep me away."

"Indeed! Well, I must say you are kind." Edward returned, with feeling. The self-sacrificing act of his sister had touched him sensibly.

Both Helen and her brother played well. She upon the harp and piano, and he upon the flute and violin. Both were fond of music, and practised and played frequently together. Part of the evening was spent in this way, much to the satisfaction of each. Then an hour passed in reading and conversation, after which, music was again resorted to. Thus passed the time pleasantly until the hour for retiring came, when they separated, both with an internal feeling of pleasure more delightful than they had experienced for a long time. It was nearly three o'clock before Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, and the daughter who had accompanied them to the ball came home. Hours before, the senses of both Edward and Helen had been locked in forgetfulness.

Time passed on. Edward Lindley grew up, and became a man of sound principles—a blessing to his family and society. He saw his sisters well married; and himself, finally, led to the altar a lovely maiden. She made him a truly happy husband. On the night of his wedding, as he sat beside Helen, he paused for some time, in the midst of a pleasant conversation, thoughtfully. At last, he said,

"Do you remember, sister, the night you staid home from the ball to keep me company?"

"That was many years ago. Yes, I remember it very well, now you have recalled it to my mind."

"I have often since thought, Helen," he said, with a serious air, "that by the simple act of thus remaining at home for my sake, you were the means of saving me from destruction."

"How so?" asked the sister.

"I was just then beginning to form an intimate association with young men of my own age, nearly all of whom have since turned out badly. I did not care a great deal about their company; still, I liked society and used to be with them frequently—especially when you and Mary went out in the evening. On the night of the ball to which you were going, these young men had a supper, and I was to have been with them. I did not wish particularly to join them, but preferred doing so to remaining at home alone. To find you, as I did, so unexpectedly, in the parlor, was an agreeable surprise indeed. I staid at home with a new pleasure, which was heightened by the thought, that it was your love for me that had made you deny yourself for my gratification. We read together on that evening, we played together, we talked of many things. In your mind I had never before seen as much to inspire my own with high and pure thoughts. I remembered the conversation of the young men with whom I had been associating, and in which I had taken pleasure, with something like dis-

gust. It was low, sensual, and too much of it vile and demoralising. Never, from that hour, did I join them. Their way, even in the early stage of life's journey, I saw to be downward, and downward it has ever since been tending. How often since have I thought of that point in time, so full-fraught with good and evil influences. Those few hours spent with you seemed to take scales from my eyes. I saw with a new vision. I thought and felt differently. Had you gone to the ball, and I to meet those young men, no one can tell what might not have been the consequence. Sensual indulgences carried to excess, amid songs and sentiments calculated to awaken evil instead of good feelings, might have stamped upon my young and delicate mind a bias to low affections that never would have been eradicated. That was the great starting point in life—the period when I was coming into a state of rationality and freedom. The good prevailed over the evil: and by the agency of my sister, as an angel sent by the Author of all benefits to save me.”

Like Helen Lindley, let every elder sister be thoughtful of her brothers at that critical period in life, when the boy is about passing up to the stage of manhood, and she may save them from many a snare set for their unwary feet by the evil one. In closing this little sketch, we can say nothing better than has already been said by an accomplished American authoress, Mrs. Farrar.

“So many temptations,” she says, “beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that young brothers’ evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment, chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmoni-

zing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which I am here endeavoring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. To do good and to make others happy was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

“Sisters should always be willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers; and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusements, and making home the most agreeable place to them. . . .

“I have been told by some, who have passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting, loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good night.

JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

QUEEN of Judea's stricken land,
Thy garland, faded from thy brow,
Lies withered on the desert's sand
And trampled by the Arab now.
The laurel boughs of Lebanon

Still brush the blue, unspotted sky :—
There plumes still quiver in the sun,
Which lights thy ruins from on high :—
But on thy brow so desolate,
Seems stamps the blasting seal of fate.

VISIT TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

BY M. A. TITMARSH.

Author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence."

The little town of Ballycastle does not contain much to occupy the traveller: behind the church stands a ruined old mansion with round turrets, that must have been a stately tower in former days. The town is modern, but almost as dismal as the tower. A little street beyond it slides off into a potato field—the peaceful barrier of the place; and hence I could see the tall rock of Bengore, with the sea beyond and a pleasing landscape stretching toward it.

Dr. Hamilton's elegant and learned book has an awful picture of yonder head of Bengore; and hard by it the Guide-book says is a coal-mine, where Mr. Barrow found a globular stone hammer, which he infers was used in the coal-mine before weapons of iron were invented. The former writer insinuates that the mine must have been worked more than a thousand years ago, "before the turbulent chaos of events that succeeded the eighth century." Shall I go and see a coal-mine that may have been worked a thousand years since? Why go see it? says idleness: to be able to say that I have seen it. Sheridan's advice to his son here came into my mind;* and I shall reserve a description of the mine, and an antiquarian dissertation regarding it, for publication elsewhere.

Ballycastle must not be left without recording the fact, that one of the snuggest inns in the country is kept by the postmaster there; who has also a stable full of good horses for travellers who take his little inn on the way to the Giant's Causeway.

The road to the causeway is bleak, wild, and hilly. The cabins along the road are scarcely better than those of Kerry, the inmates as ragged, and more fierce and dark-looking. I never was so pestered with juvenile beggars, as in the dismal village of Ballintoy. A crowd of them rushed after the car, calling for money in a fierce man-

ner, as if it was their right: dogs as fierce as the children came yelling after the vehicle, and the faces which scowled out of the black cabins were not a whit more good-humored. We passed by one or two more clumps of cabins, with their turf and corn-stacks lying together at the foot of the hills; placed there for convenience of the children, doubtless, who can thus accompany the car either way, and shriek out their "Bonny gentleman, gie us a hap'ny." A couple of churches, one with a pair of pinnacles blown off, stood in the dismal open country; and a gentleman's house here and there: there were no trees about them, but a brown grass round about—hills rising and falling in front, and the sea beyond. The occasional view of the coast was noble; wild Bengore towering eastward as we went along; Raghery Island before us, in the steep rocks and caves of which Bruce took shelter when driven from yonder Scottish coast, that one sees stretching blue in the northeast.

I think this wild gloomy tract through which one passes, is a good prelude for what is to be the great sight of the day; and got my mind to a proper state of awe by the time we were near the journey's end; and turning away shoreward by the fine house of Sir Francis Macnaghten, went toward a lone handsome inn, that stands close to the Causeway. The landlord at Ballycastle had lent me Hamilton's book, to read on the road; but I had no time then to read more than half-a-dozen pages of it. They described how the author, a clergyman distinguished as a man of science, had been thrust out of a friend's house by the frightened servants one wild night, and butchered by some White Boys, who were outside, and called for his blood. I had been told at Belfast, that there was a corpse in the inn; was it there now? It had been driven on, the car-boy said, "in a handsome hearse and four to Dublin the whole way." It was gone, but I thought the house looked as if the ghost was there. See, yonder are the black rocks stretching to Portrush; how leaden and gray the sea looks! how gray and

* "I want to go into a coal-mine," says Tom Sheridan, "in order to say I have been there."
"Well, then, say so," replied the admirable father.

leaden the sky! You hear the waters roaring evermore, as they have done since the beginning of the world. The car drives up with a dismal grinding noise of the wheels to the big lone house; there's no smoke in the chimneys; the doors are locked; three savage-looking men rush after the car; are they the men who took out Mr. Hamilton—took him out and butchered him in the moonlight? Is every body, I wonder, dead in that big house? Will they let us in before those men are up? Out comes a pretty smiling girl, with a curtsy, just as the savages are at the car, and you are ushered into a very comfortable room; and the men turn out to be guides. Well, thank Heaven it's no worse! I had fifteen pounds still left; and, when desperate, have no doubt should fight like a lion.

The traveller no sooner issues from the inn, by a back door, which he is informed will lead him straight to the Causeway, than the guides pounce upon him, with a dozen rough boatmen, who are likewise lying in wait; and a crew of shrill beggar-boys, with boxes of spars, ready to tear him and each other to pieces seemingly, yell and bawl incessantly round him. "I'm the guide Miss Henry recommends," shouts one; "I'm Mr. Macdonald's guide," pushes in another; "This way," roars a third, and drags his prey down a precipice; the rest of them clambering and quarrelling after. I had no friends, I was perfectly helpless, I wanted to walk down to the shore by myself, but they would not let me, and I had nothing for it but to yield myself into the hands of the guide who had seized me, who hurried me down the steep to a little wild bay, flanked on each side by rugged cliffs and rocks, against which the waters came tumbling, frothing, and roaring furiously. Upon some of these black rocks two or three boats were lying; four men seized a boat, pushed it shouting into the water, and ravished me into it. We had slid between two rocks, where the channel came gurgling in; we were up one swelling wave that came in a huge advancing body ten feet above us, and were plunging madly down another (the descent causes a sensation in the lower regions of the stomach, which it is not at all necessary here to describe,) before I had leisure to ask myself why the deuce I was in that boat, with four rowers hurrooing and bounding madly from one huge liquid mountain to another—four rowers whom I was bound to pay. I say, the query came qualmishly across me, why the devil I was there, and why not walking calmly on the shore.

The guide began pouring his professional jargon into my ears. "Every one of them bays," says he, "has a name (take my place, and the spray won't come over you;) that is Port Noffer, and

the next, Port na Gange; them rocks is the Stook-awns (for every rock has his name as well as every bay;) and yonder—give way, my boys—hurray, we're over it now, has it wet you much, sir? that's the little cave; it goes five hundred feet under ground, and the boats goes in it easy of a calm day."

"Is it a fine day or a rough one, now?" said I; the internal disturbance going on with more severity then ever.

"It's betwixt and between; or, I may say, neither one nor the other. Sit up, sir; look at the entrance of the cave: don't be afraid, sir; never has an accident happened in any one of these boats, and the most delicate ladies has rode in them on rougher days than this. Now, boys, pull to the big cave; that, sir, is six hundred and sixty yards in length, though some says it goes for miles inland, where the people sleeping in their houses hears the waters roaring under them."

The water was tossing and tumbling into the mouth of the little cave. I looked—for the guide would not let me alone till I did—and saw what might be expected—a black hole of some forty feet high, into which it was no more possible to see than into a mill-stone. "For Heaven's sake, sir," says I, "if you've no particular wish to see the mouth of the big cave, put about and let us see the Causeway and get ashore." This was done, the guide meanwhile telling some story of a ship of the Spanish Armada having fired her guns at two peaks of rock, then visible, which the crew mistook for chimney-pots—what benighted fools these Spanish Armadilloes must have been—it is easier to see a rock than a chimney-pot; it is easy to know that chimney-pots do not grow on rocks—but where, if you please, is the Causeway?

"That's the Causeway before you," says the guide.

"Which?"

"That pier which you see jutting out into the bay, right a-head."

"And have I travelled a hundred and fifty miles to see that?"

I declare, upon my conscience, the barge moored at Hungerford-market is a more majestic object, and seems to occupy as much space. As for telling a man that the Causeway is merely a part of the sight; that he is there for the purpose of examining the surrounding scenery; that if he looks to the westward he will see Portrush and Donegal-head before him; that the cliffs immediately in his front are green in some places, black in others, interspersed with blotches of brown and streaks of verdure; what is all this to a lonely individual lying sick in a boat, between two immense waves that only give him momentary glimpses of the land in question, to show

that it is frightfully near, and yet you are an hour from it? They won't let you go away—that cursed guide *will* tell out his stock of legends and stories. The boatman insist upon your looking at boxes of “specimens,” which you must buy of them; they laugh as you grow paler and paler; they offer you more and more “specimens;” even the dirty lad who pulls number three, and is not allowed by his comrades to speak, puts in *his* oar, and hands you over a piece of Irish diamond (it looks like half-sucked-alicompayne) and scorns you. “Murray, lads, now for it, give way!” how the oars do hurtle into the rullocks, as the boat goes up an aqueous mountain, and then down into one of those cursed maritime valleys where there is no rest as on shore!

At last, after they had pulled me enough about, and sold me all the boxes of specimens, I was permitted to land at the spot whence we set out, and whence, though we had been rowing for an hour, we had never been above five hundred yards distant. Let all cockneys take warning from this; let the solitary one, caught issuing from the back door of the hotel, shout at once to the boatman to be gone—that he will have none of them. Let him, at any rate, go first down to the water to determine whether it be smooth enough to allow him to take any pleasure by riding on its surface. For after all, it must be remembered that it *is* pleasure we come for—that we are not *obliged* to take those boats. Well, well! I paid ten shillings for mine, and ten minutes before would cheerfully have paid five pounds to be allowed to quit; it was no hard bargain after all.

The first act on shore was to make a sacrifice to Sanctissima Tellus; offering up to her a neat and becoming Taglioni coat, bought for a guinea in Covent Garden only three months back. I sprawled on my back on the smoothest of rocks that is, and tore the elbows to pieces; the guide picked me up; the boatmen did not stir, for they had had their will of me; the guide alone picked me up, I say, and bade me follow him. We went across a boggy ground in one of the little bays, round which rise the green walls of the cliff, terminated on either side by a black crag, and the line of the shore washed by the poluphlosboiotic, nay, the poluphlosbiotatotic sea. Two beggars stepped over the bog after us, howling for money, and each holding up a cursed box of specimens. No oaths, threats, entreaties, would drive this vermin away; for some time the whole scene had been spoilt by the incessant and abominable jargon of them, the boatmen, and the guides. I was obliged to give them money to be left in quiet, and if, as no doubt will be the case, the Giant's Causeway shall be a still greater resort of travellers than ever, the county must put policemen on the

rocks to keep the beggars away, or fling them in the water when they appear.

And now, by force of money, having got rid of the sea and land beggars, you are at liberty to examine at your leisure the wonders of the place. There is not the least need for a guide to attend the stranger, unless the latter have a mind to listen to a parcel of legends, which may be well from the mouth of a wild simple peasant who believes in his tales; but are odious from a dullard who narrates them at the rate of sixpence a lie. Fee him and the other beggars, and at last you are left tranquil to look at the strange scene with your own eyes, and enjoy your own thoughts at leisure.

That is, if the thoughts awakened by such a scene may be called enjoyment; but for me, I confess, they are too near akin to fear to be pleasant; and I don't know that I would desire to change that sensation of awe and terror which the hour's walk occasioned, for a greater familiarity with this wild, sad, lonely place. The solitude is awful. I can't understand how those chattering guides dare to lift up their voices here, and cry for money.

It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow; the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colors. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of a formless chaos, this must have been the *hit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that! It is a tailor's simile. Well, I am a cockney: I wish I were in Pall Mall! Yonder is a kelp-burner; a lurid smoke from his burning kelp rises up to the leaden sky, and he looks as naked and fierce as Cain. Bubbling out of the rocks at the very brim of the sea rises a little crystal spring; how comes it there? and there is an old gray hag beside it, who has been there hundreds and hundreds of years, and there sits and sells whiskey at the extremity of creation! How do you dare sell whiskey there, old woman? Did you serve old Satan with a glass when he lay along the Causeway here? In reply, she says, she has no change for a shilling: she never has; but her whiskey is good.

This is not a description of the Giant's Causeway (as some clever critic will remark,) but of a Londoner there, who is by no means so interest-

ing an object as the natural curiosity in question. That single hint is sufficient; I have not a word more to say. "If," says he, "you cannot describe the scene lying before us—if you cannot state from your personal observation that the number of basaltic pillars composing the Causeway has been computed at about forty thousand, which vary in diameter, their surface presenting the appearance of a tessellated pavement of polygonal stones—that each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, the convex end of the one being accurately fitted into the concave of the next, and the length of the joints varying from five feet to four inches—that although the pillars are polygonal, there is but one of three sides in the whole forty thousand (think of that!) but three of nine sides, and that it may be safely computed that ninety-nine out of one hundred pillars have either five, six, or seven sides; if you cannot state something useful, you had much better, sir, retire and get your dinner."

Never was summons more gladly obeyed. The dinner must be ready by this time; so, remain you, and look on at the awful scene, and copy it down in words, if you can. If at the end of this trial you are dissatisfied with your skill as a painter, and find that the biggest of your words cannot render the hues and vastness of that tremendous swelling sea—of those lean solitary crags standing rigid along the shore, where they have been watching the ocean ever since it was made—of those gray towers of Dunluce standing upon a leaden rock, and looking as if some old, old princess, of some old, old fairy times, were dragon-guarded within—of yon flat stretches of sand where the Scotch and Irish mermaids hold conference—come away, too, and prate no more about the scene! There is that in nature, dear Jenkins, which passes even our powers. We can feel the beauty of a magnificent landscape, perhaps; but we can describe a leg of mutton and turnips better. Come, then, this scene is for our betters to depict. If Mr. Tennyson were to come

hither for a month, and brood over the place, he might in some of those lofty heroic lines which the author of the "*Morte d'Arthur*," know how to pile up, convey to the reader a sense of this gigantic desolate scene. What! you, too, are a poet? Well then, Jenkins, stay! but believe me, you had best take my advice and come off.

The worthy landlady made her appearance with the politest of bows and an apology—for what does the reader think a lady should apologize in the most lonely rude spot in the world? because a plain servant-woman was about to bring in the dinner, the waiter being absent on leave at Colerain! O heaven and earth! where will the genteel end? I replied philosophically, that I did not care twopence for the plainness or beauty of the waiter, but that it was the dinner I looked to, the frying whereof made a great noise in the huge lonely house; and it must be said, that though the lady *was* plain, the repast was exceedingly good. "I have expended my little all," says the landlady, stepping in with a speech after dinner, "in the building of this establishment; and though to a man its profits may appear small, to such a *being* as I am it will bring, I trust, a sufficient return;" and on my asking her why she took the place, she replied, that she had always, from her earliest youth, a fancy to dwell in that spot, and had accordingly realized her wish by building this hotel—this mausoleum. In spite of the bright fire, and the good dinner, and the good wine, it was impossible to feel comfortable in the place; and when the car wheels were heard, I jumped up with joy to take my departure and forget the awful lonely shore, that wild, dismal, genteel inn. A ride over a wide gusty country, in a gray, misty, moonlight, the loss of a wheel at Bushmills, and the escape from a tumble, were the delightful varieties after the late awful occurrences. "Such a being," as I am, would die of loneliness in that hotel; and so let all brother cockneys be warned.

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love,
Until we come to leave,
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve.
There is a pleasure in the pain
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away.
We cling while we depart;
And memories, unmarked till then,
Come crowding on the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

[From a very interesting volume, briefly noticed in our last number, entitled "A New Spirit of the Age," we take the following article. It will commend itself at once to the attention of our readers.—Ed

"While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought, warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
And last he rose, and twitched the ample blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."

LYCIDAS.

"And all was conscience and tender heart.

And so discreet and fair of eloquence,
So bènigne and so digne of reverence,
And couldè so the people's heart embrace,
That each her loveth that looketh on her face.

Published was the bounty of her name,
And eke beside in many a region:
If one saith well, another saith the same.

There n' as discord, rancour, or heaviness,
In all the land, that she ne could appease,
And wisely bring them all in hearts of ease."—CHAUCER.

THE numerous literary labors of William and Mary Howitt, are so inextricably and so interestingly mixed up with their biographies, that they can only be appropriately treated under one head.

William Howitt is a native of Derbyshire, where his family have been considerable landed proprietors for many generations. In the reign of Elizabeth a Thomas Howitt, Esq., married a Miss Middleton, and on the division of the estate, of which she was co-heiress, the manors of Wansley and Eastwood fell to the lot of Mrs. Howitt, who came to reside with her husband at Wansley Hall in Nottinghamshire.

The Howitts—according to a memoir of their early days, now out of print, and of which we shall avail ourselves, as far as it goes, having ascertained its authenticity—the Howitts appear to have been of the old school of public squires, who led a jolly, careless life—hunting, shooting, feasting, and leaving their estate to take care of itself as it might, and which, of course, fell into a steady consumption. The broad lands of Wansley and Eastwood slipped away pice-meal; Wansley Hall and its surrounding demesne followed; the rectory of Eastwood, which had been a comfortable berth for a younger son, was the last

portion of Miss Middleton's dowry, which lingered in the family, and that was eventually sold to the Plumtre family, in which it yet remains. The rectors of Eastwood appear, from family documents, to have very faithfully followed out such an education as they may be supposed to have received from their parents. They were more devoted to the field than the pulpit; and the exploits of the last rector of the name of Howitt and old Squire Rolleston, of Watnall, are not yet forgotten.

The demesne of one heiress being dissipated, there was not wanting another with which to repair the waste with her gold. The great-grandfather of our author married the daughter and sole heiress of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire, with whom he received a large sum in money. This was soon spent, and so much was the lady's father exasperated at the hopeless waste of his son-in-law, that he cut off his own daughter with a shilling, and left the estate to an adopted son. The disinherited man did not, however, learn wisdom from this lesson, unless he considered it wisdom "to daff the world aside and let it pass;" he adhered stoutly to the hereditary habits and maxims of his ancestors; and a wealthy old aunt of his, residing at Derby, getting a suspicion that he only waited her death to squander her hoard too, adopted the stratagem of sending a messenger to Heanor to announce to him the melancholy intelligence of her decease. The result justified her fears. The jolly squire liberally rewarded the messenger, and setting the village bells a-ringing, began his journey towards Derby to take possession. To his great consternation and chagrin, however, instead of finding the lady dead, he found her very much alive indeed, and ready to receive him with a most emphatic announcement, that she had followed the example of his father-in-law, and had struck him out of her will altogether. She faithfully kept her word. The only legacy which she left to this jovial spendthrift was his great two-handled breakfast pot, out of which he consumed every morning as much toast and ale as would have "filled" a baron of the fourteenth century.

This old gentleman seems to have been not only of a most reckless, but also of an unresentful disposition. He appears to have continued a

familiar intercourse with the gentleman who superceded him in the estate, who likewise maintained towards him a conduct that was very honorable. The disinherited squire was one of the true Squire Western-School, and spent the remainder of his life in a manner particularly characteristic of the times. He and another dilapidated old gentlemen of the name of Johnson, used to proceed from house to house amongst their friends, till probably they had scarcely a home of their own, carousing and drinking "jolly good ale and old." They sojourned a long time at one of these places, regularly going out with the greyhounds in the morning, or if it were summer, a-fishing, and carousing in the evenings, till one day the butler gave them a hint, by announcing that "the barrel was out." On this they proceeded to Lord Middleton's, at Wollerton, and after a similar career and a similar carousing, to the house of a gentleman in Lincolnshire. The building of Wollerton Hall, it is said, considerably impoverished the Middleton family; but Lord Middleton was unmarried; and as the Lincolnshire gentleman had an only daughter and a splendid fortune, family tradition says, that by extolling the parties to each other a match was brought about by these old gentlemen, much to the satisfaction of both sides; and they were made free of the cellar and the greyhounds for the remainder of their lives.

The son of this spendthrift, instead of being possessed of an estate, became a manager of a part of it for the fortunate proprietor. There was, however, a friendly feeling always kept up between the new proprietors and the Howitts, and by this means the father of our author—who was a man of a different stamp from his progenitors—was enabled, in some degree, to restore the fortunes of the family, and to establish a handsome property. Miss Tantum, whom he married, was a member of the Society of Friends, as her ancestors had been from the commencement of the Society; and Mr. Thomas Howitt, previous to his marriage, as was required by the rules of the friends, entered the Society, and has always continued in it.

William Howitt, the subject of the present biographical sketch, is one of six brothers. He was educated at different schools of the Friends; but, as we have frequently heard him declare, was much more indebted to a steady practice of self-instruction than to any school or teacher whatever. He early showed a predilection for poetry, and in a periodical of that day, called "Literary Recreations," a copy of some verses "On Spring" may be found, stated to be by "William Howitt, a boy 13 years of age." During the time that he was not at school, he was accustomed, with his

eldest brother, to stroll all over the country, shooting, coursing, and fishing, with an indefatigable zeal which would have delighted any of the Nimrods from whom he was descended. As a boy he had been an eager birds'-nester, and these after pursuits, together with a strong poetical temperament, and a keen perception of the beauties of nature, made him familiar with all the haunts, recesses, productions, and creatures of the country. In this manner the greatest portion of his early life was spent. After he arrived at manhood, however, those country pleasures were blended with an active study of Chemistry, Botany, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and of the works of the best writers of Italy, France, and his own country. He also turned the attention of his youngest brother, now Dr. Howitt, to the study of British Botany, and the Doctor has since prosecuted it with more constancy and success than himself. General literature, and poetry, soon drew his attention more forcibly, and his marriage, in his twenty-eighth year, no doubt naturally contributed to strengthen this tendency. The lady of his choice was Miss Mary Botham, of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, also a member of the Society of Friends, and now familiar to the public as the delightful authoress, Mary Howitt.

Mary Howitt is, by her mother's side, directly descended from Mr. William Wood, the Irish patentee, about whose halfpence, minted under a contract from the Government of George II., Dean Swift raised such a disturbance with his "Drapier's Letters," successfully preventing the issue of the coinage, and saddling Mr. Wood with a loss of £60,000, Sir Robert Walpole, the minister, resisting all recompense for his loss, although Sir Isaac Newton, who was appointed to assay the coinage, pronounced it better than the contract required, and Mr. Wood, of course, justly entitled to remuneration. His son, Mr. Charles Wood, the grandfather of Mrs. Howitt, and who became assay-master in Jamaica, was the first who introduced platinum into Europe.

Mr. Howitt on his marriage went to reside in Staffordshire, and continued there about a year. Mrs. Howitt and himself being of the most congenial taste and disposition, determined to publish jointly a volume of poetry. This appeared under the title of "The Forest Minstrel," in 1823. It was highly applauded by the press, and is sufficiently characteristic of both its writers—the irresistible tendency of one to describe natural scenery, and the legendary propensities of the other.

Soon after their marriage they undertook a walk into Scotland, having long admired warmly the ballad poetry and traditions of that country. In this ramble, after landing at Dumbarton, they

went on over mountain and moorland, wherever they proposed to go, for one thousand miles, walking more than five hundred of it, Mrs. Howitt performing the journey without fatigue. They crossed Ben Lomond without a guide, and after enjoying the most magnificent spectacle of the clouds alternately shrouding and breaking away from the chaos of mountains around them, were enveloped by a dense cloud, and only able to effect their descent with great difficulty, and with considerable hazard. They visited Loch Katrine, Stirling, Edinburgh, and all the beautiful scenery for many miles around it, traversed Fifeshire, and then, taking Abbotsford in their route, walked through the more Southern parts, visiting many places interesting for their historical or poetical associations, on to Gretna Green, where all the villagers turned out brimfull of mirth, supposing they were come there to be married, especially as they entered the public house where such matches are completed, and engaged the landlord to put them in the way to Carlisle. They returned by way of the English lakes, having, as they have been frequently heard to declare, enjoyed the most delightful journey imaginable.

Soon after their return, they settled in Nottingham; Mr. Howitt, though actively engaged in business, still devoted his leisure to literary pursuits. Here they soon published another joint volume of poems, called "The Desolation of Eyam," which was received with equal favour by the public. The attention which these two volumes excited, brought many applications from the editors of *Annals* and *Magazines*; and both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt for some years contributed a great variety of articles to these publications.

Mr. Howitt possesses such versatility that there are few quarters of literature in which his contributions would not equal the best. His papers in the "Heads of the People" were excellent. Mrs. Howitt's ballads have the true ballad spirit, and some of them are of exceeding sweetness. Her simplicity is without feebleness, and her occasional openings into power are striking and noble.

The circumstance of their names having become attached to so many separate articles, now led to a separate publication of volumes. Mrs. Howitt has since published "The Seven Temptations," a dramatic work; "Wood Leighton," a prose fiction, and several volumes for the young, all of which have acquired deserved popularity.

Within the last half century, a somewhat new class of writing has been introduced into this country with great success, and most fortunately for the public taste, as its influence is most healthy and sweet, most refreshing and soothing, most joyous, yet most innocent. It is that of the

unaffected prose pastoral. After Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," there was no work which had so much of this spirit of the green fields and woods, as Walton's "Complete Angler." A long period then intervened, and the same feeling can hardly be said to have shown itself, excepting in some of the works of Mrs Barbauld, until the time of Burns, and Wordsworth, and Keats, in poetry, and Mrs. Mitford and Leigh Hunt in prose. The numerous essays and delightful papers of Leigh Hunt, and one little work in particular, entitled "The Months," together with the pastoral sketches of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," and "Country Stories," are known to all. These works of Miss Mitford, if read by snatches, come over the mind as the summer air and the sweet hum of rural sounds would float upon the senses through an open window in the country; leaving with you for a whole day, a tradition of fragrance and dew. It is hardly necessary to add, that her prose pastorals are all redolent of a cordial and cheerful spirit. They are the poetry of matter-of-fact nature, fresh and at first hand. Who would not fain leave their other matter-of-fact, to go with these writers to gather lilies of the valley from the deep green woods? Sooth to say, if the seasons in England were always as they paint them, we should all choose to live out of doors, and nobody would catch cold.

Miss Mitford is undoubtedly at the head of this delightful, and at present "small family" of prose pastoral writers. William and Mary Howitt naturally belong to it; and if another were to be named of the present time, it would be Thomas Miller. But no one has done so much, systematically, and extensively to make us familiar with the rural population, both of our own country and of Germany, as Mr. Howitt.

In 1832, Mr. Howitt produced the "Book of the Seasons," a volume the publication of which was attended by a circumstance curious in itself, and which should teach young authors not to be discouraged by the opinion of publishers. The "Book of the Seasons," was offered to four of the principal publishing houses and rejected by them; till the author, in disgust, told the gentleman in whose hands it was left, to tie a stone to the MS. and fling it over London Bridge. At length Colburn and Bentley took it: the press with one simultaneous cheer of approbation saluted its appearance; it has since gone through several large editions.

In 1834, Mr. Howitt published a work of a very different description, the "History of Priestcraft," which ran through six or seven editions, some of them of 3000 copies each. The work, of course, excited as much reprehension from one party as applause from another; but the readers

of the "Book of the Seasons," which is full of kind and gentle feelings, could not comprehend how the same spirit could produce both these works. The union is, nevertheless, perfectly compatible.

It should be recollected that Mr. Howitt was born and educated a Quaker, and he had imbued himself with the writings and spirit of the first Quakers, who were a sturdy race, and suffered much persecution from the Established Church.

In 1835, our author published "Pantika, or Traditions of the most Ancient Times," a work of imagination, certainly the most ambitious, and not the least successful, though not the least popular of all Mr. Howitt's many admirable productions. But its design, its materials and execution are altogether so different from every other work of the Howitts, that its claims will be more appropriately considered under the head of "Mrs. Shelley and the imaginative romance writers," in Vol. II. of the present work.

The publication of the "History of Priestcraft" may be said to have driven our author from Nottingham. Till then he lived in great privacy; but this volume discovered to his townsmen that he possessed political opinions. He appeared then as the advocate of popular rights, and in that town there is a considerable portion of the population which has always been greatly in want of zealous and able leaders. These seized on Mr. Howitt as a champion unexpectedly found. He was in a manner forced at once, and contrary to his habits and inclination, into public life. He was called upon to arrange and address public meetings. He was made an alderman of the borough, and looked to as the advocate of all popular measures. It was found that, although unused to public speaking, he possessed a vehement eloquence which excited his hearers to enthusiasm, and carried them according to his will. A speech of his in the Town Hall, on some Irish question, in which he introduced some remarks on O'Connell, so agitated his hearers, that they simultaneously announced their determination to invite O'Connell to a public dinner, which they forthwith did. It was hoped by the people of Nottingham that they had found a man amply capable and willing to advocate their interests; but this was not the life which Mr. Howitt had marked out for himself. No sphere could have afforded a greater opportunity of doing good to his fellow-men than the one he now occupied, but to do that it required an independent fortune. Mr. Howitt's was limited; and finding his time and energies wholly absorbed by extraneous circumstances, he deemed it his duty to his children to withdraw to a more secluded place of residence. He therefore removed to

Esher, in Surrey, a place which gave him the fullest retirement, in a beautiful country, while it afforded a ready communication with the metropolis. There he resided some years.

Before leaving Nottingham, his fellow-townsmen, in a very numerous public meeting, voted him a silver inkstand, as an appropriate testimony of their esteem; and, before settling at Esher, he and Mrs. Howitt made another excursion into the North of England, Scotland, and the Western Isles, traversing the most interesting portions of their journey again on foot. They spent a short time with Mr. Wordsworth and his family at Rydal, and in Edinburgh made the personal acquaintance of most of the literary and eminent characters there. Mr. Howitt also attended a dinner given by the city of Edinburgh to the poet Campbell, and being requested to give as a toast "the English poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Moore," he took the opportunity of pressing on the attention of that brilliant company, that if toasting poets did them honor, the true way to serve them was to secure them their "copyright."

During Mr. Howitt's residence at Esher, he published the "Rural Life of England," having previously traversed the country literally from the Land's End to the Scottish borders, to make himself intimately acquainted with the manners and mode of life of the rural population. The work is eminently popular; and while it is full of the kindly and cheerful spirit of the "Book of the Seasons," has yet higher claims to public favor even than that most pleasant work, from the more exalted nature of its subjects, and the enlightened and philosophical views which it takes of society generally.

In 1838, Mr. Howitt published a work entitled "Colonization and Christianity," a popular history of the treatment of the natives by the Europeans in all their colonies; a work which proves that the writer's philanthropic sympathy is not confined to any race or nation, and unfolds a dark chapter in the history of human nature, and which could hardly fail to produce the most extensive and beneficial effects. In fact, the reading of this volume led Mr. Joseph Pease, Jr. immediately to establish "The British India Society," in which the zealous exertions of Mr. Pease have mainly contributed to the adoption of a new policy by the East India Company, pregnant with the most important benefits to this country;—to the liberation of all their slaves, no less than ten millions in number, and to the cultivation of cotton, sugar, and other tropical articles for our market, by which, if continued, not only will the poor population of India be employed, but the manufacturing millions of our

own country too, by the constant demand for our manufactured goods; of which every year already brings the most striking and cheering evidences.

Soon after this Mr. Howitt published a little book, which has gladdened many a fireside, called "The Boys' Country Book," a genuine life of a country boy—being evidently his own life. The Boys' Country Book was followed by "Visits to Remarkable places, Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of striking Passages in English History and Poetry." This book was received with enthusiasm; and though an expensive work, had a large sale, and was followed by a second volume. These works soon found a host of imitators, and have had the beneficial effect of reminding the public of the valuable stores of historic and poetic interest scattered over the whole face of our noble country. Mrs. Howitt's attention had for years been turned to works for the young. They were written for the amusement and benefit of her own children, and being tested by the actual approbation of this little domestic auditory, were afterwards published and received with equal applause by the young wherever the English language extends. Up to this period she had issued;—The Sketches of Natural History.—Tales in Verse; and Tales in Prose.—Birds and Flowers.—Hymns and Fireside Verses. The popularity of these works induced a publisher (Mr. Tegg) to propose to Mrs. Howitt to write for him a series of "Tales for the People and their Children;" of which ten volumes have already appeared, namely;—1. Strive and Thrive.—2. Hope on, Hope ever.—3. Sowing and Reaping.—4. Who shall be Greatest?—5. Which is the Wiser?—6. Little Coin much Care.—7. Work and Wages.—8. Alice Franklin.—9. Love and Money. These volumes have never been introduced to the public by reviews, and it seems to be a system of Mr. Tegg's never to send copies to reviews; nevertheless they have had a vast circulation, and are scattered all over America in six-penny reprints. They are in themselves a little juvenile library of the most interesting narratives, full of goodness of heart, and sincere moral principles. Translations of "Birds and Flowers" are in progress both in German and Polish, and all the works of William and Mary Howitt are immediately reprinted and extensively circulated in America.

Having resided about three years at Esher, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt quitted England for a sojourn in Germany. They had for some time had their attention drawn to German literature; and the alleged advantages attending education in Germany, made them resolve to judge for themselves. Attracted by the beauty of the scenery, they took up their head quarters at Heidelberg, where

their children could steadily pursue their education. Thence, at different times, they visited nearly every part, and every large city of Germany, assiduously exerting themselves by social intercourse with the people, as well as by study, to make themselves particularly familiar with the manners, spirit, and literature of that great and varied nation. During upwards of three years thus spent, with the exception of Mrs. Howitt's continuing the series of "Tales for the People," and editing "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," which was put into her hands on the decease of L. E. L. English literature was now abandoned for the continuous study of the German. The result on Mr. Howitt's part was the translation of a work written expressly for him, "The Student-Life of Germany," containing the most famous songs and music of the German students. This volume, which was vehemently attacked by some of our own newspapers, nevertheless, received from the principal journals of Germany, the highest testimonies of accuracy and mastership of translation, and led to numerous applications on the part of German publishers for translations of works into English, as books for the use of students of English, one only of which, however, Mr. Howitt found time to undertake,—the fanciful story of Peter Schlemm, since published by Schrag of Nurnberg. After three years' abode and observation, Mr. Howitt published his "Social and Rural Life of Germany," which was at once well received here, and reprinted in Germany with the assertion of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," the first critical journal of Germany, of its being the most accurate account of that country ever written by a foreigner.

Perhaps, however, as concerns the English public, the most important consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt's sojourn in Germany is that they had their attention there turned to the language and literature of the North of Europe. They had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with an excellent and highly accomplished English family who had spent many years in Sweden, and were enthusiastic lovers of its literature. With them they immediately commenced the study of Swedish, and were so much charmed with its affinity, both in form and spirit to the English, that they pursued it with great avidity. The first results have been the introduction of the prose tales of Frederika Bremer, by Mrs. Howitt, to our knowledge;—a new era in our reading world. These charming works, so distinguished by their natural domestic interest, their faithful delineations, their true spirit of kindness, poetical feeling, good sense, and domestic harmony and affection, have pro-

duced a sensation unequalled as a series since the issue of the Waverly novels, and in cheap reprints have been circulated through every class and corner of America. The rapidity with which, from various circumstances, it has been requisite to produce these translations, has, we understand, made it necessary, though appearing as a lady's work entirely in Mrs. Howitt's name, that both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt should latterly unite all their activity in translating, correcting, and passing them through the press.

The Howitts are enthusiastic lovers of their literary pursuits, and anxious to educate their children in the best possible manner, and therefore live a retired and domestic life. Though belonging to the Society of Friends, and attached to its great principles of civil, moral, and religious liberty, they have long ago abandoned its peculiarities; and in manners, dress, and language

belong only to the world. For the honor of literature we may safely say, that amongst the many consolatory proofs in modern times of how much literature may contribute to the happiness of life, the case of the Howitts is one of the most striking. The love of literature was the origin of their acquaintance, its pursuit has been the hand-in-hand bond of the most perfect happiness of a long married life; and we may further add, for the honor of womanhood, that while our authoress sends forth her delightful works in unbroken succession, to the four quarters of the globe, William Howitt has been heard to declare that he will challenge any woman, be she who she may, who never wrote a line, to match his good woman in the able management of a large household, at the same time that she fills her own little world of home with the brightness of her own heart and spirit.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.—As a class, it may be said of them, that authors, of all other men, are least men of the world; or, to express what is meant more clearly, are men who do not understand the world sufficiently well to enter into it and act upon the common plane of business. This is seen in the result of nearly every effort of literary men to do business of any kind; which, in nine cases in ten, proves a failure. The reason is obvious. The man who writes, must, necessarily, come into an abstract state of thought, accompanied by more or less excitement and elevation of mind. The time during which this continues is irregular, and depends, as well upon the state of bodily health, as upon the nature of the subject, and the intensity with which the mind considers it. On the subsidence of this state, ensues a species of mental lassitude. A condition of mind in which there is no disposition to effort. When in this state, nothing can be more irksome than the dry, systematic details of ordinary trade. The mind will not come down to them; or, if it does, the task is a tiresome and disgusting one. Of course, business must suffer and fall into disorder, if its success depends upon a man who is thus irregular, or reluctant in his attendance upon it. For a time, while business is new, and the end for which it is entered upon is active in the mind, even the literary man may pursue it with order and vigor. But, in the very nature of things, he must, sooner or later, reject

it from causes just mentioned. His affections cannot remain permanently in it.

Now, as publishing is a branch of trade, it is obvious that an author, for reasons just mentioned, cannot be a successful publisher, and the attempts of authors to become their own publishers, must necessarily fail. We have been led to remark upon this subject from the fact, that an American author who has occupied the attention of the public for some years, has recently started upon the plan of issuing his own works, and thus cutting himself loose from publishers; and from the fact, that another author of distinction, not long since issued a kind of manifesto on the subject, setting forth that an author could very easily secure to himself the profits obtained by publishers, by printing his own works, and selling them to the trade. As a settled rule of action, thus, we hesitate not to say, is an erroneous one, and of course not founded in a rational view of the relation and dependence of all things to and upon each other. In particular cases, where a publisher cannot be found to undertake a work on equitable terms, and the author has the means of issuing it himself, and a fair prospect of getting it into market, it may be done. But, as a general thing, the author cannot be altogether independent of the publisher. And this, because the latter is constantly making arrangements, and procuring facilities for the extensive dissemination of whatever comes into his hands. This he can do in conse-

quence of the number of books issued from his press. For he is thus enabled to divide among each the expense of transportation, etc. which would, on a single book, be enormously high. His capital, enables him to manufacture books, and send them away to his customers in all parts of the country, and then wait six or nine months for the proceeds of sales. These two advantages cannot be possessed, in combination, by any author; and, it is as well that they should not be—for, if his mind were to be so fully occupied with extensive arrangements as to be able to carry them out successfully, he would have little time or inclination for authorship. The thing would defeat itself.

The statement of a single fact, will, in part, illustrate this matter. Certain authors among us, unable, in the present diminished price of books in the lighter walks of literature, to get publishers to divide with them the small profits on cheap works, are at present engaged, compulsorily, in printing at their own cost and selling to the trade. Two thousand or twenty-five hundred is usually as large an edition as they can get off.—the reason is, they cannot, in the nature of things, possess facilities for extensively circulating, in all parts of the country, what they publish. At the same time, the houses of Harper & Brothers, Lea & Blanchard, Carey & Hart, and other extensive establishments are issuing and selling editions of five and six thousands of works, no more readable or interesting to the public. These they obtain from England, or have translations made of French or German works, at a cost below what an author would require for an original book.

To separate from, and declare himself independent of such houses, is, for an author, the greatest folly. To be compelled to publish himself, he should consider an evil; for, in doing so, he will clog his mind, diminish his profits, and restrict the circulation of his works. Let him rather bend all the faculties of his mind towards the attainment of a higher perfection in his art, and then he will be more certain to command public favor, and, of course, all the facilities by which the public mind is approached. And this is what every author owes to his country—to the world.

A good deal has been said about the enormous profits made by publishers, and their systematic oppression of authors. There are numerous instances advanced in evidence of this assertion. These, make, however, we are inclined to think, the exception and not the rule. Very certain are we, from our knowledge of book-making operations in this country, that American authors have no great cause of complaint on this score. Still,

there are instances, even here, where a manuscript has been purchased at a moderate price, upon which heavy profits have been made. But these form only the exceptions, as we have said, not the rule. As a general thing, American authors, whose talents cause the public to demand their works, arrange with their publishers for a fixed per centage on all sales. Than this, nothing can be fairer. The interest, then, is mutual, permanent, and runs side by side. Yet, many instances have occurred in which an author, rating both himself and his productions by a high standard, has induced a publisher to undertake a work. The latter has assumed all the cost and risk of getting it out, but when the work is thrown into market it will not sell; or only to a limited extent. At the end of six months the author comes for his share of the profits on many thousands, and finds, much to his disappointment and mortification, that only a few hundred copies have been sold. After this, he is too apt to abuse both the publisher and the public, when the fault, probably, lies in himself. It is useless for such individuals to quarrel with the public, as they too often do, and assert that a good work cannot be understood and appreciated. The many good works, of which large editions have sold, and are still selling, leaves this assertion to rest upon its own proper basis.

On the subject of authors turning publishers of their own works, light is thrown by common experience and common sense, as shown in the various operations of business. In division of labor, it is seen, lies the great secret of perfection. The greater the sub-division, the higher the order attained. Apply this to the two distinct callings of author and publisher. Blend them—let one man pursue both, and both halt; both remain in a low and feeble state. But separate them. Let the author never come down into the annoying, perplexing sphere of business, nor the publisher rise into that excited, abstract state in which the author dwells while in the fervor of composition, and each will do his work well. That this is the true relation which the author and publisher should hold to each other, will be seen in the fact that it insures to each a high degree of excellence. The author can write better, and the publisher can sell more books.

POETRY, THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

When the heart feels deeply, its language is poetry. The editor of the "New Spirit of the Age," a work from which we take the fine article on William and Mary Howitt to be found in this number of our magazine, gives a striking instance of this. Every one who has read "The Old Curiosity Shop," remembers the funeral of

little Nell; but few have noticed that portions of it are written in pure blank verse, as the following will show :—

"A curious circumstance is observable in a great portion of the scenes last mentioned, which it is possible may have been the result of harmonious accident, and the author not even subsequently fully conscious of it. It is that they are written in blank verse, of irregular metre and rhythms, which Southey and Shelley, and some other poets have occasionally adopted. The passage properly divided into lines, will stand thus :—

NELLY'S FUNERAL.

And now the bell—the bell
She had so often heard by night and day,
And listened to with solemn pleasure,
E'en as a living voice—
Rung its remorseless toll for her,
So young, so beautiful, and good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
Poured forth—on crutches in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing—
Grandames, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
The palsied,
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave.
What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still could crawl and creep above it!
Along the crowded path they bore her now;
Pure as the new-fallen snow
That covered it: whose day on earth
Had been as fleeting.
Under that porch, where she had sat, when Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the old church
Received her in its quiet shade!

"Throughout the whole of the above only two unimportant words have been omitted,—*in* and *its*; "grandames" has been substituted for grandmothers," and "e'en" for "almost." All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma. The brief homily that concludes the funeral is profoundly beautiful.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart
The lesson that such deaths will teach,
But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn,
And is a mighty, universal truth.
When death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it
Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

"Not a word of the original is changed in the above quotation, which is worthy of the best passages in Wordsworth, and thus, meeting on the

common ground of a deeply truthful sentiment, the two most unlike men in the literature of the country are brought into the closest approximation. Something of a similar kind of versification in the prose may be discovered in Chap. 77 of "Barnaby Rudge." The following is from the concluding paragraph of "Nicholas Nickleby :"—

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
Trodden by feet so small and light,
That not a daisy drooped its head
Beneath their pressure.
Through all the spring and summer-time
Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
Reated upon the stone."

A NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence a new volume of the "Ladies' Magazine," in the external appearance of which our readers will notice a marked improvement. The beautiful illuminated design for the cover is the work of Mr. Crome one of the most tasteful designers in the city. It is very beautiful. The type upon which the number is printed is new, and the paper fine and white. As to the literary contents, we think there is not a paper that does not possess more than ordinary interest. The article with which the number opens is a fine specimen of German sentiment and feeling. In matters of the heart, there is about the Germans something chastely beautiful. English and French love stories are too apt to degenerate into voluptuousness, or sensuality, but the German love tale is generally pure as maiden innocence itself. We have been able we think, to open a vein in the German that will yield our readers a rich supply. "The Coppersmith" from Madame De Genlis, is well conceived and executed with the tact and taste that characterizes the author. The translation is an excellent one. Other articles might be particularized, but it is unnecessary. We commend the whole number to the reader's attention.

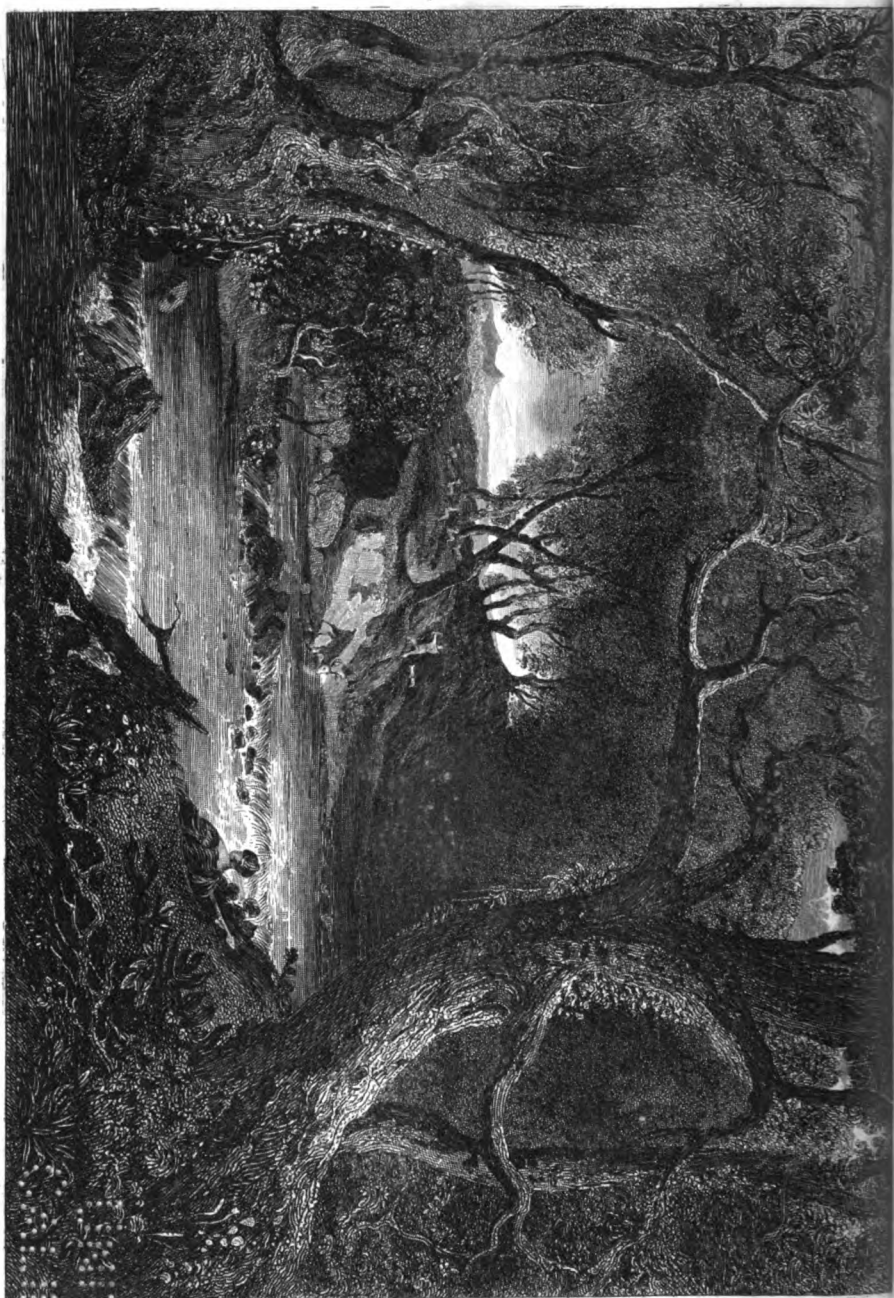
While on the subject of our opening number, we would take occasion to say, that our effort is always directed towards making every number of our work good—the last, as well as the first of a volume. A reference to that which has just closed will show this.

Our embellishments, we trust, will be more acceptable, than when a fashion plate formed one. We have given a sweet head, and a beautiful landscape. The rounded, softened outlines of the "Young Artist" cannot fail to be appreciated—while the morning scene is thoroughly good—the cattle are so true to nature that any person can tell to what class they belong; some that we occasionally see require to be labelled to insure the looker on from mistake.

1919

LANSING AND THE TOWN OF STAG.

Engraved by H. G. W. G.



39

1929



Drawn by H. Carpentier

Engraved by J. Thomson

THESEUS AND MENESTHES
FROM A GROUP BY WESTMACOTT

18

1940 1941
1942 1943

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1844.



For Arthur's Magazine.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL FRIENDS.

Translated from the French.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

THE ties of friendship, strong in childhood and youth, are often weakened by the advance of age. Riches and rank, adversity and misfortune, quickly establish a difference of position between those who were for a long time upon the same level. It is extremely mortifying to the pride to meet with a friend, very cordial in his manner, whose exterior announces indigence. Strong and generous minds, only, are capable of unchanging friendship. To such, the attainment of a high rank creates a warmer desire for the society of old friends, and they, alone, experience the sweet pleasure, reserved for true greatness, of hearing the remark:

"He remains unchanged by fortune, and is, indeed, worthy of all the happiness which he enjoys and all the applause he receives."

Emily Valrive and Celine Dorval were pupils, from a very early age, at the same boarding school. The congeniality of their minds naturally drew them towards each other and bound them together by that pure and lively sentiment which is awakened in such souls by the enjoyment together

of the first pleasures and the sweet exchange of the first secrets.

Emily was the daughter of a celebrated lawyer who, by his talents and labors, had contributed much to the prosperity of the nation. The father of Celine was a distinguished man of letters, who, simple and modest, an enemy to literary coteries, and satisfied with an independence, devoted himself to labor for the improvement of his fellow beings. He desired no rank, and, satisfied with his success as an author, found his greatest delight in his love for and study of the arts. The two young friends, on an equality as regarded fortune and position in society, were bound the more closely to each other by the pleasure they experienced in being able to name the authors of their existence with respect and honor. Whilst the father of Emily renewed, at the tribune, laws too long forgotten, and attempted to re-establish the warm social feeling and ancient splendor of France, the father of Celine disseminated in his writings, those regenerating moral principles which could not be without a good effect upon society.

Emily and Celine were inseparable; they pursued the same studies and cultivated the same talents. The success of one, in obtaining any of the prizes which were offered for the purpose of exciting emulation, was as grateful to the other as if it had been awarded to herself. Their attachment was carried to such an extent, that, permitted by their parents to do so, they even dressed alike. Neither possessed a gown, a jewel, or the simplest ribbon, which the other did not have also. It seemed, indeed, as if they had been formed by nature to be friends, for there was considerable resemblance in their features, manner and tone of voice.

This tender attachment, which increased in strength each day, was, previously to their leaving school, more strongly cemented by a newly awakened sentiment of gratitude on the part of Emily. She had a serious attack of fever, by which her life was endangered; and although all around her were very attentive, she owed her recovery, in a great measure, to the unwearied watching of Celine, who remained night and day at her bedside. This circumstance bound the two maidens more closely together, and the one experienced the same happiness in being able to say "I have saved thee!" as the other in incessantly repeating, "I owe to thee my life!"

They lived in this intimacy as long as they remained at the school, promising themselves to leave it on the same day. This period was nearer than they thought. Emily's father, whose talents and signal services rendered him, at this time, one of the most distinguished men in the nation, was called to an eminent post, and elevated at once to all the dignities and honors which his virtue merited. Obligated to leave his modest domicile to occupy a rich house, necessary to enable him to fill that social position into which his new office introduced him, he wished to have his only daughter again near him. Emily was sixteen years of age, and, in consequence of the healthy emulation which her friendship with Celine had excited, her naturally good mind was so well cultivated, that her parents did not hesitate to take her from the happy home of her youth. Celine, who would have found a life at the school insupportable after the departure of a friend with whom she had so long been intimate, begged permission of her parents to allow her to return home also, and the two inseparables left together.

They had so long breathed the same atmosphere, partaken of the same food, and enjoyed together the same pleasures, that the thought of the comparatively great separation which they must now endure, although they were to live in the same city where they might meet daily if they chose,

caused them to shed some bitter tears, and their protestations of deep regard, and vows of never ending love for each other came from the inmost depths of their pure hearts. Who could have convinced them at this moment that time can throw his chilling influences around the warmest souls?

When Emily arrived at her father's hotel, she found a splendid suit of rooms prepared for her; there was a chamber, a boudoir and a library, the furniture of each after the latest fashion. In the chamber was a splendidly carved mahogany bedstead with curtains of embroidered muslin; a round *sonno*, with a fine white marble top, upon which was a porcelain vase containing a rose bush now in full bloom; a secretary with columns of citron wood richly bronzed; and chairs of corresponding beauty. Upon the chimney-piece was a fine clock, representing Sappho, playing upon the harp, on each side of which was a vase of rich exotics. In the library was a collection of the best authors, uniformly and splendidly bound; a rich toned piano of the best manufacture, with a fine selection of music from the latest operas, and from the best masters. On the opposite side of the room was a mahogany easel, a box of colors, and many large morocco porte-feuilles filled with the rarest engravings. As for the boudoir, it was really a fairy temple; the light was softened by coming through rose colored gauze, and produced an enchanting effect. From the middle of the ceiling, which represented the sky, was suspended a richly carved alabaster lamp bespangled with golden stars. Divans of grey Chinese silk were arranged around and in the centre of the room was a tea-table, the top of which was an exquisite mosaic; upon it was placed a beautiful service of pure porcelain. Emily's mother had arranged this apartment in which she had collected all that opulence, prompted by a blind affection for her daughter, could procure.

Celine occupied a single chamber, its principal attraction consisting in the neatness by which it was characterized. A plain cherry bedstead, with simple white muslin curtains, a little secretary, upon which was placed the terrestrial and celestial globes, containing a few choice authors, a little sofa made of a light wood and covered with blue Utrecht velvet, a writing table, and a half-dozen straw bottom chairs, made up all the furniture of this unpretending apartment. All the ornaments of the chimney-piece consisted of two vases of plain old porcelain, filled with simple but beautiful flowers, gathered from M. Dorval's little garden. The wall, covered with a cheap but neat paper, was hung round with designs from the dramatic works of Celine's father,

whose portrait hung on the one side of the chimney-piece, the other being occupied by that of Emily.

A few days after the young friends were installed in their respective apartments, Emily, impatient that Celine should see the splendor in which she lived, called upon her. She showed toward her the same warmth of manner, the same tenderness which she had displayed on parting, and after spending a few minutes at M. Dorval's, almost forced Celine to accompany her home to dinner, where she was cordially received by Emily's father. They had hardly arrived when Emily conducted her friend to her chamber, pointing out with an evident satisfaction all its beauties, then to the boudoir with its delicious twilight, and then to the library. Celine was struck with the beauty of all she saw, congratulated her companion upon the richness and elegance which surrounded her, but without any great degree of enthusiasm, or evincing any desire to possess such luxuries herself. Of all the objects she saw, those which most attracted her attention were the fine piano and the elegant selection of music. With what pleasure did she execute the many morceaux which she there found, and with what satisfaction, for she was devotedly fond of music, did she turn over the works of the most celebrated composers. Whilst thus engaged a servant announced that dinner was served, and Emily with difficulty drew Celine from her intoxicating employment, surprised that the splendors of her apartments did not produce a greater effect, and feeling, for the first time a want of sympathy in her friend.

After dinner was over, she proposed to Celine a ride to the Bois de Boulogne in their calèche with her mother.

"Oh, I will go very willingly," said Celine naively. "I have never ridden in a calèche and it will be quite a treat to me; but," added she, "I am dressed very simply, and after the agreement we have made to dress alike I shall see you compelled to appear in this resort of all the fashionable people of Paris, in the simple habiliments which I wear."

"Oh no matter," stammered Emily, reddening in spite of herself, "I claim—I mean, I will be faithful to the compact we have made, and go to make a toilet similar to yours."

She soon appeared in a calico frock without ornaments, a muslin kerchief, a straw hat tied with a simple white ribbon, cotton stockings, black prunella shoes and a white woollen shawl. They entered the vehicle, and were soon whirling round the beautiful roads of the Bois de Boulogne, where they were evidently taken for two school-girls. This excursion deeply mortified

Emily's pride, but she hid her chagrin, and, whilst returning with Celine to her father, loaded her with caresses, frequently assuring her that nothing could lessen the warm affection she entertained for her.

One day some time after this ride, having made many calls with her mother, Emily stopped to see Celine who, in her turn, begged her friend to spend the day and evening with her.

"I cannot, it is true," said she, "offer you a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, but I propose that we attend this evening the first performance of an opera by one of our most celebrated composers."

Emily with the consent of her mother accepted the invitation, avowing that she would enjoy herself much more than she had done at the Bois de Boulogne, where she confessed she was not much amused. But a new difficulty here met the two friends; Emily, who had been paying visits of ceremony, was splendidly attired, whilst Celine was dressed in her usual simple manner, and had nothing in her wardrobe that would compare with the rich clothing of her friend. It was necessary then that the brilliant Emily should renounce her rich toilet, which now began to afford a great degree of pleasure, and assume the plain dress of her friend, who, thinking as she did, that nothing should be sufficient to break the sacred compact into which they had entered, set herself good naturedly to work to prepare for Emily a dress similar to her own.

She had already laid out a calico gown and muslin kerchief, when M. Dorval, who was a close observer, perceiving the mortification of Emily which she was unable entirely to conceal, remarked, adroitly, to his daughter, that it was impossible now that they lived separately in the world to preserve all the habits which they had contracted at school. Then addressing her friend in an affectionate tone:

"I can readily imagine, mademoiselle," said he, "how much it costs you to break the engagement you have made with my daughter; but the high rank to which your father has, deservedly, been elevated, will no longer allow you to preserve this uniform costume. It will be necessary for you always to descend to Celine, who cannot, possibly, in her dress, aspire to an equality with yourself, and, where there is not an equality of sacrifices, there can no longer be any pleasure. Take my advice, disengage yourselves from this agreement, and let your friendship consist, henceforth, not in a similarity of clothing, but in the purity and warmth of your affection for each other."

Emily was rejoiced at these observations of M. Dorval, but she dared not be the first to acquiesce in what she so much desired. Celine, convinced

of their justice, took the hand of her friend, and with a sweetness mingled with dignity, said :

"It is for me to cancel an agreement which requires all the sacrifices to come from you. I absolve you, then, from your promise, my dear Emily, satisfied that, in the richest as well as in the most simple habiliments, I shall always find the friend of my childhood."

Emily replied by pressing Celine in her arms and kissing her warmly. They started for the opera, not in an elegant carriage, but in a hackney coach, which did not move along very easily, and the two friends appeared in public, for the first time, differently dressed.

The unaccustomed restraint to which Emily was subjected in her new mode of life, caused her to find relief and pleasure in the society of her gentle and modest friend, with whom she frequently passed whole days.

"Truly," said she, on one of these occasions to Celine, "your chamber, although simple and unpretending, is a delightful place."

"Your portrait, dear Emily," replied her friend, is not to me the least attractive ornament. It is an exact resemblance, and I often surprise myself with my eyes fixed attentively upon it—it almost seems as if it smiled upon me at such times and were ready to speak."

"Then I will write upon the frame what I could wish it to say for me," said Emily with emotion; "you remember that it was taken a short time after I recovered from the dangerous illness with which I was attacked at school."

And she traced upon it the words :

"I owe to thee, dear Celine, my life!"

Celine was deeply touched, and unable to restrain her emotion, cried,

"No! dear Emily, nothing can ever break the firm ties which bind us together."

M. Dorval, who was a witness to this deep and sincere outpouring of the heart, believed, for a moment, that he had mistaken the character of Emily, and flattered himself that his daughter still preserved her friend. He was soon undeceived, but wishing to allow Celine herself, who was blindly attached to her friend, to perceive the evidences, daily becoming more apparent, of the estrangement of Emily, said nothing to her with regard to his suspicions. An occasion, however, soon offered which proved to Celine that her dearly cherished friend had lost that affectionate regard she once entertained for her. The friends saw each other less frequently, and Emily, although up to this time their visits had been exchanged without ceremony, now required Celine to inform her, previously, of the days on which she might expect to see her.

"As we receive company every evening,"

said Emily, one day, "you must come to me in the morning, my dear Celine; it is the only time we can enjoy, uninterruptedly, each other's society. The fashionable world gives employment to almost every moment of my time : so you must come in the morning, my dear, at our breakfast hour."

Celine, always unsuspicious and confiding, took pleasure in conforming to the wishes of her friend, and came still less frequently to see her for fear of encroaching upon her time, but even when she did call rarely found Emily at home. She could not help perceiving, at last, however, the restraint and embarrassment that Emily felt in her society, and which in spite of her dissimulation she could not entirely conceal. Too sensitive not to feel this change deeply, but too proud to complain of it, she remained silent, and determined to hazard a last proof of the regard of her former friend. Emily had, for some time, ceased to invite Celine to dine with her at any time when company was expected to assemble at her father's house. Celine had, at first, attributed this forgetfulness to the effect of the confusion consequent upon the fashionable life she led, but, wishing to ascertain her true motives, she determined to go the next Wednesday, at which time she knew, M. Valrive usually gave an entertainment, without informing Emily of her intention. She dressed herself in her most simple clothing and, accompanied by an old domestic, went to the house of her friend to whom she said on entering :

"My father and mother were compelled to be absent from home to-day, and I have come, my dear Emily, to dine with you."

"I am very glad to see you," replied Emily, reddening at the deceit, and completing at the moment a most brilliant toilette, "but we shall have with us, to-day, a great number of fashionable and distinguished guests."

"Of what consequence is that, my friend? I shall be near to you."

"To be sure, but then etiquette compels us to be reserved in the presence of these great men; we shall hardly be able to exchange a single word. But, excuse me a moment. I will go and tell my mother of your arrival, the better——"

And without finishing the sentence, she left the amazed Celine more than half convinced that pride and fortune had estranged Emily from her and that she no longer had a friend. Emily went to her mother, and told her that her dear Celine had come, but without being prepared, and did not desire to make her appearance in so imposing an assemblage, as was expected to dinner. She begged that their dinner might be served in her own apartment, as she had determined not to

appear at the public table preferring, rather, to enjoy the society of her old friend. Returning to Celine, she told her that her mother, fearing she would be embarrassed to appear in her simple dress at a repast of so much ceremony where she was entirely unacquainted with any persons, proposed to have a quiet dinner served up at a more reasonable hour, in her own chamber.

Celine read, very plainly, in the eyes of Emily, the truth, that she had no other end in view in making this proposal than to avoid presenting to her fashionable acquaintances, the simple and modestly dressed daughter of a man of letters. Her first impulse was to leave the house immediately, but she had dismissed her domestic, and M. Valrive's people were so much occupied that she would have been compelled to go home alone. Desirous, too, of pushing this proof of Emily's friendship to the end, she, upon a moment's reflection feigned to believe what had been said and accepted the proposition. Emily, who was really anxious to be rid of her old friend that she might join the company, whose society she now so much preferred, ordered the servant to bring up their dinner at a very early hour. About four o'clock a dish of rice soup was brought up and deposited upon the little *sommo*, near which Emily drew her chair, and calling upon Celine to follow her example spread a napkin upon her knees on which she placed her plate of soup. As the usual dinner hour was six o'clock, the meal of our friends was composed of the remains of the preceding day's repast. After the soup, came, successively in consequence of the small size of the table on which there was not room for all the dishes at one time, the remains of a fowl, two cold, tough larks, an artichoke with oil, and some sour cream. The dessert which followed was of the same character.

Celine, whose natural sensibility combatted strongly for some moments with her indignation, restrained her feelings with much difficulty. She ate little, and scarcely dared to trust herself to raise her eyes to those of Emily who made use of every pretext to hasten this meagre repast in the hope that Celine would then return home, and leave her at liberty to make her appearance at the table with her father's guests. Celine felt that all the ties which had bound them to each other were now for ever ruptured; and, pretending a slight indisposition, returned to her home accompanied by one of the maids. She was deeply grieved at the treatment of Emily. When she reached her chamber, her suppressed feelings gave way in a flood of tears. She cast her eyes upon the portrait of Emily which still hung in its place, and shuddered to think of the great change which had taken place as she read once more the inscrip-

tion "I owe to thee, dear Celine my life," traced by the hand of her former friend upon the frame, and almost involuntarily added these words: "And yet I have outraged thee!"

Her father entered the chamber at the moment her trembling hand had completed the new inscription, and he at once perceived, from the distressed appearance of Celine, who was still weeping, that something had occurred to develop the selfishness he felt satisfied reigned supreme in the heart of Emily. On questioning his daughter with regard to her distress, she detailed to him all that had occurred at M. Valrive's.

"I am not at all surprised at this," said he. "It is rarely we find those in the world who are able, to resist the tendency of elevation and opulence, to estrange their hearts from pure and unselfish love."

"Ah! who would have believed," cried Celine, with her eyes still fixed upon the portrait, "that one with such a deep expression of sweet and touching gratitude depicted in her countenance, could have thus outraged the feelings of a friend who loved her."

"If they had only given you a good dinner;" said M. Dorval laughing, "but two tough old larks and the sour cream, were too bad,—it would be a sad consummation of this friendship if it were to be the cause of your death by indigestion. But, my dear Celine, disappointments like the one of to-day, which so much affects you, I have experienced more than once in my life. Friends are like fortune, whose car they so closely follow, more easily won than retained."

Emily, who had observed the expression of chagrin, which Celine, in spite of her efforts could not entirely conceal, was not deceived by the sudden indisposition which had been the pretext to leave, and feeling some twinges of conscience, sent her *femme-de-chambre* early the next morning, to enquire after her health. Celine replied coldly to her enquiries that she was much better, but that the hastily swallowed dinner of the preceding day had, in some degree, disordered her stomach. Emily was convinced, when this reply was reported to her, that Celine had been wounded by her conduct, and called some days after with her mother, for the purpose of dissipating what she regarded as a passing cloud. Celine was occupied in her father's study when the ladies were announced. She begged him not to say any thing which would lead to an explanation, ran to her chamber and, taking down Emily's portrait, with the second inscription, put it aside in a closet. So habituated to fulfil the offices of friendship, and indulgent and generous as she was she entirely forgot, at this moment, the outrage she had experienced. Emily was never more condescending

and tender. No allusion was, at first, made to the unpleasant circumstance which had occurred but profiting by a moment when her mother, who was a woman of intelligence, was closely engaged in conversation with M. Dorval, she drew Celine into her chamber that she might have a particular explanation.

"You left our house very hastily, the other day my dear," said she.

"I did not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of appearing at the dinner table and assisting your mother to do the honors of the house," replied Celine.

"I hope you were not offended with her because of the proposition to take dinner with me in my own apartment."

"Oh no! believe me, I know better how to render justice to your excellent mother. I was so simply dressed, that, in truth, I was not prepared to appear in such a company."

"Ah! you do not know of what a weight this assurance relieves me," replied Emily with an appearance of feeling. "But I no longer see my portrait over your mantel piece."

"It has become stained; I took it down this morning, and shall not replace it till the stain is removed."

"I hope you will soon be enabled to restore it to its place, my dearest Celine," said Emily. "It is a great pleasure to me to know that it will bring me more frequently before the mind of my friend, and keep alive in her heart the tender memory of our happy school-days, one of the dearest occurrences of which, to me, is commemorated on the frame of this portrait."

"Ah yes!" replied Celine "I often think of those happy hours."

"They are delightful reminiscences to me—but, Celine, what is the matter? you appear thoughtful and abstracted."

"You know that the twenty-fourth is my father's birth day, on which occasion it is his custom to have at his house a reunion of men of letters, artists and intelligent ladies. Preparation for this fete has necessarily given me much to do and to think of. But you forget that we have left your mother alone with papa, and, although I am sure she will not be wearied of his society, I should not like to keep her waiting for you."

The two young ladies returned to the parlor, where Emily attempted to sustain a lively part in the conversation, but not with sufficient success to remove the impression from the mind of M. Dorval, that the outrage Celine had suffered was to be attributed entirely to Emily, for, he was satisfied that her parents had too much true polite-

ness and good sense to wish to exclude his daughter from their table.

When Emily returned home, and reflected upon her cool and formal reception by Celine, she could not help perceiving that the dinner in her chamber on the fete-day had not entirely passed from the remembrance of the latter. She could not help feeling pained at heart when she reflected upon her treatment of the sincere and affectionate Celine, and determined to seize this occasion of M. Dorval's birth-day fete to remove from her mind every trace of her just indignation, by attempting to prove to her that she did not regard any distinction of position in society. She acquainted her parents that she had been invited by M. and Madame Dorval, to attend the reunion at their house on the twenty-fourth. When the day arrived she made a simple but elegant toilette, and without having acquainted Celine with her intention, surprised the latter by her unexpected appearance.

"The fete of your father," said she, in an affectionate tone, "cannot be indifferent to me, and I have come to share with you, my dear Celine, the cares and pleasures of this happy day."

Celine, although somewhat confounded, allowed Emily to embrace her, and could not help returning her caresses. She then went to announce the arrival of Emily to her parents.

"What!" asked M. Dorval. "She has come to dine with you?"

"Yes!" replied Celine, "but she comes with so much grace and with such a touching affability that she entirely disarms me."

"I am not surprised that the remains of your former affection should make you feel thus leniently toward her, but at the same time, I am sure you know too well, what is due to yourself to hesitate to give to the proud and selfish Emily, the lesson she merits, and which will, doubtless, be a useful one to her. Return to your chamber and leave all to me."

As soon as his daughter had left the room, M. Dorval called an old and faithful domestic and said to him:

"Could you not, Joseph, procure me two old and tough larks, roasted yesterday, or the day before?"

"What in the world does monsieur wish with such a delicate morsel?" asked Joseph.

"Do as I require and I will inform you in good time."

"I will go to the little cook shop at the corner."

"There is another essential to which I wish you to attend; tell Marguerite to have, at four o'clock precisely some sour cream."

"How! sour cream?"

"Yes, sour—a little cream of tartar or citron juice will very easily effect that."

"I will go and tell her, but I doubt very much whether she will consent to spoil the cream for monsieur—besides, she is very busily engaged this morning."

"Very well," said M. Dorval, "I will go and explain to her my reason for wishing to have it thus. Do not forget to procure what I have requested."

During this interview, Celine had conducted Emily to her chamber and was entertaining her with an account of the amusements expected from her father's friends during the day.

"And can I not join with you," said Emily, "in showing to your worthy father the deep regard I have for him?"

"A word, or a flower from your hand will suffice," replied Celine. "And I am sure you would rather be with the spectators of our intellectual games, amongst whom you will find ladies of distinguished merit; who possess grace without affectation, dignity without stiffness, and, above all, an ease of manners, which gives evidence of cultivated minds. Oh! there is no class of persons in Paris more amiable or more attractive than these artist's wives."

"I have no doubt of it," said Emily abstractedly as if she did not exactly sympathize with Celine's affections. "But I see nothing of my portrait?"

"No," replied Celine, "the stain is not yet removed from it."

"It must have a deep stain upon it."

"Yes, very deep! but I sincerely hope that it will be eventually removed."

A servant at this moment came in and informed Celine that her father desired to see her. Emily congratulated herself upon the happy idea she had conceived of conciliating her friend, and in anticipation, saw all eyes attracted by her appearance and all attention directed toward her as the daughter of a distinguished man. But what was her astonishment, when Celine re-entered the apartment with an embarrassed air, blushing as she said:—

"I come, dear Emily, to announce to you a scruple of my father, which indeed, upon reflection, I cannot blame. He thinks that it is inconsistent with the dignity of your father for his daughter to dine with a few authors and simple artists, and,—he has charged me to—propose—that you should dine with me in my chamber."

At these words Emily turned pale; she began to suspect that the insult which she had offered to Celine, and of which she imagined the last trace had been removed from the mind of M. Dorval was ever present to him, and that he sought to

punish her for it. This suspicion was changed into certainty, when she saw Joseph, upon whose countenance played a mischievous smile which indicated that he was acting under instructions, roll into the chamber a mahogany *somno* with a marble top, and deposite upon it a dish of rice soup. He then placed a seat and handed a plate to the fine Emily who, in turn, found herself obliged to imitate Celine, and to use her knees for a table. The old domestic served, in the same order, the same dishes, which Emily had furnished at the dinner at her house; the two cold larks, and the sour cream making the most conspicuous part of the entertainment. The dessert which followed the dinner was proportionably dry and meagre.

Emily who read in the eyes of her friend the pain it cost her to obey what she felt satisfied was the command of M. Dorval, did not wish to augment her pain by an explanation. She feigned to be ignorant of the design of her host, and calling all her self possession to her aid, in spite of her deep mortification she preserved, during the dinner, the best possible countenance. Celine however, could not help perceiving that Emily suffered much, and endeavored to distract her mind from the present unpleasant circumstances by calling up the many delightful hours they had spent together at school.

At six o'clock, M. Dorval, left the parlor in which a number of his friends had already collected, and sought the two recluses; he approached Emily, who could not help casting down her eyes at his appearance and said to her:

"Mademoiselle, many persons of distinction, who do not consider it any condescension to associate with men of letters, are met at my house: will you do me the honor to accept my hand and appear amongst them?"

He conducted her to the saloon, where she soon found herself surrounded by those who in literature and art, were the most celebrated and possessed the most amiable characters. All paid her the most flattering attention, and during the evening, when engaged in one of those delightful literary recreations in which each one contributes some impromptu effusion, her heart fluttered with delight when she heard M. Dorval draw a most flattering portrait of her father, whom he pronounced worthy at once of the general esteem which was entertained for him and the confidence of his sovereign. The tears which involuntarily started from her eyes upon hearing the universal plaudits of the guests at these remarks, were taken by all as the effect of filial affection; but Emily at this moment, felt so keenly her own littleness of soul which had led her to commit an outrage upon such noble and generous hearts as

these, that she could not restrain herself, and bitter tears flowed freely. Oh! how truly does kindness from those we have wronged "heap living coals upon the head."

To this part of the entertainment succeeded a delicious supper from which was banished every thing like formality or display, each taking his place at the table without any regard to celebrity or position in society. With what delightful zest now flowed the conversation, how many good things were said and appreciated. Delicate bon mots and witty sallies free from any malignity, gushed forth at every moment. At a sign from her father, Celine sang a new song, called the duties of friendship, the burthen of which was,

"How oft we lose the joy of life
By a moment of neglect."

Emily, seated opposite to M. Dorval, gave evidence by her blushes that she felt the application of this song of which he was the author and his pleasant glance seemed to say:

"It is thus we avenge ourselves upon you."

Soon after, a message came for Emily and Celine and her father accompanied her to her carriage. On the step she stopped suddenly and said in an agitated voice.

"Oh how culpable you have shown me to be; the lesson I have received will never be effaced from my memory," and pressing warmly the hands of M. Dorval, she added in a supplicating tone, "if I have any claim upon your indulgence, my dear sir, promise me, oh! promise me! that you will not inform my parents of the outrage I committed upon your daughter; they would never forgive me, if they knew of it."

With these words she embraced Celine, whose warm caress proved to her that she was already forgiven. Emily redoubled her protestations and thanks, and after having received from M. Dorval the assurance that he would remain silent

with regard to this subject, to her parents, gave and received the last kiss, got into her carriage and left them.

"I have now good reason to believe that my friend is restored to me," cried Celine, intoxicated with joy, "and I can now efface the painful inscription which I have placed upon the portrait."

"Do not be in too great a hurry," said M. Dorval, who had closely observed the manner of Emily; "fear and shame now fill her soul; and her pride has suffered the more deeply because she has found herself humiliated by those she regards as inferiors."

"But, my father, the pain she evidently experienced whilst I was singing and the rapid blushes which passed over her countenance—"

"Were but evidences of vexation and shame," replied M. Dorval. "She did not show that degree of humiliation which is the sure indication of a true conviction of evil and a sincere repentance. Her eyes too, were dry when yours were filled with tears."

This conclusion of M. Dorval was too well founded. Emily never met Celine without experiencing a degree of suffering which she endeavored in vain to conceal; and Celine soon felt that, although neglect may be pardoned in a friend it is not always in one's power entirely to forget it. Little by little they met less frequently and at last avoided occasions of meeting. Celine first felt it her duty to make a perfect rupture of the feeble tie which now bound her to Emily; her father, redoubled his tenderness, to console her for the loss of her early friend.

"Friendship, my daughter," said he, "is a faithful mirror which instantly displays the effect of the least impure breath; nothing is more rare than a perfect and mutual sympathy which indeed can exist between those only whose position in society is equal."

MARRIED PARTNERS.

BY DR. DOUNE.

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

If we are two, we are two so,
As still twin compasses are two,
Thou the fixt foot, which makes no show
To stir, but doth if t'other do:

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet; if the other far doth roam,

It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

So shall thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, eccentric run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"INDEPENDENCE!"—it is the word of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land," or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a case,—such as are abundant in every neighborhood.

Shane Thurlough, for example, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, as "clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the gravel within his reach, wherewith to pelt those useful Irish scavengers, the ducks. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane!"

"Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day!—and kindly welcome, my lady!—and won't ye step in and rest?—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower come, it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe?—and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and, *dependin'* on that, I didn't buy one—what I've been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?"

"To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground (saving your presence), for I *depend* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Capper, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and—bad luck to him, the spalpeen!—he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear; and she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in fault this time, any how: the child's taken the small-pock; and she *depend*ed on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pock, and I *depend*ed on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not for-

get it, because the boy's her bachelor—but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the baby has got it nataral, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself)—and it the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty-like, sometimes; and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane!"

"Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that, too—I *depend*ed on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good, says, I, sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and, when you get there, you must taken Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'am dear, don't mintion it!—it's that makes me so down in the mouth, this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—'Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge?' says he. 'May-be I have,' says I. 'I'm yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he; and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self.' 'The blessing be about ye,' says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong sup on the strength of it; and, *dependin'* on him, I thought all safe;—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and, without so much by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depend* on."

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

THERE'S a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,
Than all that bask in the noontide beam,
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.
Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breaths from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreaths no brow in the festive hall,
But dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines like a star in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it in silence and shade to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come
And praise its beauty with drony hum,
And children love in the season of spring
To watch for its early blossoming.
In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green
Where the rivulets water the earth unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch-tree throw

A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,—
Then in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide.
Peeping and peering among the trees,
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about among lichens gray,
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.
For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
Still round my heart as in childhood's spring,
And thy breath as it floats on the wandering air,
Wakes all the music of memory there.
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,
I roved all day through the wood-paths wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.
Now, as I linger mid crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,
When the shadows deepen around my way,
And the light of reason but leads astray,
When affections, nurtured with fondest care
By the trusting heart, become traitors there;
When weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How fain my spirit in some far glen,
Would fold her wings mid thy flowers again!

A LYRIC.

"Bid me not wed him."

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Oh, bid me not wed him, brother dear,
For ne'er can my love be given:
My hand to the many that greet me here,
But my heart for the one in Heaven.

The sky hath the glory of other days,
And as brightly the stars burn on;
But vainly among them my vision strays—
For the star it seeks is gone.

The earth is still fair, and its many flowers
Are lovely, and bright, and sweet,
But I miss the one which in life's young hours
Bloom'd ever around my feet.

The eyes I encounter look on me now
As tenderly as of old;
Not a shade has come to a single brow,
Not a tone I hear is cold:

But a light is lost in its early day,
And a form hath ceased to be,
And a voice hath passed from the earth away—
And these were the world to me!

Then bid me not wed him, brother dear!
For ne'er can my love be given:
My hand to the many that greet me here,
But my heart for the one in Heaven.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Translated from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

DURING the reign of the great Alexios, one of the border towns of the ancient Greek empire was governed by a noble old man named Nicandros, distinguished alike for his great piety, and his long tried martial valor. By his prudent and brave measures he had succeeded in re-capturing and restoring to the dominion of the Greek emperor, a rocky fortress near the city, which a short time before had been in the hands of the rapacious Bulgarians, and the question now was to whose brave keeping this oft threatened post should be entrusted. The two knights most conspicuous among the applicants were Leartes and Eubulos, and to one of them it seemed the fortress would certainly be assigned. The former, in all noble endowments and outward attractions the most illustrious youth in the empire, possessed the strongest claims, inasmuch as he had been appointed by the emperor to be the governor's successor, and had received from the kind old man the promise of the hand of his daughter, the beautiful Athanasia, provided she herself would consent. Eubulos, a quiet thoughtful youth of the same age, had plunged deeply in many abstruse branches of learning, but notwithstanding this, possessed as keen a relish for the glories of war and the charms of female intercourse as Laertes. Both Knights occupied an equally high and distinguished place in the estimation of the army and the court of Constantinople, and what Laertes expected from his outward circumstances and his superior personal advantages, Eubulos might well hope for from his learning; especially in this case, where the learned arts of the ancient master Archimedes, to which he had specially devoted himself, could be so well applied to the fortification and defence of an important mountain fortress.

But Laertes had undertaken a rapid journey to Constantinople, and full of charming martial impatience had visited the emperor himself, who, yielding to the great partiality his brave heart

felt for all that was ardent and precipitate, sent back the young man with full powers as commander of the fortress.

Nicandros and Eubulos sat together looking thoughtfully over a plan which the latter had presented the governor for the defence of the fortress, and Athanasia entering her father's room with her guitar at the accustomed evening hour, after a respectful greeting was soon quite forgotten for the wisdom of Archimedes. She smiled as she touched the strings and said in a low tone to her pretty page, Guido, who, enchanted with the sounds, stood like a statue half concealed by the draperies of the door:

"Run away, my pretty Frank boy: you are not wise enough to understand these things, and it is only as an especial favor they will allow me to be here."

Then the tramp and neighing of a horse was heard in the street, the clashing of spurs and rattling of mail sounded on the stairs, and glowing with joy, in complete splendid armor, only his head with its rich locks unhelmed, the bold Laertes pressed forward unannounced into the room.

His graceful impetuosity drew Athanasia's eyes irresistibly towards him, and even the severe Nicandros could only reprove his too hasty manner with a kind smile. But when Laertes, with a low reverential obeisance, gave in his appointment as commander of the fortress, Nicandros's countenance suddenly changed. He looked fixedly on the rich tapestry of the walls, adorned with Bible histories, and it was only after a long, earnest gaze, that he could withdraw his eye from it. Then he said to Laertes: "May the wishes of the emperor be accomplished. You will do well to move forward early in the morning, for you will doubtless find work enough to be done at the fortress."

"Are you offended with me, my beloved, re-

vered master?" said Laertes, while a kindly humility overshadowed his proud countenance.

"No," replied Nicandros; "but I would not have made you commander of the fortress now, nor at any other time, even because I love you. It must inevitably be your destruction, my brave, loved son; I know the danger into which you are about to rush."

"And I but little, as it seems," said Laertes with feeling, while Eubulos with a half proud, half sad smile, gathered up his drawings and took leave.

"Youth is, and will ever be, very foolish," said Nicandros, shaking his head, "however wise and prudent it may fancy itself."

"Now," exclaimed the encouraged Laertes, "perhaps it will succeed best with youth, that would not seem different from what it really is. Do not grieve, noble sir, that the emperor has thought fit to try me. Perhaps it will succeed beyond your expectation."

"God grant it!" sighed Nicandros, and extended his hand to take leave of the young knight. "I am not concerned alone for the fame of the imperial army and the safety of the province; I am greatly concerned for yourself."

"I will soon allay your fears!" said Laertes, satisfied. He added, in a low tone, casting a side glance upon Athanasia: "I feel as if the morning dawn of a happy future were rising on my sight."

"The evening red is so often like morning dawn that they may be mistaken for each other," said Nicandros, in a thoughtful tone.

"Even that shall be welcome!" returned the youth, and with a courteous greeting he left the room.

On the next morning, when the troops, which, under the command of Laertes, were to take possession of the fortress, were assembling with the loud sound of the trumpets, Athanasia and her father stood looking down from the balcony of the palace, and Guido the page, bowing to her timidly approached his lady.

"What do you want with me, my gentle child?" said she. "This is no time to try our guitars; for, listen: the sound of trumpets comes nearer and nearer, filling the air with their glorious music"—and with these words she turned, well pleased, to the glittering squadrons. Guido withdrew in silence. It was easy to see he had wished to make a request, but the words had died away in shyness and humility.

"Who is the elegant page?" asked Nicandros.

"You remember the noble Gallic knight," returned Athanasia, "who on his return from a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre was so ill and died

here, and left with us his little orphan son, then nine years old, who, in fulfilment of a vow, he had taken with him? You directed that he should be carefully educated; and now, in the six years that have passed away, he has grown so handsome, and, at his own request, has become one of my attendants."

A loud shout arose from the multitude. Laertes came riding at full speed. His slender steed bounded lightly over the hedge, surrounding the inclosure before the palace. After addressing a few words of gallant greeting to those on the balcony, he sprang back in the same airy manner. Allowing the squadrons to march on and pass before him, and then greeting the governor, his lady love, and the people, for the last time, as if to give them assurance of his strength with an easy stroke he cut through the thickest branch of an old olive tree as he rode past swift as the wind. All shouted after him, and lauded the mighty defender of the fortress. Athanasia could not refrain from asking her father with glowing cheeks and downcast eyes: "Do you really mistrust him?"

Nicandros led her silently to the room where they had yesterday separated, and directed her to a bright picture on the tapestry where king Saul, tall and slender, and richly armed, mounted on his foaming horse, was going forth to battle—"And what happened afterwards?" he asked, in a serious tone, and retired in sadness to his private apartment.

The news, however, which was soon received from the young hero, seemed to contradiat the governor's forebodings. He had not only assumed the reins of government with great firmness and circumspection, but had, also, repulsed several fierce attacks of the Bulgarians, and made occasional inroads into their territory by way of retaliation. His letters often mentioned a prince of the enemy, of gigantic size, distinguished alike for craftiness and bravery, but they were always animated by the joyful conviction that he would at last obtain the mastery of this powerful foe.

"I know this Bulgarian prince," said Nicandros, and continued silent and thoughtful as before, while Eubulos, by his command, carefully fortified the road leading from the fortress to the town, and erected bulwarks by the walls and gates, though under various pretexts, so as not to lessen the confidence or courage of the inhabitants. When the thoughtful young knight returned from his work in the evening, and repaired to the governor with his reports, he could not fail to meet Athanasia in the way. He took care always to tell her something encouraging, sometimes from Laertes himself, and thus was the means, on many a bright summer evening, of changing

the anxiety her father's enigmatical conduct occasioned, into a sweet, hopeful tranquillity.

She found a still pleasanter, and no less efficacious means of dissipating her anxieties, in Guido's music and songs. The affectionate child followed her steps wherever he was allowed to go, and joy and confidence seemed to smile on her soul from the cloudless heaven of his eyes. It was as if a gentle young brother were following a fair, elder sister; for, though Guido was only two years younger than his mistress, yet, at this age, the earlier development of mind and person in a woman, makes a great disparity, where, in years, the difference is but slight. Once, when Guido was standing before her with his quiet, happy smile, singing joyous songs to his guitar, she thought whether she had ever seen him otherwise, and she remembered the morning of Laertes' departure when the child wanted to ask for something, but did not express it. "What did you want then?" she asked.

"I wanted to go out to battle with them," he replied, "but you were occupied with other things, and I was ashamed to ask you. See! fair lady; all my ancestors were brave and powerful knights; some of them dukes, and it becomes me not to stay, thus, idly, behind them. Yes, one of them, when he helped to conquer the enemy was no older than I am."

"And yet you have been quite happy in staying with me," said Athanasia, smiling.

"It was God's will that it should be so," the boy replied, in a cheerful tone and continued his joyous songs.

But, from all the towers of the city there suddenly sounded the tolling of bells, and a mournful procession of warriors, covered with dust, and some wounded, marched slowly, with downcast eyes, through the streets, bearing in their midst a bier covered with black. It was the dead body of the too brave Laertes, who, in a bold sally, the Bulgarian prince had cut off from the fortress, and, after taking possession of it, had killed in honorable combat. The arms of the hero, for whose body there had been a bloody conflict, were still in the hands of the enemy. After the funeral procession, came the fine steed, now spiritless and wounded, who, as if rejoicing in coming victory, had so lately borne his young rider over the green enclosure.

The confusion that followed these terrible tidings left little room for sorrow and lamentations. Athanasia herself became so excited by the warlike preparations around her, that she thought more of the danger of the province and her father's fame, than for the fall of a youth for whom the first blossoms of love had already unfolded in her maiden heart.

Eubulos was, at this time, constantly in the palace; and, having been appointed commander of the troops who were to repulse the advancing Bulgarians, he ventured, in reply to the praises Athanasia had bestowed on his warlike activity and knowledge, to say thus:

"Ah! could I only hope for a reward like Laertes. I may meet death as he has done, but even in death I shall lose no prize!"

Athanasia thought much and seriously of this exclamation, for she had never seen her father in better spirits than since he had entrusted the expedition against the Bulgarians, and in case of its re-capture, the command of the fortress, to the thoughtful young knight. Meditative and even sad as Nicandros had lately appeared, his countenance seemed now to inspire knights and soldiers with fresh courage. Athanasia thought she understood her father's wishes, and, as she was of a high, noble spirit, and was ever mindful of what was due to her father's fame and high rank, she resolved, of her own accord and unasked, to second his efforts.

One evening, therefore,—the next morning the army was to take the field,—when Eubulos had just left the room, and Nicandros was surveying one of the young man's drawings with a smile of satisfaction, Athanasia approached her father, evidently making a great effort, but earnest and strong in the fixedness of a noble resolution.

"Father," said she, "God has given you a daughter who is not so unlike you that the desire of gratifying her own affections weighs more with her than her emperor, her country, and the fame of the Grecian arms. All your sanguine hopes rest on the wise Eubulos; I know his wishes; tell him, then, that the reward of victory which will best crown his efforts shall be his."

"Reward of victory," repeated Nicandros with a sigh, and a serious gravity overspread his countenance. Lost in thought, as on the evening before Laertes went away, his eye was riveted to the paintings of the tapestry. At length he pointed to the picture where the people were numbered by the command of David. Men with grave countenances, half surrounded by books, sat writing down numbers, doing it as if they felt that in their numbers they secured the safety and peace of the whole earth. "What happened afterwards?" asked Nicandros, and was about to retire to his chamber, when a glance at Athanasia, pale with terror, called him back.

"You just now boasted," said he, with a smile, "of being a hero's child, and, in truth, you have a right to know somewhat more than the others. See! as matters now stand, I cannot desert or fail to uphold the city, and among all the good men under my control, Eubulos is by far the best.

There is much, very much in him to praise; but one thing, the one, the needful thing that unites the many and makes all right—that is wanting in him, as it was in the young lion Laertes.”

“Laertes was a believing Christian knight,” said Athanasia, with tearful eyes, “and surely Eubulos is one also.”

“I do not deny it of either of them,” said Nicandros, “but I mean something more than this, a golden fountain that I cannot now point out more nearly. But bury in your own heart what I have said to you, not only that your tongue may not speak of it, but that eye, and demeanor, and smile, and all about you may keep the secret. As before, Laertes’ proud, brave bearing caused all veins to swell with presumption, it did not then seem right to me altogether to repress any serious thoughts, lest the people should altogether lose their balance. But now, when terror, and doubt, and sorrow have filled the souls of all, it becomes Nicandros and his daughter to send sunshine into their hearts and scatter these autumn clouds. Besides, who can say, notwithstanding my doubt, for what purpose our God may have destined Eubulos? And now, good night, my heroic child! Call calm, strengthening sleep to thy eyelids, as a pious strong spirit may do.”

Athanasia, inspired by her father’s encouraging words and supported by a strength not her own, did as he desired; she even disdained to call Guido as she usually did before she slept, to sing a devout, soothing hymn; but just as she was closing her eyes, the sounds of the kind child’s guitar rose, uncalled, from the garden, and lulled his lady into a sweet sleep.

While the morning twilight still lingered on the fields, Eubulos silently and secretly led his troops through the gates, hoping in his heart that what his departure wanted in pomp and splendor, would be doubled and tripled on his victorious return; and even so he thought of Athanasia’s love, for which his deep strong mind now longed more earnestly. His forces possessed perfect confidence in their sedate, skilful leader, and many a prudent measure during their march strengthened this feeling of assurance. It happened, too, that when, after a few days, they encountered the enemy, the combat had a favorable if not a brilliant issue, and soon after they saw the towers of the fortress rising above the wooded mountain heights.

Eubulos rejoiced at the prospect of a siege—there, he thought, he could apply all his military skill, and with great care he reserved the strength of his troops for this undertaking. But the gigantic Bulgarian prince, well knowing with what a far-sighted and prudent opponent he had to deal, resolved to compass his destruction by the most

daring and unheard of boldness, just as he had made use of insidious cunning and secret craftiness to entrap the rash Laertes. In bright mid-day, all the trumpets sounding, he united all his forces in one place and broke into the Grecian camp; and while Eubulos was looking out for the possible ambush, regarding this as a mere feigned attack, his strongest phalanx was broken through, and those who did not fall by the swords and arrows of the enemy, were scattered in tumultuous flight.

Eubulos, himself, endeavoring, in his despair to regain the battle by a successful personal encounter with the Bulgarian prince, was soon thrown to the ground by his giant foe and disarmed; and, amid the loud triumphant shouts of these wild hordes, was borne a prisoner to the fortress he had hoped to re-capture. Grecian banners and arms, which were every moment brought in by the shouting Bulgarians, rendered the mortified knight more vividly conscious of the terrible extent of his loss.

Breathless fugitives soon brought the news to the city, and already the alarm bell had roused the garrison, and the citizens were sending away wagons filled with their best possessions, arranging seats in them for their wives and children, when Nicandros, with a smiling countenance, and an eye sparkling with the hope of victory, rode slowly through the street on his proud war-horse and all was again quiet. The warriors ranged themselves in regular order, and with apparent joy, in their various ranks. Those who still doubted, were re-assured by the sight of Athanasia, who sat in the balcony of the palace, composed and tranquil, conversing with the knights and officers who surrounded her.

When her heroic father returned, and she heard the sound of his spurs on the stairs, she did indeed turn hastily away, that none might see how her cheek paled at the thought of the coming separation.

While father and daughter stood together in deep emotion, conversing more by their looks than by words, the door was softly opened, and Guido entered, his cheeks glowing, his eyes glittering like stars, a mighty sword almost as large as the boy himself girded around his thigh, and a light white shield upon his arm. He bowed reverentially to Nicandros and said; “Forgive me, noble sir, that I come uncalled and perhaps interrupt you. But the time hastens and it is surely the will of God that I should go forth with you to the field. I pray you, therefore, do not refuse me.”

Nicandros looked at him with surprise and seriousness, and Athanasia said,

“You must not go out to-day, my loved Guido.

I shall need your songs and your music more than ever now."

Guido bent upon one knee before her, saying, "Lady, I have been true to you, you well know, as was ever faithful servant to a noble mistress,—but God's voice must be obeyed before all—"

"But how will you stand against so furious an enemy? How can the light shield on your arm ward off his stroke? How can that great sword, wielded by such a tender hand, attack him?"

"Lady," replied Guido, "I see how all this is to be done no better than you do: but I will do what is right, and God will give me strength when I need it. For any thing further than this, I am not concerned. I should indeed be glad that you would give me a token to inspire me amid the battle."

Athanasia stood thinking, and was about to speak, when Nicandros said: "Give him what he asks for, my beloved child. I cannot refuse to let him join the expedition."

"You know better than I do, my noble father," said Athanasia, "and I joyfully offer this sacrifice also to my country, my emperor and you. Go forth in God's name, loved Guido, and demean yourself right bravely. If you should fall"—tears filled her eyes,—she took a string of pearls from her hair and wound it around her neck. The youth rose as if inspired with fresh enthusiasm, and Nicandros pointed earnestly to a picture on the tapestry, saying to his daughter "what happened afterwards?"

These words, which had already twice prophesied with such fearful truth, fell like a knell on the maiden's ear. She looked at the place towards which Nicandros had pointed, but all the figures grew confused to her blinded senses, and before she could ask for an explanation, the room was filled with officers, who announced that all was ready for their march. Bidding a cheerful, but earnest farewell to his daughter, the old hero went forth, and the rest, rattling their glittering armor followed him.

The first care of the solitary Athanasia was to send some trusty servants to the forts that defended the town, where a portion of the troops still remained, and where they could hear the earliest news of the approach of the enemy and the progress of the army. Then she involuntarily cast her eyes upon the picture on the wall, but she was uncertain which of two that stood next each other her father had pointed out, but how terrible was the difference between them. In one stood the fair boy David taking his staff and his sling to go out to battle with Goliath,—in the other was Goliath himself, putting his armed foot on the bloody corpse of a brave youth. The maiden calmed herself with the thought, that, according

to her father's words, even the bloody symbol pointed to the final triumph of the good cause, and with new strength the high-minded girl looked beyond the death of her poor cherished Guido, to the glorious victory that awaited the imperial banner.

One of the messengers she had sent now returned. The enemy must have been nearer than was supposed; the battle was already begun; for the terrible war cry of the advancing Bulgarians had been distinctly heard in the forts near the gates.

Athanasia, after praying fervently to God, again went out, cheerful and composed upon the balcony; and, as the trembling citizens hastened by, they showed each other her calm, noble figure, and were re-assured.

A second messenger arrived from the fortifications. The cry of the barbarians seemed to approach every quarter of an hour. The left wing of the Greek army appeared surrounded. Athanasia again hastened back to her chamber to pray. As she passed by the significant pictures, she softly whispered "pray with me, beloved Guido, if thou art already an angel."

Soon after she re-appeared on the balcony. Men, women and children had anxiously assembled in the inclosure. "On my honor, I have yet received no message from my father," said Athanasia with a smile on her countenance "and children, I will live and die with you." They were again quiet, and encouraging words were heard among them.

A third messenger now approached, not secretly like the other two, through the garden and court yard, but in violent haste through the midst of the public square. Athanasia's heart beat high. This must be victory, or hopeless, irretrievable defeat. A deep silence reigned through the anxious multitude. The messenger called out aloud before all the people: "The Lord is with us! The cry of the barbarians grows fainter and fainter; it can now scarcely be heard. Some wounded men are returning and speak of victory."

And scarcely had their hearts ventured to beat with hope and joy, when the clear, triumphant sound of the trumpet, was heard, and a knight on a milk white horse rode rapidly forward, bearing a slender waving laurel branch in his right hand. Breathless with speed, he called out to Athanasia, "Victory, the Governor sends me! we have fought a glorious battle!"

Weeping with joy, Athanasia fell upon her knees and all the people with her, and from a thousand voices the words rose to heaven "We praise thee, O God!"

Every hour added to and confirmed the glorious news, though much was still imperfectly known; for tidings came partly from the severely wound-

ed who spoke with difficulty, partly from messengers who after delivering their errands, hastened to rejoin the victorious army. This much, however, was certainly true; the Bulgarian prince was killed, the enemy had fled on all sides in the wildest confusion, and the heroic governor was uninjured. The next day came certain news that, almost without making any resistance, the Bulgarians had fled in a panic from the fortress, and the victorious Nicandros might be expected to return that day or the following morning.

Athanasia had not the courage to ask after Guido. More terrible than the news of any other misfortune would have been the answer: "They had not observed the little fellow, who in such a decisive conflict could think of him?" And yet, she could not help feeling that something important, something of great consequence had happened to him. She looked forward with double impatience to her father's return.

Nicandros, the grey headed hero came, and at the head of his victorious troops made a triumphal entrance amid the multitudes of shouting citizens. Athanasia's noble heart beat high when she saw her father's glory, and heard the acclamations of the rescued city. But she looked in vain for her gentle Guido. She had a lively recollection of the small white horse on which he rode forth to battle; but now neither steed nor boy were to be seen. Tears rushed to her eyes, for with this new sorrow arose thoughts of Laertes' fall. But her great soul suppressed it all, and with a beaming countenance she received the illustrious governor.

When she was alone with her father, and presented him with the first goblet of wine, two large tears fell from her eyes—she looked on the picture of the youth bleeding beneath Goliath's foot, and asked in a low tone "how did the lovely Guido die?"

Nicandros pointed to the other picture where David was taking his weapons, and replied "I have prophesied aright, God be praised! The gigantic Bulgarian prince died under Guido's strokes.—Yes, and still more was done by that heroic boy. The Bulgarians seemed to have taken the young conqueror for an angelic apparition, for, from that moment, wherever he appeared, they fell back with a loud cry, and in a like panic after shooting a few harmless arrows, yielded the fortress to an attack he boldly attempted with the vanguard. There he rescued Eubulos, and all the other prisoners of war, together with the arms and banners taken by the enemy in the last battle. The army cried out loudly that he should be appointed its commander. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," I said with joy, and appointed Eubulos as his assistant. I hope the Emperor

will confirm it. See, Athanasia, in the spirit of this boy, I have found that which was wanting in Laertes and Eubulos; and, alas in so many warlike heroes of all ages; the true David's spirit that trusts to the Lords of Hosts and his commandment, rather than to any other reliance, and knows that God does the best for us, and not our own strength. This strength is indeed valuable, but it must be as an assistant; and thus I think Eubulos with his deep knowledge will be of great service to the young hero. At first, some of the officers did not altogether agree to this, but when at my departure, Guido asked such intelligent questions and projected such judicious plans, they were as much astonished at his youthful wisdom as they had been at his bravery and strength, and Eubulos himself was willing to be guided by him.

Athanasia returned to her chamber to pray, and Nicandros despatched a knight to Constantinople, who was to carry news of the victory to the emperor Alexios and receive from him the confirmation of Guido's appointment.

The glorious accounts that Nicandros expected of the David's spirit of his young hero, arrived. Guido, in a bold sally, had pushed into the camp of the Bulgarians, and had routed and humbled them so effectually, that, in all human probability, there was no danger of any further attack from these wild hordes in this quarter. But the reward of these valorous deeds did not arrive from Constantinople. The knight who had been sent there brought back praise and thanks for Guido and Nicandros, but the appointment of the former as commander was by no means approved. The emperor, the messenger related, had wished to sanction the governor's project, but some very prudent men who acted as counsellors, shook their heads so long at these extraordinary proceedings, that, at last, Eubulos was re-instated as commander, and the young conqueror, with many assurances of the imperial favor, was advised to serve for a time under the learned knight, and thus fit himself for a higher post.

Nicandros himself repaired to the fortress with these tidings, to arrange matters in the most honorable manner for the deposed young commander.

The youth resigned his place with dignified humility, but when he should have entered on his new post he said; "The emperor can command me in many things, but not to take a single step that would affect my honor or the honor of my great ancestors. If he wishes me to serve as an attendant in his retinue, I will obey him gladly; but, to take a subordinate place where one has just had supreme command, is unbecoming the son of a noble Gallic knight. I intreat for permission to ride forth alone in search of brave deeds; and would you, O great commander! after all your

other kindnesses dismiss me with a glorious gift; let me now receive the stroke of knighthood from your illustrious hands.

With melancholy pleasure Nicandros gratified the youth's desire. Guido loaded his white horses with different pieces of armor, which he had taken from the Bulgarians with his own hand in the last expedition, girded on his great sword, and without accepting either gifts or attendants, rode forth towards the mountains.

From that time Athanasia became every day more quiet and thoughtful. It seemed now quite clear to her that all pleasure and happiness in life had gone from her at Laertes' death, for after that, even Guido's lovely youthful form had vanished from her sight. She thought of him often and with pleasure, and preferred to all other legends that of St. George, in which is related, how, by some enchantment, he remained a long time in the form of a fair young boy; at last suddenly grew up into a youth and his childlike companions, the sons of a German prince with him; and how, after their first hot conflict with the infidels, they all died from exhaustion, earning at the same time the palms of innocent childhood and the laurel crown of the conqueror for the faith. Even thus, she thought, must the lovely Guido long since have departed from the earth.

Several years thus passed away, until the emperor Alexios began to think that Nicandros, who was now growing very old, should choose some young hero for his successor.

Many noble warriors coveted this distinction, especially as they hoped, at the same time, to receive the hand of the rich and beautiful Athanasia. She, however, was not compelled to declare her dislike to such a marriage, for among all the applicants, Nicandros found none to whom he could with a good conscience, resign his office at his death. When alone with Athanasia, he often said with a sigh: "Ah! David's spirit, David's spirit! so few men know what a rare thing that spirit is."

At the imperial court they knew nothing of this, and the delay of the noble Nicandros was so far misunderstood that warning after warning came from his friends in the capital, not to incur the suspicion of obstinate contrariety by still deferring his choice. Nicandros despised with his whole heart the worldly wise sentences with which these letters were concluded, but as the demands on all sides grew more importunate, he began to think of withdrawing himself from them by some journey or other undertaking; perhaps in the meantime, God would decide for him.

Athanasia in her present frame of mind suggested a plan which exactly suited him. It had long been her silent wish to undertake a pilgrimage to the Saviour's sepulchre, and when, in a confid-

ing hour, she expressed it to her father, he felt as if an angel had spoken through her lips. Indeed, the desire of withdrawing himself from all perplexing cares, stepped quite into the back ground of his soul, and there arose in it a holy longing for the blessings of the sacred sepulchre, and immediately resolving to accompany his child, he despatched a message to that effect to the emperor.

Alexios could not oppose his project. By Nicandros' wise administration, the boundaries were in a state of perfect tranquility, and the sacred nature of his wishes rendered every other objection nugatory. With calm and joyful hearts they set out in company with a considerable train of attendants, having previously sent messengers to make arrangements with the various emirs and sheiks through whose territories they were to pass.

The pious souls prayed at the sepulchre of the Lord, and feeling, in their hearts, renewed assurance of that peace which he alone can give, they set out on their return.

When at no great distance from the Greek provinces they, one day, rested under the shadow of a fine grove of cedars, while their guard of Arabs, led by their chief as a special mark of attention, were stationed on the watch. Athanasia's mind was filled with lively remembrances of the early fallen Laertes. Whether it was that the slender Arabian horses reminded her of the youth's noble horsemanship, or the solemn rustling of the cedars awoke a shuddering presentiment, she had scarcely ever seen the young hero with her bodily eyes more clearly than he now stood before her soul.

Her recollections were disturbed by the approach of the sheik, who warned her father to prepare for a contest: the bands of a terrible robber had been seen, a man of great strength in battle, and who feared neither emperor, king, nor sultan. The hasty anxiety with which all the Arabs seized their arms, an expression so unusual among these brave sons of the desert, terrified Athanasia. Already through a light place in the forest they could see the foremost ranks of the enemy; already arrows had flown between them and the Arab archers, when, suddenly, both sides stood still as if fixed by enchantment.

And in the brightness of the clear morning light, a knight mounted on a bay horse and clad in European armor, came slowly over the neighboring heights, he beckoned several times with his mailed hand, and it was easy to see he was the cause of the sudden cessation. The sheik quickly despatched a messenger to him, and the enemy did likewise. Nicandros asked his conductor the cause of this, while Athanasia stood wondering whether she was awake or dreaming. For the glittering armor of the knight was too well known to her; was it not the same that

Laertes wore the evening he brought his appointment from Constantinople? The same in which he looked so splendidly the morning of his departure with his brave troops? The noble steed indeed was wanting; but, no less proudly, did the bay horse bear his fine rider, who, in strength and size and commanding dignity of appearance was nowise inferior to the valiant Laertes.

"Have you risen, noble warrior, for my defence?" murmured Athanasia to herself, while the Arabs related to her father how this wonderful Christian knight had been for some time in this land, performing such extraordinary deeds, that many now saw with their own eyes what they had long heard in legends of the heroes of old times. He had attacked and scattered whole squadrons, when it was necessary to defend noble ladies or pious pilgrims. And this he had done not only by the power of his mighty arm, but by the strong faith that ruled in his heart; for he often called earnestly upon God for guidance, well knowing, that whatever he should command would succeed. All the world honored and feared him, even this untamed, lawless robber.

Indeed, they could now see how violently the knight contended with the messengers of the enemy, and at last stretched out his arm in a threatening manner towards the whole troop, who forthwith retreated with such haste that it seemed almost like a flight.

Then he turned round towards the cedar grove speaking kindly to the sheik's messenger, and his appearance was more glorious the nearer he came, and Nicandros whispered to himself, "David's spirit, David's spirit."

The maiden, trembling with a sweet fear, uncertain whether it was a mortal or a spirit, greeted the knight, drawing her veil closely about her, and yet not venturing to turn aside her countenance. The knight threw back his vizor—they were not Laertes' features that met her eye—but singularly handsome,—strange and yet familiar.

Then it happened, while the hero descended from his horse and spoke a few words of courteous greeting to them both, a slender white horse came running up without saddle or rein, and made his way to the knight and affectionately carressed him.

"You must excuse the fond little animal, fair lady and noble sir," said he smiling. "In my boyish years he bore me on many a pleasant ride, and now that I have grown too large for him, he runs at liberty behind me like a faithful hound."

At the same time Athanasia perceived a beautiful string of pearls on the knight's cuirass. The happy past rose before her, and she recognized her former page Guido! Hesitating, and covering her eye with her hand as if blinded by a sudden light, she uttered his name.

"It is I, my fair mistress," said he, and fell upon one knee before her. As he kissed her professed hand, she felt strangely; as if by magic Guido and Laertes had been conjured into one, and her eye rested in wonder on the well known armor.

"I may not indeed be altogether worthy to bear these arms, but, when, in my last foray from the fortress, I rescued them from the hands of the Bulgarians, in childish vanity I took them with me for a memorial; afterwards I grew into them and could not forbear to put them on. Laertes was a more renowned and more gifted hero. I can only humbly hope for God's protection; but his strength works powerfully in me."

"David's spirit!" exclaimed Nicandros. "If it be God's will, no other than you shall be my successor."

Grateful and blushing, Guido bowed his head before his honored master. At his command he accompanied them homewards, and all arrived in happiness and safety at Constantinople.

The fame of the unknown knight, who had afforded such powerful protection to pilgrims to Jerusalem, had arrived there long before them. Alexios rejoiced to have such a hero in his service, and confirmed with due solemnity the choice of the governor. But Guido's more perfect happiness was secured by a gentle "yes" from Athanasia's lips. The Emperor conducted the bridal pair to the church and many happy and illustrious years rolled away over Nicandros and his children, and over the province which the old and young hero defended, to its peace and their own great glory.

MARRIAGE.

SINGLE life, says Bishop Taylor, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in sweetness, but lives alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends

out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes
When the evening sun is low

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

MENTAL CULTURE AND DISCIPLINE.

BY JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M. D.

THE foundation of all mental discipline, in the words of an eminent writer, consists in the "power of mastering the mind." It is in having the intellectual processes under due regulation and control—and being thus able to direct them, upon sound and steady principles, to the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the discovery of truth. Here we are, in the first place, reminded of the remarkable power which we possess over the succession of our thoughts. We can direct the thoughts to any subject we please, and can keep them directed to it with steady and continuous attention. In the due culture of this power consists a point in mental discipline, of primary and essential importance. By the neglect of such culture, the mind is allowed to run to waste amid the trifles of the passing hour, or is left the sport of waking dreams and vain delusions entirely unworthy of its high destiny. There is not a greater source of difference between one man and another, than in the manner in which they exercise this power over the succession of the thoughts, and in the subjects to which these are habitually directed. It is a mental exercise which lies at the foundation of the whole moral condition. He who, in early life, seriously enters upon it, under a sense of its supreme importance; who trains himself to habits of close and connected thinking—and exerts a fixed control over the subjects to which his thoughts are habitually directed—leading them to such as are really worthy of his regard, and banishing all such as are of a frivolous, impure, or degrading character—this is he who is pursuing the highest of all earthly acquirements, the culture of the understanding, and the discipline of the heart. This due regulation, and stern control of the processes of mind, is, indeed, the foundation of all that is high and excellent in the formation of character. He who does not earnestly exercise it—but who allows his mind to wander, as it may be led by its own incidental images or casual associations, or by the influence of external things to which he is continually exposed, endangers his highest interests both as an intel-

lectual and a moral being. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the sacred writer, "for out of it are the issues of life."

Now, it cannot be too anxiously borne in mind, that this great attainment is, in a remarkable degree, under the influence of habit. Each step that we take in the prosecution of it, will facilitate our farther progress; and, every day that passes over us, without making it the object of earnest attention, the acquirement becomes the more difficult and the more uncertain; and a period at length arrives, when no power exists in the mind capable of correcting the disorder which habit has fixed in the mental economy. The frivolous mind may then continue frivolous to the last, amusing itself with trifles, or creating for itself fictions of the fancy, no better than dreams, and as unprofitable. The disordered mind may continue to the last eagerly pursuing some favorite dogma, while it is departing farther and farther from truth. And the vitiated and corrupt mind may continue to the last the slave of its impure and degrading passions. Such is the power and such the result of mental habits; and let us bear in mind how such habits are formed. They arise out of individual acts of the mind; and we have not the means of determining what number of such acts are necessary for forming the habits—and at what period these may acquire a mastery which shall peril the highest interests of the mind. We cannot determine how many instances of frivolity may constitute the permanently frivolous mind; how many trains of impurity may constitute the permanently corrupted mind; or what degree of inattention to the diligent culture of the powers within, may be fatal to the best interests of man, both as an intellectual and a moral being. Hence the supreme importance of cultivating in early life the mastery of the mind—and of watching with earnest attention the trains of thought which we encourage there, as we cannot determine at what period a habit may be formed, the influence of which shall be permanent and irremediable.

When we take this extended view of that which constitutes sound intellectual culture, we perceive that it does not consist in the mere acquirement of knowledge, however extensive that knowledge may be; for this may be an exercise of memory alone. We feel that there is a culture of the higher powers of the mind, of greater difficulty, and greater importance far, without which knowledge is vain. This is a due regulation of the various mental faculties themselves, so that each may perform its proper office upon the knowledge we have acquired; that the various powers within may observe a healthy relation toward each other; and that from the whole may result a due influence upon our motives and principles of action, as moral and responsible beings. Without attention to these considerations, a man may accumulate a mass of knowledge which yields him no real advantage; he may have gone the round of the sciences, commonly so called, while he has made no progress in that higher department, the knowledge of himself.

The great principle of self-government, therefore, consists in calling ourselves to account, both for what we know, and for what we do, and for the discipline which we exercise over the processes of our minds. It consists in questioning ourselves rigidly, what progress we are making in important acquirements—what are the subjects which chiefly occupy our attention—whether these are such as are really of adequate value, or whether, amid undue devotedness to some favorite pursuit, others of higher importance are overlooked and forgotten; or whether, under a habit of listless vacuity, and inactivity of mind, we may be allowing the best of our days to creep on without eager attention to any solid acquirement at all. It consists in questioning ourselves in the same manner, what opinions we have formed, and upon what grounds we have formed them; whether they have been received from others without examining for ourselves, or after a slight and partial examination, directed, it may be, by some previously formed prejudice—or whether they have been deduced from a full and fair examination of all the facts which ought to be taken into the inquiry. It consists, finally, in scrutinizing our mental habits, our moral feelings, and our principles of action; what are the subjects to which our thoughts are most habitually directed; what the motives which chiefly influence our conduct; what the great objects which we propose to ourselves in life; what place among these have the principles of selfish indulgence, personal distinction, or mere human applause; and what place have those exalted principles which spring from a higher source, and rise to

that elevation from which they spring—a spirit of devotedness to Him who made us—and views and feelings which point to an existence beyond the grave.

In regard to the discipline of the mind, as well as the external conduct, the rule proposed by Bishop Butler is of high efficacy and universal application. It consists in simply asking ourselves, before proceeding to any act, or any course of action—"is this I am going to do right, or is it wrong—is it good or is it evil?" This rule is so simple, and so obvious, that most people, probably, think they act upon it; but this they will find has been done in a very loose and inefficient manner, when they come, in every instance, distinctly to put the question, and distinctly to answer it. The practice of doing so in every step of life will grow into a habit of mental discipline, of vital importance to the higher interests of the moral being. It ought to be exercised, not in regard to our actions alone, but also in regard to the processes of the mind—the direction of the attention, and the regulation of the thoughts. These will be found to be as much under the influence of a voluntary power, as are our external actions; and the due and habitual exercise of this power, is, in both cases, of equal and indispensable importance to a sound moral condition.

A leading defect in many characters, and one which lies at the foundation of much and serious imperfection both intellectual and moral, is the want of this habit of self-inspection and self-interrogation. This deficiency is not confined to the listless and vacant mind, which allows life to glide over it amid frivolities and waking dreams. It may be found in those who are intensely and actively occupied with external things. It may be found alike in the laborious student, who is eager in the pursuit of knowledge—and the active man of the world, who, engrossed with the affairs of the living scene which is moving around him, has neglected the wondrous scene that is passing within—has never cultivated the rigid scrutiny of his own intellectual and moral condition. The truth, indeed, seems to be, that after a certain period of life, few have the hardihood thus sternly to look within. For a high degree of moral courage is required to face the disclosure which awaits the mind, when it is thus turned inward upon itself; a disclosure, it may be, of the result of years and years that have passed over it in listless inactivity, which yields nothing to reflection but an empty void; or in the eager pursuit of objects which are seen to be worthless; or in the acquirement of habits which are felt to be destructive of the health of the mind; the disclosure it may be, of important duties neglected, and important pursuits over-

looked, and the conviction that life is drawing to a close while its great business is yet to begin. Few have moral courage to meet this disclosure; and when it is met, with an attention in some degree adequate to its supreme interest, the impressions which it yields are encountered by the force of confirmed moral habits, which seem to claim every faculty and feeling of the mind as theirs by hopeless bondage. Hence the supreme importance of cultivating in early life the habit of looking within; the practice of rigidly questioning ourselves as to what we are, and what we are doing—what are our leading pursuits, and what our mental habits; what are our plans and prospects for life, and what influence, over the

whole of our moral discipline, have the solemn realities of a life which is to come. What I have called the power of mastering the mind, consists, if I may use a strong mode of expression, in compelling it to listen to such a course of interrogation as this; and compelling it to return distinct and definite answers. Each hour that, in early life, is spent in such an exercise, is fraught with results of greater value than aught that the world can give. The exercise is gradually confirmed into a mental habit; and, under the influence of a power from on high, the consequences are likely to be such as reach beyond the narrow limits of time, and extend into eternal existence.

BIRDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh, the sunny summer time!
 Oh, the leafy summer time!
 Merry is the bird's life,
 When the year is in its prime!
 Birds are by the water-falls
 Dashing in the rainbow spray;
 Every where, every where,
 Light and lovely there are they!
 Birds are in the forest old,
 Building in each hoary tree;
 Birds are on the green hills;
 Birds are by the sea!

On the moor and in the fen,
 'Mong the whortleberries green;
 In the yellow furze-bush,
 There the joyous bird is seen;
 In the heather on the hill;
 All among the mountain thyme;
 By the little brook-sides,
 Where the sparkling waters chime;
 In the crag; and on the peak,
 Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
 There the bird with wild wing
 Wheeleth through the air.

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
 Singing, screaming in his flight,
 Calling to his bird-mate,
 In a troubleless delight!
 In the green and leafy wood,
 Where the branching ferns up-curl,

Soon as is the dawning,
 Wakes the mavis and the merle;
 Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
 Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
 Wakes the mother ring-dove
 Brooding on her nest!

Oh, the sunny summer time!
 Oh, the leafy summer time!
 Merry is the bird's life
 When the year is in its prime!
 Some are strong and some are weak;
 Some love day and some love night;
 But whate'er a bird is,
 Whate'er loves—it has delight,
 In the joyous song it sings;
 In the liquid air it cleaves;
 In the sunshine; in the shower;
 In the nest it weaves!

Do we wake; or do we sleep;
 Go our fancies in a crowd
 After many a dull care,—
 Birds are singing loud!
 Sing then linnet; sing then wren;
 Merle and mavis, sing your fill;
 And thou rapturous skylark,
 Sing and soar up from the hill!
 Sing, oh, nightingale, and pour
 Out for us sweet fancies new!—
 Singing thus for us, birds,
 We will sing of you!

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

[A CORRESPONDENT of the *New Mirror*, writing from the old "Granite State," gives the following account of a visit paid by him to the Hutchinson family. Those of our city readers who enjoyed their delightful musical performances last winter, will be glad to learn that more good things are in preparation for them. All read with interest whatever relates to the private and social history of those whose talents have given them delight; but with a peculiar glow of pleasure, when the moral character is seen to be pure, the habits orderly, and the sphere of life one of active benevolence. This will make the brief and rather desultory sketch here presented of the Hutchinson family, acceptable and pleasant to every one.—Ed.]

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Having recently been on a short tour 'downeast,' I availed myself of the opportunity to pay a visit, by invitation, to the HUTCHINSON FAMILY, at their mountain home in the old "granite state"—and, as any thing pertaining to these children of song is always received with interest in this community, I will give a brief account of them as they appeared at the old homestead.

Upon arriving at the door, we were met and warmly welcomed by "Father Jesse," a healthy-looking, though rather spare old gentleman, of sixty-five, who asked me into the house, and deputed one of "the boys" to show me a room and "make me acquainted" with "the girls." Five minutes had not elapsed before we felt perfectly at home—and feeling thus, we of course have a right to step out and take a survey of the premises.

The house is a large two-story wooden structure, evidently intended by its builders for people to *live* not to *stay* in. It is situated upon a rise of ground, overlooking, as far as the eye can reach on either side, a fertile and beautiful valley, through the centre of which runs a little stream called the Souhegan. At a distance of four or five miles a stately mountain rears its head, enveloped in a sky-blue mist. Several smaller elevations appear also in the distance, and, altogether, the view from the green in front of the house is very beautiful. The grounds in the rear present a pleasing variety of hill and valley, forest and plain, and the lambs and other living "appurtenances" are seen skipping and frolicking about, in all their original innocence. At a dis-

tance of forty or fifty rods from the house there is a quarry, where we were shown some of the finest blocks of granite we have ever beheld. The farm contains one hundred and sixty acres, about three fourths of which, we should judge, is under cultivation. Attached to the house are a number of barns, sheds, stables, etc. of such ample size that the presumption is, there will never be occasion to "tear down and build greater." One of the out-houses was formerly used as a "hop kiln." The family once cultivated hops extensively, and it was a very profitable business; but the moment they perceived its bearing upon the cause of temperance, they gave it up, and thus voluntarily relinquished a handsome yearly revenue. In this, as well as in *other* matters, they do what they believe to be right, however severely their pecuniary interest may suffer in consequence.

Many of your readers have heard the "family song" of the Hutchinsons, and know something of their history and principles—but as they may have forgotten a *few* of the "thirteen sons and daughters," we will just mention that, in the words of the song,

"David, Noah, Andrew, Zepha,
Caleb, Joshua, Jess and Benny,
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
And Abbe are (their) names;"

and we will also state that every one of these, as well as their aged father and mother, are good singers, and good members of society. The parents, Judson and his wife, John and his wife, Rhoda and her husband and blue-eyed baby, Benjamin, Asa, Abba, "Cousin Ann," and two others, (who are in the employment of the family,) all live under the same spacious roof and eat at the same table—David, Noah, Caleb and Joshua reside in the same town, and at no very great distance—Andrew is located in Boston—and Jesse in Lynn. The mother does not enjoy perfect health, and very properly leaves the domestic affairs, to a great extent, in the hands of her daughters, daughters-in-law, and niece—and they almost quarrel for the privilege of attending to them. The father, Judson, John, Asa, and

Rhoda's husband, Mr. Bartlett, manage the outdoor concerns—Benjamin superintends the financial department, and occasionally lends a hand at cooking—and the blue-eyed baby aforesaid makes herself "generally useful" by putting on a cunning face and drawing the whole family from their labors to caress her. As for "sister Abba," she employs her time in reading, studying, sewing, or housework, as inclination or convenience may dictate; and she is as much at home in either of these, as in charming an audience of thirty-five hundred people in the Broadway Tabernacle. She and her pretty cousin Ann sing much together. All of the family are in the habit of singing while at work; causing, as may easily be imagined, a perpetual concert of sweet sounds all over the premises—and, by the way, we will just hint to your music loving-readers, (privately, of course,) that there is as rich a treat in store for them in the fall, to say the least of it, as they have ever yet enjoyed. We had the good fortune to be "in" at a rehearsal or two, during our

visit, and therefore "speak advisedly" upon this point.

In pursuit of their daily avocations as "tillers of the soil," the dress and appearance of the Hutchinsons are suited to their work, and they engage in it so heartily and cheerfully that there is no doubt they enjoy it above any other mode of living they could possibly adopt. The utmost kindness and affection are manifested in their intercourse one with another, and they seem highly grateful to their city friends for the support so generously showered upon them. That support, we take the liberty of saying, has not been unworthily bestowed. There are now a large number of people at work in that vicinity who, until recently, were destitute, or nearly destitute, of employment, and whose improved condition is owing entirely to the liberality and enterprise of these mountain warblers. Long may they live to gladden the hearts of the poor by their kindness, and delight the senses of all by their melodies. Yours truly.

For Arthur's Magazine.

A SUMMER SCENE.

From the French of Lamartine.

BY MISS HELEN STANLEY.

SOFTLY reflected in an azure lake,
A verdant hill slopes lightly towards the wave;
All day the sunlight on its fair breast lies,
And soft gales stir the shadows of the bough.
Twining its branches round two ancient oaks
A wild vine with their branches interweaves,
And their tall stems with paler verdure crowns;
Then over fields, where light and shadows play
In gay festoons, runs on its laughing way.
There, in the side of an o'er-hanging rock,
Opes a dim grot, where builds the dove her nest;
The vine and fig tree deck and veil its sides,
And rays of heaven slowly lingering there,
Measure the moments of the summer day.
Night, and the coolness of these sombre shades,

Preserve the freshness of the violet pale
And to its timid colors lend new life;
While springs that trickle from the o'er-arching
roof,
Steal o'er us with their tears and harmonies.
The eye, far-piercing through the curtain green.
Naught sees, but heaven, mirrored in the wave;
And on the bosom of the sleeping lake,
The fisher's sail, o'ershadowing his light skiff,
Cleaves through the liquid air, as flits the wing
Of rapid bird above the billow's foam.
The listening ear hears but a plaintive surge
In gentle whispers dying on the shore;
Or zephyr's voice, or Philomel's soft lay,
Or echo's sighing, mingled with our own.

EVENING.

AN eve, intensely beautiful—an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal
woods,

With their innumerable shades and colorings,
Or, like a silent instrument, at rest;
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play.

SOUND ADVICE.

[THE following sensible letter purports, as its signature shows, to have been written by Carlyle. It was addressed to a young man who asked his opinion as to a proper course of reading, and advice in regard to conduct in general. The views expressed in it are just. "For one thing," he says, "you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something, a great many things indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn." In regard to life nothing could be sounder than this.—"Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier." In other words, whatever is your vocation in life, do heartily and faithfully and honestly your part in that vocation.—Making your calling honorable by acting in it up to your best ability. There is no work that needs to be done in the world, but that needs to be done well. It is by this doing up to his best ability all that he is required to do, that a man perfects himself. But, how few there are who thus live. How few that keep ever walking onward in the road to perfection.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR.—Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly any thing definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson is also good, and universally applicable:—"Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read." The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the per-

son likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfulest, beautifulest. You will gradually find, by various trials, (which trials see that you make honest manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones,) what *is* for you the wonderfulest, beautifulest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies, far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of any thing we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, every body may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are

wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it

like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 13th March, 1843.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THOU BID'ST ME, SWEETEST.

BY B. L. WILTON.

THOU bid'st me, sweetest! make no sad complaint
That more of this world's goods we may not share:
Thou whisperest that our fate hath no restraint,
That with my love thou would'st not gladly bear.
I grieve no more, then, thy soft whisper heeding;
Sweetest! I yield unto thy gentle bidding.

Nay I could now e'en joy those ills to see,
That thus for me thy fervent truth have shown,
If 'twere not that my life's stern poverty
Must wring thy gentle bosom with mine own.
But, since I may not joy, at least no sorrow
Shall mar the sunshine of our life's sweet morrow.

Dearest! a low-eved cot, 'neath some old tree,
Shaded with woodbine dimly, shall be ours;
There shall the hours pass on right rosily,
And life to us shall step on summer flowers:
While woe with his stern ills shall pass unheeded,
Our joys, our loves, our hearts so closely wedded.

And the warm love, within thy heaving breast,
That won my heart in young life's rosy day,
It still shall gild our life's o'ershadowing west,
While thus, unvexed, its light shall fade away.
And, oh, how blest shall be our life's calm even,
Fading like sunlight in the depth of heaven!

TO TIME.

BY W. H. TIMROD.

THEY slander thee, "old traveller,"
Who say that thy delight
Is to scatter ruin far and wide
In thy wantonness of mirth,
For not a leaf that falleth
Before thy restless wings,
But thou changest in thy rapid flight,
To a thousand brighter things.

Thou passest o'er the battle-field
Where the dead lie still and stark,
Where nought is heard, save the vulture's scream,
And the gaunt wolf's famished bark.
But thou hast caused the grain to spring,
From the blood enriched clay,

And the waving corn-tops seem to dance,
To the Rustic's merry lay.

Thou hast strewn the lordly palace,
In ruin o'er the ground,
And the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound,
But the self-same spot thou coverest,
With the dwellings of the poor,
And for the brave and beautiful,
Thou hast caused our tears to flow,
But "always" near the couch of death
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
And the breath of thy departing wings
Dries all our tears away.

For Arthur's Magazine.

CHARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

WITH one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists,—those trumps which told
The public ear, who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding,—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there,
Than in the Book of life!

POLLOCK.

"My dear cousin!—how do you do? I am perfectly delighted to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, as she entered the parlor, and saluted her guest with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand.

The ladies seated themselves, and the visitor asked, in a confidential tone, "have you succeeded in obtaining the money yet?"

"No I have not. Yesterday I spent nearly all day in begging from my acquaintances; but I returned home entirely worn out, and with very little success. However, I *will* have the money by to-morrow morning, and I shall be obliged to get it from James. Did you know that Mrs. White, last week, added twenty dollars to the fund from her private purse. I suppose she will expend considerable on the supper, also."

"She does it only to hear it read off in the report," replied Mrs. Cameron, with a slight sneer on her lip. "But I have not given you an account of my doings. Well, I spent about as much time on a begging expedition as you did, and met with no better fortune; so I was obliged to manage at home. You know Mr. Cameron has long wanted me to take down our window curtains, and supply better ones; but, as they were great favorites with me, I have withheld my consent until now. When other projects failed, I resorted to this plan to procure the desired means for my part of the supper. So every once in a while a flaw was discovered in the said curtains; yesterday morning I expressed a wish for new ones, and Mr. Cameron put in my hand the sum of money I desired. I exchanged the curtains, and by paying a trifling sum, I have

enough left to bear my part in the expenses of the supper. Don't you congratulate me on having outwitted my husband; for he told me, positively, the day before, that a single farthing of his money should never be spent on either dinners, suppers or excursions.

Mrs. Wilson laughed heartily, and replied, "Well I have always been so frank with my husband in domestic arrangements, that it would not be very easy for me to do any thing of that kind without his knowing all the particulars."

"Oh! you commenced in the wrong way," said her cousin. "When I was married, mother advised me never to let my husband know what I did with my money, if I could help it; it saves a vast deal of trouble; and, by good management, you can always carry out little private plans if you wish to. If there is any thing on earth I despise, it is to see a man watching every penny that passes through his wife's hands, as if she had not common sense, like himself, to teach her how to dispose of money." Mrs. Cameron paused, for the delivery of this spirited harangue had somewhat exhausted her breath. Mrs. Wilson took great pains to assure her friend that Mr. Wilson placed the utmost confidence in *her* judgment. Then followed a panegyric on her liege lord. "Never was mortal woman blessed with a better husband." Mrs. Cameron soon left to call on other members of the — Benevolent Society, and the lady of the house descended to dinner. When she entered the dining room, two or three unruly children were seated at the table, each holding up a plate to Mr. Wilson to be filled.

"Children!" cried the mother, "put down your plates this minute, or I'll send every one of you from the room?" All obeyed but little Lucy, who was half-stretched over the table, and before she could be prevented, her tiny hand had seized a piece of beef steak. Mrs. Wilson boxed the child's ear; on which the meat was dropped on the clean table cover. Lucy received a sound whipping, which was administered by her mother, as usual, in a passion; after which the offender was shut up in the pantry. Few words passed at the meal, but when Mr. Wilson rose to go his wife said kindly,—

"James, dear, do take another piece of pie, you have not made half a dinner."

"Oh! I have done very well," replied the husband, who began to fear this sudden amiability concerned his pocket.

"Well, take another cup of coffee."

"No, dear, I am in a hurry to return to the store, and have not a moment to spare."

"You look very tired, James; you *must* sit down and rest awhile. Let me get you to-day's paper; there is the most amusing anecdote in it I ever read," the wife handed him the paper, and Mr. Wilson took a chair with a look that seemed to say—"There is no hope for me."

When he had finished reading, Mrs. Wilson said, in an amiable tone, "James, dear, can't you spare me ten dollars this afternoon?"

"What for?" demanded the husband less mildly.

"Our society are to have a public supper in a few days, and the tickets that are sold are for the benefit of the poor."

"I have no faith in these suppers," said Mr. Wilson, frowning. "There are other and cheaper ways, in which the poor may be benefited. Your benevolent people go to these feasts and eat intemperately; and half of them, especially the ladies of the society, are sick for two or three days afterwards from over exertion. And not only this; previous to the supper, the days of cooking and preparation are attended with extra fretting and scolding."

"Mr. Wilson!" interrupted his lady, with a flashing eye, but she paused, bit her lip, and after a few moments, resumed in a calmer tone, "James, you don't consider how I am situated. I am one of the managers of the society, and am appointed to superintend one portion of the table. As a matter of course, I am expected to contribute my share; just think how mean I would appear if I did not."

"But you could have said, in the first place, that your duties at home would prevent you from taking a part. Charley needs your almost constant care. The doctor said this morning that

he must see no new faces, and he kept perfectly quiet."

"There will be no need of his seeing new faces. Sally is an excellent nurse. But I see you are trying to thwart me."

Mr. Wilson darted an angry glance at his wife. She perceived it, and fearing she had gone too far, said, more gently,

"James, do gratify me, this time without more words, and, in future, I will use all the influence I possess not to have any more dinners, suppers or excursions."

"I heard the last time, what your influence was going to accomplish," remarked the husband, in a somewhat sarcastic tone. "No, no, Mary, I will take the ten dollars you ask and pay a just debt I owe a poor man. That will be truer charity."

"You think of every body's wants before mine," said the wife pettishly.

"I think of justice and duty first," said Mr. Wilson, sternly, "and I am obliged to struggle alone. When pleasure is foregone, and I have forced myself to perform a hard duty, I am met with reproaches, instead of an encouraging smile, which would make the task light."

"I have no wish to hear a lecture at present, sir," Mrs. Wilson sullenly responded.

A deep flush crossed her husband's cheek. The sad sternness on his countenance gave way to a look almost fierce in its anger and pain. It was his *wife* who damped his better nature, and roused all his dark and evil feelings. He left the house in silence, and Mrs. Wilson leaned her head on her hand and shed bitter tears. She hated herself for her conduct, but, like too many, would repeat it when occasion offered. After an hour, passed not very agreeably, Mrs. Wilson removed her handkerchief from her face, and said, in a low perplexed tone,

"How can I manage? Only three days before the supper. I must economise in every thing. Let me see, Sally's wages become due to-morrow; I must give her some clothes for her children instead of money,—that will answer the purpose exactly. She dare not object, for she cannot easily get another situation."

While these thoughts were revolving in the mind of the benevolent manager, she was interrupted by the subject of them.

"Charley's sound asleep, Ma'am," said the nurse, "may I run home a minute, and see how little Bridget is? I did not direct my eldest daughter, Susan, to do any thing for her."

The poor woman looked imploringly at her mistress, as if half expecting a refusal; but Mrs. Wilson said, kindly,

"You may stay an hour if your child is no

better." Sally hurried off, saying to herself, "How very good!"

The next day, instead of receiving her wages, the nurse was told that she must be otherwise recompensed. In vain she pleaded her need of money—her urgent necessities; the manager of the benevolent society was immovable. "Why Sally," said she, in a half angry tone, "I have given you twice the worth of your money."

"But the money would be of more value to me," said the poor woman.

"Well," exclaimed the mistress, with an indifferent air, "if you are dissatisfied, seek another situation; that is all I have to say about the matter."

She left the room, and the nurse sighed heavily, while a large tear rolled down her care worn cheek. Another drop started, but she dashed it quickly aside, and murmured,

"God help me to be resigned!"

With a look of pain about her compressed lip, Sally opened the door leading to Charley's room and entered. He was awake, and extended his little thin hands towards her, while a sickly smile played over his young, pale face. As she approached nearer, the affectionate child marked the sadness on her countenance and

"His blue eye, darkened suddenly,
A shadow crossed his heart."

There was a touching pathos in his voice, as he asked,

"Are you sick too, Sally?"

"No, dear," was the low reply, and she took a chair by the bedside, and kissed the sweet sufferer fondly. He twined his slight arm around her neck and then her full heart gave way.

"Oh! don't cry," begged the child, and his large yearning eyes were filled with tears, the little pale lip quivered, and the expression of childish grief on his gentle face smote the heart of poor Sally with a feeling of self-reproach. She raised her head, and attempted to beguile the sick boy's attention with the thoughts and hopes that filled her own bosom. In a low voice she spoke to him of a better world. The poor nurse drew no glowing pictures, but told him of gentle angels who would love him always; of green fields and pleasant flowers; and she herself was soothed by her task of love. The sweet dew of resignation fell upon her soul,—humble and poor and illiterate though she was, the wealth of purity and unselfish kindness that dwelt in the bosom of that lowly creature, might have been envied by many a gifted daughter of genius. Her *single* talent was employed, and who shall say that she was not more truly useful than thousands, possessed of higher intellects? To that pale boy, so

near the confines of another world, she was the guardian angel who hovered around his couch of pain. Her voice breathed only kindness, her smile told only of love. Beautiful and pure was the sympathy that existed between them. Alas! where was the mother? Where was she who should have been familiar with her holy duties?

The day for the supper arrived, and Mrs. Wilson scarcely left the kitchen, so busy was she in cooking for those who did not need it. Much of the time she hung anxiously over the fire, lest something should be spoiled, and her face from brow to chin was celestial rosy red. She had on the cooking expression housekeepers often wear. When that look is on the face of a scold, let children beware how their nimble little fingers touch, without permission, aught that is eatable. Mrs. Wilson had left the kitchen a few moments, and before any one returned to it, Lucy found her way there. The first thing that attracted the little damsel's eye was a dish of blanc mange, beautifully stamped; and as she possessed a degree of curiosity by no means uncommon in children, a determination was instantly formed to examine it. With patient effort a chair was drawn to the table; she mounted it, and, by another effort, her ladyship was seated next the dish. She thrust her hand into it several times, but found it too slippery to be conveyed easily to her mouth, and her little eager face began to grow red with vexation. A sudden thought occurred to her, which was put into execution just as her mother entered. Mrs. Wilson uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and well she might, for Lucy's face was half-sunk in the blanc mange, and she could not extricate herself. In her eagerness she had lost her equilibrium, and precipitated her face towards the dish more suddenly than she intended.

"Ruined! perfectly ruined!" cried Mrs. Wilson, angrily, "That child will drive me to distraction." Lucy uttered, in reply, a sort of unearthly sob, and made a desperate effort to release herself, but in vain. Mrs. Wilson raised her angrily, and gazed without a smile on the ludicrous spectacle her face presented. Rudely dragging her from the table, the mother forgot all but the gratification of her anger, and dealt out blow after blow. There was no word of remonstrance, which told of love in its sternness, and pointed out right from wrong, for even children may understand; no slight punishment firmly administered. Mrs. Wilson displayed only passion, that fearful thing, which must ultimately destroy all respect in the bosom of a child. Poor Lucy! In after years thou can'st not look back to thy childhood, as to a sunny dream, full of love and happiness; thou may'st never know the

holy light that dwells in the eye of a *good* mother, as it rests on her child; thou canst not treasure up sweet memories of the domestic altar, which will follow thee through life, influencing thee for good. When temptation comes, thy thought will not turn to her who gave thee life, and thy soul will never ask—"Would *this* dim the love-light of her eye? Would *this* check the maternal smile that hovers so fondly on her lip in my presence?" Beautiful childhood! All that is holy and pure should watch over thee; only the sweetest chords of the young soul should be touched in those early days, and, ever after, the unforgotten music will thrill upon the spirit with a hallowed power.

Evening came, and after dressing in haste, Mrs. Wilson entered the room of her sick child. "Good bye, Charley dear," she said, kindly, for her heart was touched by the look of patient suffering on his wan features.

"Are you going to leave me, mother?" asked the boy, in a low whisper.

"I must leave you for awhile, darling, but I will watch with you all night when I come back. Try and go to sleep now, for your eyes look heavy. Sally, do you think he is any worse?"

"I can't tell, ma'am. He has not complained the last two hours."

The mother bent over her child, and kissed his pale face tenderly. A single tear fell on his pillow. Why did she not listen to the "still small voice" which then would have led her heart to better things? A half-unconscious prayer was hovering on her lips, when a ring at the street bell diverted her thoughts; a carriage was at the door, and the light step of Mrs. Cameron was heard in the hall. With a lingering look at her boy, Mrs. Wilson left the room, for she wished not the gay voice of her cousin to disturb the sick chamber.

"Venez, chere amie!" exclaimed the new comer, lightly, "we are late already"—and they proceeded to the door.

"I am half-tempted to stay at home," said the mother, pausing.

"Stay at home!" echoed Mrs. Cameron, "pray tell me what the matter is?"

"I'm afraid Charley's worse."

"Oh! nonsense, Mary. Your imagination was always fertile in bug-bears. I don't think the child has been dangerous any of the time. Do throw off your cares, as I do, and look at the sunny side of life."

"But don't you think he is very sick," asked Mrs. Wilson, somewhat relieved.

"Why, the child will be well enough in a week or two. You argue that he is at the point

of death, because he is sick like all children. Come, we are wasting time."

The cousins were soon seated in the carriage, and that evening they presided over the supper, with a winning kindness of manner. Benevolence spoke through every feature, so earnest were they to render all happy, so apparently forgetful of themselves. Whispers went round the table to their credit. "What a lovely woman Mrs. Wilson is," said one lad, "And what a lively, charming creature Mrs. Cameron is," was the reply.

While this scene was going on, little Charley Wilson, in his dim chamber, was tossing restlessly on his pillow. The faithful nurse sat at his bedside, and was watching him with anxious eyes. Ever and anon her kind hand smoothed his pillow, or wiped the dew from his forehead.

"Oh! Sally, take me in your arms, I am so sick," he murmured, in a husky whisper. She gently raised the little emaciated form, and drew the sweet sufferer to her bosom:—tenderly she kissed his pale thin cheek, and her heavy tears fell like rain.

"Will I be happy soon, nurse?" faintly asked the dying boy.

"Oh, yes, you will soon, very soon. The poor nurse paused suddenly, she had been so absorbed in her own feelings, that she had forgotten to call around those who should witness the departure of this young, pure spirit. She laid him tenderly on the bed, and again pressed her lips to his damp forehead; then, with a quick but noiseless step, she hastened to the parlor and called Mr. Wilson. He came, and the little children gathered around the couch of the dying boy. Mr. Wilson leaned over the bed, "Father," murmured the child, and a heavenly expression stole over his features. But it was succeeded by a sadder look, and in a lower tone, he said,

"It is dark, where's mother?"

"She will be here soon, my boy," said the father, in a choking voice, and the strong man bowed his head, and his whole frame shook with the agony within.

"Charley!" said the nurse, low and tremulously, and she bent her head more closely but no answer came. The angels had gently carried his spirit to God who gave it! A cry like that which comes from a broken heart, burst from the lips of Mr. Wilson. Then all was silence; a half hour passed, and the mother stood in the chamber of death. The husband made no remark, but pointed in silence to the bed.

"Is he dead?" asked the mother, in a low harrowing tone, as her eye fell on the pale, calm features of her child. For a time she looked tearlessly on that pure countenance, over which

the hushed smile of a departing angel rested; and her face grew pale and paler till it was colorless as that of the dead. The stern agony of that fixed gaze was terrible even to the children, and they shrank closer to the nurse, and buried their faces in her apron to still their frightful sobs.

"Oh! my child!" burst from the mother's lips, as she sunk on her knees at the bedside.

"And there arose,
One wild, deep sob of weeping, such as breaks
Upon the ear of death, when he has torn
The nerve fast rooted in the fount of life."

For many weeks after the death of that fair child, Mrs. Wilson was apparently changed; at times she would yield to bursts of deep feeling,

New York.

but the chastening influence of grief was not permanent. That emotion showed what she *might* have been, it told of a better spirit that yearned to find a dwelling place in her bosom. Alas! the lesson that was given in love was too much unheeded; the sorrow was *felt*, but when it was whispered that its object was to bless and purify, a deaf ear was turned to the warning voice. A year went by, and Mrs. Wilson was again as of old. Too seldom do we improve by the trials that are sent to make us better; for a time they may check and restrain; higher thoughts and holier feelings may sometimes visit the soul; but too often they are dreams which disappear when we start from the slumbers of grief, and wake to the reality of our daily duties.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HAUNTED WELL OF PALESTINE.

A BALLAD.

BY VINCENT E. BARON.

ENCHANTRESS! if the pow'r be thine,
Invoke some messenger of air,
To wait this amulet divine,
A soldier's offering, to his fair.
And say "the pennon that she gave,
Shall soar through many a battle field,
To share his glory, or his grave;
But never see its bearer yield."
Enchantress haste! and hither bring
Her answer from that distant land,
And thine shall be this matchless ring
Torn from a slaughter'd Moslem's hand.

"Be mine the boon," the sorceress said,
"And midnight shall confirm the spell.
Thou shalt behold the constant maid,
Reclining by the Haunted Well.
There sip the wave, the charm repeat,
Thrice make the cross upon thy breast,
And then a voice shall answer sweet
To what so e'er is thy behest."
Enchantress stay! the lover cried,
That voice was sure Rowenna's own!
But when to grasp her form he tried,
The gentle prophetess had flown.

'Tis night, and musing on the sky,
He views the pale, and rising moon,
And hears, at last, the sentry's cry
Proclaim the silent hour of noon.
Then to the haunted well he speeds.

And as he slowly stoop'd to drink,
A lady clad in mourning weeds,
Lean'd motionless above the brink.

In haste he cross'd his shining mail;
And rising up with timid grace,
The elfin threw aside her veil.
Good Jau! 'twas his maiden's face!
That warrior's arm was strong and bold,
As ever wielded battle blade;
But now his heart grew weak and cold,
And scarce his lips a murmur made.

Then gaily spoke the gentle sprite,
"All hail! my gallant cavalier,
My brother has become a knight,
And thy Rowenna greets thee here.
False tidings reach'd us of your death.
Our vassals summon'd to our side;
We came to pour our latest breath,
Upon the plains where Ormond died.

"Conceal'd beneath a sorceress' guise,
Through toils, and perils have I past,
Till heav'n, responsive to my sighs.
My faithful knight restores at last."
She sank upon his manly breast,
And tenderly their arms entwined.
If ever love was truly blest
'Twas by that well in Palestine.

POETRY OF MR. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow, we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow student who fell into consumption and died. At an early age of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon

gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, "his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathized, and 'pity is akin to love.' It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel —, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another." Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;

With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not
pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and
the gay ;
I could not bear to view thee, decked in fashion's
bright array ;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and
alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes
forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of
none but thee ;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn
for me ;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by
thy side,
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from
the tide.

But cheerless is the summer ! there is nothing happy
now ;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the
bough :
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste
of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it
used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've
been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy
thought.
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and
sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts
of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent
gayer residence in Dublin, re-established the
poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his
songs. Returning, in 1821, to his father's house
of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-
seven years of age—he formed a new attach-
ment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but
more fortunate in the event. "He was introdu-
ced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs.
Hayes, whose soirées at Bath were frequented by
the talented, the young, and the gay. Mrs.
Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard
with delight the ballad of 'Isabel,' expressed
the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend
just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors,
was requested by her mother to convey an invita-
tion for her next party to the *beau idéal* of her
daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived
—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss
Hayes—and, on conversing with Mrs. Hayes, dis-
covered that she and his own mother had been
friends and school-fellows in their young days.—

This circumstance laid the foundation of an inti-
macy which ceased only with his life. His friend
was then little aware that he was introducing to
her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her
future husband; for so it proved.

"He came, he saw, but did not conquer at
once; for the young lady, though she could not
but acknowledge that Mr. Haynes Bayly was very
charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disap-
pointed at not finding him *exactly* what her
youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing,
therefore, that he was '*épris*,' without her hav-
ing any intention of captivating him, she persua-
ded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and
take her to Paris. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly com-
plied, as she much wished her daughter to en-
courage Mr. Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she
found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad
she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes,
when absent from the poet, missed his witty and
delightful conversation and his attentions, which
were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her
mother's wish was more forwarded by absence
than it would have been had she remained at Bath.
Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged
by her intended departure"—as appears from the
poem addressed to her, of which the following is
a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,
Alas! there are none who can make us forget
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy
smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house
duties.

Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* (midst the many who sighed
To solicit your favor)—one favorite beau?
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—no?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been thronged.
With smiles they approach you, in tears they
depart;
Indeed, it is said that a man who belonged
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your
heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own
The form we have worshipped as if 't were di-
vine?

No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine ?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of the poet's songs. "A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, "I'd be a butterfly." He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen by his early death, that his nerves

were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song:—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the ark :
The world was a desert, the future all dark ;
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth ;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young ;
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong ;
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife :—

Oh ! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove ;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound !

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee ?
Ah no, that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth ;
Though known in days of past delight
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed
So much in friendship's name ;
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn ;
They'd make me loathe mankind ;
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take ;
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe

literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed :—" He was a kind parent, and affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realize his own playfully-expressed wish :—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day !
Surely 't is better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may fail to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly ; living, a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away !

The poems and songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age ; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all ; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humor scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connection with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his varied compositions.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE CORAL GROVE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine,
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift.

And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow :
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift

Their boughs, where the tides and billow flow ;
The water is calm and still below,

For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air :

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen

To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own :
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

FICTITIOUS HISTORIES.

MANY writers of fiction, whether of short tales, or long novels, display a foible that to a lover of truth is peculiarly unsatisfactory. So anxious are they to point their moral—so enthusiastic in the good cause—so determined to make virtue triumphant and vice ultimately miserable, that they distribute rewards and punishments in this world with a most liberal hand. It appears to be considered essentially necessary, that the pecuniary profit of virtuous conduct should always be thoroughly apparent. It seems to be thought that virtue needs garnish to make it acceptable.

Now the true duty of the novelist, like the dramatist, is, to hold "the mirror up to nature," and show life in its realities, and from the picture to draw a moral that shall both elicit good feelings, and confirm good principles. Life, in its sober sadness, by no means realizes the bright aspirations of certain success which the virtuous would be led to hope from pursuing works of fiction. The virtuous are not always, nay, very rarely, blessed with the external good they strive for. The wicked often, from possessing greater knowledge of the world, and being less scrupulous as to means, secure their object, and foil virtuous opponents. Even where a virtuous and vicious person have an equal amount of ability, the victory is frequently on the side of the vicious, from the simple fact, that a virtuous man, however anxious to obtain a desired end, never passes the line of demarcation which his conscience has made of right and wrong, while the vicious knows no point but success or failure.

Virtue is essentially its own reward, and although it occasionally obtains the more easily comprehended reward of this world's gear, young people should not be taught to expect the latter as a natural consequence of practising virtue. The satisfaction of having done right, affords more lasting pleasure than any worldly advantages. The good dinner eaten yesterday, fails to appease the hunger of to-day,—but the good action done a week ago, continues to gratify our moral faculties, raise our spirits, elevate our minds, and fit us for other good deeds when opportunity for enacting them presents itself.

Let us then put on the plain, honest truth. Truth in its own essence cannot but be good, and the great object of every well regulated mind *must* be to arrive at truth in all its phases. Bold, fearless, and unhesitating advocacy thereof, will ultimately produce a better and more permanent love of it than can possibly be induced by mawkish, and insipid distribution of punishment and rewards, inconsistent with real life.

It has been said that "necessity is the mother of invention,"—Make another application of the same idea. The trials and struggles under which good men suffer have a beneficial effect upon their minds, by calling into active exercise faculties that would otherwise have remained dormant—stirring up latent talent—developing the all conquering intellect, that without some urgent cause might have remained passive and its possessor unconscious of its existence. Have not all great works been performed under disadvantageous circumstances?—have not all great men contended with difficulties that appeared almost insurmountable? Even as our muscles increase in strength by constant exercise, so the mind obtains vigor by opposition—becomes strengthened by the fire, and like refined gold, increased in value by the events that at first glance appeared most distressing and disheartening. Cannot every man recollect how the jeers of his boyish companions urged him to exertion? How the daring feat of agility, and the hard task in study, were accomplished rather to convince his sceptical companions of his ability, than from an abstract love of the performances? Would man have reached the glorious point of his present existence had there been no difficulties to conquer? If all his wants had been provided for, would he have subdued every element to his purposes? It was clearly intended that man should have every kind of want to satisfy, that difficulties should beset him in providing for them, and that thereby all his mighty energies and resources should be actively exercised, making him progress through each age to that eminence for which he is evidently destined. Ease begets sloth—sloth deadens the intellect—and, in a few generations, turns man from a civilized being to a savage. Nations show

this in their histories. They gradually creep out of barbarism—steadily advance towards civilization—become luxurious, slothful, enervated, and sink back into semi-barbarism. Nations have passed away in this manner, but each succeeding one has arrived at higher excellence than its predecessor. Thus, Rome had its glory, which is remembered among by gone events,—the nations of Europe succeeded, and are rapidly verging upon decline. Our own country is taking their place, and, in all probability will attain an infinitely higher eminence than has ever yet been achieved by any of those that have gone before.

If this be the case, what are commonly called the trials of life are blessings, and the novelist's system of attaching temporal and pecuniary success to them, ought to be thoroughly unnecessary as a means of advocating good conduct, and perseverance while contending with them, because, not only does the exercise of our moral and intellectual faculties afford more lasting gratification than is derived from the use of our passions, but these trials are necessary to bring into more vigorous action the very energies, from the use of which, we obtain pleasure.

Writers of fiction are prone to describe personal appearance, voice, features, and so on, as indicative of men's real characters. However fond we may be of phrenology and physiognomy; however flattering it may be to our egotism to believe that we can read men's faces, as though they were so many books, we sadly fear that it cannot be done. The face, like the voice, seems rather a mask for, than a mirror of, our feelings. From early years we learn to disguise our real feelings, so that by the time we arrive at an age when our characters are formed, we are such thorough hypocrites that rarely do real feelings express themselves either by word or look. We are schooled into conventional forms, and few there be who have sufficient strength of mind to break their trammels;—and this assertion does not apply to the weak only—the man of strong intellect, sound principles, and delicate feelings, betrays, too often, the same want of ingenueness, either from disinclination to allow the multitude to pry into his feelings, or from a wish to avoid wounding the feelings of others. Desperate villains are not always ferocious looking. Handsome ones are frequently without even a sinister expression of the eye. While men, in whom the moral and intellectual greatly preponderates, often have homely countenances that repel rather than attract.*

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It seems to us, that our correspondent has stated his case rather too strongly. There is no doubt, as he has very justly said, that the

It is common among some writers to introduce a kind of intellectual villain—a species of fallen angel, with every thing that can charm, both mentally and physically; subject to the trifling drawback of an extraordinary amount of selfishness which leads him to study his own happiness at the expense of all others. Thanks be to Providence! this character is almost wholly imaginary.

Fiction has been condemned as altogether bad—as tending to enervate the mind, and unfit it for ordinary duties; but that unfitting arises from the kind of fiction, not from the fiction itself. People read novels and tales, in which heroes and heroines are made happy ad libitum, and they turn to their own course through life with the sad consciousness, derived from experience and tradition, that these glorious results are confined to fiction alone. If instead of such rewards, truth were adhered to, and people brought to believe that happiness can be derived from exercising their own better feelings, they would lay aside the novel to pursue with more cheerfulness and avidity a career wherein happiness was daily offered to their grasp. Novels are not unhealthy

face is made to mask rather than mirror our feelings. Still, as the countenance was formed to express the thoughts and affections of the soul, it cannot be wholly turned from its true use. The instrument may be sadly out of tune, but, until broken, it will respond to the touch of the player, even if the music be discordant. And so of the countenance, it must and will answer to the soul, and show, in some degree, the quality of its affections. But it does this imperfectly, and for the reason given by our correspondent. "From early years we learn to disguise our real feelings." Still, we act so frequently with a perfect unconsciousness of our real motives—whether they be selfish or otherwise—that what we really feel is written upon the face so often, and so long at a time, that its expression becomes fixed, and may be read, very plainly, when the countenance is in repose. In this way, some faint idea of a man's ruling affections, whether good or evil, may be gained from his face;—Enough, at least, to enable us, if we observe closely, to determine to some extent whether a man be governed by good or evil motives—and this independent of beauty and plainness. Let any one who doubts on this subject examine a collection of busts of distinguished men, and see how each face corresponds with the intellectual and moral character of its original. The strongest illustration of this that occurs to our mind just now, may be seen in the busts of Washington, and Voltaire. Let every one who has an opportunity of doing so compare them. It will give a lesson in physiognomy not soon to be forgotten. No two men's faces, casts of which we have seen, speak to the eye like these, in a language not to be mistaken. The one impresses us with all that is good and noble, but we turn from the other with an inward shudder.

food for the mind, when they are of the right character. They are histories of the mind. While in historical writings we obtain a knowledge of men's actions, in true novel writing we see the motives, the inner workings of the mind conjointly with the deeds that result therefrom, and as "man's proper study is man," such reading must be beneficial.

Let us hope then that a new era will spring up in novel writing. A better opportunity than at present could not be found. The cheap book

system has brought into existence a fearful quantity of trash that should have been strangled in its birth—so vile, that the most sickly minds turn with nausea from the unwholesome infliction. The public are prepared for something better—a reaction has already taken place, and the fittest possible time for the introduction of excellence in any walk of life, is when that peculiar branch has degenerated so low, that the whole community cry aloud with one voice for improvement.

For Arthur's Magazine.

YOU, AND KATE, AND I.

How the skies have faded, Annie!
 Since the happy days,
 When they glowed like loving eyes,
 O'er our merry plays:
 Angels looked from every star
 In our childhood's sky;
 And how well we loved them, Annie,
 You, and Kate, and I.

Though we passed our childhood, Annie,
 In a crowded town,
 Neither crowds nor noise had power
 Then to press us down;
 While a ray of sunshine stream'd
 Through the ether blue;
 While a single flower was smiling,
 We were smiling too.

Then the pleasant Mayings, Annie!
 In that pleasant time,
 How we thought the country things
 Always in their prime:
 Brighter glow'd the living air,
 Rarer birds flew by,
 When we watched them all together,
 You, and Kate, and I.

We had little partings, Annie,
 With their store of pain;
 Filling hearts with joyous beatings,
 When we met again:
 Ah! a nobler joy be ours,
 Holy, pure, and high:
 When we meet in heaven, Annie,
 You, and Kate, and I.

H. M.

BLACK EYES vs. BLUE.

From the French.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

THE eyes of brilliant, sparkling jet,
 And those of blue that mildly beam,
 Ever disputed when they met,
 Which should presume to reign supreme.
 Each boldly claimed the preference—
 Their partizans contesting strove;
 At length both rested their defence,
 For judgment from the god of Love.

Never before, did any cause
 Produce so much embarrassment.
 The *blacks* and *blues* t' expound the laws,
 Had advocates on triumph bent.
 For *umpires*, came a thousand sighs;
 For *witnesses*, the ardent fires:
 For *proofs* the soul's anxieties:
 And, for *reporters*, the desires

Then Love spake thus, disputes to lull,
 And far the wise decision flew—
 "With black eyes, girls are beautiful,
 And girls are beautiful with blue;
 The black more tenderness express,
 The blue flash joyous, light and free,
 And, while the black portray finesse,
 The blue have amiability.

"The black inclines to fancies wild—
 There's danger in a deep, dark eye;
 The blue is artless as a child,
 And loves, e'en to idolatry.
 In black eyes, joy her flowers enwreathes—
 The blue shed radiance soft and true—
 The soul from out a black eye breathes,
 But mildness reigns supreme in blue."

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

7-

"JAMES," said a master workman to a young man, a journeyman in his shop, "business has become so dull that I must reduce the number of my men. As you came in last, you will have to go among the first. I am sorry for this, but cannot help it. To continue my present force would be to ruin me."

James Harker, that was the journeyman's name, looked surprised and pained for a moment or two. But he had a confident spirit within him, and soon recovered his self control.

"I am sorry, too," he replied. "But I know business is very bad, and that you are perfectly right in reducing your expenses. I shall get along some how, no doubt."

"Yes, James, I have no doubt of that. Where there is a will there is a way."

"The truth of that saying I have proved more than once in my life," the young man returned. "And I shall prove it again."

"I am sure of that," the master workman said. "Such a spirit as yours always makes success."

At the end of the week, Harker, with three other journeymen, received their wages, and were discharged. Among these, Harker was the only married man. He had three children. One of the journeymen thrown out of work, was named Wilson. He lived near Harker, and the two walked homeward together. Wilson was a young man of good mind, some education, and excellent moral character. He had a widowed mother with whom he lived, and towards whose support he contributed as much as was needful. In doing this, he was taxed but lightly, for old Mrs. Wilson had an independent mind, and was habitually industrious. She always would be doing something.

"This is rather a bad business, Wilson," James Harker said, as the two left the shop, each with a week's wages in his pocket. He did not speak in a desponding, but, rather, in a cheerful voice.

"I don't see what we are to do," was gloomily

replied. "There's no work to be had in the city, and won't be for months to come."

"I shouldn't like to say that. There must be work somewhere."

"If there is, I, for one, would like very much to find it."

"If there is, I, for one, will find it," Harker said confidently.

"You can try, if you choose; but you'll have all your trouble for nothing."

"We will see. I have never given up yet, and never intend giving up while there is any thing left of me. It is the worst thing in the world to despond. Despondency is almost sure to produce failure, while confidence guarantees success. Where there is a will there is a way, that is my motto. It has helped me through narrower places than this."

"It has never helped me, then; and I'm sure I have a good enough will."

"Perhaps it is a passive and not an active will. It may be that you call upon Jupiter without putting your shoulder to the wheel."

"You may think so, but I don't," was returned a little impatiently.

Harker, seeing that his fellow workman would not bear plain talk, said no more on the subject. On returning home, James saw that the face of his wife was troubled. She looked at him earnestly, while the tears stood in her eyes; but she said nothing. His countenance wore its usual cheerful air. This was, in part, assumed, to strengthen the heart of his wife, who was more inclined than himself to look at the dark side of things. After the children were all in bed, and his wife had taken her seat by a little work-table, with her sewing in her hand, James said to her:

"Don't look so troubled, Lucy. All will come out right in the end. I shall get work some where."

"I don't know, James. Times, you have said all a long, were very dull. I'm afraid you will lie out of work all summer. And if that should

happen, I don't know what we shall do. Mr. Eckhart has'n't had a stroke of work these four months, and can't get it any where. His family is in a distressed condition."

"Eckhart don't try to get work as he ought to try. He's above doing many things that he might do. I know all about him."

"His family is greatly in want of every thing."

"And he is walking about like a gentleman. Don't think, for an instant, Lucy, that I will ever see you and the children want, while I have health and strength. If I can't get work at my trade, I can get it at something else. Work I will. If I can't make ten dollars a week, I will make five. Half a loaf is better than no bread. Not so Eckhart. He must have just such kind of work, and just such prices. He can't do this, that, nor the other."

"But where is work to be had? There are a large number of persons idle."

"Where there is a will there is a way, Lucy. That is my sheet anchor."

"Suppose every body had this will?"

"Then for every body there would be a way. Not, of course, exactly the way most agreeable to every body; but, still, a way in which service might be rendered to others, and an equivalent for that service obtained."

The confident tone of her husband encouraged Lucy. The feeling of despondency that had weighed upon her spirits for many hours, gradually passed off. This was succeeded by a more cheerful state of mind.

Early on Monday morning Harker started out to put his first resolution into practice, which was to visit every establishment in New York, carrying on the branch of business at which he worked. As he had not calculated on getting work at the first, second, or third application, he he was not discouraged even when dinner time found him unsuccessful. To his wife's anxious questions he replied cheerfully. After dinner he went out again.

"How is business?" he asked, for the fiftieth time, as he entered a shop near the close of the day.

"Dull enough," was the reply.

"Don't you think you could make room for a hand?"

Before a reply to this could be made, a man entered the shop, and asked if a certain number of articles, such as were manufactured there, could be delivered to him in ten days. The master workman agreed to furnish what was wanted in the stipulated time, and at once engaged the services of James Harker to enable him to fulfil his contract.

As Harker was returning home towards night-fall he met Wilson.

"Have you found any work yet?" asked the former.

"I hav'n't tried. It's no use. The business is killed up. I may look about a little during the week. But I don't expect any good to come from it."

"Nor will any good come from it, I am, myself, inclined to think. Efforts made in such a spirit are rarely successful. I started out this morning confident that some good would come of my efforts. And I am pleased to say that I have not been disappointed. After going from shop to shop, until I had gone nearly over the whole city, I at last hit the very moment when a dealer was making a large and hurried order, and obtained work for ten days."

"Ten days! What is that?"

"It is ten days' work. Which is much better than ten days lost. Something favorable will turn up after that."

"Maybe so. But you'll find, in the end, that you are too sanguine."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"We'll see."

"Good day!" And Wilson passed on, feeling chagrined at Harker's good fortune, which was a rebuke of his own want of confidence and activity.

The cheerful smile that lit up the face of Lucy, when Harker mentioned his success, more than repaid him doubly for the efforts of the day.

The job lasted for the time specified. By working early and late, he was able to make just twenty dollars in ten days.

"Well, are you through with your job yet?" asked Wilson, meeting him the day after he had finished.

"Yes, I got through yesterday."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to try for work somewhere else."

"Do you think you will get it?"

"I do. Something will offer I am sure."

"You'll be a luckier dog than are some ten or a dozen I know, if it does. I've been trying ever since we quit work at L——'s, but it's no use. Not a hand's turn can I find to do. I went this morning to two shops, but no journeymen were wanted."

"Where there's a will there's a way," Harker said to himself as he walked slowly and thoughtfully along, after parting with Wilson. "He's not earnest enough about it. Two shops this morning! Why, I've been to ten, and was only too late by a quarter of an hour at one of them to secure a permanent situation. He's got a mother

to fall back upon; while I've got a wife and children to fall back upon me. That makes a wonderful difference."

Wilson, on parting with Harker, returned home.

"It's no use trying," he said. "I don't believe I shall get any thing to do for months to come. I called at two or three shops this morning: every thing is perfectly flat. I know at least a dozen journeymen, with families to support, who have not had a stroke of work for weeks."

The mother spoke words of encouragement to her son. Told him not to let his mind be disturbed. That she could easily keep up the family for six months to come, when work would be brisk again.

Assurances of this kind tended to make Wilson less anxious about employment; and, of course, less likely to secure it. It was not pleasant to his feelings, to be going from shop to shop, seeking work, and so he quit doing so. Many hours were spent in reading, but many more in wandering aimlessly about, waiting until business should revive.

"It's dreadful dull," was his oft repeated remark, to fellow workmen, who, like himself, could find nothing better to do than walking about the streets. Occasionally he would fall in with Harker, who, some how or other, managed never to be idle over a day or two at a time. He kept always in the way of employment, because he was anxious to obtain it, and in consequence, picked up many little jobs that would otherwise have been missed.

"I don't know how it is," Wilson would sometimes say to him, "that you manage always to keep at something. I can't meet with any thing to do. And I'm sure I am as willing to work as you are."

"You don't keep all the while trying, as I do, I suppose. These are times when work has to be looked up. It doesn't come after people as it did a year ago."

Wilson didn't relish plain talk like this, because it reflected upon him unfavorably. He evidenced his true feelings in his reply, that was not spoken in a calm, mild tone. The effect, however, was to cause him to go among the shops on the next day, when he was fortunate enough to secure a job that lasted a few weeks.

"Nothing like trying," remarked Harker to him sententiously, the next time they met. "It possesses a wonderful virtue."

But, even with trying, Harker found, after awhile, that he could not get enough to do to meet the wants of his family. Times seemed to grow harder. His mind, constantly active, and

constantly seeking after the means for earning money, devised many schemes, and was aided by many suggestions awakened therein, that would never have presented themselves, had not his will been constantly stimulating his thoughts. The result of almost every day, was, to him, an illustration of his favorite adage—where there is a will there is a way. He knew that the will was creative, and made to itself the means for gaining its ends. It was the consciousness of this, that gave him courage to hope even in the hour of deepest darkness.

Some time had elapsed since he was thrown out of regular employment, and even he had been made to fear often amid his hard struggles. At length, try as he would, he could find nothing to do.

One morning, after having been idle for a week, he found himself with only a single dollar left, and no kind of prospect in regard to work. For the first time he could not relish his food. For the first time his confidence forsook him, and, instead of cheerful words for the ear of his wife, he was silent, depressed and thoughtful. To see her husband, always before, in every trying situation, so assured and cheerful, thus distressed about their prospects, at once dashed the spirit of Lucy to the earth. When she did venture to speak in her husband's presence, her voice was tremulous,—when she looked him in the face, he could see that her eyes were just ready to run over with tears. He could not bear this. It caused him the most poignant affliction of mind. Early after the scarcely tasted morning meal, he went out with a kind of desperate determination to get something to do at all hazards.

"There is, there must be work for him that is willing to do it, somewhere," he said, half-aloud, as he strode away from his door.

He had not gone far when he met his old fellow workman, Wilson. The latter looked quite contented. Since his last job, he had made a few feeble efforts to get something to do, but failing of success, was now contented to eat his bread quietly, and wait patiently until times grew better. The statement from every one he met, that business was worse than ever, and that it was no use to look for work, satisfied his mind.

"Ah, good morning, Harker," he said, with something of triumph in his voice—"even your will can't always find a way, it seems. So you are idle still?"

"Yes. I have not been able to get any thing to do for a week."

"And won't for a week to come—perhaps a year."

"I'll get something to do before this day is over," was the half desperate reply.

"At street sweeping, then."

"Very well. Let it be street sweeping, or any other honest calling that I can find. Work I must and will have."

"I want work as much as any one, but I am not quite prepared for street sweeping, sawing wood, or turning carman."

"If you had a wife and three or four children to care for, you might be thankful for the chance of turning a penny in either of the occupations you have named."

"But I hav'nt, thank fortune!"

"I have, then; and I am willing to work at any honest calling."

By this time the friends, who had been walking down Washington street, had nearly reached the Battery. Harker paused at the corner of a street, and said that he was going to cross to the other side of Broadway, and look about among the stores in Pearl and other business streets, to see if he couldn't get work as a laborer, or light porter.

"You are not in earnest, surely?" Wilson said. "A laborer, or porter?"

"I am in earnest," Harker replied. "Why not? Will it not be much better for me to work in a warehouse, or carry small parcels, or do the errands in a store, than to sit down, or walk idly about, while my family is suffering? I think so."

"Come, walk down upon the Battery, with me, at any rate. Perhaps something will offer there. Who knows but that you may find small boating worth the trial. There are one American and two foreign ships of war lying off in the stream."

This was said lightly, but it made the heart of James Wilson bound. The suggestion, he saw, at a glance, was a good one. He did not hesitate a moment, but walked with a quickened pace to the Battery, and down towards Castle Garden. Several small boats were there, in each of which was an active oarsman.

"What will you charge to take me off to the Constellation?" a man, with a lady on his arm, asked of a boatman, just as Harker and his friend came up.

"Two shillings a piece to go, and the same to return," was the reply.

"That is a dollar to take us there and back again?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman and lady entered the boat and were rowed off.

"Just the thing!" ejaculated Harker, as the boat bounded away. "Thank you a hundred times for your suggestion, Wilson."

"But you are not in earnest?"

"I am." His brightening face spoke more unequivocally than his words.

"Nonsense! But where will you get a boat?"

"Hire one."

"You can't."

"I can try. Where there's a will, there's a way." And so saying, Harker turned away, and took a direct course to the lower end of the Battery, where he soon succeeded in getting a boat from a man with whom he was acquainted. In this he rowed around to Castle Garden. Wilson, curious to see where all this would end, had remained standing by the railing of the Battery. He could hardly believe his own eyes, when he saw Harker come rowing up, close under where he stood, and ask, jocosely, if he did not wish to go out to the Constellation. But a word or two had passed between them, when half a dozen men came up and asked if he would take them out to a French brig that lay off in the harbor, and return with them in an hour. A bargain was at once made with them, they agreed to pay him two dollars for the job, or a little over two shillings apiece.

"Where there's a will there's a way, Wilson," Harker cried out to his friend, in a confident voice, as he pulled off with his freight from the shore.

"I wouldn't do that for any one," muttered Wilson, in a dissatisfied tone, as he turned away and left the Battery.

At dinner time, Harker did not come home. A frugal meal had been prepared by his wife at the regular hour, but he did not return as usual. This made her feel uneasy. She could not remember when he had been away so long before. All the afternoon she waited for him, expecting him to come in every minute, but she waited in vain. Many thoughts troubled her. She had permitted herself to become gloomy and desponding while she had her husband to depend upon. Suppose any accident should have happened to him! Suppose he were dead!

This thought startled her so that she rose up from the chair she had drawn close to the window, in order to see her work more distinctly in the deepening twilight. At this moment the door opened, and her husband entered.

"O, James! where have you been all day?" she asked, eagerly.

"Hard at work, Lucy, and here are my nett gains," holding out in his hand seven hard dollars. "I hired a boat for a dollar, and have made eight dollars by rowing people out to the ships of war in the harbor. I've been hard at work all day, and now feel as happy as a young kitten, and as hungry as a bear."

Six months from that day, Harker, who con-

tinued "small boating," owned three boats, one of which he daily plied himself between the shore and the shipping, and the others he hired out. He had three hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank, and was as happy, to use his own words, as the day was long. As for Wilson, he walked about for nearly the whole of that time, doing nothing to benefit others, and living a burden to himself. Harker had several times tried to induce him to take a boat and try his luck, but the proposition always made him half angry. To his false pride there was something degrading in the occupation. He did not reflect, that idleness, or dependence upon others, was more really degrading than any occupation that was strictly honest. He had not studied to purpose that noble couplet of Pope's—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Instead of looking at his duty—instead of only asking "Is this right?"—he let himself be governed by what he supposed people would think or say of him. Alas! that there should be so many in the world like Wilson.—Men, from whose intelligence, and professed independence of character, more, much more ought to be expected.

When trade again revived, James Harker sold off his boats, took his money out of the savings' bank, and set up for himself. He is now doing a good business; lives in a large, comfortable house, and, it is hardly necessary to say, is esteemed and respected by all who know him. Six years have passed since he and Wilson parted on the Battery—one to row a party of men to a ship lying in the harbor, and the other to saunter listlessly about the streets. Harker is worth some ten thousand dollars, and Wilson is one of his journeymen.

Where there's a will, there's a way.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

OR MAGIC OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

JOHN BAPTISTA PORTA was a Neapolitan philosopher. His celebrated work on natural magic, written in Latin, is a curious and crude compound of truth and error. The following are some of his statements which will afford amusement to the reader:—

"There is a wonderful enmity between cane and fern so that one of them destroys the other. Hence it is that a fern root pounded, doth lose and shake out the dart from a wounded body, that were shot or cast out of canes." "The ape of all other things cannot abide a snail: now the ape is a drunken beast, for they are wont to take an ape by making him drunk; and a snail well washed is a remedy against drunkenness."

"The wolf is afraid of the urchin or hedge-hog; thence, if we wash our mouths and throats with urchin's blood, it will make our voice shrill, though before it were hoarse and dull like a wolf's voice." "The hart and the serpent are at continual enmity; the serpent, as soon as he seeth the hart, gets him into his hole, but the hart draws him out again with the breath of his

nostrils, and devours him: hence it is that the fat and the blood of harts, and the stones that grow in their eyes, are ministered as fit remedies against the stinging and biting of serpents." "The pomegranite will bring forth fruit just so many years as many dates as the moon is old when you plant it." "If we cut our hair, or pare our nails before the new moon, they will grow again but slowly; if at or about the new moon, they will grow again quickly." Bears' eyes are oft times dimmed; and for that cause they desire honeycombs above all things, that the bees stinging their mouths may thereby draw forth together with the blood, that dull and gross humor; whence physicians learned to use letting blood, to cure the dimness of the eyes." "If you would have a man become bold or impudent, let him carry about him the skin or eyes of a lion or a cock, and he will be fearless of his enemies; nay, he will be very terrible unto them. If you would have a man talking, give him tongues, and seek out for him water frogs, wild-geese and ducks, and other such creatures, notorious for their continual noise making."



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. VI.

TO THE EAGLE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!
 Thy home is high in heaven,
 Where wide the storms their banners fling
 And the tempest clouds are driven.
 Thy throne is on the mountain top;
 Thy fields the boundless air;
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
 The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
 Amid the noontide blaze:
 The midway sun is clear and bright,
 It cannot dim thy gaze.
 Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
 O'er the bursting billow, spread,
 Where the vessel plunges, hurry past
 Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
 And the waves are white below.
 And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
 They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight,
 To lands beyond the sea,
 And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
 Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves.
 And thou leavest them all behind;
 Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
 Fleet as the tempest wind.
 When the night-storm gathers dim and dark
 With a shrill and boding scream,
 Thou rushest by the foundering bark
 Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
 In thy imperial name,
 The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
 The dangerous path of fame.
 Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
 The Roman legions bore,
 From the view of Egypt's cloudy springs
 Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior pray'd.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave,
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.

There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watch'd alone,
And the world in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheel'd around the welcome bark
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, on lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL THE POET.—A late arrival brings intelligence of the death of Thomas Campbell, a poet known and loved wherever the English language is spoken. He died at Boulogne on Saturday, fifteenth of June, at the age of sixty-five years. We find the following interesting sketch of his life and literary labors in the *London Illustrated News*:

"Scotland gave birth to Thomas Campbell. He was born at Glasgow in 1777, where he was sent early to school, under Mr. David Alison, who had a method of instruction in the classics purely his own. Campbell began to write verse in his boyhood, and some of his earliest attempts at poetry are yet extant among his friends in Scotland. When twelve years old he quitted school for the University of Glasgow, where, in Greek, he was the foremost student of his age, and made poetical paraphrases of the most celebrated Greek poets: subsequently he became the pupil of the celebrated Dr. Miller, who was then delivering philosophical lectures in Glasgow.

Campbell quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, where he accepted a situation in a family of note. It was in Argyleshire, among the romantic mountains of the north, that his poetical spirit increased, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind; and there he wandered alone by the torrent, or on the rugged height, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own; and several of his pieces, which he has rejected in his collected works, were long handed about in manuscript in Scotland.

From Argyleshire, Campbell removed to Edinburgh, where he became intimate with the late Dugald Stewart, and almost every other leading professor of the University. At the age of twenty-one, he produced his celebrated "*Pleasures of Hope*," which, for twenty years, produced the publishers between

£200 and £300 per annum, although the poet received at first but £10 for the copyright.

Within three years from this time, Campbell quitted his native country for the Continent; and while residing at Hamburg he composed "*The Exile of Erin*" from the impression made upon his mind by the condition of some Irish Exiles in the neighborhood of the above city. The poem was set to an old Irish air of the most touching pathos, and will perish only with the language.

Campbell travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia, visiting the universities, and storing his mind with German literature. From the walls of a convent he commanded a view of part of the field of Hohenlinden during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat—which impressive sight produced the celebrated ode, "*The Battle of Hohenlinden*," which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. In Germany, too, Campbell made the friendship of the two Schlegels, and the venerable Klopstock. His travels in Germany occupied him thirteen months, when he returned to England, and, for the first time, visited London. He soon afterwards composed those two marine odes, "*The Battle of the Baltic*," and "*Ye Mariners of England*;" and though, as Byron lamented Campbell wrote so little, these odes are enough to place him unforgotten in the Shrine of the Muses.

In 1803, the poet married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish descent, but of whom he was deprived by death in 1828. He resided at Sydenham until 1821, when literary pursuits demanded his removal to the metropolis. It was at Sydenham, in a house nearly facing the reservoir, that the poet produced his greatest work, "*Gertrude of Wyoming*." About the same time, Campbell was appointed Professor of Poetry in the Royal Institution, where he delivered lectures,

which have since been published. He also undertook the editorship of "Selections from the British Poets," which have lately been reprinted.

Soon after this, Campbell re-visited Germany, and returned to England in 1820, to undertake the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, it is said at a salary of £1000 per annum. In 1824, he published "Theodoric, a Domestic Tale," perhaps the least popular of all his poetical works.

By his marriage, Campbell had two sons; one of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other, while in the University of Bonn, where he exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which afterwards ripened into mental derangement of the milder species.

The next event in Campbell's life will embalm his memory for ages to come: we mean, as the originator of the London University, now University College. He was likewise instrumental in the establishment of the Western Literary Institution, in Leicester square.

Campbell, as has been already stated, was educated at Glasgow, and received the honor of election as Lord Rector three successive years, notwithstanding some powerful opponents, among whom were the late Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Campbell's literary labors are too well known and estimated to require from us any thing more than a rapid enumeration of his most popular works. In his studies he exhibited great fondness for recondite subjects; but his ever-delightful theme was Greece, her arts, and literature. His lectures on Greek poetry appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*. He also published "Annals of Great Britain, from the accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens," and was the Author of several articles on poetry and the belles lettres in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*. Among his poetical pieces, the minor ones display considerably more energy than those of greater length. "The Pleasures of Hope" is entitled to rank as a British classic; and his "Gertrude" is perhaps one of the most chaste and delicate poems in the language. His fugitive pieces are also extensively known—as his "Hohenlinden," the beautiful "Valedictory Stanzas to John Kemble," and the "Last Man"—the latter worthy of Byron.

Several years since Mr. Campbell relinquished the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*; but a few years since he contributed to its pages a series of "Letters from the South," the result of a short residence in Algiers.

Of late Mr. Campbell wrote but little, and that chiefly prose. Of these works, his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" is, perhaps, the least successful. Nor has his edition of Shakspeare, prefaced by a life of the great bard, taken higher stand. He was in the receipt of a pension of £184 per annum from royal bounty.

In person Mr. Campbell was below the middle stature, well made, but slender. His features indicated great sensibility; his eyes were particularly striking, and of a deep blue color; his nose aquiline; his expression generally saturnine. His time for study was mostly during the stillness of night; he was remarkable for absence of mind; was charitable and kind in his disposition, but of quick temper; his amusements were few; but, in the flow of soul, there

are few men possessing more companionable qualities. His heart was, perhaps, one of the best that ever beat in human bosom; it was that which should have belonged to the poet of *Gertrude*, his favorite personification. Nor must his enthusiasm for the succor of the Polish refugees be forgotten in our enumeration of his kindly excellence.

A contemporary, in estimating Mr. Campbell's genius, says:—"In common with every lover of poetry, we regret that his works are so few, though when a man has written enough to achieve immortality, he cannot be said to have trifled away his life. Mr. Campbell's poetry will find its way wherever the English language shall be spoken, and will be admired wherever it is known." The memory of such a man should be enshrined in a national resting-place; and it is gratifying to learn that such a tribute is already contemplated. Mr. Moxon, of the Chancery Bar, one of the executors of the deceased poet (in the absence of Dr. W. Beattie, the other executor), has applied to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, to ascertain whether, in the event of the friends of Mr. Campbell being desirous that his remains should be interred in the Poets'-Corner, in the Abby, the necessary permission would be granted for that purpose; and the Dean and Chapter have been pleased to signify to Mr. Moxon that such permission would be given."

"MALBROOK HAS GONE TO THE WAR."—A French publisher is getting up an elegant illustrated edition of popular songs, in numbers, each song preceded by an interesting essay on its origin, and accompanied by music arranged for the piano-forte. The first song presented is the celebrated ditty of Malbrough, corrupted by the English into Malbrook. The song was composed anterior to the death of the Duke of Marlborough, probably by some one of the French soldiers, who could ridicule, if they could not conquer a general who, for thirty years remained the bane of Louis XIV. pursuing, attacking, and crippling him on every field of battle, and in every European cabinet. "Not being able to conquer, the enemy lampooned him, and each of his victories was followed by a new satirical song; such verses being in France, then, the peoples' most ordinary means of taking revenge."

The song was little if at all known beyond some of the provinces where it had been left by the light-hearted soldiery, until 1781, when it suddenly resounded from one end of France to the other. The cause of this popularity is a little curious. When Marie Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir he was nursed by a peasant named Madame Poirine. This nurse, while rocking the cradle, sung the ditty of Malbrough, which she had probably learned in a distant province. "The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burden, and the touching melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Every body repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malbrough, s'en va-t-en guerre*. Malbrough was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage; from the court it was adopted by the trades-people of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country. It was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as

popular as in France." . . . "The warlike and melancholy air of the song," adds the French essayist, "did not, any more than its hero, originate in France, and we have sought in vain to trace its history back from the time Napoleon—in spite of his great antipathy to music—roared it out whenever he got into his saddle to start on a fresh campaign. We are not unwilling to believe with M. de Chateaubriand, that it was the same air which the crusaders of Godefroid de Bouillon sung under the walls of Jerusalem. The Arabs still sing it, and pretend that their ancestors learned it at the battle of Massoura, or else from the brothers-in-arms of De Joinville, who repeated it to the clashing of bucklers while pressing forward to the cry of Mountjoy Saint-Dennis."

While nearly all our readers are familiar with the air, and perhaps a number of the couplets of Malbrough, few, we presume, have ever heard or seen the whole of the quaint, absurd ditty to which it is sung. As a curiosity we transfer it to our pages. "Mironton, Mirontaine" is an old refrain, or burden. The last line is sung three times, and the whole stanza repeated straight through.

"THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MALBROUGH."

Malbrough is gone to the wars,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Malbrough has gone to the wars,
None know when he'll return—

A Easter perhaps 'twill be,
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity has passed
And yet he comes not back.

His dame ascends her tower
So high she can go no higher.

Her page she sees approach,
In vestments all of black.

'O sweet and comely page,
What is the news you bring?"

'The tidings I shall tell
Will cause your eyes to weep—

Your pink attire to doff,
Likewise your silk and gold.

Monsieur de Malbrough's dead—
What's more—he's buri-ed.

I saw him laid in the earth
By four brave officers.

One carried his cuirass,
A second his buckler stout.

A third his terrible sword,
A fourth carried nothing at all.

At the entrance of his tomb
They planted rosemary.

On the highest branch of the tree,
A nightingale was perched.

They saw it steal his soul
With laurel it to crown.

Each man fell on his face—
And then got up again,

To sing the victories
That Malbrough had achieved.

The ceremony over
They all went home to bed,

Some with their good wives,
And others by themselves.

No single mortal failed
In this I'm pretty sure;

Let them be dark or fair,
Or of the chestnut hue.

I've nothing else to say,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
I've nothing else to say,
And I'm sure I've said enough." (*thrice*.)

MR. DEMPSTER.—We were favored during the past month with a concert by this delightful ballad singer. But, unfortunately, the night selected for his musical performance happened to come at a time when the whole city was agitated and alarmed by the startling and melancholy scenes that transpired in Southwark in consequence of the discovery that arms and ammunition had been placed in the church of St. Philip De Neri. From this cause a few only attended his concert. A number of new ballads, the music composed by himself, were sung with pleasing effect. "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant" was given in Mr. Dempster's happiest style. This song we can never hear too often. It stirs a chord in our bosom that no other song awakens. We almost hold our breath at some portions as sung by him. At this, for instance.—

"But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak."

And this—

"For, I've laid you, darling, down to sleep;
With your baby on your breast."

And this—

"And often, in those green old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart shall travel back again,
To the place where Mary lies:
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first ye were my bride."

We hope the want of success attendant upon his concert, from the cause just stated, will not prevent Mr. Dempster from giving another, in fact, a series of concerts. He has a large number of admirers in this city, and indeed in all the principal cities of the union. He is an old favorite, and wears well.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We can refer our readers with confidence to the literary contents of this number. We think there is hardly a second rate article from the beginning of it to the end. Most of them we can pronounce first rate. Another of those fine old German tales is given, so full of elevated thought, and deep, pure feeling. It will be seen, that care has been taken to introduce a few articles, in accordance with our design, of a graver character than mere fictitious history. In doing so, we shall always avoid, as far as possible, any thing merely didactic. An exception to this is the short article from Abercrombie on Mental Culture and Discipline. But this, besides being very brief, is so full of sound thought with a living soul in it, that its admirable precepts sink into the mind almost as readily as rain into the dry ground. We might specify many other articles in the number, but it is needless. All are calculated to raise the thoughts above mere sensual objects, and to purify the affections from the dross of self-love. The sterling character that we are aiming to give our magazine, will become more and more apparent as we progress. "Rome was not built in a day." Perfection is not the work of a week or a month; but time, with constant application, the offspring of good intentions, will develop strength, beauty and use in any pursuit,

EMBELLISHMENTS IN THIS NUMBER.—Our embellishments for this number present a pleasing contrast. The fine picture of "Jaques and the Wounded Stag," was suggested by the following passage from Shakespeare's play of "As you Like It."

"Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim, had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed each other down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears."

The "Hindoo Girl" from a group of statuary by Westmacott, is a sweet plate. Have we a single lady reader, who would prefer one of those wretched libels on art, taste and beauty, called fashion plates, to a gem like this? We are sure we have not one. Besides these fine engravings we give two woodcut illustrations

FUTURE EMBELLISHMENTS.—Since the day we issued the first number of our work, we have been making arrangements for the certain procurement of steel engravings of a high order of merit. We found more difficulty in this than we at first apprehended. Still, with all these difficulties, our subscribers must give us the credit of having presented them already with many really beautiful specimens of art. For future numbers, we have now a large supply of highly finished engravings on hand, and in

progress, every one of which will be acknowledged as worthy the noble art by which it was produced. Among these are several exquisite landscapes, and some female figures of superb finish. In our pictorial, as well as in our literary department, our aim is perfection. To this we are content to advance step by step, surely but certainly.

THE LIVING AGE.—*E. Littell & Co. Boston.*—This weekly reprint of the best articles in English periodical literature, is the cheapest publication of the kind now issued. The selections for it are made with discrimination, judgment, and taste. Its character is similar to that of the Museum of Foreign Literature, as conducted by Mr. Littell, in its palmiest days. We know of no work more really worthy of public support.

HEAVEN AND HELL.—*T. H. Carter & Co. of Boston* have commenced the publication of Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell, in numbers at 12½ cents each. The first number has been received in this city by the different periodical agents.

For Arthur's Magazine. FLOWER LESSONS.

Flowers have sweet lessons

In their bright hues;

Breathing in fragrance,

And sparkling in dew:

Who cannot read aright,

Letters so full of light?

Painted in hues so bright,

On the white air:

Angels might bend to read,

What mortals little heed.

Yet doth our weakness need,

Teachers so fair,

Hear what the perfumed voice

Speaks in the glen;

Far from the care-shadow'd

Dwellings of men;

"Do not thy youth forget,"

Whispers the violet,

While its young leaves are wet,

As with a tear.

When life hath deepest pain,

"When selfish passions reign,

Call back thy youth again,

Keep childhood near."

See thou the lily's crest

Tow'ring on high,

Pointing in purity,

Up to the sky;

Far from the dusky earth,

Where first it had its birth,

Rising in conscious worth,

Doth it aspire;

Sweet words it saith to thee,

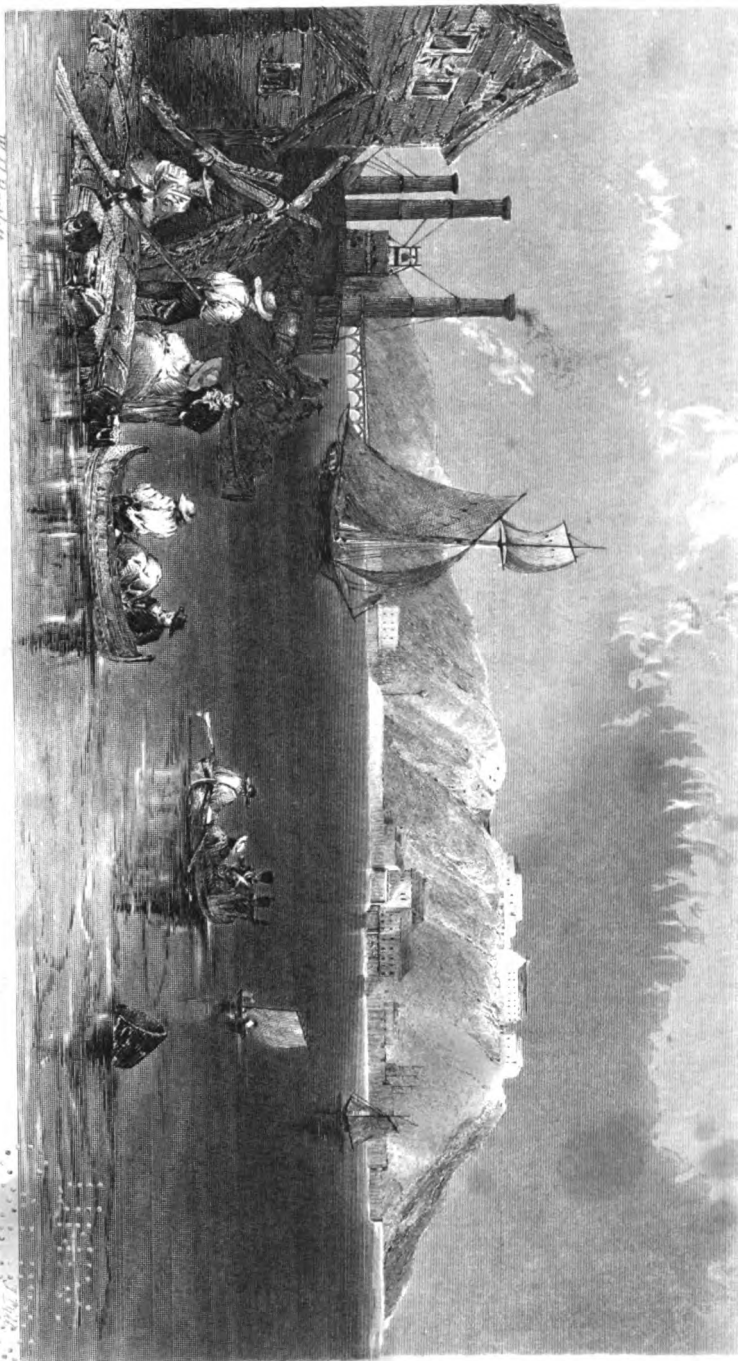
"Earth shall not fetter me,

Chains are not for the free,

Higher! still higher!"

H. M.

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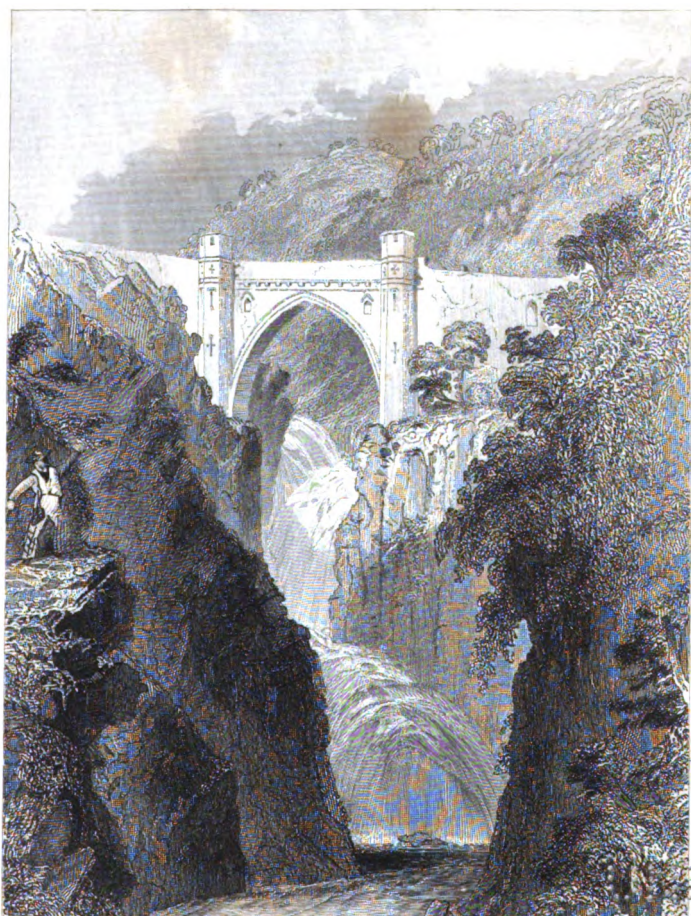
W. H. Barlow

Entrance of the harbor from the N. W. corner

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BRIDGE A. BRIDGE
NEAR WILLAMETTE.

80. 1940
1940.10.10

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

For Arthur's Magazine.

I'LL SEE ABOUT IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. EASY sat alone in his counting room, one afternoon, in a most comfortable frame, both as regards mind and body. A profitable speculation in the morning had brought the former into a state of great complacency, and a good dinner had done all that was required for the repose of the latter. He was in that delicious, half asleep, half awake condition, which, occurring after dinner, is so very pleasant. The newspaper, whose pages at first possessed a charm for his eye, had fallen, with the hand that held it, upon his knee. His head was gently reclined backwards against the top of a high, leather cushioned chair; while his eyes, half opened, saw all things around him but imperfectly. Just at this time the door was quietly opened, and a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, with a pale, thin face, high forehead, and large dark eyes, entered. He approached the merchant with a hesitating step, and soon stood directly before him.

Mr. Easy felt disturbed at this intrusion, for so he felt it. He knew the lad to be the son of a poor widow, who had once seen better circumstances than those that now surrounded her.

Her husband had, while living, been his intimate friend, and he had promised him, at his dying hour, to be the protector and adviser of his wife and children. He had meant to do all he promised, but, not being very fond of trouble, except where stimulated to activity by the hope of gaining some good for himself, he had not been as thoughtful in regard to Mrs. Mayberry as he ought to have been. She was a modest, shrinking, sensitive woman, and had, notwithstanding her need of a friend and adviser, never called upon Mr. Easy, or even sent to request him to act for her in any thing, except once. Her husband had left her poor. She knew little of the world. She had three quite young children, and one, the oldest, about sixteen. Had Mr. Easy been true to his pledge, he might have thrown many a ray upon her dark path, and lightened her burdened heart of many a doubt and fear. But he had permitted more than a year to pass since the death of her husband, without having once called upon her. This neglect had not been intentional. His will was good but never active at the present moment. "To-morrow," or "next week," or

"very soon," he would call upon Mrs. Mayberry; but to-morrow, or next week, or very soon, had never yet come.

As for the widow, soon after her husband's death, she found that poverty was to be added to affliction. A few hundred dollars made up the sum of all that she received after the settlement of his business, which had never been in a very prosperous condition. On this, under the exercise of extreme frugality, she had been enabled to live for nearly a year. Then the paucity of her little store made it apparent to her mind that individual exertion was required, directed towards procuring the means of support for her little family. Ignorant of the way in which this was to be done, and having no one to advise her, nearly two months more passed before she could determine what to do. By that time she had but a few dollars left, and was in a state of great mental distress and uncertainty. She then applied for work at some of the shops, and obtained common sewing, but at prices that could not yield her any thing like a support.

Hiram, her oldest son, had been kept at school up to this period. But now she had to withdraw him. It was impossible any longer to pay his tuition fees. He was an intelligent lad—active in mind, and pure in his moral principles. But like his mother, sensitive, and inclined to avoid observation. Like her, too, he had a proud independence of feeling, that made him shrink from asking or accepting a favor, or putting himself under an obligation to any one. He first became aware of his mother's true condition, when she took him from school, and explained the reason for so doing. At once his mind rose into the determination to do something to aid his mother. He felt a glowing confidence, arising from the consciousness of strength within. He felt that he had both the will and the power to act, and to act efficiently.

"Don't be disheartened, mother," he said, with animation. "I can and will do something. I can help you. You have worked for me a great many years. Now I will work for you."

Where there is a will, there is a way. But it is often the case, that the will lacks the kind of intelligence that enables it to find the right way at once. So it proved in the case of Hiram Mayberry. He had a strong enough will, but did not know how to bring it into activity. Good, without its appropriate truth, is impotent. Of this the poor lad soon became conscious. To the question of his mother—

"What can you do, child?" an answer came not so readily.

"Oh, I can do a great many things," was easily said; but, even in saying so, a sense of

inability followed the first thought of what he should do, that the declaration awakened.

The will impels, and then the understanding seeks for the means of effecting the purposes of the will. In the case of young Hiram, thought followed affection. He pondered for many days over the means by which he was to aid his mother. But, the more he thought, the more conscious did he become, that, in the world, he was a weak boy. That however strong might be his purpose, his means of action were limited. His mother could aid him but little. She had but one suggestion to make, and that was, that he should endeavor, to get a situation in some store, or counting room. This he attempted to do. Following her direction, he called upon Mr. Easy, who promised to see about looking him up a situation. It happened, the day after, that a neighbor spoke to him about a lad for his store—(Mr. Easy had already forgotten his promise)—Hiram was recommended, and the man called to see his mother.

"How much salary can you afford to give him?" asked Mrs. Mayberry, after learning all about the situation, and feeling satisfied that her son should accept of it.

"Salary, ma'am?" returned the storekeeper, in a tone of surprise. "We never give a boy any salary for the first year. The knowledge that is acquired of business is always considered a full compensation. After the first year, if he likes us, and we like him, we may give him seventy-five or a hundred dollars."

Poor Mrs. Mayberry's countenance fell immediately.

"I wouldn't think of his going out now, if it were not in the hope of his earning something," she said, in a disappointed voice.

"How much did you expect him to earn?" was asked by the storekeeper.

"I didn't know exactly what to expect. But I supposed that he might earn four or five dollars a week."

"Five dollars a week is all we pay our porter, an able bodied, industrious man," was returned. "If you wish your son to become acquainted with mercantile business, you must not expect him to earn much for three or four years. At a trade you may receive for him barely a sufficiency to board and clothe him, but nothing more."

This declaration so dampened the feelings of the mother that she could not reply for some moments. At length she said—

"If you will take my boy with the understanding, that, in case I am not able to support him, or hear of a situation where a salary can be obtained, you will let him leave your employ-

ment without hard feelings, he shall go into your store at once."

To this the man consented, and Hiram Mayberry went with him according to agreement. A few weeks passed, and the lad, liking both the business and his employer, his mother felt exceedingly anxious for him to remain. But she sadly feared that this could not be. Her little store was just about exhausted, and the most she had yet been able to earn by working for the shops, was a dollar and a half a week. This was not more than sufficient to buy the plainest food for her little flock. It would not pay rent, nor get clothing. To meet the former, recourse was had to the sale of her husband's small, select library. Careful mending kept the younger children tolerably decent, and by altering for him the clothes left by his father, she was able to keep Hiram in a suitable condition, to appear at the store of his employer.

Thus matters went on for several months. Mrs. Mayberry working late and early. The natural result was, a gradual failure of strength. In the morning, when she awoke, she would feel so languid and heavy, that to rise required a strong effort, and even after she was up, and attempted to resume her labors, her trembling frame almost refused to obey the dictates of her will. At length, nature gave way. One morning she was so sick that she could not rise. Her head throbbed with a dizzy, blinding pain—her whole body ached, and her skin burned with fever. Hiram got something for the children to eat, and then taking the youngest, a little girl about two years old, into the house of a neighbor who had showed them some good will, asked her if she would take care of his sister until he returned home at dinner time. This the neighbor readily consented to do—promising, also, to call in frequently to see his mother.

At dinner time Hiram found his mother quite ill. She was no better at night. For three days the fever raged violently. Then, under the careful treatment of their old family physician, it was subdued. After that she gradually recovered, but very slowly. The physician said she must not attempt again to work as she had done. This injunction was scarcely necessary. She had not the strength to do so.

"I don't see what you will do, Mrs. Mayberry," a neighbor who had often aided her by kind advice, said, in reply to the widow's statement of her unhappy condition. "You cannot maintain these children, certainly. And I don't see how, in your present feeble state, you are going to maintain yourself. There is but one thing that I can advise, and that advice I give with reluctance. It is to endeavor to get two

of your children into some orphan asylum. The youngest you may be able to keep with you. The oldest can support himself at something or other."

The pale cheek of Mrs. Mayberry grew paler at this proposition. She half sobbed, caught her breath, and looked her adviser with a strange, bewildered stare in the face.

"O, no! I cannot do that! I cannot be separated from my dear little children. Who will care for them like a mother?"

"It is hard, I know, Mrs. Mayberry. But necessity is a stern ruler. You cannot keep them with you—that is certain. You have not the strength to provide them with even the coarsest food. In an asylum, with a kind matron, they will be better off than under any other circumstances."

But Mrs. Mayberry shook her head.

"No—no—no," she replied—"I cannot think of such a thing. I cannot be separated from them. I shall soon be able to work again—better able than before."

The neighbor who felt deeply for her, did not urge the matter. When Hiram returned at dinner time, his face had in it a more animated expression than usual.

"Mother," he said, as soon as he came in, "I heard to-day that a boy was wanted at the Gazette office, who could write a good hand. The wages are to be four dollars a week."

"You did?" Mrs. Mayberry said, quickly, her weak frame trembling, although she struggled hard to be composed.

"Yes. And Mr. Easy is well acquainted with the publisher, and could get me the place, I am sure."

Then go and see him at once, Hiram. If you can secure it, all will be well, if not, your little brothers and sisters will have to be separated, perhaps sent into an orphan asylum."

Mrs. Mayberry covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly for some moments.

Hiram eat his frugal meal quickly, and returned to the store, where he had to remain until his employer went home and dined. On his return he asked liberty to be absent for half an hour, which was granted. He then went direct to the counting room of Mr. Easy, and disturbed him as has been seen. Approaching with a timid step, and a flushed brow, he said in a confused and hurried manner—

"Mr. Easy there is a lad wanted at the Gazette office."

"Well?" returned Mr. Easy in no very cordial tone.

"Mother thought you would be kind enough to speak to Mr. G—— for me."

"Hav'n't you a place in a store?"

"Yes sir. But I don't get any wages. And at the Gazette office they will pay four dollars a week."

"But the knowledge of business to be gained where you are will be worth a great deal more than four dollars a week."

"I know that, sir. But mother is not able to board and clothe me. I must earn something."

"Oh, aye, that's it. Very well, I'll see about it for you."

"When shall I call, sir?" asked Hiram.

"When. Oh, almost any time. Say to-morrow or next day."

The lad departed, and Mr. Easy's head fell back upon the chair, the impression which had been made upon his mind passing away almost as quickly as writing upon water.

With anxious trembling hearts did Mrs. Mayberry and her son wait for the afternoon of the succeeding day. On the success of Mr. Easy's application, rested all their hopes. Neither she nor Hiram eat over a few mouthfuls at dinner time. The latter hurried away, and returned to the store, there to wait with trembling eagerness until his employer should return from dinner, and he again be free to go and see Mr. Easy.

To Mrs. Mayberry, the afternoon passed slowly. She had forgotten to tell her son to return home immediately, if the application should be successful. He did not come back, and she had, consequently, to remain in a state of anxious suspense until dark. He came in at the usual hour. His dejected countenance told of disappointment.

"Did you see Mr. Easy?" Mrs. Mayberry asked, in a low, troubled voice.

"Yes. But he hadn't been to the Gazette office. He said he had been very busy. But that he would see about it soon."

Nothing more was said. The mother and son, after sitting silent and pensive during the evening, retired early to bed. On the next day, urged on by his anxious desire to get the situation of which he had heard, Hiram again called at the counting room of Mr. Easy, his heart trembling with hope and fear. There were two or three men present. Mr. Easy cast upon him rather an impatient look as he entered. His appearance had evidently annoyed the merchant. Had he consulted his feelings, he would have retired at once. But there was too much at stake. Gliding to a corner of the room, he stood, with his hat in his hand, and a look of anxiety upon his face, until Mr. Easy was disengaged. At length the gentlemen with whom he was occupied went away, and Mr. Easy turned towards the boy. Hiram looked up earnestly in his face.

"I have really been so much occupied my lad,"

the merchant said, in a kind of apologetic tone, "as to have entirely forgotten my promise to you. But I will see about it. Come in again, to-morrow."

Hiram made no answer, but turned with a sigh towards the door. The keen disappointment expressed in the boy's face, and the touching quietness of his manner, reached the feelings of Mr. Easy. He was not a hard hearted man, but selfishly indifferent to others. He could feel deeply enough if he would permit himself to do so. But of this latter failing he was not often guilty.

"Stop a minute," he said. And then stood in a musing attitude for a moment or two. "As you seem so anxious about this matter," he added, "if you will wait here a little while, I will step down to see Mr. G—— at once."

The boy's face brightened instantly. Mr. Easy saw the effect of what he said, and it made the task he was about entering upon reluctantly, an easy one. The boy waited for nearly a quarter of an hour, so eager to know the result that he could not compose himself to sit down. The sound of Mr. Easy's step at the door, at length made his heart bound. The merchant entered. Hiram looked into his face. One glance was sufficient to dash every dearly cherished hope to the ground.

"I am sorry," Mr. Easy said, "but the place was filled this morning. I was a little too late,

The boy was unable to control his feelings. The disappointment was too great. Tears gushed from his eyes, as he turned away and left the counting room without speaking.

"I'm afraid I've done wrong," said Mr. Easy to himself, as he stood, in a musing attitude, by his desk, about five minutes after Hiram had left. "If I had seen about the situation when he first called upon me, I might have secured it for him. But it's too late now."

After saying this the merchant placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and commenced walking the floor of his counting room backwards and forwards. He could not get out of his mind the image of the boy as he turned from him in tears, nor drive away thoughts of the friend's widow whom he had neglected. This state of mind continued all the afternoon. Its natural effect was to cause him to cast about in his mind for some way of getting employment for Hiram that would yield immediate returns. But nothing presented itself.

"I wonder if I couldn't make room for him here?" he at length said—"He looks like a bright boy. I know Mr. —— is highly pleased with him. He spoke of getting four dollars a week. That's a good deal to give to a mere lad. But I suppose I might make him worth that to me.

And now I begin to think seriously about the matter, I believe I cannot keep a clear conscience and any longer remain indifferent to the welfare of my old friend's widow and children. I must look after them a little more closely than I have heretofore done."

This resolution relieved the mind of Mr. Easy a good deal.

When Hiram left the counting room of the merchant, his spirits were crushed to the very earth. He found his way back, how he hardly knew, to his place of business, and mechanically performed the tasks allotted him, until evening. Then he returned home, reluctant to meet his mother, and yet anxious to relieve her state of suspense, even, if in doing so, he should dash a last hope from her heart. When he came in Mrs. Mayberry lifted her eyes to his, inquiringly; but dropped them instantly—she needed no words to tell her that he had suffered a bitter disappointment.

"You did not get the place?" she at length said, with forced composure.

"No—It was taken this morning. Mr. Easy promised to see about it. But he didn't do so. When he went this afternoon, it was too late."

Hiram said this with a trembling voice and lips that quivered.

"Thy will be done!" murmured the widow, lifting her eyes upwards. "If these tender ones are to be taken from their mother's fold, oh, do thou temper for them the piercing blast, and be their shelter amid the raging tempests."

A tap at the door brought back the thoughts of Mrs. Mayberry. A brief struggle with her feelings enabled her to overcome them in time to receive a visitor with composure. It was the merchant.

"Mr. Easy!" she said in surprise.

"Mrs. Mayberry, how do you do?" There was some restraint and embarrassment in his manner. He was conscious of having neglected the widow of his friend, before he came. The humble condition in which he found her, quickened that consciousness into a sting.

"I am sorry, madam," he said after he had become seated and made a few inquiries, "that I did not get the place for your son. In fact, I am to blame in the matter. But, I have been thinking since that he would suit me exactly, and if you have no objections, I will take him and pay him a salary of two hundred dollars for the first year.

Mrs. Mayberry tried to reply, but her feelings were too much excited by this sudden and unlooked for proposal, to allow her to speak for some moments. Even then her assent was made with tears glistening on her cheeks.

Arrangements were quickly made for the transfer of Hiram from the store where he had been engaged, to the counting room of Mr. Easy. The salary he received was just enough to enable Mrs. Mayberry, with what she herself earned, to keep her little together, until Hiram, who proved a valuable assistant in Mr. Easy's business, could command a larger salary, and render her more important aid.

HIGHLAND MARY.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I would I were the light fern growing
Beneath my Highland Mary's tread,
I would I were the green tree throwing
Its shadow o'er her gentle head!
I would I were a wild-flower springing
Where my sweet Mary loves to rest,
That she might pluck me while she's singing,
And place me on her snowy breast!

I would I were in yonder heaven
A silver star, whose soft dim light
Would rise to bless each summer even,
And watch my Mary all the night!

9*

I would, beneath these small white fingers,
I were the lute her breath has fanned—
The gentle lute, whose soft note lingers,
As loth to leave her fairy hand!

Ah, happy things! ye may not wander
From Scotland to some darker sky,
But ever live unchanging yonder,
To happiness and Mary nigh!
While I at midnight sadly weeping
Upon its deep transparent blue,
Can only gaze while all are sleeping,
And dream my Mary watches too!

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS SISTER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Oh, brother," said fair Annie,
To the blind boy at her side;
"Would thou could'st see the sunshine lie
On hill and valley, and the sky
Hung like a glorious canopy
O'er all things far and wide!"

"Would thou could'st see the waters
In many a distant glen;
The mountain flocks that graze around;
Nay, even this patch of stony ground,
These crags, with silver lichen crowned,
I would that thou could'st ken!"

"Would thou could'st see my face, brother,
As well as I see thine;
For always what I cannot see
It is but half a joy to me.
Brother, I often weep for thee,
Yet thou dost ne'er repine!"

"And why should I repine, Annie?"
Said the blind boy, with a smile;
"I ken the blue sky and the gray;
The sunny and the misty day;
The moorland valley stretched away
For many and many a mile!"

"I ken the night and day, Annie,
For all ye may believe;
And often in my spirit lies
A clear light as of mid-day skies;
And splendors on my vision rise,
Like gorgeous hues of eve."

"I sit upon the stone, Annie,
Beside our cottage door,
And people say, 'that boy is blind,'
And pity me, although I find
A world of beauty in my mind,
A never-ceasing store."

"I hear you talk of mountains,
The beautiful, the grand;
Of splintered peaks so gray and tall;
Of lake and glen and waterfall;
Of flowers and trees;—I ken them all;
Their difference understand."

"The harbell and the gowan
Are not alike to me,
Are different as the herd and flock,

The blasted pine-tree of the rock,
The waving birch, the broad, green oak,
The river, and the sea."

"And oh, the heavenly music,
That, as I sit alone,
Comes to mine inward sense as clear
As if the angel voices were
Singing to harp and dulcimer
Before the mighty throne!"

"It is not as of outward sound,
Of breeze, or singing bird;
But wondrous melody refined;
A gift of God unto the blind;
An inward harmony of mind,
By inward senses heard!"

"And all the old-world stories
That neighbors tell o' nights;
Of fairies on the fairy mound,
Of brownies dwelling under ground.
Of elves careering round and round,
Of fays and water-sprites:"

"All this to me is pleasantness,—
Is all a merry show;
I see the antic people play,—
Brownie and kelpie, elf and fay,
In a sweet country far away,
Yet where I seem to go."

"But better far than this, Annie,
Is when thou read'st to me
Of the dear Saviour meek and kind.
And how he healed the lame and blind.
Am I not healed?—for in my mind
His blessed form I see!"

"Oh, love is not of sight, Annie,
Is not of outward things;
For, in my inmost soul I know
His pity for all mortal wo;
His words of love, spoke long ago,
Unseal its deepest springs!"

"Then do not mourn for me, Annie,
Because that I am blind;—
The beauty of all outward sight;
The wondrous shows of day and night;
All love, all faith, and all delight,
Are strong in heart and mind!"

JOHN BICKER,

THE DRY DOMINIE OF KILWOODY.*

"DE'IL break your leg if ye get out over this door, the night, to any of your drunken companions. Do ye think I am to be getting out of my warm bed, to be letting you in at a' the hours of the night, you nasty sow! I wish the first drop of whiskey ye tak, wad gang like boiling lead down your throat."

Such were the mild remonstrance and exclamation of scolding Tibby to her husband, John Bicker, the dry schoolmaster of Kilwoody. John answered with great mildness:

"Ah, Tibby, the whiskey's nae so strong now-a-days, woman; its mair like water than any thing else. Ye ken this morning, Davy and I drank a whole mutchkin afore breakfast and were ne'er a bit the waur of it."

"The mair's the pity," retorted Tibby, "the deil's ay good to his ain, but out of this house ye shall not stir till morning!"

"Only ower the way to Saunders Glasse's," returned John; "I gave Davy and Rob my hand, that I would come, and I'll na stay very long: indeed I maun gang, Tibby."

"Ye'll gang ower my back, then," exclaimed Tibby, placing herself between John and the door, "and ye'll get the mark of my ten nails as deep as I can houk in yer face. I'm ower easy and good natured with ye, ye vagabond, and that's the way ye leave me to gang after your drunken sand beds, that would soak in as muckle whiskey as would fill our goose dub; ne'er-do-weels, that have their stomachs paxed wi' whin stanes."

John stood and wriggled his shoulder, and scratched his head, at this announcement of a determined blockade. He tried to appease the

enemy, but in vain. He knew his own strength, but was unwilling to exert it. A vigorous attack would have in a moment, procured him his liberty; but this, John was afraid, would be attended with too much clamor; and perhaps be productive of consequences he might afterwards be sorry for. He, therefore, determined to call off the attention of his infuriated spouse by a seeming acquiescence, and so take advantage of some lucky opportunity of affecting his escape. But this system of tactics had been tried too often before, and Tibby seemed determined it should not succeed this time, as she cautiously barred the door of their little cottage, and placed herself so as to have full view and command of that weak part of the garrison. John was turning, disconsolate, to the fire place when his feelings were roused to the full pitch of resolution by the voice of a friend on the outside.

"John, we're biding for you; what keeps you, mon?"

It was the voice of David Gourlay, and the sound was irresistible. John flew to the door, which he unbolted in a twinkling, burst from the enraged grasp of his wife, who fell upon the threshold in the momentary struggle and, ere she could recover the use of her tongue or her limbs, the schoolmaster of Kilwoody, nimble as the mountain deer, bounded over the hills with the all inspiring emotions of newly recovered liberty, and anticipations of social delight. Tibby, seeing all her plans frustrated and her determinations thwarted, could only give vent to her feelings in imprecations against her husband, and the direst wishes as to his fate.

"I wish he may never enter this door again alive," she exclaimed. "May I have the satisfaction of stretching him on his dead-dale. I hope this night; he'll taste his last drop of whiskey in this world. It wad gi' me the greatest pleasure, that on Sabbath next he was laid in the kirk-yard of Kilwoody; the graceless wretch!" here she sobbed with passion. "O that I saw him in his dead claes, and the black bits of boord on ilka side o' him."

The day had been moist and warm, but, to-

* The gentleman who handed us the manuscript of this capital story, states that while in Edinburgh some fifteen or twenty years ago, a new magazine was projected, and some of the sheets passed through the press. But, before the first number was issued, the work was abandoned. Some of the MSS. came into his hands, among others that of "John Bicker," which pleased him so much that he copied it. To his knowledge it has never been in print. The story is well told, and will provoke many a good laugh from our readers.—Ed.

wards evening the clouds began to discharge their contents in torrents and one of those sudden transitions, from mildness to the most piercing cold took place, which are so often wofully felt by the valetudinarian about the close of autumn. John, however, (the hero of our tale,) was snug and comfortable in the warm corner of Saunders Glasse's clean sanded parlor, where every fresh potation of whiskey toddy seemed to inspire him and his companions with warmer and more affectionate regard for each other. The solitary song gave way to the universal chorus. The storm that raged without, was lost in the joyous uproar which expressed all the rapture of social feeling within. Long before midnight, John and his four jovial companions had vowed to stand by each other, "come weal, come wo."

Scolding wives, squalling children, to-morrow's labor, to-morrow's care, were all forgotten and the hour of parting, like the hour of death, if it crossed the imagination for a moment, was chased away by the loud sounding laugh, the cordial shake of the hand, and the fresh flowing bumpers.

Scolding Tibby, as the only gratification of revenge which was in her power, bolted carefully the door, moved all the pieces of furniture, which were portable, to strengthen the fortification and went to bed at an early hour, vowing that her drunken husband should find no shelter within his house from the howling storm which now threatened, every moment, to overthrow their little dwelling. Wakeful to enjoy the success of her manœuvres, Tibby did not sleep; she listened, with the utmost anxiety, betwixt every pause of the hurricane, and watched for her husband's return, that, if possible, she might add insult and reproaches to her merciless refusal of admittance.

The hour of one had tolled its solitary note from the parish kirk of Kilwoody, when the attentive ear of Tibby distinguished the sound of some one fumbling about the door in search of the latch. It was the next moment gently lifted, but the door still remained immovable; a knock was then heard, but still Tibby kept silent.

"Aperite portum! open the door," cried the Dominie, in a tone, which, evidently, showed the state of inebriety in which he had returned.

The vengeful denial stood trembling on Tibby's lip, but she repressed it, rightly judging the silence with which she treated his request would add to her petitioner's embarrassment. With the exultation of successful revenge, she heard his knocking, his threats, and his entreaties, and so callous was she to his sufferings, that in a short time wearied with the tumultuous passion to which her mind was a constant prey, she fell fast asleep.

About six in the morning she was awakened by the sound of several voices at her door and, ere she could half dress herself to appear with decency, she distinguished, amid a confusion of tongues, the alarming expressions of:

"Ay, ay, he's gone at last. Wae's me, John, it's an awfu' thing! at yer ain door too, stiff and cauld: it's an awfu' thing!"

Tibby removed the barricading and opened the door. She pierced among the small crowd, which was now fast increasing, and beheld her husband lying without sense or motion on the ground.

"John! John!" she exclaimed, with terror, "dinna lay there, mon; come to your ain warm bed, I didna mean to hurt ye."

"Nae bed will ever warm him," exclaimed one of the bystanders; "a dreadful life ye led him, in this world; and I'm sure he canna be waur used in the neist."

Tibby stood motionless, whilst two or three of the stoutest young fellows in the crowd carried the body within doors and laid it on the bed.

"There never waur sic a nicht under heaven," exclaimed one, "as last nicht; none but the heart of a monster wad have refused shelter to a dog in sic a storm."

"Oh!" cried another, "she'll find a judgment come ower her afore she dies; it's to be hoped honest John's now in glory; but as for you, ye limmer, an awfu' end will be seen of you."

Tibby was not of a disposition to allow herself to be baited, thus, with impunity; and put to her shifts, she stoutly defended herself.

"It was a' owing to his drunken, graceless ways," she retorted. "I told him how it wad be, and I did a' that I could to keep him from that nasty den, Saunders Glasse's; but it was ordained to be the death of him."

"That's a mair sensible word," said Willy Clew, the weaver, who was also an elder of the kirk, "that's a mair sensible word, than I wad have expected o' ye; for if Providence, for its ain ends, ordained that John Bicker was to die, no a' the warm fire-sides between this and Loch Leven wad hae saved him, had he been put just in the middle o' them."

Every body assented to the truth of this sage observation, and Tibby, by the lucky hint, obtained a respite from farther animadversion on her conduct. The visitors, one by one, dropped off, eager to enjoy the momentary attention they might command by being the first to communicate the dreadful event, to the quidnuncs of the parish of Kilwoody. All the old women, as they sipped a little glass of comfortable aqua-vitæ raised their eyes to heaven and inveighed most bitterly against the sin of drunkenness. The

wives, in many an energetic lecture, set forcibly before their husbands' eyes the dreadful fate of the dry Dominie, and the men retorted that it "could not be all the whiskey in Saunders Glas-se's change house that could have affected the well seasoned stomach of Johnny Bicker; but that he owed his death, poor man, to that termagant cat o' thunder his wife, who had left him exposed, all night, to sic dreadfu' weather."

There are some consciences, which have so much antipathy to the stings of self-reproach, that, let their actions partake of ever so much turpitude, the most innocent, and even the most praiseworthy motive is assigned to them. Tibby was one of this class; and, to hear her expressions, as she undressed the inanimate body of her husband, one could not have supposed that her obstinacy had had the smallest share in his destruction.

"Wae's me, John, you wad na hae come to this untimely end, if ye had ta'en the advice o' your ain Tibby. Ye wad hae stopt, comfortably, by your ain cosie fireside, and no tempted Providence at a' the hours o' the nicht; weel did I ken that nae good could come of it, and muckle wark I had, to try to keep ye at hame. But no; ower my back ye wad gang!"

Tibby was here interrupted in her cogitations by auld Alice, who had been summoned thither by the rumor which, by this time, had obtained a pretty extensive circulation. This withered sybil had been so long accustomed to all the paraphernalia of mortality, that deaths and funerals were the chief sources of her enjoyments.

Alice kept an exact register, in her own mind, of all that had died, or were likely to die, in the parish of Kilwoody; could name all the otherwise unrecorded tenantry of the churchyard, and, as if she expected to survive all the present generation, was at no loss in assigning, even to every living inhabitant, his or her future cold and narrow mansion. Indeed, the region of death seemed to be the element in which she lived. With a ready tact, and handiness of manner, which showed that her heart went with her work, she closed the dying eyes of one, stretched out another, decently, on the board which, in Scotland, is called the "dead dale," and which is placed under the corpse previous to its coffinning: and dressed a third in the fancifully cut and ornamented garb of the grave, the work of her own taste and ingenuity, which alas! was only to be exhibited for a moment and withdrawn from mortal sight for ever. An expected death produced a feeling of calm satisfaction in the mind of Alice; but a sudden event, of the kind we have just related, seemed to be a supernumerary favor conferred by

fortune, in her kindest moments. Alice, therefore no sooner heard of the circumstance, than she flew to offer her services. While she kindly enquired into the particulars of the affair, her interrogatories were mingled with the sagest reflections on what she termed the workings of Providence, and many a wistful look she cast to the bed, eager for the signal to begin her operations.

"A we drap of water, Tibby; and just tak' the chill aff it. A bonny, weel formed corpse as e'er I saw, sin' the day Tam Mickleson drapped aff. Haud ye up the jaw bone, till I fasten this firmly about the lugs. That's richt. Na, na, you mauna tie it there; pit the bonny locks just aneath the nicht-cap. I wish we had the dead dale here, for we canna straught him weel without; a' the joints get sae stiff. If they be supple the morn's morn; I'se tell you what; it's a sure sign they'll be mair ganging the gate he's gane afore the year be out."

Alice had thus far proceeded, when they were joined by a much less disinterested visiter, Tam Mowat, the wright, by whom all the coffins in the parish of Kilwoody had been made, to measure, for the last twenty years, for he kept none of those ready made articles which are to be seen in many of our cities requiring only to be lined and finished off at an hour's notice. The bracing air of Kilwoody, in spite of two Edinburgh medical professors who had lately set up, to amend the constitution of its inhabitants, seemed so obstinately favorable, at least to the corporeal sanity, that Tom Mowat, with the assistance of an apprentice or two, could execute any order as soon as wanted.

The personage we have mentioned spoke very kindly to the widow and still kindlier to auld Alice, whom he considered as a kind of jackall to his profession. He had called, he said, only to see his honest, worthy neighbor, after the woful and melancholy accident.

"There was nae a man in the parish," he said, "he was mair fond o' than Mr. John Bicker; and he believed there was nae another man of sic learning left in a' Kilwoody; but this," he added, "is betwixt oursels, and ye need tak' na notice o' it."

Tibby assented to the truth of all these encomiums, yet still the man of wood had the mortification of not being nearer his purpose. After as many hints and manœuvres, as might have been beheld with admiration by a city dealer, Tam ventured to hope,

"That his auld friend wad be decently interred, becoming the respectable manner he had aye lived in."

"God forbid he shud na," rejoined auld Alice,

"and I'll see the grave houked, myself, in the nor' east corner within a fit o' Babby Wishart's head stane. They never liked yin anither when living, but they'll sleep quietly thegither for a' that."

The wright, without any further orders, took out his rule and began to measure the length of his old acquaintance.

"A sax feet coffin will be just the thing," said he, "and——"

"Five feet and a half," interrupted Tibby, "John was only five feet and a half."

"I'm no one," answered the wright, "that likes to stint things; I ay mak' it a point to give a corpse plenty of room. It's a hard thing that a man's to be strahtened in his coffin, whate'er he was in the world. Let me see, what age will I call him?"

"Twa and thirty, next September," answered Tibby, "and be sure you mak' it strang and firm."

"Leave it a' to me," returned Thomas, who was impatient to take his leave, having accomplished the end of his visit.

The two ladies, however, insisted upon his taking a glass previous to his departure. In a few minutes after, the dead dale arrived, and Alice, with alacrity, pursued her willing task. She stretched the feet nearly parallel to each other, laid the hands by the side and spread the fingers open; then, laying a sheet over the whole body, she placed a plateful of salt on the stomach to keep off the influence of any evil spirit. Refreshing herself with a dram, she took her leave, assuring Tibby that she would return in the evening, to watch the whole night by the side of the corpse, an attention which the country people in Scotland never omit paying to their deceased friends.

In our large cities there are two ways of being carried to our long, last home. In a hearse with nodding plumes, attended by our friends, in mourning coaches, or borne upon the shoulders of undertaker's porters, followed in regular files by all those whom duty and affection summon to the melancholy office. In Scotland there is a third, the only one practised among the poorer class; the coffin is laid upon two or three poles, which are supported on each side by the friends of the deceased who, alternately, relieve each other, until they arrive at the grave.

When a Scotchman dies, his relations think they cannot show a greater mark of respect to his memory, than by securing a numerous attendance at his funeral. For this purpose, they immediately order circular letters to be printed. They bear the signature of the nearest relative or friend and are drawn up in formal terms, announc-

ing the fatal event, the time and place of interment, with an invitation to attend the funeral. These letters are sent to every person with whom the deceased is supposed to have had the most distant acquaintance, so that it not unfrequently happens that, amongst the crowd which accompanies a man to his grave, there are found some who had scarcely any knowledge of his person. On the day of interment, as the persons invited are too numerous to be admitted within doors, they wait in the street. Each is dressed in a complete suit of black, so that it is, in general, necessary, for the pettiest tradesman or mechanic, supposing him to be a man in a settled line of business, to be provided with this article, (colored clothes being considered inadmissible and indecorous,) as it may chance for him to be invited to twenty of these occasions in the course of a year, many of which he may find it imprudent to decline. The funeral is seldom delayed beyond the third day. After the crowd have waited for some time the coffin, containing the body, is brought out and placed with the feet forward. The nearest relations gather round the head, and the rest follow, promiscuously, without any order or solemnity, some talking over the news of the day, or, between every pinch of snuff, relating anecdotes of the deceased. In this manner they advance to the place of interment. No clergyman is seen in official attendance, no burial ceremony is performed; the body is let down into the grave; the company uncover for a moment, the aperture is closed up, and all but the immediate friends of the deceased disperse to their respective homes, none, but the latter description of persons, returning to the desolate mansion. It may be proper, also, to remark; that in no case are women allowed to accompany even the nearest and best beloved of their friends.

To return to the thread of our story. Alice was punctual to her appointment, and Tibby, feeling little inclination to sleep, became the partner of her vigils. The large eight day clock, which had clicked for many a year in the farthest corner of the parlor, had been, as is customary on such occasions, condemned to temporary silence and the tabby cat, who had, hitherto, roamed unrestrained was, by Alice's direction, imprisoned in a solitary out house. Tibby and her friend sat themselves down on each side of a comfortable fire, and, placing the large family Bible on the table between them, they read, or endeavored to read, chapters, alternately, wisely passing over the hard names which, now and then, occurred, neither of them being great adepts at dissecting polysyllables. This, together with a little village scandal, a ghost story or two and now and then, a small drop of comforting liquor,

enabled the ladies to pass the night without much uneasiness.

The next day, at noon, Tibby was rather surprised at the entrance of two clean, neat, and rather fashionably dressed young men, who, uncovering as they approached, with a great deal of politeness informed her, that they were Messrs. Chronic and McGruel, surgeons and apothecaries from Edinburgh, who had lately commenced practice in the parish of Kilwoody, and that they had called to solicit her permission to view the body of her husband. Tibby, unable to divine the cause of what she considered their singular curiosity, would fain have denied their request; but she was not a little abashed by their manners, which, though gentlemanly, was familiar and confident. She, almost involuntarily, muttered some term of acquiescence. The two Esculapian philosophers approached the bed, and touched the body in several places; their observations and remarks were made, according to Tibby's report, in Latin: at least, what, to her, seemed just as intelligible. By their manner, however, she guessed that they differed in opinion; but after a few minutes of wordy contention, they fixed upon a method of elucidating the subject; a method, which, as there is no such thing as a coroner's inquest in Scotland, they knew could only be put into practice by the consent of Tibby. This was, to examine the interior of the deceased, to search for the cause of his sudden departure; the body exhibiting appearances by no means common in apoplexies. Tibby no sooner heard this request, than she lost all the respect with which she had hitherto treated them. She flew into a violent rage, and, being joined by auld Alice, who that moment entered with part of the grave paraphernalia, and who soon understood from the ejaculations of her friend the cause of the dispute, such a clamor ensued, that the two Galens of Kilwoody thought it best to make a timely retreat.

"What!" cried Alice, "gie honest John Bicker to the doctors, like a hangit man, for a' the Edinburgh collegeners to glowr into the inside o' him!"

"God keep us a'," added Tibby, "what the de'il do they want to see? Our John was shaped like any other decent mon. I'se warrant there were nae follies about him, mair than about any other."

"Never mind, Davy Gourlay and Saunders Webster," answered Alice, "will sit up the nicht to see that nae harm happens to the gude mon, and we'll have a gude deep grave houked for him, the morn's mornin. I never thought those doctor chiels ower canny. There's Saundy Gordon, he's been cloghering and spitting his insides out for thae twa or three years, and

they've been ay gieing him this bottle and that bottle. Ouch dear, I think it's a' seeing in the face of Providence; and the doctors will have it a' to answer for, some day."

On the morrow, which was the day appointed for the interment, the sable crowd, as is usual on such occasions, assembled. About half an hour previous Tam Mowat had arrived with the coffin. The body had been dressed with great neatness by the dexterous hands of auld Alice; a glass of wine was handed to each of the few persons who had entered the dwelling, and Tibby was desired by the wright to take the last look at her inanimate husband. It was then that the emotions, which she had hitherto succeeded in suppressing, became irresistibly manifest. She was for a few minutes convulsed with sobbing; this was luckily succeeded by a plentiful shower of tears, and—but we did not set out with the intention of writing a pathetic story: suffice it to say, that the dry Dominie was soon enclosed in that narrow boundary, which, but for a short time, prevents us from mingling with our kindred earth. The sad reliques of mortality were borne to the door; the velvet *mort-cloth*, as it is called in Scotland, was thrown over it, and the procession, moving on, soon arrived at the church yard of Kilwoody. Alice watched it from the window and was not a little surprised at observing the two surgeons, Messrs. Chronic and McGruel, among the crowd of mourners. She was morally certain that these gentlemen were not in the number of the invited; but she deferred her comments on this singular circumstance to a more convenient opportunity. The reader, perhaps, may have already guessed the motives of the above named gentlemen, in endeavoring to ascertain the exact spot of interment. The difference of opinion which had arisen between them at the house of John Bicker, had continued on their way home, and, like all other disputes, had ended in confirming each party in his own particular opinion. As they had been disappointed in their application to make a regular dissection, they were determined that the dry Dominie of Kilwoody should again visit the upper air. In the larger cities of Europe or in some of our own as New York, &c. &c. workmen might have been easily found to effect this premature resurrection; but, in Scotland, we believe the offer of future independence could not have bribed the poorest peasant to the sacrilegious operation. The two men of science, therefore, were resolved, in the "witching time of night," to take the labor upon themselves; and, accordingly, being provided with a pick-axe, shovel and some other implements, they, about an hour after midnight, set out with caution and noiseless footsteps, through the village, to violate the spot

where so many generations of the natives of Kilwoody had, hitherto, rested in peace.

The church-yard of Kilwoody, was situated on a rising ground which seemed to have been fashioned by art for the purpose for which it was then employed. It was surrounded by a wall on the outside, nearly ten feet high, but little more than half that height in the interior. In some places, where this wall had been broken down, it was repaired, like many of the fences in Scotland, with rough, unshapen stones, the angular points of which, rudely fitting together, served to give it some degree of solidity without the use of mortar. We may here remark that the barren appearance of these fences, frequently impress the English traveller in this country, as well as in Scotland, accustomed as he is, to the verdant enclosures of his own country, with an idea of sterility, which is, by no means, justly imputable to the soil. The night was serene and mild; but the multitude of stars which spangled the deep blue sky, made it lighter than the two surgeons wished for. Shrouded in thick great coats and fur travelling caps, and bearing the implements for disinterring the Dominie, they soon arrived at the church-yard, where the rough protuberances of the uneven walls enabled them easily to reach the top. Having attended the funeral for the sole purpose of noting the situation of the grave, they had no difficulty in immediately commencing their labor. This was comparatively easy, as the earth still lay, loose and light; yet, ere they had arrived at the coffin, the tender skin of their hands, unaccustomed to such friction, began to convey no very pleasant sensation. They persevered, however; and, at last, had the satisfaction of hearing, by the hollow sound, that they had reached the surface of John Bicker's narrow dwelling. In a little time, they cleared the whole extent, and with their tools, wrenching open the lid of the coffin, soon effected the resurrection of the Dominie.

"Where is the bag?" said one, to the other; and it was soon discovered that each had carelessly depended on the other for the provision of this necessary article. This was vexatious; for the risk of detection in the conveyance was thereby considerably increased. However, they were forced to trust to that good fortune, which had hitherto favored their enterprise, and, placing the body carefully on the grass, at some little distance, by the side of a distinguishable tombstone, they began, with alacrity, to re-fill the grave with earth and again make up the hillock, neatly covered with turf, which, to the eyes of a whole contemporary generation, marks the peaceful resting place of even the lowliest and humblest of the Scottish peasantry.

While they were employed in this operation, and had nearly completed their labor, they were alarmed by the sound of a deep hollow groan. It broke, for a moment only, the surrounding stillness; and, indeed, passed away almost as quick as the instant of its perception. The two surgeons, however started up, stared aghast at each other, and, without uttering a word, listened most attentively. Their whole souls for some moments seemed to be in their ears; but all was silent.

"Did not that seem like a groan?" muttered McGruel.

"Hush!" replied the other, catching hold of his friend's hand.

They again bent themselves in the attitude of listening; but all was still—the air was even calmly still, and they again began to adjust the turf.

"It must," said Chronic, in a low tone, "have been the sighing of the wind among the tombstones; and yet, in my ear, nothing could sound so like a groan."

"Let us make what haste we can," returned his friend, "there may be other living creatures beside ourselves, even in the precincts of this church-yard."

The moment their work at the grave was completed, they carried the body to the wall. There, placing a rope under the arm-pits, they slid it gently down the deep exterior; and, leaving it there, leaped back into the church-yard to secrete their tools in the corner of a dilapidated tomb, which, at a very remote period, had contained the bones of some favorite retainer of the ancient barons of Kilwoody. Every thing being prepared for their departure, McGruel first mounted the low wall, at the spot where he had deposited the corpse of the Dominie. Previous to his meditated descent on the outside, he darted his eye through the gloom below, as if measuring the extent of the leap, when suddenly uttering an exclamation of terror or surprise, he rushed back to his friend.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the amazed surgeon, "he is moving from the wall!"

His companion, inspired more by curiosity than alarm, looked immediately over, and to his utter astonishment, beheld John Bicker, the dominie, seated, as well as he could distinguish, at some little distance on the ground.

"I must be certain," said Chronic, "that this is no delusion. Follow me."

So saying, he leaped from the wall and was immediately imitated by his companion. They ran to the spot, and, without giving themselves time for reflection, grasped the dominie in their arms

"Are you really a living man?" said McGruel, with great earnestness.

"Where am I?" returned the Dominie in a low, languid and feeble voice, which marked the extreme degree of debility to which he was reduced.

"Thank God!" answered Chronic, "we have come to deliver you from a death, at which the imagination shudders. Had we been but a few moments later you might have suffered the short but horrid consciousness of being in the grave."

The Dominie by his actions seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of their words, and appeared nearly fainting, when the two surgeons placed to his mouth a bottle of wine which they had brought as a cordial for themselves. The few drops he swallowed wonderfully revived him, preventing the rigor with which he seemed to be threatened; and McGruel disrobing himself of his great coat, wrapped it carefully round him. Whilst they were about this charitable act, John Bicker, by the feeble light, perceived the habiliments of mortality with which he was clothed, and, with a shuddering of horror, demanded an explanation.

"There is time enough for that," replied the surgeons, "when you are more recovered. Try if you are able to walk, with our support; we shall conduct you to our home, where you shall obtain the quiet repose and invigorating medicines you seem so much to need."

The Dominie felt sufficient strength to move along, leaning on the arms of the two surgeons. On their way they gave him a full explanation of the causes of his late condition; a narrative to which he listened with the deepest interest, intermingled with those shuddering emotions, which we feel on looking back at any dangerous situation in which we have been placed, our deliverance from which has been effected neither by our own wisdom nor courage, but by a fortunate circumstance upon which we could never again depend. It was at this moment that his new friends took an opportunity of setting forth to him, the necessity the importance, and the blessings of temperance. It is needless to detail, to the reader, what was said on the subject, but every word sank deep into the heart of the Dominie. With a mind capable of higher pursuits, and an elevation of ideas, inspired by the partly classical education he had received, he now felt a loathing at the vulgar and sensual debauchery, into which the ardent sociality of his temper had seduced him. This frame of mind was, no doubt, strengthened by the recollections, which momentarily pressed upon his imagination, of the horrid fate, which seemed to have been averted from him by a special interposition of Providence.

"I'll make nae solemn promises," said he, as he raised his eyes to the multitude of stars which bespangled the deep, dark azure sky; I'll make nae solemn promises to heaven, for that, perhaps, would be a presumptuous confiding in my own strength; but let thae bonny, twinkling lights bear witness, at least, how I wish to become an altered man."

"This, to you," replied McGruel, "is a new starting post of existence; let every step of your future course be in the path of prudence and virtue."

The Dominie seemed absorbed, for a few moments, in deep abstraction. He had, evidently, made up his mind to some resolution which he did not then disclose; he only ended his reverie by the exclamation,

"All believe me dead; and but to one I shall be dead!"

On their way to the dwelling of the surgeons, they necessarily passed the public house of Saunders Glasse, where the schoolmaster had so often rioted away his substance and, so lately, endangered his existence. It is hard to describe the shuddering of horror, with which he approached the place. This was not a little increased by the sounds of jovial merriment, that arose from the drunken crew within. Begging his new friends to stop, for a moment, he applied his eye to a broken part of the window shutter and beheld his former companions, with joined hands, in a circle, round a large bowl of punch, reeling and shouting, with all the vociferation of delicious inebriety. The effect of this scene was heightened by the sable garb of mourning, still worn by the party, all of them having been, the preceding day, at the funeral. The Dominie, at this moment, could not resist the opportunity afforded him, of endeavoring, however judiciously, to effect the reformation of his former associates. Raising his well known voice as much as his slowly recovered strength would permit him; the surgeons having, previously, thundered on the window shutters, with their fists, to command attention, he thus addressed them:

"Besotted drunkards! is the little reason that God has given you, so puir a gift, that you find your greatest pleasure in its destruction? Winna my awfu' fate warn you? Maun I come frae the grave to preach, to you, repentance?"

The momentary silence which followed this address was soon interrupted by drunken Davey Gourlay, who, striking his fists with great vehemence on the table, exclaimed,

"May I taste never anither drap, if that binna Johnny Bicker's voice and, dead or alive, de'il may care, we'll drink thegither;" so saying, he snatched up one of the bumpers staggered to-

wards the door, and the party on the outside might have soon been detected to have been of this earth's gross substance, had they not, immediately, withdrawn. Drunken Davey, disappointed in finding the object of his search, staggered back again. "It was Johnny Bicker's voice I'll swear," he exclaimed, "but what the de'il did he say!"

The whole company with the exception of Saunders Webster, expressed their total want of recollection; the latter, hiccupping as he spoke, asserted that he remembered it perfectly well.

"We were a' desired," said he, "to take a warning that people of reason had the gift of getting drunk in the grave."

"The very words!" vociferated all the party, "for mind ye," added drunken Davy, "the ither world is the land of spirits, and as this is Britain, why it maun be British spirits, the very words Saunders Glasse has painted aboun his door."

The accuracy of Davy's logic, was, without farther examination, taken for granted, the party again filled their bumpers and, as far as their growing insensibility would allow, the former scene of thoughtless uproar was resumed.

The two surgeons, without farther interruption, conducted the revived Dominie to their genteel, clean, and comfortable dwelling. Having supplied him cautiously with nourishment, they caused a bed to be prepared for that repose, which was chiefly wanting for the recovery of his strength. In a few moments he fell into a deep sleep and his attentive hosts, who visited him from time to time, beheld, with satisfaction, that his slumber was of a kindly nature which promised speedy renovation to his languid frame. He continued in this state the whole of the day and it was not till evening, that he awoke, wonderfully refreshed in body and mind, when he behought himself of putting in practice the project he had conceived in the early part of the morning. He arose, dressed himself in clothes which had been left for that purpose in his bed room. Fearful lest his new friends would oppose what they might consider his premature departure, he stole, softly, to the door; and, hoping to escape unperceived in the increasing darkness, cautiously crept along, taking the nearest way to his own home.

Tibby had, that evening, twenty times oftener than was necessary, stirred the large coal fire, till it blazed in the chimney, and trimmed the lamp, which hung over the mantle piece. She had busied herself all day to get rid of the uneasy thoughts which oppressed her; and during day light, assisted by the kind condolence of her neighbors, she had pretty well succeeded; but towards evening, as these visitors departed, the

dreary sense of her hopeless, lonely situation, almost overcome her. Among the peasantry of Scotland, the widow is supposed to possess a sacred claim on the good will and attention of all that surround her. Heaven is supposed, peculiarly, to interest itself in her cause, consecrating her blessings and avenging her injuries; yet with all this, Tibby, when necessarily left alone, felt as if the world did not now contain one being in whose interests she could participate. She looked around her, till every object that met her eye seemed to lay its heavy load upon her heart. She gazed at the glowing embers of the fire and hardly felt the scalding tears which trickled down her cheeks. She now turned to the bed, which, but yesterday, had exhibited the most mournful spectacle she had ever beheld. A nearer object now more deeply interested her, the vacant chair at the fireside, where her husband had held his seat, by prescriptive right; a magisterial throne, which Tibby, amid all her rebellions, had never dared to usurp. It was now empty and, as if to get rid of its ever hopeless vacancy, with despairing sobs, she threw herself into it. The consciousness that she had been, to say the least, unkind and unrelenting, tore her heart with agony.

"Oh! that he had died in peace with me," cried she. "If I could hae seen him but for a moment. He was ower kind to me and I did nae deserve it—but nae matter," she added, bursting into a flood of tears, "it winna be lang afore we lie in ae cauld grave thegither."

At this moment the sound of some person at the door assailed her ear; but, how was she astonished, when she heard the well known voice of her husband, saying:

"Dinna be frightened, Tibby! dinna be frightened, my woman!"

She started from her seat and, looking round, beheld him within the threshold. Tibby trembled with agitation, without the power of uttering the faintest cry of terror.

"Dinna be frightened," reiterated the Dominie, "dinna be frightened, my lassie; not for the world's wealth wad I harm ye."

Saying these words, he made a motion to approach nearer, when, with a confused idea of supernatural danger, Tibby snatched up the large family Bible which lay upon the table. The sacred volume is, in Scotland, supposed to be the most effective shield with which a guiltless heart can be guarded in the dangerous intercourse with disembodied spirits, and Tibby grasped it firmly in her arms. She fixed her eyes, intently, on her husband's countenance and saw it not only beaming with affectionate regard, but that there was nothing the least unearthly in

its appearance. She soon found herself so far recovered, as, with faltering voice, to mutter something which seemed an inquiry as to the object of his awful visit.

"Ye ken, Tibby my dear," said the Dominie, "ye ken that your father, a wee while afore he died, sold a' his kye, and gev you the siller. Now ye never wad tell me where ye had hid it: this is my first business wi' ye, my woman."

"There, there," said Tibby, pointing with eagerness to a corner under the farthest bed post; "fifty-four pounds, saxteen shillings."

John easily found the money, and, securing it in his pocket:

"Now Tibby," said he, "gie me your hand; will ye gang along wi me?"

"No! no!" replied Tibby, while an icy coldness ran through her veins, "no! not till God's time come."

"But I'm alive, woman," returned the Dominie, "alive and as well as ever I was in my life, I was only in a fit; the doctors got me out of the grave;—convince yourself that I am alive."

Ere Tibby was aware, she felt one of her hands grasped in both those of her husband.

"Do you not feel," he added, "that I am flesh and blood?"

Tibby's terror yielded to the conviction of her senses, as she suffered her husband to impress the warm kiss of affection on her lips.

"I am a reformed man, Tibby," said he. "I see the folly, the madness of my former conduct——"

"And I see the cruelty of mine," interrupted his wife, as she hung upon his shoulder.

"Let us leave this place, for ever," returned the Dominie; "my former worthless associates believe me dead, and we canna hae a better opportunity of parting wi' them; with this little money we'll gang to Edinburgh and begin some line of business, where if industry, frugality and temperance, ever meet their reward, we maun thrive. Greet nae mair, Tibby, dry your e'en; will ye come wi, me?"

"Oh! to the world's end," was the ready answer, and they both immediately set about making preparations for their departure.

The silver teaspoons, marked with husband and wife's initials joined in an involving cypher, the guidman's watch, articles which are hardly ever wanting in the dwellings of the Scottish peasantry, were easily stowed about their persons, and the more ponderous part of their property Tibby, by her husband's direction, transferred in writing to the care of the two surgeons. Thus prepared, they set out, the darkness of the night

favoring their concealment and were soon arm in arm, with the most vivid hopes and ardent resolutions on the great road to Edinburgh. Early next day, the whole village of Kilwoody was not a little alarmed by the news of the disappearance of the dry Dominie's widow. It was sagely conjectured, that the apparition of her husband had in revenge for her usage of him carried her away, bodily, to the other world. The whiskey toppers at Saunders Glasse's had some confused remembrance of having seen or heard the phantom on the way to its unhallowed purpose, while not a few of the old women, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, perfectly recollected perceiving an extraordinary blue flame, the preceding evening, hovering around the Dominie's dwelling. Some had even heard what they called an "awfu' and indescribable noise," which must have taken place at the moment, when the vengeful spirit flew through the air with his prey. Auld Alice blessed herself that John Bicker could have no quarrel with her, as she had made his grave clothes of the neatest pattern, and Tam Mowat, the wright, protested that wherever the soul of the dry Dominie might then be, he was sure his body was safe betwixt "sax good pieces of wood as ever were planed."

John Bicker and his wife, on their arrival at Edinburgh, rented a small store in the grass market, and laid out their little sum of money in dry goods and hosiery. They wrote an account of their proceedings, to their friends, the two doctors, who feeling a wish to promote their interests, furnished them with recommendations to several respectable persons. This increased their business and credit and every day saw them making gradual advances to a comfortable independence. John soon transferred his stock to larger premises in the Lawn Market. The rest of his history may be related in a few words. He at last settled near the Tron Kirk, at the time when the line of houses in High street joined that edifice, the South bridge not being then projected. Having been fortunate in his speculations as a wholesale merchant, he was chosen one of the baillies of the city. [This office is nearly the same as that of alderman in New York.] In this honorable situation, he acquitted himself with impartiality and considerable talent, and those who beheld him in the municipal chair, dressed, officially, in black, with the golden chain of dignity and the medallion of justice depending from his neck, could never have recognized in the grave magistrate, the drunken, dry Dominie of Kilwoody.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THIS admirable ballad is from the pen of a poor schoolmistress named, JEAN ADAMS. It has been ascribed to Mr. Meckle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, but with faint authority. The sixth stanza, beginning, "The cauld blasts," was an interpolation of Dr. Beattie, the celebrated author of the "Minstrel."—WILLIS.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jaudes, fling by your wheel.
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gudeman's awa

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
 My bishop's satin gown,
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue ;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat :
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa' .
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair ;
 Mak' haste and throw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare ;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa',
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His very breath like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirl'd through my heart,
 They're a' blown by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ;
 But what puts parting in my head ?
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content.
 I ha'e na mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

FRIENDSHIP WHICH NEVER SHALL FADE.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale,
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
 If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 Look aloft and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee ; when sorrow like clouds are
 arrayed,
 Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the
 tomb,
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O ! when death comes in terrors to cast,
 His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
 And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

THERE is no greater drawback to the progress of scientific knowledge, than the ridicule and opposition of those who know little or nothing of the science in which discoveries are said to have been made by some deep searcher into its first principles. Every great discoverer has been hindered and perplexed by the petty objections and denunciations of those who were either too indolent, prejudiced, or ignorant to examine into the ground work of his theories. The world has been kept back for ages by the crude and weak cavillings of mere pretenders to science, who by direct appeals to an ignorant public, have hindered the promulgation and adoption of great discoveries for years, until the mind that conceived them has taken its departure from its earthly abode.

Many men of great learning have also brought their strongest argument against the truth of theories which subsequent demonstration has proved to the world to be true. But such in the general were men who had not original minds. They knew what they had learned, but not what they had discovered. Beyond the boundary which their masters had drawn they could not penetrate, and placed themselves as watchful sentinels upon those confines, resolved that none other should pass them, and get bewildered in the chaos which they believed lay without.

Most men are very ignorant as to what they do most love. They live here in a state of so little honesty, that they deceive themselves equally with others in respect to their internal thoughts and affections; and when they are placed after death in situations that require a full development of the secret things of their souls, they will voluntarily acknowledge and embrace much that they here denied, and cast off much which they had thought they acknowledged and loved.

Man alone, of all created things, appears on his own account to want the full measure of his happiness; because he alone has left the order of his creation. He stands, even at the present period, half convinced of the reality of the future state. It is the design of revelation to restore to

him that moral condition in which he will possess as necessarily the consciousness of immortality as the brute does that of existence; for a consciousness of existence, together with that of union with God, is a consciousness of eternal life. Let us come to the Bible, then, with no hopes of arbitrary reward, and no fears of arbitrary punishment; but let us come to it as to that which, if followed aright, will produce a condition of mind of which happiness will be the *natural and necessary* consequence.

How many ought to feel, enjoy, and understand poetry who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

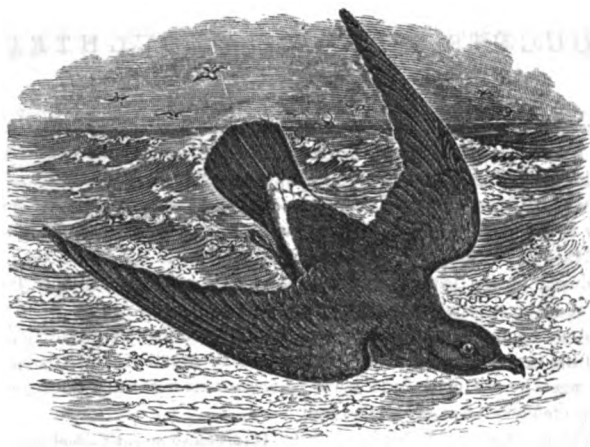
There can be poetry in the writing of few men; but it ought to be in the hearts and lives of all.

An infinite variety of evils perpetually occur from habits of delay and carelessness, which are nourished by improper confidence in the extension of our lives.

Man is accustomed to trust in his own intelligence, prudence and strength. Where he can see and can regard himself as having the ability to provide for himself, and manage for his own defence, there he feels much courage; but in the dark, and without known means of provision and security, he not only dreads every known enemy, but his imagination peoples the darkness with foes many and terrible. Death is regarded as a monster shrouded in darkness, and attended by all the genii of destruction and misery.

All this thinking, and talking, and vaguely hoping for a state for performing our duties, is a very different thing from performing them.

This world is designed only as a state of preparation for the future, and death strikes the measure of that preparation and records it to eternity.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. VII.—THE STORMY PETREL.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast ;
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's
crown,
And amid the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-
fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard !
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill,

Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;
Yet *he* ne'er falters :—So Petrel ! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—
Fearless and rapid and stormy is he ;
He never forsakes the billowy roar,
To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,
Save where his mate from the tempest's shocks
Protects her young in the splintered rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;
On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;
They run and dive and they whirl and fly,
Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;
And against the force of the strongest gale,
Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean far from land,
When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,
The mariner sees the Petrel meet
The fathomless waves with steady feet,
And a tireless wing and a dauntless breast,
Without a home or a hope to rest.

So, mid the contest of toil and life,
My Soul ! when the billows of rage and strife
Are tossing high,—and the heavenly blue
Is shrouded by vapor of sombre hue—
Like the Petrel wheeling o'er foam and spray,
Onward and upward pursue thy way !

THE RELATION OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY MRS. FARRAR.

THE important relation which sisters bear to brothers cannot be fully appreciated, without a greater knowledge of the world and its temptations to young men, than girls in their teens can be supposed to possess; and therefore I would beg you to profit by my experience in this matter, and to believe me when I assure you, that your companionship and influence may be powerful agents in preserving your brothers from dissipation, in saving them from dangerous intimacies, and maintaining in their minds a high standard of female excellence.

If your brothers are younger than you, encourage them to be perfectly confidential with you; win their friendship by your sympathy in all their concerns, and let them see that their interests and their pleasures are liberally provided for in the family arrangements. Never disclose their little secrets however unimportant they may seem to you; never pain them by any ill-timed joke, never repress their feelings by ridicule; but be their tenderest friend, and then you may become their ablest adviser. If separated from them by the course of school or college education, make a point of keeping up your intimacy by full, free, and affectionate correspondence; and when they return to the paternal roof, at that awkward age between youth and manhood, when reserve creeps over the mind, like an impenetrable veil, suffer it not to interpose between you and your brothers. Cultivate their friendship and intimacy with all the address and tenderness you possess; for it is of unspeakable importance to them that their sisters should be their confidential friends. Consider the loss of a ball or party, for the sake of making the evening pass pleasantly to your brothers at home, as a small sacrifice; one you should unhesitatingly make. If they go into company with you, see that they are introduced to the most desirable acquaintances, and show them that you are interested in their acquitting themselves well.

If you are so happy as to have elder brothers, you should be equally assiduous in cultivating their friendship, though the advances must of course be differently made. As they have long been accustomed to treat you as a child, you may

meet with some repulses when you aspire to become a companion and a friend; but do not be discouraged by this. The earlier maturity of girls, will soon render you their equal in sentiment, if not in knowledge, and your ready sympathy will soon convince them of it. They will be agreeably surprised, when they find their former plaything and messenger become their quick-sighted and intelligent companion, understanding at a glance what is passing in their hearts; and love and confidence on your part will soon be repaid in kind. Young men often feel the want of a confidential friend of the softer sex, to sympathize with them in their little affairs of sentiment, and happy are those who find one in a sister.

Once possessed of an elder brother's confidence, spare no pains to preserve it; convince him, by the little sacrifices of personal convenience and pleasure which you are willing to make for him, that when you do oppose his wishes, it is on principle and for conscience' sake; then will you be a blessing to him, and, even when differing from you, he will love and respect you the more for your adherence to a high standard.

So many temptations beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment, chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of the family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purity of the heart, whilst their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which

I am here endeavoring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all that I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. "To do good and make others happy," was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

Sisters should be always willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers, and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusement and making home the most agreeable place to them.

If your brothers take an interest in your personal appearance and dress, you should encourage the feeling by consulting their taste, and sacrificing any little fancy of your own to a decided dislike of theirs. Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters. Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions, and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

Brothers and sisters may greatly aid each other in judging of their friends of the opposite sex. Brothers can throw important light upon the character and merits of young men, because they see them when acting out their natures before their comrades, and relieved from the restraints of the drawing-room; and you can in return, greatly assist your brothers in coming to wise and just conclusions concerning their female friends. Your brothers may be very much indebted to the quicker penetration of women into each others' characters, and saved by your discernment from being fascinated by qualities that are not of sterling value; but, in order to have the influence necessary to such important ends, you must be habitually free from a spirit of detraction, candid in all your judgments, and ever ready to admire whatever is lovely and good in your own sex. If, when you dissent from your brother's too favorable opinion of a lady, he can with any justice charge you with a prejudice against her family, or a capricious dislike of her, your judgment, however, correct, will have no weight, and he will be very likely to become not only the lady's champion, but her lover.

If your brothers have received a classical education and are studiously inclined, you may derive great assistance from them in the cultivation

of your own mind, and bind them still closer to you in the delightful companionship of literary pursuits.

I have been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good night.

The duties of sisters to each other are so obvious and well understood, that it will be needless to enter fully upon them here. If your heart is right towards God, and you feel that the great business of life is the education of your immortal spirit for eternity, you will easily bear with the infirmities of others, because you will be fully impressed with a sense of your own; and, when you can amicably bear and forbear, love will come in, to soften every asperity, heal every little wound, and make a band of sisters "helpers of each other's joy."

A few cases may arise, in the most harmonious families, wherein sisters may not fully understand each other's rights, and may therefore ignorantly trespass upon them; such, for instance, as where one of the family is very fond of reading, and wishes to have a certain portion of her time uninterruptedly given to that employment, and a sister keeps interrupting her by conversation, or appeals to her for aid in some lesson or piece of work. Sometimes a great reader is made the butt of the rest of the family for that very valuable propensity, and half her pleasure in it destroyed by its being made a standing joke among her brothers and sisters.

Sisters should as scrupulously regard each other's rights of property, as they would those of a guest staying in the house; never helping themselves without leave to the working materials, writing implements, drawing apparatus, books, or clothing of each other. It is a mistake to suppose that the nearness of the relationship makes it allowable; the more intimate our connexion with any one, the more necessary it is to guard ourselves against taking unwarrantable liberties. For the very reason that you are obliged to be so much together, you should take care to do nothing disagreeable to each other.

Love is a plant of delicate growth, and, though

it sometimes springs up spontaneously, it will never flourish long and well, without careful culture; and when I see how it is cultivated in some families, the wonder is, not that it does not spread so as to overshadow the whole circle, but that any sprig of it should survive the rude treatment it meets with.

Genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love; it allays accidental irritation, by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may be easily won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Never receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never ask a favor of them but in cautious terms, never reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. You should labor, by precept and example to convince them, that no one can have really good manner abroad, who is not habitually polite at home.

Elder sisters exert a very great influence over the younger children of a family, either for good or for evil. If you are impatient, unfair in your judgments, or assume too much authority, you injure the tempers of these little ones, make them jealous of their rights, and render your own position a very unpleasant one; whereas, if you are patient and kind, and found your pretensions to dictate, not on your age, but on truth and justice, the younger children will readily allow your claims.

Young children are excellent judges of the motives and feelings of those who attempt to control them; and, if you would win their love, and dispose them to comply with your reasonable requests, you must treat them with perfect candor and uprightness. Never attempt to cheat, even the youngest, into a compliance with your wishes; for, though you succeed at the time, you lessen your influence, by the loss of confidence which follows detection.

With every disposition to treat the younger ones kindly, elder sisters are often discouraged and discomforted by what they consider the over indulgence of their parents towards the younger members of the family; but where this complaint is well founded, much is still in their power. They can, by judicious conduct, do a great deal to counteract the bad effects of this parental fondness, and make the little ones ashamed to take a mean advantage of it. The very indulgent are seldom just; now children value justice and strict adherence to promises more than indulgence, and you may mould them to your will by the exercise of those higher qualities.

It is the duty of elder sisters to take a lively interest in the education of the younger children, and to use all the advantages which they have received, for the benefit of those that are coming forward in the same line. They should aid their parents in the choice of schools, and ascertain what is actually learnt at them. Where circumstances render it necessary that the elder children should assist in teaching the younger ones, it should be done cheerfully; not as a duty merely, but as a useful discipline. Some writers upon education consider teaching others as the best and most effectual way of learning one's self. When Madame de Genlis described what she considered as a perfect system of education, she represented her models as taking younger children to teach as a part of their own instruction. It has been said, that we are never sure that we know a thing thoroughly, until we have taught it to another.

If the duty of teaching has its advantages, it also has its dangers; it is a very fatiguing occupation, and ought not to occupy too much of a young person's time. Where this is required of a daughter, other home-duties should be remitted, and her day should be so apportioned as to leave her ample time for exercise and recreation, or the labor may prove injurious to her health. It is very seldom that one, who has never attempted to teach others, can duly appreciate the labor of it; and a father so circumstanced, will sometimes think that as many hours may be given to it as he gives to his business; but this is a great mistake; nothing is so heavy a tax on mind and body, as the act of communicating knowledge to other minds; and the more intelligently and lovingly it is done, the greater is the fatigue.

This duty should not be allowed to interfere with the further progress of the young teacher, for though it may be useful to go over old ground, with those who are learning, she should still be careful not to narrow her mind down to the standard of their habits; but refresh and invigorate it, at the same time, by exploring new fields of literature.

Those who are not called upon to teach younger brothers and sisters, may yet do them great good by exercising their minds in conversation, and by communicating useful information to them in their daily intercourse. The reverse of this I have sometimes observed with sorrow. I have seen amiable and well informed girls act towards these little ones, as if they were not at all responsible for the impressions they made on their tender minds. They would mislead a young inquirer by false information, and consider it a good joke; or they would harrow up young and susceptible minds by frightful stories, which, though amusing at the time, could not fail to send

the little dears trembling to bed, afraid of the dark, and unable to sleep for terror. Where, however, the elder children have been properly trained by the parents, such mistakes cannot occur, and where they have not, it would require a volume to do justice to the subject.

It is as necessary for those who are much with children, to have right notions about the manner of treating them, as for the parents themselves; it is therefore very desirable that elder sisters should read some of the excellent works which have been written on education. Among these, I would particularly recommend, Edgeworth's "Practical Education," Mrs. Hamilton's "Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education,"

"Hints on Nursery Discipline," a valuable little book, republished in Salem a few years ago, and a late French work of great merit, entitled "L'Education Progressive," by Madame Necker de Saussure. These works are as entertaining as they are instructive, and great pleasure might be found, in testing some of the theories and maxims, which they contain, by the living experience of a family circle. By studying the subject of education, elder sisters would learn to regard the children around them, not merely as necessary interruptions and occasional playthings, but as moral and intellectual problems, which they may find profit in solving.—*The Young Lady's Friend*.

SEPTEMBER.

BY G. WILCOX.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year;—
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace:
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues;
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink, with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,

Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night:
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

MEN, in general, fall in love at first with a neatly turned ankle, a pair of red pouting lips, or a couple of bright eyes—or mayhap, with a tastily made and well fitting silk gown, or a white kid glove. The mind, or character of the fair enslaver is rarely considered, until the floundering swain is fairly caught in the meshes of love. This is the reason why so many find after marriage that they have wedded unwisely.

JEREMY TAYLOR has an excellent remark in reference to good deeds and charitable actions. He says—"He who hath done a good turn, should so forget it, as not to speak of it: but he that boasts it, or upbraids it, hath paid himself, and lost the nobleness of the charity." Set this down as a rule, and how few of us can claim the reward of charity, seeing that we have become impatient, and helped ourselves to a remuneration.

For *Arthur's Magazine*.

THE LESSON OF MISFORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTEL.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

THAT is a noble courage which enables one to brave death or subdue affliction, but there is a courage which, I believe, is still more rare, though not less admirable. I will recall an example—the history of which was one day related to me, by Watelet, in the groves of Moulin-Ioli.

Watelet's course of life was as well calculated to bring happiness as that of any other man I have ever known. His taste was widely extended; he loved all the arts, and his house possessed many attractions for men of letters and artists. He devoted himself to the arts and literary pursuits, not with that brilliant success which awakens and provokes envy, but with that degree of talent which solicits indulgence, and which, without ostentation, amuses the leisure of a modest solitude or of some friendly society; wise enough to confine there its circle of renown, without seeking in the world either admirers or enemies. Add to these advantages a remarkable amenity of manners, a delicate probity, a politeness, always careful to keep the self-love of others, in constant accordance with itself, and you will have an idea of a life, innocently voluptuous. Such was the life of Watelet.

Every body knew the philosophical retreat he had built upon the banks of the Seine. I sometimes visited this place, and on one occasion found there a newly married pair, who seemed much delighted with each other. The husband was still young and the bride was hardly eighteen years of age. Watelet was evidently, happy himself in their happiness, and their manner seemed to render him thanks for some favor which he had conferred upon them. As they spoke French, as purely as we did, I was surprised to hear them say that they resided in Holland and, about starting for that country, had come to bid adieu to M. Watelet. This excited my curiosity and when, after dinner, they had gone, I expressed my desire to know something more of this couple,

so happy and, apparently, so grateful. Watelet drew me into a corner of his enchanted isle, and being seated:

"Listen," said he, "and you will see an instance of honor saved from shipwreck by virtue.

"I lately made a voyage to Holland for the purpose of seeing a country, the possession of which, man disputes with the ocean and which commerce enriches in spite of nature. I carried a letter of introduction to a rich merchant, named Odelman, a gentleman as renowned for his hospitality as for closeness in his business transactions. In his counting-house and at his table, I met with a young Frenchman, of extreme modesty, who bore, the name of Oliver only. Odelman, who was very simple in his habits, treated him as a friend and equal, but the young man, with an indescribable air of respectful dignity, kept his place; you would have supposed him an obedient and attentive son, serving a father from motives of affection.

"I treated him with an openness and freedom of manner which seemed to touch him. He replied in a dignified tone, when he was addressed, but with an humble and embarrassed air. At table he spoke little, but his well chosen expressions, and the propriety of his language announced an educated and well bred man. After dinner he offered, in the most obliging manner, to do any thing which would contribute to my pleasure whilst I remained in Holland. I did not wish to abuse his kindness, but begged him to aid, me with his counsels, in regard to my expenses, and such purchases as I might desire to make. He not only gave his advice, freely, but added the most amiable and affectionate attentions.

"I attempted to ascertain what had brought him to Holland. He replied to my question, 'Misfortune!' and did not seem disposed to say more with regard to the subject.

"We passed, together, every moment that he

was disengaged, and with a complaisance which my curiosity may have sometimes fatigued, but never annoyed, he pointed out to me every thing which was interesting. He showed me that although the commercial relations of this country, extended to every people on the globe, she preserved her existence by unwearied industry and courage; a constant vigilance being necessary to maintain and defend her dykes and her liberty. Although he was grateful toward his new country, Oliver, never spoke of it without showing, that the esteem he felt for Holland was mingled with regrets and reminiscences of his native land.

" ' Ah! if France,' he would say, ' had done, to assist nature, the fourth of that which Holland has done to subdue her, what a country it would be. I cannot but admire, in the manners, the laws, and the politics of this nation, the prodigies which labor has effected.' "

" You may readily imagine that I conceived a deep affection for him.

" ' The interesting young man,' said I, to Odelman, ' how can I say enough in his praise. But it is to you, doubtless, I am indebted for his particular attentions.' "

" ' Not at all,' replied he; ' you are a Frenchman and he adores his country. I am very happy, however, that it has given him to me. All the estimable qualities that you can imagine, are united in him; fidelity, intelligence, indefatigable application, clear and rapid apprehension, an orderly mind which nothing escapes, and above all, an economy!—Ah! he knows, well, the worth of gold! "

" This last specification in his praise was not exactly suited to my taste, and to excuse it I observed that to be avaricious was a privilege of those in adversity.

" ' Avaricious! ' replied the Hollander, ' he is neither avaricious nor covetous. I am sure that the property of another person has no temptations for him. He loves that only which belongs to him, of which he is so wisely parsimonious and in the management of which, is so careful that he is even the wonder of the Hollanders themselves.' "

" ' Nothing, however,' said I, ' has dimmed his nobleness of soul. He has spoken to me of your riches and those of your countrymen without any degree of envy.' "

" ' Oh! he is not at all covetous, as I have told you. He does not even possess that necessary cupidity which is the soul of our commerce. I have often proposed to him to risk, with mine, the proceeds of his labor. "No!" he has said, "I have nothing to risk; the little I have is necessary to me," and whenever he has yielded to my persuasions, and ventured some trifling amount

to the perils of the sea, I have seen him so cruelly agitated, about the result, as to be unable to sleep. Like the ant, he is content with that which he accumulates by his own labor without complaining because the amount is not greater; seeming to want nothing, refusing all assistance, and preserving an air of independence. For instance, you see him decently clad; well! that blue coat, upon which a grain of dust has never reposed in peace, has been worn by him for six years. He did me the favor to dine with me to-day, but nothing is more rare, although he knows that he might regard my table as his own. He prefers managing, himself, this article of his expenses; indeed, his frugality is so great that he finds means to economise even with regard to the necessities of life. But what is most inexplicable to me, is, the manner in which he disposes of these savings. I had at first supposed that his hoardings were lavished in some improper self-indulgence, but the propriety of his conduct and the good sense he always displayed removed at once any such suspicion. I cannot, now, imagine any other reason for his singular conduct than that, impatient to see his country again, he had sent there his little fortune as he has earned it, and conceals in his own breast the desire he feels to return.' "

" As there was nothing more simple nor more probable I came to the same conclusion; but, before my departure, I learned, more justly, to appreciate this rare and virtuous young man.

" ' My dear countryman,' said I to him, on the last day of my stay in Holland; ' I am about to return to Paris; shall I experience the chagrin of being useless to you when I get there? I have afforded you the pleasure of obliging me, at your ease and as much as you desired; do not deny me some revenge.' "

" ' I will not,' replied he; ' in return for these little attentions, the importance of which you greatly magnify. I shall come, this evening, to desire you to perform a service, which is to me, at least of an exceedingly interesting nature. I forwarn you that I am about to make you the depository of a secret; but I do so without any fear or hesitation as your name, alone, will guarantee its safety.' "

" I promised him to guard it, faithfully, and, the same evening, he came, bringing with him a casket of gold.

" ' Here,' said he, ' are five hundred livres, the fruit of three years' savings, and a note, signed by myself, which will indicate the use for which I desire it to be employed. In applying it, you will have the goodness to take receipts and transmit them to me.' "

" After the gold was counted I read the note,

which was signed Oliver Salvary. What was my surprise at its contents; it desired the payment of a number of debts contracted by the purchase of articles of luxury; a thousand crowns to a jeweller, a thousand to a cabinet maker, an hundred livres for dresses, as much for lace and the rest to a perfumer.

"'You are astonished,' said he, 'but you do not know all. I have already paid, thanks to heaven, for three hundred livres of folly and it will still be a long time before I am entirely released. Must I tell you, alas! that I am a man dishonored in my own country and am laboring, here, to remove the spot which rests upon my name. In the mean time I may die, insolvent, and I wish to have in you, sir, a witness who will attest to the desire I have shown and the efforts I have made to repair my misfortunes and to remove my shame. This, then, is my testament which I beg that, if I die you will execute, so that some effort may be made to prevent any stain from resting on my memory.'

"'You will live, you will have time,' said I, 'to cause this misfortune of your youth to be forgotten. But if, to render you content, it is only necessary to have a faithful witness of your sentiments and conduct, I am more capable of filling that office than, perhaps, you imagine; and you may, in entire confidence, open your heart fully to me.'

"'I commence by avowing,' said he, with a sigh, 'that all my misfortunes have sprung entirely from my own misconduct and that my faults are inexcusable. My profession, essentially exacts the most rigid probity and the first law of that probity is, to avoid disposing of any but one's own wealth. I made bad calculations—it was my duty to have done otherwise,—my foolish imprudence was, on that account, no less criminal.

"'My birth, which conferred on me an illustrious name, the public esteem transmitted by my fathers to their children, which I enjoyed, my youth, some success in cases where circumstances conspired in my favor, all seemed to give promise of a rapid and brilliant fortune; yet it was this very advantageous position at the commencement of life which was the cause of my ruin.

"'A wealthy man, M. d'Amene, who regarded my prospects as infallible, dared to found, upon them, the happiness of his daughter. He made proposals of marriage and a mutual affection springing up between Adrienne and myself, when we became acquainted, I acceded joyfully to his proposition and we were united. She is no more; but if she still lived and I were to select a wife, she would be my choice. Yes, I swear,

it would be thee my amiable Adrienne, whom I would choose amongst a thousand! They might possibly be more beautiful, but that tenderness, that goodness, that charming simplicity, that soul full of wisdom and candor which distinguished thee who else could ever possess?"

"In uttering these words his face was raised to heaven as if he, there, sought his departed wife, and his eyes became moistened with tears.

"'Do not,' added he, 'do not attribute to her will any thing that I have done. The innocent cause of my misfortune she never suspected it. In the midst of the illusions, by which I had surrounded her, she was far from perceiving the abyss to which I had conducted her, by a path, strewn with flowers. Loving her tenderly before marriage and still more deeply enamored of her, when she became my own, I thought I could never do enough to gratify her. In comparison to the passion with which I burned, her timid tenderness, her sensibility, tempered by modesty seemed like coldness. 'To induce her to love me with the same deep affection I felt for her,' I said, 'I would intoxicate her with happiness.' Great heaven! how dangerous is the passion which induces one to give himself up to the exclusive desire of pleasing a wife!

"'I took a commodious house, and furnished it, in the most elegant and costly style; and, without waiting for the expressed wishes of my wife, procured every luxury, invented by fashion and taste. A society chosen and formed in accordance with her inclinations, surrounded her, and nothing was left undone which could render her home agreeable.

"'My wife was too young to feel the necessity of regulating our expenses or of curtailing them. Ah! if she had, for a moment, suspected what I was risking how resolutely would she have opposed me. But in bringing me a rich dowry she had a right to believe that I had a competency and she saw nothing around her which conflicted with the seemliness of my condition. In comparison with the establishments of her friends she saw nothing but what was proper and, indeed, decent. Alas! I thought with her. Adrienne, however, with her modesty and sweet ingenuousness would say 'I cannot be insensible to the cares you give yourself to render me happy, but it is unnecessary to incur such great expense. You love me and that is sufficient to excite the envy of all my associates. What pleasure do you take in exciting it still more, by wishing me to surpass them in external luxuries? Leave them some advantages, at least. Let frivolous tastes and vain superfluities be their lot, love and happiness, mine.' This delicacy delighted me, but did not correct my fault. I replied, it was

for my own gratification I pursued this course, and that those things which seemed luxurious only rendered our house more elegant; that such taste as added to our enjoyment was never dear, and that I would not go beyond this point. I deceived her and deceived, or rather blinded myself, I knew very well that I was exceeding my present income but I felt no uneasiness on this account, satisfied that the proceeds of my labor would soon make up any deficiency, and happy in the thought that my wife, would be, in the mean time, enjoying herself. Every one applauded the efforts I made to render her happy. "Could I do less for her? Could I, indeed, do enough?" This was the public voice, or, at least, that of our friends. My father-in-law, alone, saw with displeasure these lavish expenditures, this emulation of luxury sufficient he said to shake the most solid fortunes, and spoke to me, with regard to it, in an excited tone. I replied, gently, that this course would never induce me to commit any folly; that he might rely upon my prudence. I afterwards learned the impression which this manner of respectfully disregarding his cautions, made upon my father-in-law, and what a bitter resentment he conceived and harbored against me after that time. The day approached when I expected to become a father, and that day, which I awaited with an impatience and joy hitherto unknown to my heart, that day which I anticipated as the most delightful of my life proved the most mournful. It took from me both mother and child. I fell under the stroke into an abyss of grief. I will not attempt to describe its poignancy and depth; to have an idea of such grief, which does not find any adequate expression in outward signs, it must be felt.

"Whilst I was still overwhelmed with the first keen pangs of sorrow, my father-in-law, after some words of condolence, informed me, through his attorney, that he had still the right to reclaim the dowry I had received by his daughter. Indignant at his haste I replied that I was ready to give it up at any time and the next day the dowry again became his property. Besides this, the diamonds, jewelry and costly furniture, which I had purchased for my wife, for he had a legal right to seize upon them, became his spoil. I represented to him the inhumanity of compelling me, after an union of eighteen months, to submit to so cruel a law. But with the impatience and avidity of a rapacious heir-at-law, regardless of justice, he availed himself of his legal right. I was compelled to yield and this hard despoliation soon became known. Then the envious, for my happiness, alas! how fleeting! had made me envious, hastened to punish me for my few mo-

ments of enjoyment; under a cloak of sympathy in deploring they divulged my ruin. My friends did not show the same ardor to serve as my enemies to injure me; they agreed that I had been in too great haste to enjoy the pleasures of life. What they said was true but they reserved their remarks till it was too late; they should have expressed these opinions, when partaking of my entertainments. But you, sir, who have a knowledge of the world, know how much indulgence it has for a spendthrift up to the moment of his ruin. Mine was made public and my creditors, growing uneasy soon came to me, in crowds. I did not wish to deceive them, and, exposing fully my situation, offered them all that remained, in part payment of their claims, begging time only to enable me to liquidate such as remained unsettled. Some were reasonable and courteous, but others, alleging the wealth of my father-in-law, said, it was his place to give me time, for that, in seizing the effects of his daughter, he had taken what, justly, belonged to them. What shall I say was the result? I was reduced to the alternatives of escaping from their clutches, of blowing out my brains, or going to prison.

"That night, monsieur, which I passed in the anguish of shame and despair, between ruin and death, should, for ever, serve as a lesson and an example. A man moved, at heart, by honest and good principles, whose only crime was to have depended, inconsiderately, upon slight hopes; esteemed and honored, on an easy road to fortune, to become suddenly marked with infamy and devoted to contempt, condemned to quit life or to pass a miserable existence in exile or in prison; disowned by his father-in-law; abandoned by his friends; no longer daring to show himself openly, and too happy to be able, in some solitary and inaccessible cave, to hide himself from pursuit! In the midst of horrors, engendered by such a situation as this, I passed the longest of nights. Ah! I still tremble at the remembrance, for neither my head nor heart are yet freed from the commotion of this frightful fall. I do not exaggerate when I say to you that, in the convulsions of my sufferings, I perspired blood. At last, this long continued agony, having exhausted my powers, both mental and physical, subsided and left me in a state of calmness still more horrible. I measured the depth of the abyss into which I had fallen and then felt originate, in the bottom of my soul, the desire to destroy my life. I began to reason with regard to this resolution; "If," said I, within myself, "if I allow myself to be taken and thrust into prison I shall remain there, without remedy and without hope, until my shameful existence terminates. It is a thousand times better, without doubt, to deliver myself

from an odious life and throw myself into the hands of a God who will, perhaps, pardon my inability to survive a misfortune which dishonors me." My loaded pistols were lying, on the table, before me and nothing seemed, at this moment, more easy than to finish my existence. "Yes! but how many villains have thus ended their lives! How many low and vile souls have had, as myself, this courage of despair! And what will cleanse the blood I am about to shed? Will opprobrium be less deeply impressed upon my tomb? if, indeed, one be accorded to me! And my name, disgraced by the laws, will it, too, be buried? What do I say, unfortunate wretch! The thought adds to my heavy weight of shame! for what will expiate the crime of which I have been guilty? I wish to escape from life; but is not this to plunder and to frustrate those to whom I am indebted? When I am no more who will make restitution, to them, for the robbery I have committed? What will justify this abuse of their confidence? Who will ask pardon for a young fool who has dissipated wealth which was not his own? Ah! is there no longer any hope for me to regain what I have lost? is it impossible, at my age, by labor and time, to repair the indiscretions of my youth and to find pardon for my follies?" Then, reflecting upon the resources that remained to me if I had the constancy to fight against misfortune, I seemed to perceive in the distant future, my honor issuing from the cloud which covered it. I seemed to see a plank at hand to save me from my shipwreck and carry me to a safe port. I came to Holland, but, before leaving, wrote to my creditors that, abandoning to them all I owned in the world, I had gone to employ the rest of my life for their benefit, and conjured them to be patient.

"I landed at Amsterdam, where my first care was to search out, amongst the rich merchants of that city the man most upright and esteemed amongst them, and, as all spoke of Odelman, I presented myself to him. "Sir," said I, "a stranger pursued by misfortune, takes refuge here and comes to ask of you if he should yield to the force of untoward circumstances or if, by labor and perseverance he should rise above them. I have no one to recommend me, and can only hope, with time, to establish a character for myself. Dispose, as you will, of a man raised with some care, sufficiently educated perhaps, and full of desire to be useful." Odelman, after having listened to me and regarded me, attentively, asked by whom I had been sent to him. "By the public voice," said I. "On my arrival in this city I desired to know the wisest and best man amongst your citizens; every body directed me to you." There was, in my language and bearing,

that air of dignity which misfortune gives to courageous souls, which seemed to strike him forcibly. His questions were searching and I was sincere, although reserved, in my answers. Finally, without betraying myself I said enough to gain his confidence, and prepossessed in my favor, he consented to put my assertions to proof, without, however, making any engagement.

"He soon discovered that he had no one, in his counting house, more diligent, who applied himself more assiduously or was more anxious to learn. "Oliver," said he (for this was the only name by which I was known to him) "you have kept your word. You may continue, for I perceive, that you will suit me; we were made, indeed, to live together. Here is your salary for the first three months of the year, for which I now engage you; I foresee that it will go on increasing." Ah! sir, you cannot conceive of the lively pleasure with which I, who had never before known the worth of money, received the hundred ducats which he was so good as to advance me. With what religious care did I treasure up the greater part. With what ardor did I give myself to that labor of which they were the fruit and how impatiently did I look forward to the next quarter, which would bring an addition to my treasure. One of the happiest days of my life was that on which I transmitted to Paris the first hundred louis of my savings; and, when I received the receipt for the amount, I kissed the little paper an hundred times, wet it with my tears, and placed it next my heart where it seemed like balm applied to a painful wound. Three years, successively, I experienced a similar gratification. At this time my pleasure is greatly enhanced, for, in consequence of an increase of salary and the proceeds of some little commercial ventures, I have made, the sum of my savings is much more considerable. If this remittance has been delayed it is in consequence of the death of my only correspondent at Paris, in whom I could confide, whose place henceforth I must beg you sir, to fill. Alas! I shall have to labor for fifteen years to come before I shall have paid off all these debts. But I am only thirty-six years of age and, at fifty, I shall be free; the wound in my heart will then be closed, twenty voices will be raised to attest to my good faith, and this brow, without giving place to a single blush, shall again be seen in my country. Oh! sir, it is sweet and consoling to me, to feel that the esteem of my fellow-citizens will return to bless my old age and bring honor to my gray hairs!"

"When he ceased speaking," continued Watelet, "charmed at such an instance of perfect probity, I embraced him and assured him that I

did not know, in the world, a more honorable man. This evidence of my esteem seemed to touch him, deeply, and he assured me he should never forget this consoling adieu. He added, however, that I knew his heart and spoke to him the same language as his conscience.

"When I arrived at Paris I appropriated the money according to his desire. His creditors wished to know where he was, what he was doing and what were his resources. Without giving them any information upon these points, I expressed my opinion of his rigid honesty and sent them away contented.

"One day at a dinner party given by M. Nervin, my notary, one of the guests hearing me speak of my voyage to Holland asked me, with an air of displeasure and contempt if, while I was in that country, I had met with a young man named Oliver Salvary. As it was easy to perceive, in his look and the movements of his brow, that he was animated by a sentiment of malignity I avoided giving a direct answer and replied that my voyage to Holland, having been, merely, a pleasure trip, I did not have time to make the acquaintance of all the Frenchmen I saw, but that I could easily ascertain, through my correspondents, whether such a person resided there.

"No," said he, 'it is not necessary; he has caused me too much pain to feel interested about him. He is, doubtless, dead of misery or shame, and it is of little consequence. It would have been better if he had died before he married my daughter and ruined himself. After this,' continued he, 'will any one place reliance upon the fair prospects of a young man? In eighteen months, fifteen thousand crowns in debt, and then, flight and shame! Ah! sir,' said he, to the notary, 'when you marry your daughter take, well, your precautions. A dishonored and insolvent son-in-law is a villainous appendage.'

"M. Nervin inquired of him how it was, that a man of his prudence should not have foreseen this misfortune and taken steps to prevent it.

"I did foresee it,' replied Amene, 'and remedied it in the best manner I was able, for the next day after the death of his wife I made such haste as, thanks to heaven, to secure the dowry and effects of my daughter. But that was all I was able to save from his wreck; the other creditors were left but the fragments of his fortune.'

"With a great effort I restrained myself from confounding him; but when he was gone, seeing the impression his relation had left upon the mind of my notary and his daughter, I could not resist the desire I felt to avenge the absent man, and, without indicating his asylum, for that would have been to betray his secret:

"You have heard,' said I, to them, 'this man

speak of his son-in-law, with the most cruel contempt; all that he has said is true, but it is no less true that this unfortunate young man is a personification of innocence and probity.'

"This commencement surprised them—but it fixed their attention and the father and daughter listened with breathless interest to the history which you have heard.

"Nervin is one of those rare compounds of human qualities the existence of which one can scarcely conceive. It would be impossible to find a colder head or a more ardent heart; it is a volcano under a heap of snow. His daughter is, on the contrary, of a nature sensible and well-balanced; partaking equally of her father's warmth of soul and coolness of understanding. She is beautiful—you have seen her—but she is so little vain of her beauty that she can hear it spoken of without displaying any more embarrassment than if that of another were praised.

"A person may possibly,' she would say, 'be vain of that which they have acquired themselves and it is necessary to have a degree of modesty to conceal or moderate this vanity; but where is the merit of having eyes and mouth formed after this, or that, fashion? And why should it be thought necessary to blush, when we hear that praised, which, without our aid, has been bestowed upon us, by a caprice of nature?'

"This single trait will give you some idea of the character of Justine which is stronger and more decided than that of Adrienne, whilst it possesses the same charm of innocence and candor. This admirable girl listened to my recital with as much attention as her father and, as I related those occurrences, which showed the strict integrity of Salvary, his deep sensibility, his courage in misfortune, I saw them exchange glances and display that sweet emotion which virtue excites, in the breasts of those by whom it is loved. But, insensibly, the father became more thoughtful and the daughter more softened. When I repeated the words which Oliver, in the conclusion of his history, had addressed to me: 'O! sir, it is sweet and consoling to me to feel that the esteem of my fellow citizens will return, to bless my old age, and bring honor to my gray hairs!' the notary raised his head and, his eyes glistening with the tears that filled them:

"No, virtuous young man!" cried he, in a transport of feeling, 'thou shalt not wait for a tardy old age to be freed and honored as thou deservest to be. Sir,' added he, addressing me, 'you say, truly, there is not a more honorable man in the world. The simple duties of ordinary life are easily performed; but it is more difficult to traverse the precipices of adversity and inlame, with such fortitude and probity, never

leaving, for a moment, the path of rectitude. Such cases are rare and such experience tempers the soul. I will answer for it that he commits no more follies. He will be good and generous, but wise; he now knows, too well, the cost of weakness and imprudence. Yes, without disparagement to his father-in-law, this is just the son-in-law, that I should desire. What do you think of it, my daughter?"

"I avow, my father," replied Justine, "that such a man is the one, of all others, I should choose for a husband."

"Thou shalt have him," said her father. "Write to him, monsieur, to come, that a rich offer awaits him; do not tell him any thing more."

"I wrote to Salvary, who replied that he was condemned to a life of celibacy and solitude, for he would never associate to his disgrace either a wife or children, and that he should never set foot in his country whilst a single person remained whose look he could not unblushingly sustain. This reply was like a goad to the impatient soul of the notary."

"Request him," said he, "to send a schedule of his debts, and tell him that one who is interested in his welfare desires to make some arrangements for compounding with his creditors."

"Salvary gave me, without any hesitation, a statement of his liabilities, but replied that he did not wish to compound with his creditors, regarding any reduction of his debts as unjust, for he was determined to pay fully and rigorously the whole amount which he owed; the only favor he begged was time to enable him to do so."

"Time! time!" cried the notary, "I have no time to give him; my daughter will have grown old before his debts are paid. Leave the schedule with me, I know how an honest man is to be regarded, and every body shall be satisfied."

"Two days after he called upon me."

"All is completed," said he, "here are his full receipts; transmit them to him and give him his choice,—either to espouse my daughter and owe no person, or have me, alone, for his creditor, if he will not accept me for his father-in-law."

"The surprise and gratitude of Salvary when he saw all the traces of his ruin thus effaced, with, as it were, a stroke of the pen, and the haste with which he flew to thank his benefactor, I leave you to imagine. He was, however, detained in Holland longer than he wished and so long that the impatient notary began to say that 'this man was very slow and difficult to move.' At last he arrived at my house scarcely daring to believe that his happiness was not a dream. I took him, without delay, to the house of his generous friend,

and there, between two sentiments, equally delightful, penetrated with the goodness of the father and becoming daily more enamored of the charms of the daughter, finding in her all that he had so much loved, so much regretted in Adrienne, his soul was as much transported with gratitude as with love, and he did not know, he said, which he should regard as the most precious gift of heaven, such a friend as Nervin or such a wife as Justine. One regret remained, however, which he could not conceal from them, and when Nervin reproached him for having made them wait so long;

"Forgive me, monsieur," said he. "I burned to throw myself at your feet; but, besides the accounts I had first to arrange, in quitting Holland I had more than one severe conflict to sustain. The worthy Odelman, my first benefactor, had dwelt upon the hope of finding, in me, a solace and comfort in his old age; he is a widower, without children and, in his heart, without my knowledge he had adopted me. When, then, it became necessary to separate, and I revealed to him my past misfortune and the prodigy of goodness which had restored me to freedom and honor, he complained bitterly of my dissimulation and asked if I believed I had a better friend in the world, than Odelman. He pressed me to allow him to refund to you the amount you had paid for me; with tears in his eyes he begged it, till I was no longer able to refuse to grant his request. But he had read M. Watelet's letter in which he mentioned the amiable and interesting Justine, drawing as he did, a still more ravishing portrait of the beauty of her soul than of her person. "Ah I have no daughter to offer you," said this good man, "and if this portrait is a faithful one her compeer would be difficult to find. I will not endeavor to retain you. Go, be happy; but remember and cease not to love me."

"Nervin when he heard this statement of Oliver remained for some moments thoughtful and abstracted; then breaking the silence he exclaimed:

"No! no! I do not wish you to be ungrateful; and I cannot let a Dutchman boast of having been more generous than me. You have no occupation here and it is not right that you should lead an idle and useless life. It would be very delightful, as you may well believe, to have my children near me, but that happiness shall be reserved for my old age, whilst in the mean time the attention I give to my business will keep off ennui. Write to the good Odelman that I will give you up to him, with my daughter, for ten years, after which you will return to me, surrounded I hope, by a little colony of cherubs, for

whom, in the interval, we shall have been laboring.'

The overjoyed Hollander, replied that his house, his arms and his heart were open to the pair. He now awaits them and they are about to leave for Holland, where Oliver will henceforth be associated in business with him.

"This is the example," added Watelet, "which I promised to give you, of a courage, so much needed by the unfortunate, which keeps them under the most discouraging circumstances from losing their own esteem, or from falling into despair, as long as a consciousness remains that they are guided by virtuous principles."

THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THEY err who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming youth is known :

Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is shown,

When passions chastened and subdued to riper years are given,

And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that breaks from Heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless mirth,

We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted worth ;

Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sunshine bright,

And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like the ocean,

Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by the storm's commotion,

When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunderbolts astound us,

'Tis then we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness around us.

Oh ! then, as to the seamen's sight the beacon's twinkling ray

Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless day,

E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's darker years,

The gentle light true love imparts, mid sorrows, cares and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening brightness fling,

And show that life has somewhat left to which their hopes may cling ;

It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in soul.

To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits touched by time,

Oh ! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness sublime ?

In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles and sweeps by,

In after life, its splendors seem linked with eternity !

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,

'Thou call'st at its children a happy band ;

Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore—

Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs ?

" Not there, not there, my child."

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,

And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,

Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,

And strange bright birds on their starry wings,

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?

" Not there, not there, my child."

Is it far away in some region old.

Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,

And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—

Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?

" Not there, not there, my child.

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !

Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,

Dreams can not picture a world so fair,

Sorrow and death may not enter there ;

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom.

For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

It is there, it is there, my child !"

For Arthur's Magazine.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY AN UTILITARIAN.

THE relative bearings of society, seem to be as little understood as most other things of vital consequence to our social well-being. Independence is a word so frequently used, and so thoroughly misunderstood, that it may not be unprofitable to investigate its true meaning, together with the influence misinterpretation causes it to have upon society.

Independence, as the essence of our glorious constitution, gives to each man an equal political freedom, allows, alike to the poor and rich, the exercise of an elective franchise,—throws open to intellect, whether pecuniarily impoverished or enriched, the highest and most honorable posts in the nation—recognises all thinking men as equally qualified to elect representatives, or be themselves elected. Yet, 'spite of these facts, there are, and ever must be, distinctions of grade in society. No country can exist without them; and, although ours is freed from the ridiculous folly of an hereditary aristocracy, there must ever be various degrees of eminence in our citizens, as strongly marked as those of monarchical governments—only that the different positions are consistent with our reason, instead of jarring against, and irritating it.

The force of education, in giving different ideas—producing refinement in wants—causing a more enlarged view of men and manners, must necessarily make a material difference in men's habits. A man whose friends are wealthy at the time of his birth, will naturally imbibe different views from one, whose parents struggled hard to live. As the two grow up, education will increase their degree of difference, and when grown to man's estate, prepared to play their part in the great drama, they will differ as essentially in all vital sentiments and feelings, as though they were of distinct races. So, likewise, with the fool and the man of intellect,—in every particular do they differ; scarcely an idea do they possess in common,—yet, it is ten to one, that, from a misapplication of the word "inde-

pendence," the fool believes himself on an equality with the wise man. True wisdom is ever accompanied by humility, while conceit always attends folly.

The feeling of independence as commonly understood, exercised, and inculcated, teaches that a man derogates from his own dignity by admitting in others, superiority. This is not the case; each man may be alike respectable and respected in his walk of life, yet one will rank higher than the other. Nature evidently intends differences to exist; all men are not equal in intellect; the circumstances that operate upon men's fortunes vary; and while such is the case, some must be entitled to a greater amount of respect than others.

The adventitious advantage of wealth gives man a certain station and power. It is useless to deny this by the argument, that the labor of the poor man is as valuable capital as the hard cash of the rich one. Granted that it is so abstractedly, it is not so practically, because it is infinitely easier for the rich man to find various sources for the profitable investment of his capital, than it is for the poor one to find employment for his labor. Thus a power is given to wealth, which begets station for the proprietor thereof.

The man of intellect appears before his fellow citizens; treats of the various abuses that exist; points out remedies for them, and gets elected as member of congress; thus power is given to intellect which begets station for its possessor. It will be argued, in objection, that the people, above whom he is said to be elevated, were instrumental in his election, and that they, having the power to elevate him, are in reality greater than he; but the very fact of one man being chosen in preference to the mass, is sufficient evidence of his superiority,—and, even were it otherwise, for the time being, he fills a situation of greater honor than ordinary, and so is raised above the level to a higher grade in society.

The descendants of eminent men derive some

respect from the virtues of their ancestors. Some slight portion of a great man's mantle falls on the shoulders of his successor, and thus the descendant, as well as the original possessor of intellect, rises above the great mass.

Here are three different classes, who, in the ordinary course of events, are raised above their fellows—three death blows to equality—the common acceptance of the word "independence."

The effect of this order of independence, against which we complain—is to make all classes selfish—to shut up the better feelings of our nature—to destroy sympathy between the rich and poor—the intellectual and the uneducated. It produces a mildness of carriage and manner on one side, which necessarily engenders indifference and contempt upon the other. If those whom fortune has placed in the lower walks of life, paid a greater degree of respect to their more fortunate brethren, then would the wealthy portion of community feel more sympathy with the wants and wishes of the fillers of humble stations.

In this view of the case, let us not be supposed as favoring an absurdity common among the rich in wealth and high in station, that no virtue, honor, or worth, can be found among the humbler part of the creation—far, very far from it! Such folly is unfortunately too prevalent. The professional man, and he of independent income, look too often with contempt at the honest and industrious mechanic—the plodding persevering tradesman. They cannot conceive honorable or sensitive feelings to exist in the breasts of any but themselves. They believe that commerce contains in its nature some bane to the fair feelings of humanity—that daily labor for bread is incompatible with noble sentiments. Yet, strange to say, although this idea, in the abstract, exists in their minds, they apply it only to the shop-keeper and mechanic,—the merchant escapes,—they receive him into society.

How ridiculous this is, need scarcely be pointed out. The man ennobles his occupation, not the reverse. A man of enlarged and cultivated intellect, and high moral nature, may be

doomed by hard fortune to pursue the most menial avocation for a livelihood,—yet the man, in all his noble attributes, is the same as though he filled a throne—as worthy of respect—as high in the rank of intelligent beings. It has been already asserted, that nature has clearly designed different grades of society, and that consequently, equality, the too common acceptance of the word independence, was never intended to exist. So is it believed to be equally palpable, that men are intended to fill all the various positions necessary for administering to the different wants of society, and, therefore, that no avocation tending in any way to convenience the great social family, can be derogatory to a man who pursues it honestly and uprightly—doing to others as he would be done unto.

Our belief is that both portions of the human family err in not paying a greater degree of respect to each other; both are worthy of it from one another, although, neither do perfectly right. A change in the relative bearings of the two classes of society might be wrought with much benefit to all; but which is to commence it? Certainly that body which is best educated, whose minds are enlarged, and rendered capable of looking into futurity, and seeing the immense advantages derivable from the existence of oneness of interest—when each part of the community can feel that a benefit conferred upon one branch will be an ultimate blessing to all.

The higher order of intellects are indiscriminately scattered among the rich and poor—the great and small. It is their duty to endeavor, by example and precept to bring about such a state of society,—to discourage intolerance, hauteur, and rudeness, and to foster all gentle and charitable feelings—to teach the poor to give honor where honor is due—the rich to feel a friendly sympathy with, and lend a helping hand to, their poorer neighbors. Every man who strenuously labors in such a vocation, will most assuredly reap a bright and lasting reward in the consciousness of having lent his aid toward enabling humanity to approach one step nearer that goal of excellence, which all mankind would feel pleasure in reaching.

MEN of genius are not always quick in their comprehension of other men's ideas, they trust more to their own unaided powers of mind for the understanding of a subject than the elucidations of others, and therefore do not acquire the habit of comprehending readily what others may

explain. For this reason, many men of splendid genius were dull when boys. They thought more than they studied, and as their thoughts were yet crude, and unexpressed, none knew of the hidden fire that was ere long to burst forth in an unextinguishable blaze.

THE WEDDING PARTY.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"MOTHER," said the beautiful Jane Webster in a vexed tone, "this must be the last time I employ myself in house-work; I have just finished sweeping the parlors, and here are two blisters on my right hand where I have held the broom. I declare! I might as well hire myself out for a servant—look at my hand, mother."

Mrs. Webster looked at the blistered hand, and said, soothingly,—“Why, my dear, it wouldn't blister if you were accustomed to sweeping.”

“Accustomed to it!” repeated the young lady with a curling lip, “it is for servants to become familiar with such things; if I should practice it every day my hands would become as hard as boards, and stretched to the size of Bridget's.”

“O no, Jane,” said her mother, “you could wear gloves, and it would not stretch your hands so much as practising on the piano. The exercise is so healthful, I wish you would continue it; every body should be acquainted with domestic affairs; there is nothing disgraceful in it.”

“But, mother you don't know how it exhausts me; I thought I should faint when I had finished sweeping.”

“Oh! what a story,” exclaimed her little sister Harriet, starting from her chair, while her large black eyes flashed indignantly. “You shook me almost to pieces for upsetting the dust pan. I'm sure you couldn't have been near fainting, then.”

Jane colored, and looked angry at the impetuous child, but without denying the truth of her assertion; then turning to her mother, she said “Harriet is as rude and uncouth as if she had been brought up in the backwoods; I wish she could be sent to boarding school; it might civilize her, and make her a little more like other people.”

When Jane first spoke, Harriet fixed her eyes upon her with a defying look, and the quick blood came to her cheek angrily; but as the words *boarding school* met her ear, her countenance

fell. “Oh! don't send me away from you, mother,” she begged anxiously, and humbly.

“Your father will not consent to your going to boarding school, Harriet, so you need not fear that; but you must learn to treat your elder sister with more respect. Now go up stairs to your own room.”

The little girl obeyed, and with a slow step proceeded to her chamber. When there, she seated herself on her little trunk at the head of her bed, and burst into tears.

“Oh! Jane is so hateful!” she sobbed, “I wish *she* was away from home.” After yielding, in some measure, to her grief, she paused, and bent her eyes thoughtfully on the floor; then murmured,—“what would Miss Morton think, if she knew what I said?” and again she cried as if her heart would break.

Harriet's mother was an amiable and affectionate woman, but she lacked energy and independence. She would rather lean on those who were her inferiors in intellect than support herself; consequently she was very much influenced by those around her. As might be expected, the rule was taken from her mother's hands, and placed in Jane's, for Harriet could exert but little influence, as she was yet only a child of eleven years. In every difference, things were always decided in favor of the eldest daughter, and it was seldom Harriet's statements were even examined. This partiality on the part of Mrs. Webster, did not proceed from a greater love for Jane; but it was for the sake of peace and comfort; Harriet was the youngest and most easily quieted. Even when the mother's feelings would have prompted her to take sides with Harriet, she had not the moral courage to oppose herself to the stubborn determination of Jane. The mother, who shrunk from the painful duty of rebuking her when a child, could only blame herself for the sorrow she often experienced, through her fretful discontent. Jane was naturally selfish,

and, it had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength; it was woven in the very groundwork of her nature. Instead of diffusing a warm, healthful cheerfulness, she too often cast a shadow upon the household hearth. The sunny-hearted, impetuous Harriet, was frequently the victim of her complaining temper. In the bosom of that young creature, the fountains of innocent joy were poisoned by a sister's hand. Jane herself was not fully aware of the evil she was doing; she thought not how wide spread, though subtle, might be the influence of a single individual.

About half an hour after Harriet was sent up stairs, a servant entered the room where Mrs. Webster and Jane were sitting.

"Ah! Miss Jane," she said, "that sweet young lady, Miss Morton, has just called, and she's up in the parlor waiting for you."

"Does she know I am at home?" asked Jane.

"Oh! yes, to be sure; I told her you would see her in a minute," answered the girl, who was a new servant. Jane called her a stupid creature, and said she was in no humor to see company. The girl made no reply, but left the room in the midst of the young lady's speech, and slammed the door with as much violence as she dared.

"It is only eleven o'clock," exclaimed Jane fretfully, "I wish people knew when to make calls; at any rate, I shall not hurry myself."

"My dear child, do try to make Miss Morton's call pleasant" urged the mother. "There is no need of changing your dress; you look well enough."

"Oh! no, if I dress now, it will answer for the day." As Jane spoke, she rose languidly from her chair, and left the sitting room for her own apartment. As soon as Harriet heard her close the door of her chamber, she issued from her place of punishment, and with a noiseless step glided down the stairs. As she was wandering around the house in search of amusement, she passed the parlor door, which was open, and observed Miss Morton, who sat with her back towards it.

The little girl tripped in lightly, and before the young lady was aware of her presence, her neck was encircled by the arms of her favorite. "Ah! Harriet, is it you?" she asked, turning round with a gay laugh that caught its music from a happy heart; and she kissed the child playfully.

"Why Harry! what ails your eyes? Have you been crying?"

Harriet blushed and looked embarrassed but did not speak. Miss Morton did not repeat the question. After a pause she said, cheerfully, "I'm going to take you home with me, to spend

a few days with Caroline, if your mother is willing;—what do you say?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted," cried Harriet, her eyes brightening with pleasure, "I'll run and ask mother right away." She flew from the parlor, and the visitor was again left alone, for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time, Miss Webster made her appearance. "How do you do Emily," she exclaimed, advancing and kissing the young girl, "you must excuse me, for keeping you waiting so long."

"O, certainly," replied Emily Morton, "you know what can't be cured must be endured," the last words were spoken in a half earnest, half jesting tone; but Jane's countenance showed she meant to take it as no jest; her cheek flushed slightly, and her mouth assumed an expression which seemed to say, "do not repeat such remarks." Miss Morton observed the look, a deep blush overspread her face as she turned aside her head, and her lip curved slightly; but the angry expression lasted only a moment; it was immediately followed by one more gentle. There was a short silence; then Emily asked, in a quiet tone—"Have you been often to the Academy of Design this year?"

"About half a dozen times," was the reply.

"How were you pleased?" asked Emily, who in spite of Jane's short answer, was determined to persevere, and see if it was possible to make her good natured.

"Tolerably well," replied Jane, in the same tone as before. Emily was tempted to give up her experiment; the color in her cheek grew a little deeper, and, for about three minutes, she examined the figures of the carpet without speaking. At length she resolved on another trial,— "do you paint as much now as you did at school? you were very devoted to it then."

"No, I have not so much time," answered Jane more amiably, "but I am still as fond of it as ever; how do you get along with the landscape you commenced a few weeks ago?"

"Well, rather slowly," replied Emily, "wont you let me see some of your last drawings?"

"Yes, if you wish it," said Jane smiling,—she could not resist the kindness of Miss Morton's manner—"but they are hardly worth showing."

She rose and obtained them for Emily, and they looked over them together; Jane felt that she had been impolite, and contrasted her own conduct with the sweetness of her lovely visitor. She tried to atone for it, by throwing off her cold, stiff manner, and rendering herself agreeable. When Harriet returned, they were engaged in a pleasant conversation. "I'm going! Miss Morton!" she cried, dancing up to her with hat and

gloves on, and her parasol partly opened;—her eager face was bright with happiness.

"Where are you going?" asked her sister, in surprise.

"To Miss Morton's, to see Caroline," was Harriet's reply, and she waltzed around the room, flourishing her parasol with the utmost animation.

"Let me beg of you, Harriet," said Emily laughing, "not to fly along the street in that style with me; now bid your sister good bye, for we must go."

"Oh! don't go yet, Emily," urged Jane, "you must come and see me oftener; the next time I promise not to keep you waiting so long."

"You forget, Jane," said Emily rising, "that we are both to attend my cousin Mary's wedding to-night. I have my bridesmaid's dress to finish yet."

"Oh! then I'll not detain you," said Jane with a smile, shaking Emily warmly by the hand. "Good bye Harriet," and they parted with a sister's kiss, Jane really felt what she said; in the presence of Emily her sullen humor had disappeared, and more kindly feelings had succeeded. She was conquered by the gentleness of her friend. Too often do we see those who profess to be acting from pure and exalted principles, yield themselves to the evil spirit, that is busy in the hearts of others. The same angry feelings are communicated as if by a magnetic power, and it is no easy thing to withstand them. Yet what is all this boasted goodness, if it cannot finally triumph, though the struggle be long and hard? It is no tame spirit that learns to conquer itself in little things—that will not yield to the evil within, that would urge it forward with almost resistless might. If goodness is any thing it is every thing, and if it occasionally prompts us to perform a magnanimous deed, it should also be a living reality that influences our slightest action.

"Oh! what a beautiful dress," cried Harriet Webster, as both she and Caroline Morton entered the room where Emily was seated. The latter was busily engaged in trimming a white muslin dress with satin and lace. "Oh!" exclaimed Caroline eagerly, "she is going to be Cousin Mary's bridesmaid to night, and that dress is just like the bride's; wont she look beautiful?" Harriet of course agreed with her, and Caroline began to pull the lace gently in different directions to see which way it would look best.

"Oh! don't, Carry, dear, you'll soil it," said her sister, removing her hands, "I must get rid of both of you a little while, or I shall forget how little time I have to spare. Has Harriet seen your cabinet yet?" Caroline replied in the negative.

"Well then, scamper off; the dress will be finished by the time you come back." The children lingered a moment, and Caroline asked coaxingly, "Ah, sister Emily, wont you let us help dress you for the wedding."

"Oh! certainly by all means," replied her sister, laughing. "You shall be my maids of honor." With this promise they disappeared.

In about half an hour the impatient urchins returned; the dress was completed, and the bridesmaid elect was holding it up with a satisfied air.

"Oh! how splendid!" shouted Caroline, bounding gaily forward. She took hold of it eagerly, and as she turned round to Harriet, with a quick motion, it caught by a pin that was fastened to her waist. A large rent was torn in the sleeve. "Oh! oh!" groaned the offender with a look of despair; and then she stood silent, hardly daring to look at her sister. Emily's eyes turned upon her with the sudden flash that betrays a naturally hasty temper, and the color mounted to her forehead: but she did not speak. After a moment the dress was laid calmly on the table. The quiet firmness on Emily's countenance showed she had regained her self command, although the struggle had made her face grow pale. "Oh! I didn't mean to do it," said the culprit, bursting into tears.

"I know you did not, Caroline," was the mild reply. Emily seated herself and began to look quietly in her work-basket for something to mend it. All this time Harriet had stood, half breathlessly watching every change of Emily's countenance; she had marked the struggle that was going on, and when she saw that mild but determined expression settling over the closed lips, telling of an inward strength, her young heart beat with a strange admiration. At that moment the noble girl gained an influence over that young creature, which would be felt through life. With a flood of mingled feelings, which she herself could not define, Harriet threw her arms around Emily's neck, and kissed her again and again while tears streamed down her childish face.

"Oh! Emily," she sobbed, "teach me to be like you."

"Like me?" repeated the sweet girl. "Dear Harriet! I would have you a thousand times better." She drew her arm tenderly around her, and kissed her forehead, for she felt how beautiful it was to be appreciated by the young and innocent. Tears filled her eyes, but they were tears of happiness. How grateful she felt then, that for the sake of that child she had been able to subdue the anger that rose in her heart. After a while Emily gently released herself from the little girl's caress. "I must begin now to sew

anew," she said, as she smoothed back Harriet's dark hair.

"Sister Emily, what shall I do? I'm so sorry," said Caroline in a deeply distressed tone, as she came forward.

"Don't think any more about it now, dear; only let it teach you to be more careful another time."

Caroline firmly declared, that she would never do such a thing again as long as she lived. Emily smiled, and busied her slender fingers with the injured dress. While she was engaged at her task, Mrs. Morton entered.

"Why, how did this happen?" she asked, examining the rent in surprise. Emily explained the accident, and when she had finished, her mother bent over and kissed her fondly.

"I know you have not yielded to anger, my child," she said, "or your face would not wear that look of quiet happiness. To know that you have conquered yourself, gives me a deeper joy than any earthly prosperity could impart. But it is time for you to get ready; let me take your work." Emily resigned the dress into her mother's hands.

"While Harriet and Caroline are as busy as bees, trying to assist her, we will find our way to the house of Mrs. Webster, and observe the proceedings of Jane, who was also to attend the wedding.

She was alone in her dressing room. Her dark hair was unbound, and with an impatient air she was twining part of it in natural ringlets over her white fingers. When she had finished curling it, she rang the bell violently, and said angrily to herself.

"I wonder how many more times I must ring before any one will come."

After the lapse of a few moments, the servant woman introduced her head in at the door.

"Why are you so long answering the bell, Bridget," cried Jane, "I have rung half a dozen times; if you can't come when you are called you shall be dismissed."

"I didn't hear you before, Miss Jane," replied the servant in an easy tone; she was too much accustomed to such threats to give any weight to them.

"Ask mother if she will come up and finish dressing my hair," said the young lady.

"Mrs. Webster's asleep on the sofa. She's had a shocking headache this afternoon, and it really seems a pity to disturb her. I don't know but I can fix your hair myself," said the obliging woman stepping into the room, "I can braid first rate."

"You?" said Jane, who could not forbear smiling, "I should fancy a bear was braiding it.

Go and ask mother, it will take her but a few moments."

The woman disappeared, without more words, for she saw that Jane was determined to have her own way. Mrs. Webster soon entered with a languid step.

"Jane," she said, "I think you might have gotten along without me, if you had any consideration for my feelings."

"Oh! I couldn't help it, mother; no one else can make my hair look exactly right." As Jane spoke, she seated herself on a low stool, by the chair Mrs. Webster had taken, and submitted her glossy hair to the skilful hands of her mother. It was soon arranged, and Mrs. Webster assisted her daughter until her toilet was completed.

When Jane saw herself reflected in the mirror, her dark eyes flashed with the consciousness of beauty, and a slight but haughty and well pleased smile visited her lip. Excitement had lent her cheeks a rich but delicate glow; her fair face needed only an expression of sweetness to make it perfect. Her dress was of pale blue satin, and its tunic, of delicate Swiss muslin trimmed with the richest lace, suited well the lightness of her graceful figure. After "one last lingering look" in the glass, the beauty left her dressing room, and descended the stairs, followed by her mother.

"Come, father, I am ready," she exclaimed, looking into the parlor where Mr. Webster sat reading. Her summons was instantly answered.

"I hope your headache will be better soon mother," said the daughter, as she tripped lightly down the front steps. Her words expressed more sympathy, than the gay, careless tone in which she uttered them. Her father led her to the carriage, and when Mrs. Webster saw them enter, and ride away, she turned back into the house with a feeling of sadness and loneliness. She entered the parlor, and tried to amuse herself with a book, but the attempt was vain: she was sick and low-spirited, too keenly she felt the selfishness of Jane—that she thought little of *her* comfort, as long as she herself might be gratified. For a long time she sat alone, her bosom filled with painful thoughts. At length she sought her own chamber. With the tears of wounded affection on her cheek, the mother at last laid her aching head on the pillow, and closed her eyes in sleep.

The hour was somewhat late when Jane and her father arrived at the wedding; the solemn ceremony was being performed, but many eyes turned from the modest face of the bride to rest on the beautiful girl who leaned with such graceful ease on the arm of Mr. Webster. When the ceremony was finished, the father and daughter advanced among others to congratulate the bride.

As Jane turned to Emily, the contrast between herself and the lovely bridesmaid was striking; the beauty of one consisted in features, the other in expression. The light of Jane's haughty eye was brilliant, and the smile that came slowly to her lip, added yet another charm; yet, all who gazed on her, felt that she was not one to love. There was a consciousness of self about her that spoke through every little action, and took from her manner the grace it might otherwise have possessed. Emily, though far less beautiful, wore that air of indescribable sweetness, which is more easily felt than explained; it seemed as if her bright and innocent countenance was lit up from the purity within, and love had sought her clear blue eye for a dwelling place. After a few words with the bridesmaid, Jane retired to a seat with her father: he immediately opened a conversation with a gentleman near him, and his daughter felt any thing but happy as she sat alone and neglected, for she was only acquainted with the bride and Emily. They of course could not attend to her; she was, therefore, left in full liberty, to spend her time, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." Dancing soon commenced, but the lonely damsel found no pleasure in watching the movements of others, or observing the various countenances around her, and wondering what the characters of certain individuals might be. There were a thousand things in which she might have been interested if she could have forgotten herself, but no, she persisted in thinking of herself, tortured with the idea of being neglected, and shockingly ill treated: in fact she *would* make herself perfectly miserable. She was in this distressing state of mind, when the dance was finished. Emily's eye chanced to fall on her, and she immediately crossed the room with her partner, who was the groomsman; she introduced him, and playfully resigned him into Jane's hands as a partner for the next dance. After a few remarks, the gentle girl left them to seat herself beside a young lady of unprepossessing appearance, who sat entirely alone. Emily had the happy faculty of only drawing forth the loveliest traits in the characters of those she associated with; it was not more than ten minutes after she had taken her seat, that the countenance of her companion was lit up with a pleasure and intelligence that really made her look interesting; she possessed a highly cultivated mind, and a fund of general knowledge that rendered her conversation very attractive to those who could win her from her reserve. How many noble intellects are there, which are never appreciated, because the possessors cannot claim personal beauty, or fascinating manners! How many a pure imagination, glowing with dreams of life and beauty,

has been darkened by hopeless neglect! How many a gentle heart has been chilled for want of sympathy; the warm feelings repressed, and the wealth of affection turned coldly back upon the bosom that vainly pines for the love it could pour forth so fondly! Oh, if we could look into the souls of those with whom we associate, how often would we shrink from the brilliant and apparently good, to seek more unobtrusive but lovelier companions.

Jane felt but little better when Mr. Benedict, the groomsman, led her out to dance; instead of playing the part of a devoted gallant towards her, his eyes were continually following Emily, apparently forgetful of all around him. Poor Jane saw several persons looking at him with an ill-concealed smile, and she wished herself in her seat again more fervently than she had wished to be out of it. She grew half desperate, and not in a very mild voice said to him, "Mr. Benedict, will you hand me my fan, if you please, it is on that chair." "Oh! certainly, sir, by all means," was the strange reply, made without even turning his head. Her plight began to savor of the ridiculous; she colored, and bit her lip, but the dance beginning at that moment, her partner recovered his senses and was as polite as need be. When the dance was over, Jane was led to a seat next her father. Mr. Benedict asked if she were warm, fatigued, or would have a glass of water? After these questions had been satisfactorily answered, he betook himself to the sofa where Emily sat, and appeared then to recover entirely from all abstraction. Every one was busy and animated; Jane looked around her, and felt more lonely in the crowd than if not a human being had been near. She rose from her chair, and stole out to the piazza unobserved. No one was there, and the partly closed window blinds prevented her from being seen by those within. She leaned on the baluster; the cool breath of evening fanned her feverish cheeks, and played caressingly among the ringlets of her dark and shining hair. She looked on the clear stars and crescent moon—all told of calmness and repose, and brought to her bosom feelings sad, yet deeper and purer.

"Oh!" she murmured, "why am I so wretched and lonely? Why am I not happy like others?"

Tears gathered in her eyes and fell, unheeded, amid the rich folds of her satin dress. For the first time in her life she felt that love would be better than admiration. She thought of the many kindly beaming eyes that rested on Emily, of the warm, affectionate smiles with which she was greeted by all who knew her. Her meditations were disturbed, by hearing a voice just inside the window, asking in an eager tone—

"Benedict, who was that beautiful creature you danced with?"

"Miss Webster," was the reply.

"Have you been acquainted with her long?" asked the other.

"No, I never was personally acquainted with her before this evening."

"Introduce me, when there is an opportunity, won't you? I never saw a more beautiful girl."

Jane listened tremblingly. She dared not move lest she should betray herself; the next words of Benedict fell on her ear like a death knell.

"Carlton, if I thought you would fall in love with her, I wouldn't introduce you; but I will give you a preventive. My sisters attended the same boarding school that she did for three years, and therefore had a good opportunity of knowing her; they say, she is the most selfish and unamiable girl they ever knew. I would not mention this, if I did not fear her beauty might make you forget better qualities."

"But she may have changed since then."

"I fear not; it is only six months since they left school."

Jane heard no more; the gentlemen left the window and she was again alone. For about an hour, she stood there almost motionless; the merry laugh and the gay music within fell upon her ear, yet she heard it not. In that short hour, a whole year of feeling swept over her bosom; she scarcely knew what she thought, she was only conscious of intense suffering, of wounded self-love. Jane's greatest pleasures had consisted in "going out" and being admired, and when she heard what was really thought of her, it seemed as if the whole fabric of her happiness were dashed to the ground at a blow. Her thoughts flowed in this bitter current, when a caressing arm was thrown around her, and a familiar voice asked tenderly, "Jane—dear Jane! Why are you here?"

The unhappy girl started, and turned away her head, but she did not seek to release herself from that gentle clasp; her slender frame shook, and her breath came quick, as if it were by a strong effort that she held back her sobs. Emily's hand lay on the baluster, and she felt Jane's warm tears fall upon it.

"Oh! Jane," she said, in a low tone, and pressed her lips to her half-averted cheek.

That sweet touch seemed to Jane like the pure breath of an angel; it put to flight her evil thoughts, and awoke better and holier feelings. She passed her arm around the pure-hearted girl, and leaning her head on her shoulder, yielded to the broken sobs she could not restrain. After a while she asked tremulously,

"Dear Emily, will you be my friend?"

"Oh! yes," replied the affectionate girl, brush-

ing away the tears that ran down her cheek. "But, dear Jane, won't you tell me what makes you so unhappy?"

"Don't ask me now," said the poor girl, "I only know that I am wretched and despised, and that I deserve it."

"You are far dearer to me, now, than you ever were before. How gladly will I be your friend," were the kind words with which Emily attempted to console her. Jane pressed her hand in silence; her heart was too full for words. At length, she grew more composed. "Go in now Emily," she said, "you will be missed; I must go home, this gay scene is no place for me."

"I will go with you to the dressing room; you tremble yet, Jane."

They proceeded together, and reached the room without being seen by any one; when the lamp-light fell on Jane's face, Emily was frightened at its deadly paleness, and the close compression of her lips.

"I am afraid you will faint, Jane; sit down here," she said, as she hastily drew forward an arm chair.

Jane took the seat, but said, with a faint smile, "There is no fear of my fainting, Emily."

"How you must have suffered," said the bride-maid, half to herself, as she mentally contrasted the pale, humbled girl before her, with the brilliant, haughty creature who had entered the parlors an hour or two since, her fair cheeks flushed with anticipations of the triumph her beauty must achieve. After resting awhile, and taking a glass of water, which Emily procured, Jane tied on her bonnet and arose to go.

"Come and see me soon, dear Emily," she said, "and I hope you will find me more cheerful. I have been more unhappy to-night than I ever was before; but it may be better for me that it should be so. Good bye." She pressed her quivering lips to Emily's cheek, and hastily dashed away the tears that again started to her eyes.

That night of suffering was the beginning of better things with Jane. It awoke her to reflection; deep, and bitter, but salutary in its pain. The wedding party had been looked forward to, with girlish pleasure; a few hours were to be gaily passed, then forgotten, as thoughtless gaieties generally are. But how different the result! How many and changeable were the emotions that had, ultimately, filled her bosom. In the loneliness of her chamber, she yielded herself up to all the thoughts that pressed upon her; deep and solemn were the resolutions she formed, after those hours of painful self-examination. Too plainly and bitterly she saw the justice of Benedict's remarks; yet she could not forbear think-

ing they were cruel. She remembered Carlton, for he had stood near her, and she had heard his voice before the conversation at the window; his clear, intelligent eyes then rested admiringly on her face. "But now," she murmured, "I am regarded with contempt, and it stings me more deeply to know I merit it. Why may I not become pure, unselfish, and upright as others? Oh! will not the Father of mercies heed *my* prayers?" Jane knelt, and that *first* fervent prayer, uttered in the loneliness of midnight, was heard in Heaven.

After that night, her mother's pillow was not watered with tears at the memory of her thoughtless selfishness. It was no longer considered degrading to sweep a parlor, or otherwise render herself useful. It is true, she did not *always* feel it a pleasure to perform her duties, but, at such times, she forced her will to bend to her duty. The firmness that once was employed only to have her own way, was now turned to its legitimate use, which was that of overcoming her selfish propensities. She conquered, but with

many bitter struggles. As time wore on, she grew yet more lovely, more kind and thoughtful for all. She proved that those persons who apparently desire the gentle and noble qualities they see in others, *may* possess them, if they are as willing to labor for them as some are to toil after intellectual acquirements. Emily and Jane became warmly attached. Many were the pleasant evenings they spent at each other's houses, not unfrequently enlivened by the company of Benedict, who occasionally brought his friend Carlton with him. More than a year passed away, and Jane was called on to be the bridesmaid of her sweet friend, who was to become Mrs. Benedict. Carlton was groomsman, and as the fair girl read the expression of his frank and noble countenance, she felt that she had regained his respect. Benedict, in a whisper, gave his friend permission to lose his heart to the bridesmaid as he himself had done a year before. It is doubtful whether the young man needed encouragement, but certain it is, that not long afterwards, Jane changed her maiden name for that of Carlton.

HELEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had died her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd:

And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy bank more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast,
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was growing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame,—
Oh! need I tell that passion's name!

SPOILING A PAINTER.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

GREGORY GOEBLE sat in as easy a chair, and rested his gouty foot upon as soft a cushion as ever came from the hands of an upholsterer. If there be any comfort—sublunary we mean—for an elderly gentleman, housed with the gout, our hero—for notwithstanding several other interesting personages that we may introduce to the reader, Goble is our hero—seemed to have spared no expense to obtain them. Expense! what was expense to Gregory Gobble, Esq. whose rent roll exhibited a clear income of £1000, independent of professional fees, which of themselves amounted to a good round sum, for Gregory Gobble was never known in his life to give a word of advice—professionally of course—without a fee being first told and that too to the highest figure. And what was the consequence? Why, that lawyer Gobble from a practising attorney, had become the nabob of the village, and the most influential man in the whole county. A single look would have convinced any one of this, who could have seen him seated, as we have described, and smiling complacently on every thing around—complacently we say, for at the moment our story opens, he had not experienced a twinge for upwards of an hour. His countenance was rubicund—we might say red, though not uniformly so, as the bright scarlet that tinted his nose and cheeks, gradually faded off to a light flesh-color towards the region of his full, round neck. This of itself, independent of his gout, and the well loaded table at his elbow, was sufficient evidence, that lawyer Gobble was no anchorite.

But besides the complacent expression which we have remarked upon the wealthy lawyer's countenance, there was in it a mingling of pride—a sort of patronising air, when it beamed upon the cosy cat and the sleeping spaniel, and the rich rug, and the creature comforts on the table—that seemed to say:

"I, Gregory Gobble, Esq., am monarch of all I survey, and far more too."

The apartment in which we have found our hero is not large—being his studio and snuggerly—but for convenience, and aristocratic comfort, there is not such a parlor in England. The furniture is costly and elegant, all rosewood and mahogany; the mantel piece of fluted marble, the grate and fenders of polished brass, and the carpet! the roughest peasant in Yorkshire might walk over that carpet as noiselessly as a cat. A clear fire of the best Wigan coal, and a couple of snow-white wax candles—three to the pound, fling a cheerful heat and light all over the room—so cheerful, that but to poke one's nose into the door, would be enough to make one feel comfortable for a month, and five minutes inside would resuscitate a torpid bear. Had there been a few hundred such furnished apartments in Moscow when Napoleon left it, the French eagle would, now, have been kissing the cupola of the Kremlin.

But there is one piece of furniture in lawyer Gobble's parlor—the prettiest piece too—which as yet we have made no mention of, not that we had by any means forgotten it, but that like the master of the feast, we were keeping our best over. It is a piece of furniture, not only ornamental, but useful—and we deduce in confirmation of this, the delicate hem of the lawyer's own lace cravat, and the graceful plaiting of his ruffles, as well as sundry wrought samplers, and casters, defending the polished mahogany from decanters, and serving various other useful purposes. If the reader has not already guessed what species of furniture we refer to, we will now let him into the secret. On the opposite side of the fire from that occupied by the lawyer himself, and reading aloud from a London newspaper, sits the most beautiful creature in all Cumberland; (recollect, reader, that the scene of our story is in Cumberland). An eye like a turquoise, cherry lips, light brown hair, with a blonde complexion, and a graceful figure, are the characteristic beauties of the young lady we would introduce to you. To look at her, and then at lawyer Gob-

ble, and then to the young lady again—for you could not help looking last at her—you would not entertain the slightest suspicion that there existed any relationship between them; but there does though. She is his niece. Her name is—not Gobble—bless me, no! nature could never commit such an indiscretion as that—it would be a terrible anomaly to call such a beautiful young creature as she is, by the name of Gobble—horrid! Oh! no—thank the fates, we are spared the pain of writing her, “Gobble,” by a reference to the parish vestry book, wherein we find her name duly entered as *Mary Lester, daughter of Geoffrey Lester, Gent. and his wife Mary Gobble, of Wilton parish, Cumberland.*

Poor girl! not many pages over, we find an entry, of the death of said Mary, her mother, and a few pages farther, still another, noting the demise of her father. She is then an orphan? She is—an orphan of seventeen, but the tender sympathy that lights the eye of her old uncle, as he watches her motions, tells that she has not been, and will not be, while he lives, without a protector. She is an heiress, moreover, and, when she becomes of age will inherit from her father's estate £20,000, independent of the vast fortune of Uncle Gregory, which she, as his only near relation may expect to receive at his death.

Gregory Gobble has been all his life a bachelor. No wonder, then, that with such bright prospects, and such brilliant beauty, Mary Lester, should be the standing toast of all the gentry in the neighborhood, and the pride of her uncle, who had been frequently heard to say, that she should never be married to any thing less than a lord. However, as she is only seventeen, such a thing as marriage has not yet been thought of.

We have now introduced you, reader, to Gregory Gobble, Esq. to his snug, and rather splendid office-parlor, and to his beautiful niece, Mary. It is an April evening but colder than April evenings usually are, and the bright fire gleaming through the bars, is exceedingly agreeable. Mary, as we have said before, is reading aloud to her uncle from a London Newspaper, who occasionally comments upon the topics that may turn up, varying his commentary, however, by an application to certain rich viands, that are spread upon the table at his elbow. It is after supper with her, but uncle Gregory still continues to eat. Mary reads:

“We learn that the young American artist—whose paintings have drawn so much attention in the metropolis—has gone down to the county of Cumberland with the intention of sketching the superb scenery of the lakes. The public may expect some splendid views from his gifted pencil, added to the

choice collection with which they have already been favored.”

“Humph! artists! fools!—they are constantly gadding about the lakes. I never go into the village that I don't meet with one or more of the starving fraternity. Read on, Mary!”

Old Gobble was too busy with an ortolan pie, to perceive that his niece's cheeks were flashing crimson. But why? We shall see presently.

“It is rumored that the countess of D., with her accomplished son Lord B. intends visiting the Cumberland lakes, with the hope that it may benefit the health of the countess, which since her late illness has not yet been fully restored.”

“Ha! there's something worth having now—the countess must visit us—and his lordship too, and recollect, Mary——”

“Recollect what, uncle?”

“Why that you are to marry a lord!”

“Oh! uncle, for shame!”

And the beautiful girl blushed deeper than ever, and turned away her face, to conceal her confusion.

In that face a close observer might have read enough to convince him that Mary Lester would never marry a lord—we say a *close* observer, for a casual one could have seen so little objection to such an arrangement on her part, that he would not have doubted her desire to marry a nobleman. Her uncle could not doubt it, as it so completely filled the measure of his own wishes, and so far from his feeling ashamed, as Mary suggested he should do, he gloried in the idea, and there and then commenced a dissertation, the object of which was to show the policy as well as the duty of such a connection. Mary listens to him attentively, though she is plainly a sceptic to his arguments. Mary is a noble girl as well as a beautiful one, and she is proud spirited too, and is most like to marry when, and where, and whom she pleases; though if it pleased her at the present time to elope with whom she should fancy, she might lose her old uncle's friendship and fortune. These little matters formed the ground work of her uncle's lecture, which was interrupted by the ringing of the hall door bell. Mark the coincidence of what follows, with the conversation which has just been broken off.

“Surely not a client at this hour!” grumbled old Gregory. He still practised extensively, notwithstanding his large fortune. But it *was* a client. And in a few minutes he was ushered into the “presence.” He is a young man with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a brunette complexion. He is dressed in black, and his bearing is manly and graceful. He is evidently a gentleman—a

visiter of the lakes no doubt. He bows as he enters.

Mary is about to withdraw. He hopes "that his intrusion will not put the *lady* to such an inconvenience." He lays an emphasis on "*lady*." Mary blushes like a peony, and smiles, still retiring. As she reaches the door, their eyes meet—hitherto her's have been fixed on her uncle. Ha! surely they have seen each other before! No, no! it cannot be; yet there is some confusion. She is gone! All this time old Gobble has been sitting with open mouth and staring eyes, in a state of astonishment. To say the least, the strange visitor did seem to make himself perfectly at home, and that in the house of an English lawyer, worth £2000 per annum, was doing a good deal. He, Gobble, thought so, and kept muttering to himself while this scene was being enacted.

"Well, my fine fellow, what can you want? Inconvenience the *lady*, eh! Devilish free you are, both with tongue and eye! Pray be seated, sir." The last clause was addressed to the new comer.

The young man, who did not seem to be at all "put out" in the presence of the great lawyer, drew forward a chair, and threw himself jauntily into it. Then looking the man of law full in the face, he commenced:

"Mr. Gobble. I believe I have the honor of addressing that gentleman?"

"Gobble is my name, sir."

"I am a stranger, sir, in the neighborhood, and in need of legal advice. Your high professional reputation has induced me to seek you on my behalf."

"You flatter me, sir; indeed you do."

Gobble was as vain as the grand Turk, and could stand a heavy whitewashing too.

The young gentleman remained for a moment silent, with his eyes bent upon the blazing coal fire. After his reflections had ended, he turned himself once more to the lawyer, and recommenced.

"Mr. Gobble, as I have already said, I have come for your counsel on a legal point of some difficulty. I might state the matter in less than twenty words, and receive your answer in as many; but, from your name and reputation, I feel that I may confide to you the circumstances which have led to the affair in question, and perhaps it may be better, briefly, to state them."

"By all means, my dear sir, state the circumstances, freely. Between a lawyer and his client, a secret, you know——"

— Here Gobble gave the stranger a kind of cunning look, as much as to say, "any thing from pitch and toss up, to manslaughter, is safe in my keeping."

He had already begun to like his new client. The allusions to his reputation were not lost upon him. There was a dash of independence about the young man which seemed to say, "I can pay all the damages." Gobble liked this, and had already made up his mind to charge at the rate of a guinea a word for whatsoever advice his client might stand in need of.

"Help yourself to a glass of wine, sir!"

The lawyer here pushed a decanter of Madeira towards his client, who had again fallen into a reflective mood. Starting from his momentary reverie, the young man took the decanter, and filling a glass drank it off, with as much *nonchalance* as a student in his chambers, or a soldier on a bivouack. He seemed to think as much about the presence of the mighty man of law, as any other piece of furniture in the room.

"I have not seen such cool impudence in a client since I first began practice. Hang the fellow—he intends paying for it no doubt!"

This was Gobble to himself. After replacing the empty glass, the young man proceeded.

"I have said that I am a stranger in this part of the country. I am an American, and, by profession, a painter—an artist."

"So, so," thought Gobble, "this then is the celebrated artist—the fellow don't look so poor at all. I'll warrant he has got money!"

"Three weeks ago I took lodging in a small cottage upon the Windermere, for the purpose of pursuing my studies without interruption. But on the second day after my arrival a circumstance occurred which gave me a distate for palette and pencil. At all events, the fairest landscape in Cumberland had no longer any allurements for me. It was this. As I sat in a small oar-boat, sketching a view on the shore of Windermere, the boat gradually glided in to the bank of the lake. I had not observed this until I felt the soft leaves of a willow brushing against my face, and looking up, I perceived that I had drifted against the garden front of one of those beautiful and aristocratic mansions that lend such a charm to the scenery of these lakes. As I parted the willows, with a view of disentangling myself, I heard a sudden scream, and looking towards the spot from whence it proceeded, I beheld seated upon a bench one of God's fairest creatures, a beautiful girl. She had been alarmed at seeing my face among the willows, and an explanation on my part became necessary. Leaping on shore, and approaching her, I apologised. My apology was received and acknowledged in a voice so sweet—so musical—that even now I fancy it ringing in my ears—"

There came from the outer hall at this moment the voice of some one singing with a guitar ac-

companionment. The young man stopped in the middle of his relation, and inquired who was the musician. It was only his niece, Gobble answered—"Always singing or playing. Proceed, sir."

"My apology over, I re-entered the boat, and pushed away from the shore, waving my hand in adieu. I returned next morning to the sketch. I purposely allowed the boat to drift among the willows, and, judge my pleasure at again seeing the beautiful object of my thoughts occupying the rustic bench as before. I saluted her, my salute was returned. We became acquainted; our acquaintance became friendship; our friendship, love—and our love has now changed to wild adoration. I have solicited her hand in marriage. She has consented to become mine. I had apprehended no difficulty in the way of our union—but, judge my surprise, on discovering that she was a wealthy heiress, and that her guardian would never give his consent to our marriage. So convinced was she of this, that we have considered it superfluous to ask him, and have agreed to elope. He will, doubtless, one day forgive this indiscretion on our part, when he shall learn that my family is not inferior to his own. At present as I am pursuing my profession *incognito*, I am unable to convince him of this. Now, sir, by a law of your land, with which, of course, you are well versed, and upon the injustice and absurdity of which I need not comment,—he that abducts, or to use the more common expression, 'runs away' with an heiress, renders himself liable to fines and imprisonment. Is it not so?"

"Such a law does exist, sir."

"Well, this is my business with you. Place me in such a position that I may escape this penalty, and name your fee; or, if you wish, I will pay you one hundred guineas now, and thrice that sum if the result be successful."

"An hundred guineas—let me think—let me think." Gobble's avarice was excited, for, in spite of his wealth, he was now as avaricious as he had ever been in his life.

He leant his head on his hand, and remained for a moment in reflection. The client watched him with impatience, but Gobble did not heed him. He was hunting up the track of memory. After a few brief minutes spent in this way, the lawyer suddenly exclaimed—

"I have it! I have it! Listen, sir—I shall help you through with your difficulty. Never fear, listen. Let your elopement be on horseback—procure witnesses—mount the lady foremost—let her run away with you!"

"Will this do?"

"It will."

"You feel confident."

"I will myself undertake your defence."

"Will you do your utmost to bring me through?"

"I will."

"Solemnly promise me that you will use your best endeavors, to gain me the forgiveness of the lady's guardian, and your fee shall be five hundred guineas."

"I solemnly promise it."

"Enough, Mr. Gobble—here—for your present advice!" and the young man placing a hundred pound note before the lawyer, bowed, and withdrew.

Gobble put the note into his desk. His countenance was beaming with good humor.

"Mary!"

No answer. He calls Mary twice, and then rings the bell. Some one is closing the outer door. There's a footstep on the gravel walk leading down to the lake.

"Why, bless me, is that fellow only going now? He's as cool as a cucumber, and—as rich as Cræsus. I'll make his 500—Mary!"

And with the last call Mary enters, apparently somewhat flurried. Her uncle is in too good spirits to perceive this. He is laughing aloud.

"Ha—ha—ha! Mary, who do you think that young scamp is?"

"How should I know, dear uncle?"

"Why he's the great artist; the American, of whom you were just reading before he entered. He's the—ha—ha—ha!"

Mary was covered with blushes, but uncle Gregory was blind with delight, and continued.

"Why, the fellow's a mad cap—a scamp! What do you think he is about to do? Ha—ha—ha!"

"How should I know, dearest uncle?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mary—but don't say a word about it. He's going to elope with some old gentleman's ward—to elope, and marry her—some of my neighbors here—ha! ha! ha! Let them look to it—it's not my business. Ha! ha! I wonder who it is? Old Wilton's daughter maybe, or, perhaps, it's the niece of my old friend Arlington. There'll be a pretty family row—let them look to it—ha—ha—ha!"

And almost choking with laughter, old Gobble rung for his servant, and retired to his chamber.

Mary also retired, but not to sleep.

Gregory Gobble, Esq. entered his own breakfast parlor precisely at eight o'clock the next morning. His niece has not yet made her appearance. That is something strange; as she is generally before him in the breakfast room. His toast is already smoking on the table. There is a letter

beside the plate, bearing his address. He opens and reads :

"Gregory Gobble, Esq. Attorney at Law.

SIR : I have followed your advice to the letter ; and by the time you have read this I will be the happy husband of the most beautiful bride in Cumberland. You, yourself, being the nearest of kin, will acknowledge this. Last evening you gave me a promise, that you would endeavor to gain the reconciliation of my wife's guardian ; you, and you only, can obtain it. I do not write to demand the fulfilment of that promise, but I join my prayers with those of my lovely Mary for your pardon and forgiveness. I am not a lord. I am simply (as we say in the United States), one of the sovereign people,—but I aspire to a higher glory than that conferred by a circlet of gold—the wreath of laurel. My life shall be spent in rendering myself worthy of the angel-being who has descended, as it were, from her heaven, to make me happy.

We wait for your pardon and blessing.
EDWARD WALLER."

Gregory Gobble felt the truth of the proverb—

"Men rather do their broken weapons use,
Than their bare hands."

And, he took up the "mangled matter at the best" under his paternal care. Edward Waller and his beautiful Mary long lived on the banks of the Windermere, but whether the young artist ever completed his sketches of the lakes is not known. It has been asserted, however, that he never did. Finding enough of the beautiful in his lovely Mary, he lost all desire to create it. As his name has not been handed down, in the list of the great artists, it is to be supposed that the £20,000, together with the immense legacy left by Gregory Gobble, Esq. had the effect of *Spoiling a Painter*.

For Arthur's Magazine.

PHOUL A' PHOCO.

(See Plate.)

THIS is a beautiful water-fall about an English mile from the Lakes of Killarney, formed by the overflow of the Devil's Punch Bowl, on the top of Mangerton, supposed to be the highest mountain in Ireland. The body of water is comparatively small, even in winter, but the rapidity with which it rushes down the mountain's side until arriving at the basin, may better be imagined

than described. It here falls over a precipice of about forty feet high and thence to the lakes.

The accompanying scenery is in the highest degree, beautiful and interesting. Noble woods in rich luxuriance clothe the steep banks on either side, and sometimes dip their waving plumes in the boiling surf beneath.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

CONCEIVE an arch wanting only the keystone, and still supported by the centreing without which it would fall into a planless heap. It is now held up merely by the supports beneath it. Add the keystone, and it will stand a thousand years, although every prop should be shattered or fall in dust. Now, it is idle to say that this change in the principle of the structure was accomplished by the mere addition of one more stone. The difference is not only that of increase, but also that of almost magical transmutation. No stone before helped to hold up its neighbor, and each having its own prop, any one might

have been removed without shaking the support of the others. Now, each is essential to the whole, which is sustained not from without but by an inward law. So it is with religion. It not only adds a new feeling and sanction to those previously existing in the mind, but unites them by a different kind of force, and one for the reception of which all the invisible frame was prepared and planned, though it may stand for years unfinished, upheld by outward and temporary appliances, and manifesting its want of the true bond and centre which it has not yet received.

For Arthur's Magazine.

FIRST LOVE.

BY AN ANTIQUATED ADONIS.

THE joys of this world are too often fleeting visions, while its miseries are dull and lasting realities. Of all the bright dreams of our youth, first love is at once the brightest and most brief—pure and beautiful as the feeling is, it seems to bear within it the germ of its own decay, and, like the gorgeous flowers that adorn the spring, appears born but to wither and die.

This applies more to the first love of man, than to that of the softer sex, for although in nine cases out of ten, a woman not only does not marry her first love, but even lives long enough to wonder at her own folly, yet there are instances in which she does marry the object of her first affection, and lives to regret her misfortune in so doing. Not so with boys—their first passion is always a boyish one—generally fixed upon girls who are older than themselves, so that by the time they reach manhood, their early love, is any thing but their beau ideal of feminine perfection.

Nature denied me that precocity of intellect, and ability to study, for which some boys are remarkable—indeed I was honored by being considered the fool of the family, but, by way of recompense it is presumed, dame nature supplied me with very precocious affections. At the early age of twelve, I was most desperately in love, and no hero of romance ever indulged in more glowing visions of future felicity, or performed greater feats of strength, than I did in my vivid imagings of the future.

The lady who was blessed by my preference rejoiced in a redundancy of curly locks and very white teeth, and had reached the mature age of seventeen. She was apprenticed to a dress maker, and consequently, with the aid of her fellow laborers, and reading of novels, was in that delightful state which Sam Weller describes a young lady to be in, namely, if not already in love, quite ready to be so with the first gentleman who might ask her. My own situation in life at the time, was equally important. I was a very small boy, accustomed to sit on a very

high stool, in a very large accountant's office, from which I occasionally descended to deliver letters and messages throughout the city.

My first meeting with the dear one was at a country party. We sat at the same speculation table—when hearts were trumps, I, of course, bought all hers at a price that effectually distanced competitors—and after a time, oh! happiness upon happiness, contrived to ensconce myself as her partner in the game. Here was a state of perfect elysium, to sit next her, to whisper in her ear, and receive whispered communications in return;—or, in the event of my being about to commit any rash act, to get an admonitory tread upon the toes. How those hours passed I know not; I could never persuade myself that more than a few minutes had elapsed, yet the time for departure arrived. The young lady was much smarter than I, and had contrived to make our joint purse considerably heavier. She wanted to divide the spoils, but what was worldly wealth to me? My mind soared above such paltry dross—not a cent would I touch, for which liberality I had the satisfaction of seeing it all stowed away in her silk bag, and had the satisfaction of carrying that on one arm and the lady on the other. 'Twere vain to attempt any description of my efforts on the road to convince myself that I was rather taller than she was. How uprightly I walked—how one minute, joyous hope, and happy conviction, possessed me, and how the next, despair seized upon my benighted soul, as the varying path gave one or the other advantage,—suffice it, that we ultimately reached our destination, and that I parted from my charming Maria, completely and perfectly in love with her.

Halycon days of boyhood! when every thing wears a brighter aspect than it really possesses; when hope is strong beyond the power of any sorrow; when a long, long, vista of success is before our eyes; when no dreams of failure ever haunts us; when, in short, the beautiful tint of the rose adorns every thing upon which we look—

why can we not retain those feelings to cheer us in the struggles of our manhood, and comfort our old age?

I was a most persevering lover, considering my youth and inexperience—was soon on good terms with my innamorata, and many a stolen meeting—many a brief note, containing honied words and endearing expressions was the result. Months passed away in a kind of dreamy felicity, vague and objectless. The ordinary record of time ceased to note my passing existence. Days were reckoned by letters,—and weeks by meetings. The weeks were precious few—the letters sufficiently numerous, and sufficiently nonsensical. But all things in this sublunary existence have an end; here pleasure is not eternal, nor can pain last for ever. At that day it was a custom in millinary establishments to give work-people a month's holiday; my idolized Maria came in for her share, and I had to look forward to a month's separation. Letters of course were to pass almost daily—every thing was arranged—a young lady friend was to kindly take charge of our respective epistles. But there is a fatal time for all of us. Cæsar had his Ides of March—Napoleon his retreat from Moscow, and the downfall of my love originated in the trifling accident of our accommodating friend leaving open a drawer which contained one of my letters. Her mother discovered it, and, what will not jealous and suspicious old ladies do?—broke the seal—perused it, and handed it to the friends of my Maria.

After learning these particulars, I nerved myself for the worst—pistols and bowie knives were perpetually dancing before my eyes—persecution of every order and kind seemed inevitable—but alas! for human greatness, the persecution took a different turn from that which I had anticipated. Instead of being reviled, abused, quarrelled with, I was only laughed at! Wherever I met any of my charmer's friends, there was a laughing, mischievous look about their eyes that cut me worse than knives. I could have borne oppression and insult, but was not prepared for contempt; that was the coldest of all cold water to throw upon my flame. It did not nip it in the bud, but in the full blown flower, it withered it root and

branch. Gradually it decreased, became "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," until at last I could not think of my mistress, without recollecting the scorn that I had endured concerning her. Our meetings became fewer and farther between, and at length altogether ceased.

Thus ended my first love affair. Doubtless thousands of others have ended similarly, and it is best that such things should end so, for the early love of our youth is the product of our imagination, rather than our judgment; rarely is a boy's first love called into existence by the personal or mental charms of a lady; it has existed a long, long, time, in his brain; it is the offspring of ideality. All his young and vivid fancy—all his buoyant imagination—has been exercised in creating a bright ideal perfection—a lovely, tho' visionary, form of excellence, as pure as it is unreal. Some one real or imagined attribute in a lady that he meets causes him to invest her with his divine spirituality, and he straightway "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," and worships a divinity of his own creation.

Hence we have cause for gratitude to Providence that the course of true love does not run smooth. There is scarcely one blessing that we enjoy, for which we ought to be more truly thankful than for the impediments that almost invariably occur to our "first love." The few instances that we see of men marrying the objects of their boyish attachment, are too often rife with misery and regret, simply because the attributes which a boy deems likely to secure permanent felicity, are totally different from those which a man knows to be essential to domestic comfort.

With me the age of romance has long been past. I am absolutely and entirely common place. The world, in its hard realities, has rubbed down my ideality as effectually as though I had been under the operation of Mr. Easy's phrenological machine; yet, when I think of my early love, it teaches me forbearance and charity toward my more youthful brethren. If all of us suffered ourselves to learn a similar lesson, many a youthful mind might, by a word of friendly warning, be spared one of its earliest sorrows, or have it alleviated and deprived, of its bitterest pangs, by kindness and sympathy.

'Tis something, if in absence we can trace
The footsteps of the past: it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved, to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely; where the rose

Reminds us of the hair we used to wreath
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by,
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes.
LONDON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have nothing of special interest to say to our readers this month. Not having been either to Saratoga or Cape May, nor to any other fashionable watering or bathing place, we have no light gossip appertaining to the great and little folks who frequent them to set out by way of dessert to the substantial repast we have spread before our readers in this number of our magazine. And as little is said or done in the literary world during the "long month of August" that can be made very interesting, even when dressed up with the most consummate professional skill, we must be excused for not attempting the hopeless task of making something out of nothing. We prefer, rather, to let well enough alone,—that is, to be content with presenting a number of the Magazine that will challenge, we are well assured, a full and free comparison with any other issue of the month.

Don't let any reader pass by the story of "The Dry Dominie of Kilwoody." It is admirably told, and will provoke many a hearty laugh. It has been attributed to Walter Scott—but that origin we think doubtful. "The Lesson of Misfortune," by Marmontel, specially rendered for us from the French by one of our excellent translators, is among the finest tales we have yet published—it combines deep interest, with the development of high moral worth tried and proved by misfortune. Such tales are good gifts to mankind. It gives us real pleasure to make our work the vehicle by which they are sent forth, like healthy waters, to bless wherever they flow.

From the pen of Miss S. A. Hunt, of New York, the gifted young lady who furnished the finely conceived and well-told tale published last month under the title of "Charity At Home and Abroad," we present our readers with "The Wedding Party," also an excellent story. Miss Hunt is just coming forward—just beginning to feel her power; but it will not be long before she will be well and favorably known. She observes with an accurate eye, combines with much skill, and, in the development of her stories, seeks to give a just form to the operations and ultimate effects of good principles. Our readers will hear from her often.

The "Poor Scholar" has quite a spirited sketch; and—but we will particularize no farther. The whole number, like its predecessors, is good.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles from correspondents remain unexamined. They will be read, and, if approved, appear in the next number.

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FUNERAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET.—The London Pictorial Times contains an account of the funeral ceremonies attending the consignment of the mortal remains of the author of "The Pleasures

of Hope," to the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Crowds were in attendance, among them a large number of the most distinguished literary and scientific men in England. Many Poles were present. The most interesting incident that occurred was the following. "When the reverend doctor arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, an additional interest was thrown around this part of the proceedings, by the significant tribute of respect which was paid to the memory of the poet by the Poles who accompanied the remains to the grave. One of their number took a handful of earth, which had been taken for the purpose from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it over the coffin of him who had portrayed in such glowing terms the woes and wrongs of their country!"

The coffin was neatly adorned. In the centre was a large gilt plate, bearing the following inscription:

THOMAS CAMPBELL, L. L. D.

Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

Died June 15, 1844,

Aged 67.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The literary world, as was to have been expected, has felt the effects of an enervating atmosphere. July and August are not much adapted for either mental or physical efforts—drinking mineral waters, and dozing over the newspapers, being the only exertion at all tolerable. We have been favored with the completion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which winds up as every body must have expected—nothing very startling about it. The work, taking it altogether, we think inferior to many of the author's productions, yet not without ability. The hypocritical Pecksniff, so frequently haunts us in real life, although not quite so monstrous, that all must allow the justice of the creation. Tom Pinches are more rare, but still of occasional growth. The other characters in the English part of the history are true to nature. The general feeling produced by this work, is regret that Dickens ever left his home, either in his works or his person. In English scenes, he is literally at home; but in all his foreign descriptions, he displays excess of spleen, combined with deficiency of judgment. There is no doubt that in England the work will be one of his most popular novels.

The Life of Beau Brummell, issued by Carey and Hart, is well gotten up, and contains a good quantity of reading matter. We confess, however, to being unable to avail ourselves of it, not having any particular taste for gentlemen of his calibre. We are at a loss to understand the motive of such a publication, as there is nothing in the life or character of Brum-

mell worthy of imitation : unjustifiable extravagance, and ridiculous affectation, being his leading characteristics.

A quaint publication appears from Harpers, purporting to contain the "*Transactions of the Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffonniers.*" The object seems to be a satire on other literary and scientific publications, the pomposity attendant upon which has been too often laughed at to need comment. This work is published in numbers ; the two issued treat of the spoon as an implement of common use. There is a lively style in the writing, and the work is printed in a large type, which, after the miserably indistinct printing that has of late pestered us, is truly refreshing.

The Pictorial Bible is going on capitably. The numbers appear in quicker succession than at first. The publication seems to be well under weigh, and likely to proceed prosperously and rapidly to the end. When completed, it will be superior to any edition of Holy Writ published in this country. No. 6 is the last issued, and is certainly in no way inferior to its predecessors.

The Illustrated Shakespeare has reached the 18th number. Romeo and Juliet is in progress. The only objection we have to this work is on account of its size—we plead guilty to a love for those old pocket editions that are so delightfully portable. We like to have all our favorite poets in such a shape that we can carry a volume, if so inclined, in our pocket, and indulge at any time. This objection to the size, disposed of, we think the edition a good one, and well worthy of patronage.

The Temptation, or Who is to Blame? By the author of "*The Seamstress,*" is an American story issued by John Allen of New York. It is written to show the necessity there exists for more social restrictions. Parents would do well to look into it. It contains some hints that, if acted upon, might save them many a heart-ache.

The Two Sisters, or Life's Changes, is a new story by the author of "*The Tailor's Apprentice,*" published by G. B. Zeiber & Co. All who have read the "*Tailor's Apprentice,*" and the "*Little Pilgrims,*" will feel a desire to peruse this work; also.

Prose Fictions, written for the illustration of true principles in their bearing upon Every-Day Life. By T. S. ARTHUR. Part I. *Each part complete in itself.* Philadelphia. G. B. Zeiber & Co. This is the first part of a uniform edition of the author's short stories which have appeared, from time to time, in our different periodicals. The advertisement to the first part, says :—"The author of the following stories, all of which have appeared in the different periodicals of the day, made one or two previous attempts to collect them, but did not choose a good form for their preservation. He will in the form now adopted, issue the whole in a regular succession of numbers. In each of these stories he has aimed to inculcate some true principle of action, or to throw a guiding light upon the path of life. He is sure, that, if read aright, their tendency will be to make men less selfish, and, as a natural consequence, happier."

Scotland, by J. G. Kohl, is just presented by Carey and Hart. To those who have read Kohl's

previous works, not a word is necessary to recommend it,—to those who have not, we can only say, that we recollect no books of travels more admirably written. The reader sees the place described rather than reads of it. He travels with the author, and reaps the benefit of unusually acute perceptive faculties unalloyed by even a shadow of intolerance.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

WE ask of our readers a candid comparison of the literary quality of this work with any and all of the three and two dollar magazines that are published in this city or elsewhere. It has been complacently assumed by some of those most interested, that a two dollar magazine must of necessity be inferior to one published at three dollars, because it could not afford to pay so high a price for literary matter. But we intend to demonstrate, practically, and therefore beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this is a mere assumption, and nothing else. In fact the system of paying high prices for names, with but little control over the quality of matter furnished by said names, or individuals owning them, must tend to make the magazines that are now claiming to lead the van in periodical literature, inferior in many respects to ours, which bases its judgment of articles upon their merits alone, no matter what their source. In illustration of this, we confidently refer to the numbers of our work already issued. Let any one compare our June, July, August, or September numbers, with numbers for the same months of any other magazine, and say, if in sterling interest, usefulness and attractiveness, they are at all inferior—nay, that they are not in many respects superior.

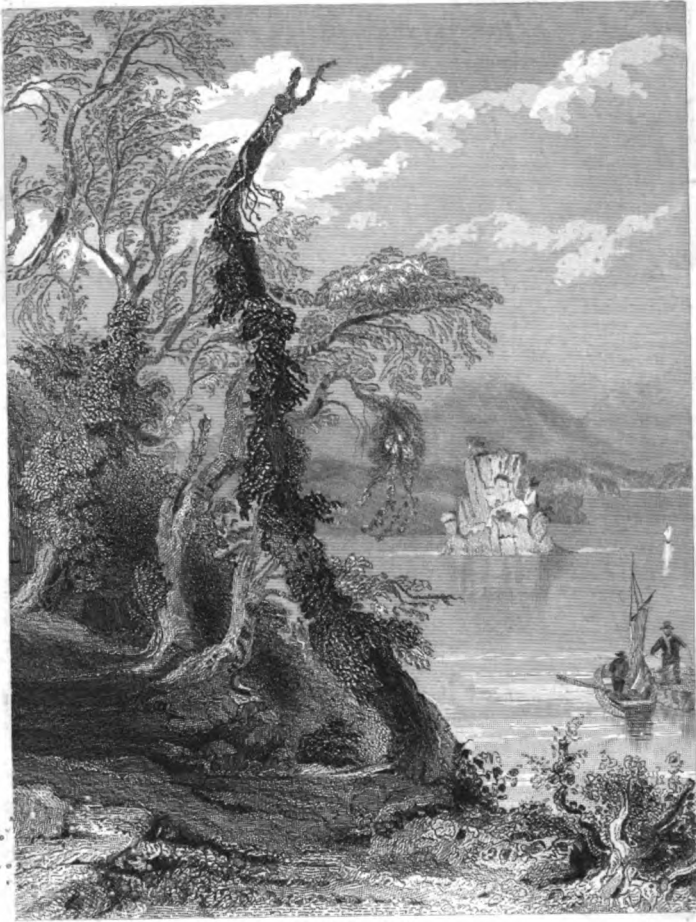
To those who have read *The Perplexed Lover*, *Silent Love*, *The Coppersmith*, *The Boarding School Friends*, *The Governor and his Successors*, *Charity at Home and Abroad*, &c. &c. we need not say that the merit of articles must be very high indeed that can surpass them. We doubt very much, if any similar work can produce, in the same time, as many articles of equal interest. This is not meant to be invidious, it is the plain honest truth, and cannot be gainsaid. Nor will there be any falling off in the character of our Magazine ; but a steady improvement as we progress. "Excellence" is the aim of our Editor, and that he will stamp upon any work under his entire supervision.

OUR PLATES FOR SEPTEMBER.—All must acknowledge our engravings for this month to be highly attractive. Phoul a' Phoco is a picturesque water-fall in the neighborhood of the beautiful Lake Killarney. It has been engraved with great accuracy and skill, and makes for our work a fine embellishment.

"The Citadel of Kingston," from the *St. Lawrence*, is also a good engraving. This place is so familiar to American readers, that no particular description of it is needed.

Both these pictures, possessing as they do, sterling merit, must please our readers.

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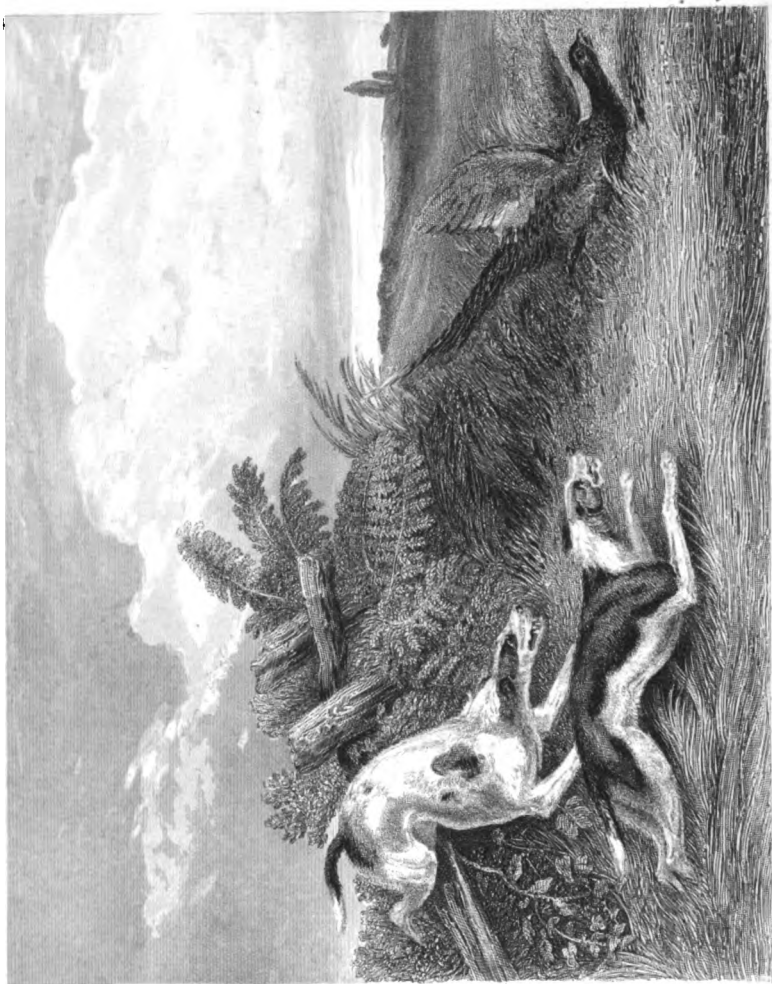


THE GREAT TREE, ON THE SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. COLEMAN.

1000
1000

THE END
OF THE WORLD



THE DEER AND THE HOUND

Adrian Maserati, 1847-1850

34

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1844.



For Arthur's Magazine.

THE ERROR OF A GOOD FATHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMONTEL.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

As a lawyer, I had for guide and model, the President de Vaneville; a magistrate, more distinguished for integrity than ability. The most pleasant days of my youth were passed in his society. He was married a second time and had three children; one son by the first wife, whom he had tenderly loved and two by the second. I believed him happy in his domestic relations and the serenity of his countenance seemed to give assurance to this belief. But I observed his temper, almost insensibly, become soured. I soon learned that he had sent his eldest son some distance from the city, to the school of a master, with some reputation, the prior of a village near the forest of Lyons.

Some months after, M. de Vaneville seemed to be agitated by a violent anxiety. He was not the man to allow any one to look into his soul and, too respectful to inquire of him the cause of his disquietude, I only redoubled my attentions toward him. He saw that I was sensible of his trouble, and seemed obliged for my sympathy but

did not tell me the cause. A few years after, he lost his two other children and his second wife. I expressed my sympathy for his affliction. With a severe air,

"Heaven is just," said he.

These words were accompanied by a sigh and followed by a long silence. At last he told me that he had determined to separate himself from the world and retire upon a little estate called Flamais, near Neufchatel. His farewell was a sad one. I asked permission to write to him and visit him sometimes.

"My friend," said he, with a gentle sadness, "I shall never forget you—leave me, however, for some time with myself—when I, again, feel the want of society it shall be yours assuredly for which I shall wish. Wait till I write to you." And, embracing me, he added: "Adieu, Cideville. Never marry a second time."

This counsel, which seemed to escape him in spite of himself had, however, no bearing upon his present situation. He had been married twice,

but was now a widower. It was, particularly, since the loss of his last wife that his heart seemed to me to have become blighted and I attributed the ennui with which I saw him consumed, to his solitude. He left; it was three years before I heard any news of him and I believed myself almost forgotten. He wrote, at last, inviting me to come to see him. I accepted his invitation, without any delay, and on reaching his house I found him seated at the table by the side of a peasant girl, having opposite to him a young peasant and a man of a more advanced age, who, though simply dressed, had still the refined air of the resident of a city. For my friend, nothing in his half rustic exterior recalled my ancient President; in place of the ample wig to which my eyes had been accustomed, I saw only a bald brow crowned with white hair. It was with difficulty I recognized him.

"Come, my friend," said he, "come, seat yourself in the midst of my family; embrace my son and his wife. Yes, under these simple habiliments you see my daughter-in-law, formerly Mademoiselle de Leonval, ward of this gentleman, my neighbor, M. de Nelcour, to whom I owe all the happiness of my old age. You supposed, I will wager, that you saw in this young couple my gardener and his wife? You are not mistaken; that is their condition; it is, also, mine. We cultivate together the gardens which I will presently show you."

The dinner was good, but frugal and sufficiently resembled that of the disciples of Pythagoras: few meats, but legumes of excellent quality, in abundance, and baskets filled with the most delicious fruits.

The father appeared like a man whose heart, for a long time oppressed by grief, had suddenly been opened to joy; the son as one who gloried in being, at last, enabled to render his father happy; the young wife, with a modest but tender air, felicitating herself upon her power to add to the happiness of each, and enjoying their mutual tenderness as much as the love with which she inspired them.

The walk after dinner dispersed us in the gardens, where the eye and the hand of a master was every where apparent. The spectacle of abundance spread around without symmetry, and with all the loveliness of variety, seemed the luxury of nature. The vine interlaced itself with the branches of the palm tree; a quincunx of cherry trees shaded beds of strawberries; fertile espaliers formed the boundaries of squares where the lettuce headed and the melon swelled.

As soon as the rest saw that M. de Vaneville wished to be alone with me, they separated from us. We then seated ourselves under a bower of

honey-suckle, and this virtuous man, taking me by the hand,

"You see," said he, "in what manner my life now passes. It is tranquil and agreeably employed; labor, good appetite, sweet sleep, repose of soul, a gentle and peaceful interest in the changes of the seasons, cares recompensed, almost every year, hopes exactly fulfilled, and above all, the sweet spectacle of the love and happiness of my children; these are the riches which heaven has reserved for the old age of your friend. This is not the evening of a fine day; it is the bright evening of a most horrible and gloomy day. You have seen my heart blighted by sorrow. I have hidden from you the cause, but, Cideville, I can, at last, deposit in your bosom the secret so long hidden in my own.

"After having lost an amiable and tender wife, having by her but one child, I felt, painfully, the void in my soul and the solitude of my house. Until now, the happiness of my evenings had indemnified me for the labors of the day, and the image of the silent and solitary mourning which I found on entering my house, was a frightful sight. I had despaired of becoming accustomed to it, when I heard of a lady of honorable parentage, and of an age at which the mind, the manners and the character are formed. She was cited as a model of goodness, of modesty and judgment. I desired to become acquainted with her, and I saw, or, at least, believed I saw, that she merited these eulogiums. I espoused her. She proved to be all that had been promised of her up to the moment when she became a mother; she was, indeed, the same to me until her death. She changed her character with regard to the son of my first wife, only; an excess of maternal love extinguishing in her breast all other sentiments. When we were first united, she loved my son as tenderly as if he had been her own, and when her feelings toward him changed, she hid, with so much address, the aversion she had conceived to him, that I never perceived it. Closely occupied with the duties of my station, you know whether I was free to direct the education of my son. I left this to the care of my wife, who made it her business. Those whom she employed were subordinate to her, and in consulting them, I learned that only which she desired them to tell me. Her deep and secret trouble was, to think that the son of my first wife had the same right as her own in the division of my fortune. He was, to her, a stranger, who had come to rob her children of their wealth. You will readily conceive of the bitterness which this aversion must have shed upon the early years of my child. At this age, man is gifted with a very lively sense of natural equity, and my boy soon felt that he was treated

unjustly. I have remarked, that if a child is justly punished, he submits without a murmur. He is his own judge, and when he rebels, it is because his chastisement is not merited.

"I perceived," continued M. de Vaneville, "that the character of my son was changing. Dejection, distrust, and an indescribable gloomy timidity were painted upon his countenance. As the care of business was imprinted, habitually, upon my brow, my child feared me, and that caressing manner, that gentle and tender treatment, which would have reassured, never announced to him a kind and indulgent father. He was, under the name of respect, inspired with a dread, which prevented him from making any complaint to me. Thus repulsed, punished cruelly upon every pretext, jealous of the preference shown to his brothers, and comparing, in the depths of his little ulcerated soul, the tenderness of every one toward them and their harshness toward him, he became daily more sad and gloomy. He believed himself rejected by me—he believed himself hated by his father, and losing his last hope and his last consolation, he fell into a kind of stupid despair. This was mistaken for obstinacy, for he showed no disposition to apply himself to any thing. I sometimes reasoned with him, but it was cold and harsh reasoning. I reprimanded him; he heard me with fixed eyes that were filled with tears, which my lips, unfortunate father that I was, should sometimes, at least, have dried. But his silence, which was that of despair, I attributed to a stubbornness of disposition. Alas! it was I who was stubborn and harsh toward him. At last I repelled him sternly from me and then he became really savage. Poor child! what rebuffs was he not compelled to bear.

"The arms of his nurse were his only refuge, and when she came to see him he threw himself into them and bathed her bosom with tears. 'Oh! my nurse! my only mother!' he sobbed, 'there is no one but you in the world who will take pity on me. Why did you nurture me? Why did my mother, my mother whom, alas! I have lost, give me life? Poor orphan! yes I am without father or mother. I have no longer a father; a barbarous step-mother has hardened his heart toward a son which is not her own.'

"His nurse melted into tears, embraced and said every thing consoling which was prompted by her affection; but nothing appeased him. As the height of cruelty, my wife, having been apprised of the nature of these scenes which passed between my son and Julianna, and foreseeing, perhaps, that she might inform me of the wrong which he suffered, forbade her visits.

"My son learned this. He was twelve years

of age, and his character had already acquired boldness. He broke out, for the first time, into violent reproaches against my wife. He said to her, that, out of respect for me, he had, hitherto, borne silently her constant injustice to him, but that to envy him his only consolation, to prevent him from seeing his nurse, when there no longer remained for him a shadow of a mother, was an act of barbarity of which a cruel step-mother, alone, was capable, and that, since, toward him she was but a fury, he wished to flee from her.

"'Prevail upon that father,' said he, 'whom you have rendered unnatural, to drive me from his house; it is the last favor which his child begs of him.'

"You may well believe that such portions, only, of these complaints as were most atrocious, were reported to me. 'A barbarous step-mother! a fury! an unnatural father! such language,' said my wife, 'has he for twelve years used, with regard to us both. I afflict you and I am myself inconsolable to see such a character so decided in a child. But nature at this age is not, perhaps, incorrigible. I have been told of an intelligent man who, at a priory near Lyons, takes children into his house and educates them with the greatest care. He has, particularly, the faculty of bending the will and he renders the most obstinate spirits docile and gentle.' She cited many instances of his success, and seeing me overwhelmed with grief: 'What would you have?' said she; 'this is an evil from which good may spring. Your son gives evidence of great energy of character, but it is necessary that he should be subdued if you do not desire his temper to carry him into the most frightful excesses.'

"What could I, satisfied as I was that the violence of my son arose from a vice of his natural disposition, oppose to these counsels? I consented to his banishment, which he seemed, himself, to desire. Nothing could be better calculated than a village, and a solitude in the depths of a forest, to balance his character.

"On the day of his departure, when he came to take leave of me, he advanced, with a serious and self-collected air, which would have surprised me in a man. 'Go, my son,' said I to him, 'go; learn to vanquish yourself, and return to me more docile and more moderate. Embrace me; farewell.'

"At this moment his poor heart gave way. Instead of throwing himself into my arms he fell at my feet and took my hand. Ah! my friend, I seem, yet, to feel upon this hand the burning impression of his lips. 'Thou art not then insensible?' said I, seeing him suffocated with sobs. 'Insensible! ah! my father!' cried he, in a heart-rending voice. 'Well!' replied I, 'if you are

well-disposed, if you love your father, promise him that you will endeavor to correct yourself.' 'Correct myself, of what?' asked he, in a choking voice. 'What is the crime of your child? Is it to have, no longer, a mother? Is it to have —' He ceased and casting upon me a look which pierced my soul: 'My father,' said he, 'my father! in the name of her, who is no more, bless your child; he is about to leave you.'

"He was at my feet and whilst I gave him my benediction, he bathed my hand with his tears. I, too, was softened and nature, which spoke in his looks and in my heart, moved us to a reconciliation. My arms were about to open for him and a pardon was on my lips. Alas! a word more and what torments would I have been spared.

"At this moment his step-mother entered, with her two children. 'My son,' said I, 'rise; kiss the hand of your mother and ask her blessing.'

"At these words his tears dried up, his whole soul revolted, and a glance of indignation was the only adieu my wife received from him. I told him to embrace his brothers, but he repulsed them, fiercely, and falling again at my feet, 'Pardon! my father,' said he; 'I love you, I revere you, but, force me not to kiss the hand which oppresses me; command me not to embrace—' 'Rise, unnatural child! I know you no more!' said I, and, as he went out with despair painted in his countenance; 'let him go,' I cried, 'and let him never again come into my sight!'

"The evidences I had witnessed of his temper, and the obstinacy of his character, the conviction I felt that his hatred of his step-mother was unjust—and the hope that this separation, with age and the cares and lessons of a good master would correct his bad disposition, modified the unpleasant impression which his adieu had made upon my heart, and I saw, in his absence, good, only, for both him and myself.

"But the terrible prejudice, which had ruined him in his father's estimation, pursued him in his instructor. This gentleman was a compound of rustic churlishness and pedantry. You may easily judge of the means taken by such a person to correct a disposition which, he had been told, was indomitable, and which, if he could not bend, he was ordered to break. A rude tone, severe and grievous discipline, accompanied by constant threats and punishments, all that domination has which is most revolting, and slavery the most toilsome, were combined in the system of education to which my son was submitted. It was revolting to him and he conceived an aversion to all the duties which were, by so hard a master, imposed upon him. But what gave him most

pain was to be told, when he complained of the difficulty and severity of his situation, that it was the will of a justly irritated father. 'Justly irritated!' he cried, shedding bitter tears; 'ah! if he had known—if he could know—the heart of his child! Perish the malicious wretches who have darkened the heart of a good father! Perish the serpent who, daily, sheds her venom in his bosom!' And when his master reproached him for hating study: 'No!' said he, 'I do not hate study, I hate life and I know not why I should defer to deliver myself from the burden.'

"It became necessary for the master, severe as he was, in order to calm him, to be more gentle in his manner. My son had, therefore, at intervals, moments of dissipation; but he spent his liberty in solitude, and when he was discovered, plunged in a gloomy melancholy, and the cause of his sadness was asked: 'I am sick,' he said. 'Where is your disorder?' 'It is here!' he replied, striking his hand upon his breast.

"If I had, then, known what has since come to my knowledge, I should have felt my injustice, and should have gone, in spite of my wife, to embrace and console my unfortunate child. One caress, a single mark of my affection, would have changed his whole character; he would have been calmed and softened in my arms. But his master never wrote to me, and I saw of his letters but such portions as were afflicting to me. An act of cruelty which I cannot pardon even in the shade of the guilty being, was now effected; the letters, which my son had written to me in his paroxysms of grief, were intercepted. The despair to which he was reduced by my silence, induced him to take a last resolution. He escaped from his master and, the vicinity of the forest of Lyons being favorable to his flight, a single night enabled him to place himself beyond the reach of a man who had few means to pursue him.

"When I received the intelligence of his flight, and of his probable death, I suffered all the agony which an event of this terrible nature must produce in a father's heart. But my wife had the address to deaden my anguish, by feigning to see, in this occurrence, but a youthful folly and assuring me that in a few days my son would either be brought back or would return of his own accord. We agreed, in the mean time, to keep quiet; but I left no means untried which would lead to his discovery. I thought it probable he would attempt to get on board of some merchant vessel, as is frequently done by boys, and I wrote to the ports, describing his person, without giving his name. But the most rigorous and diligent search proved unsuccessful and, after six months of deceived hopes, I came to the cruel persuasion that my son was no more.

"Nothing was left undone to distract me from my grief, and to occupy my affection with the interest of seeing reared, under my own eyes, the two children which remained to me. But as if nature desired to avenge herself upon a barbarous wretch, the two children of my wife were swept away as by a breath of wind. That contagion which is so destructive to young children, struck them both at once, and their inconsolable mother followed them, soon after, to the tomb.

"Alone and overwhelmed with grief, believing myself innocent, I could have borne, patiently, all the rigor of my destiny, if heaven, which leaves no guilt unpunished, had not discovered to me, in the bottom of a secretary, the heart-rending letters which my unhappy son had written to me during his exile, and which my wife had hidden. Ah! my friend, from this moment, that deep and cruel grief, which you have seen consume me, was awakened in my heart.

"In what a style were those letters written! I remember the last, and will repeat it to you;

"What, my father!" he said, "never a word of consolation for your unfortunate child! Ten letters the most tender and supplicating; ten letters, wet with the tears of an innocent son, who asks only that you will cease to hate him, have been unsuccessful in obtaining for me the least favor! Oh! my father! write to me those words which will give me my life back again: *My child I do not hate you.* Those sacred characters, traced by your hand, will be kissed by me a thousand times a day; they will be imprinted upon my lips—they will be engraven on my heart. That heart which, for you, is full of respect and love. It is not you of which it complains; cease, then, to rend it. It has had the courage to suffer all even to the present; but the silence, the abandonment, the forgetfulness or hatred of a father, is a misfortune too great for it to bear, and I feel that it must give way."

"Imagine if it be possible," continued M. de Vaneville, "my grief and indignation. To have intercepted the letters of my son, and to have made us believe, him that I had abandoned him, and me that he continued to brave my anger, was an act than which none could be more criminal. To you, alone, have I revealed this fatal, this shameful secret. See how the sweetest and most tender affection, the love of a mother for her children, becomes, in its excess, a terrible and ferocious passion."

My old friend related to me how, still more solitary in his house he was, there, pursued by the most agonizing reflections.

"I recollected," said he, "a thousand evidences of the hatred, which this unjust woman had conceived against my son, and which I should have

seen through the veil of duplicity which covered them. I was indignant with myself for having been capable of such blind weakness. Sometimes I accused nature for not having spoken in favor of my blood; sometimes I made it a crime for not having heard all, and thus my resentment always turned against myself. My house became frightful to me; the world, where it seemed that all eyes demanded my son, was insupportable, and you know the resolution I took to fly from it and hide myself.

"I was about to leave when, as a consummation to my distress, the nurse Julianne, having learned my loss, came to see me and in the fullness of her soul, revealed the nature of her interviews with my unfortunate son. No! a father has never suffered such pain as I experienced, in listening to her recital. I saw all the grief and mortification which consumed him, without his daring to make a complaint to me. I saw that, in his heart, so cruelly torn, love and respect for me were unchangeable. I saw that I had been a bad father to the best of children. 'And, perhaps, he is no more,' cried I, borne down with agony; 'I am the cause of his death, and my crime is irreparable!'

"The poor woman, mingling her tears with mine, endeavored to console me. 'No, monsieur,' said she, 'they have not had the cruelty to make any attempts upon his life, and God keeps me in the belief that, without his days have been abridged by some accident, your son is not dead. Twenty times in the violence of his sufferings he has said, if his life were his own, his resolution would soon be taken; but then the sweet child would raise his hands and eyes to Heaven, crying, 'No! it is yours, O! my God! You have given me this sorrowful and painful life, and you alone have the right to take it from me. But you see all that I endure,' he would add, 'give me back, at some day, as a recompense, the favor of my father. In his arms I shall forget all I have suffered.'"

"I conceived, then, some hope; but when I thought of what he must still suffer, all comfort was torn from my heart. I reproached myself with a crime for the least movement of pleasure. A wild and frugal life had too many charms. I could not pardon myself for the moments of diversion from my grief which the culture of my gardens afforded. 'This labor,' I would say to myself, 'is voluntary and easy; that to which misery has condemned my son is hard, and without intermission. I amuse myself by embellishing a fertile soil; he, perhaps, groaning under the weariness of his task, digs ungrateful land, and bathes it with the sweat of his brow. Food, simple but abundant, supplies my table; he may

some times want even miserable bread, wet with his tears. How do I know but that, upon some vessel, at the mercy of the waves, in the midst of storms, worn out by the fatigues of the day, he is awakened at night by the roar of the winds and the tempest whilst I sleep tranquilly? Oh no! that sleep was not tranquil which was haunted by the image of my son. At table I saw him, pale and languishing, before me, and all the food I tasted, seemed mingled with bitterness. When I saw myself alone with this image, the tears ran from my eyes. I held open my arms to my son, and asked his forgiveness.

"It was thus, my friend, companion of these unpolished men, to whom nature has given happiness as an indemnification for their social position, and who were afflicted by my grief, that I passed three years of my life, and I have painted to you but very feebly this long continued mourning of a father's soul, this immense night of suffering. What became of my son, and how I found him again, he will relate himself, when he is alone with you."

The young couple and their friend, now joining us, we directed our steps toward a little hill, where we enjoyed the spectacle of the day majestically terminated, by a fine sunset. The next day whilst we were walking together, the young man took up, where his father had left it, the history of his flight.

"If my father," said he, "has spoken to you of my childhood, my faults are known to you. I was naturally violent, my temper was put to painful proofs, and I was unable to control myself; this was the cause of all our misfortunes. I had a mother no longer, and my father was all to me. I loved him from the bottom of my soul, and was jealous of his love. This jealousy rendered me gloomy, impatient and surly; and my father believing it impossible to render me tractable, sent me away from him. In this exile, where I was to become softened, I was severely treated, and believing it impossible to be more unfortunate, I escaped. I exchanged my clothes for those of a shepherd boy, about my own age, and, under this disguise, stole away. I travelled, at night, by obscure paths, avoiding the villages, seeking some isolated farm where a shepherd was wanted. At last in a hamlet, near Fleury, I found the object of my ambition.

"In this free and tranquil condition, with bread and milk in abundance, sleeping upon clean straw, and waking at break of day, to lead the docile animals, of which I had charge, to their pasture, I should have been contented, if with the remembrance of my past sufferings had not been mingled the image of a father, whom I seemed to see irritated, menacing and inexorable, preparing punish-

ments for me, when I should be brought, again, before him.

"After some months this inquietude ceased, and I had the cruel assurance of being forgotten or abandoned. Then my grief, more calm, was but the more profound, and the silence of the plains, the vast solitude which extended around me, and in which I was wandering, plunged me, every day, more deeply in my gloomy melancholy. When, above all, my mind fixed itself upon the abyss which separated me from my father, and when I said within myself: 'I shall see him no more,' I fell into a most painful state of dejection. My weak head would have given way without the sweet distraction which happily I had reserved for myself; for, less an enemy to study than restraint, I had not been able to detach myself from my cherished book. Virgil never quitted me. The Eclogues associated me with Tityrus and Melibæus, and, in my assumed character, I had taken the name of Alexis. The Georgics ennobled, in my eyes, my new occupation. I saw the country honored by my poet; I read him with pride.

"One day, under the shade of an old willow, I had given myself up to this delightful book and fallen asleep. M. de Nelcour, a man who, rendered a misanthrope by some just resentment, had withdrawn from the world, passed near me. He saw an open book in the hand of a young shepherd. This novelty surprised him. Curious to know what book it was, he stooped and saw that it was Virgil. He did not rouse me, but continuing his walk near the willow kept me in sight, and when I woke, came to me. 'Young man,' said he, 'I have seen a strange sight, an open book near you, and that book Virgil? Do you read Virgil? And if such has been your education, by what misfortune are you reduced to the condition of a shepherd?' 'It is not impossible,' said I, 'that an orphan, well educated, may fall into misfortune; I am such an orphan.'

"He desired to know my name and history. 'I am called Alexis,' said I, 'this you see is my hamlet, there is no reason that you should know more.' He seemed surprised at my desire for concealment, and I was in turn, astonished that a stranger should, thus, ask my confidence. My haughty reply, however, seemed to inspire him with esteem. 'I am glad to see you prudent, though still young,' said he. 'Ah! I have not, as you, learned at an early age to shun confidence in strangers! However, my curiosity is so natural and so well meaning that you should, at least,' added he, 'believe it innocent; the interest which your age and misfortune inspires is sufficient to justify it.'

"I asked pardon for having replied so rudely,

to this mark of benevolence. 'But, sir,' said I, to him, 'what good can come of recollecting, in misfortune, that which has been and which can be no more? It is, at least, gratuitous suffering. I wish to be known as a shepherd, which I am. Neither in your sight nor my own do I blush for my occupation; Virgil has told us that the gods, themselves, have been shepherds. But every body does not know how the pastoral life has been honored, and how it still deserves to be. I dare, then, without knowing who you are, beg that you will not betray me. I am an abandoned child, I gain a livelihood in rendering myself useful, and you would disturb that innocent life if you abuse the secret of which, during my sleep, you have become master; in the name of all you hold dear, promise me,' added I, 'that you will not reveal what you have thus learned.' 'I promise you,' said he, 'but on condition that you will allow me to pass, with you, some of the hours you spend in the pasture. Like yourself my child, I have known misfortune. I, too, have, like yourself, a love for study; I, too, love Virgil. We will read him, together, and when we shall have become better acquainted, a mutual confidence will spread its charms upon our interviews.'

"This gentleman was assiduous in his visits to the pasturage. We there passed together a part of the fine weather of autumn, and the days rolled sweetly along. Virgil, Horace, with whom he had made me acquainted, and whom I began to enjoy like himself; some French books, which he brought to me and induced me to read, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Racine and Fénelon, divided our leisure.

"In the intervals between our readings, M. de Nelcour attempted to reach the secret of my misfortune. 'Is it possible,' said he, to me, one day, 'that such a child as you should not have found some one in his family or in the world, to take compassion on him?' 'I have not,' I replied, 'implored the compassion of any one; young as I am, I know that, in the world, the unfortunate are troublesome.' 'Ah!' said he, 'you are right!' (for, without my knowledge, I had touched him in a sensitive place) and then he told me that he had been, in his youth, what is called an amiable man; that he had been ruined by his liberality: that of the hundred friends who had partaken of his suppers and enjoyed his entertainments, not one, in his fall, had tendered him any assistance; that ladies who had cited him as a model of gallantry and agreeable qualities, found him frightfully changed when they became acquainted with his ruin; and that finally, he had sold his property, and retired upon a little estate which remained, after all his debts were paid.

"With much interest I listened to his detail of his follies, of his vain credulity, of his illusions and his errors, but his confidence did not draw out mine: and seeing that it escaped him every time he thought to surprise it, he took the wise resolution to let it come in its own good time.

" 'My dear Alexis,' said he, one day, 'winter will soon be here, and we shall, no longer, be able to see each other. Do you know that this afflicts me?' 'It troubles me, too,' replied I, sighing. 'Why then, should we do that which will give us pain? I live, tranquilly, near to your hamlet, in the village of Fleury; the remains of my fortune are sufficient to place me above the necessities of existence, come there and be happy with me. The sweetest of my cares is the rearing of a young orphan girl, whom I love tenderly. If you share her asylum I shall have two children instead of one.' 'Sir,' said I, 'there is, in your good offices, to me, an air of frankness which makes it a duty for me to speak to you with an open heart. My ruling passion is a love of liberty, and I do not know a man so free, as he, who, with the aid of nature alone, forces, by his labor, the earth to nourish him. I wish to become such a man; I wish to become either the laborer or the gardener of Virgil.' 'With me,' replied he, 'you may be both. I have a good farm to superintend, a fine garden to cultivate, and I propose that you undertake their management. As to the conduct of the farm, I am yet, but a novice, and we will learn together; as regards the culture of the garden, I believe I am able to give you some instructions.'

"This hope decided me, and having taken leave of my employer, I went with M. de Nelcour. I found at his home a garden cultivated with the greatest care, and the little girl, Natalie, whom he had mentioned, as beautiful as the day. 'You see,' said he, 'in this amiable child the charm of my solitude. She does not owe her life to me, but the habit of loving has become so natural between us, that the tie of adoption takes the place of that of blood. In espousing her mother, the widow of M. de Leonval, Captain of the Grenadiers, who was killed at the storming of Denain, I adopted this child, whom he left, without fortune, happy to discharge in this manner the debt of my country toward that brave man. Natalie, already, gave promise of an amiable disposition, and, almost as dear to me as her mother, she rendered our union yet more tender and happy. But this happiness was of short duration, and soon Natalie had to deplore the loss of a good mother and I of an excellent wife. "My love," said she, when dying. "I leave you my daughter; she is my only wealth. Be to her both father and mother." I promised her

and have endeavored to keep my word; but I have no fortune to leave my dear child, I rear her in the simplicity of manners, and the tastes and pleasures of a country life. This farm will be her dowry; this house will be her's.'

'I do not know what were the thoughts of M. de Nelcour when he spoke thus; but for myself, from that time I believed I saw some slight probability in the hope of, one day, becoming the husband of Natalie, and I conceived for her a tender interest which soon grew into affection.

'Loved by M. de Nelcour, my labors, my readings, my walks were shared by him, and we gave our mutual cares to the education of Natalie. Our days were filled, and our nights were tranquil. Months and seasons rolled on with the rapidity of thought, and M. de Nelcour did not cease to say that he had left nothing in the world which was worthy of his regret. But, I had left there, a father, and his image came without cessation to reproach me for being happy away from him.

'The interesting and beautiful Natalie responded to our cares with a charming docility. Thanks to the active life she led, after our example, her figure as it developed itself, displayed a thousand graces; it had the flexibility of the shrubs, she had planted. Her complexion had the richness of the flowers and the freshness of the fruits which her hands cultivated, and clothed in the simple dress of the peasantry, with, sometimes, the pruning-knife in her hand, the basket on her head or arm, you would have taken her for the goddess whose gifts she culled. Through her ingenuous features the mind and soul of Natalie were seen in all their beauty.

'As myself, Natalie perceived the progress which our mutual friendship was making, but we were far from feeling any uneasiness on that account. Happy to be together, we respired love as others respire the air, we enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing each other, as others enjoy the light. A happy sense of security veiled from us the danger of our position. But the time arrived when M. de Nelcour became more penetrating or less easy, dared no longer to allow us to remain together and when Natalie reached her sixteenth year, he resolved either to learn who I was or separate me from him. 'Alexis,' said he, 'I have, for a long time, waited for your confidence. It was due to my friendship; it has been refused but I do not complain. Your age, however, no longer allows me to retain you in my house except by the most holy of titles. It is for you to tell me if you have the right to take it.' 'Yes, sir, I have that right,' replied I, 'my birth gives, but my misfortune forbids it. I am in disgrace with a father, alas! cruelly deceived, who has

not less to deplore than myself, for he is beset by the enemies of his blood, and it is by their malice that his goodness is abused. Just but weak man, alas! it is his secret, and not my own, which I have believed it my duty to hide from you. It is to avoid accusing him to you, it is to avoid reducing you to the cruel alternative of delivering me to his choler or of robbing him of me, that I have hidden his name from you. Blame me not then for this religious silence which is but too hard for me to preserve. You will know who I am when heaven has rendered the indulgence and love of my father. Then, if there is still time, Alexis will place at the feet of Natalie, your amiable child, the fortune for which his birth permits him to hope. Until then, I leave you, with my heart full of regrets, of gratitude and of love. Do not forget me, sir; deign to think of him still who will always love you.' 'My friend,' said he, 'it is sweet to know that a sentiment so virtuous has imposed silence upon you. Yes, misfortune to the child who would reveal the faults of his parents. But I should be cruel to allow you to quit me without first assuring you of a home and I have one to propose to you. Not far from this place, near to Neuchatel, in the village of Flamais, lives a respectable man who is engaged, I am told, in the same occupation with myself. He wants a skilful gardener and I believe I am well enough acquainted to recommend you to him. He is the President de Vaneville.'

'Conceive the emotion which this name caused me. Seized with astonishment, I breathed with difficulty; my voice died upon my lips. He saw me pale, speechless, and motionless. He attributed my emotion to my love for Natalie and the violence which my heart experienced in the prospect of a separation. 'Come, my friend, courage,' said he, 'this is, doubtless, a painful resolution for us, but our situation renders it inevitable.'

'I made no reply, I was agitated by other thoughts than he suspected. I burned with a desire to go and see my father again, but I believed I should see, near him, my mortal enemy and her two children. I began to think of my probable reception. 'The gentleman of whom I speak,' added M. de Nelcour, is probity itself, and every body agrees that, under an austere manner, there is goodness of heart. He is melancholy, but his grief is rendered interesting, for he is much to be pitied; he has lost his wife and his two children, which were his last hope. He is alone at Flamais and seems to be entirely given up to his grief. It will be to him, I hope, a consolation to have near him a young man as good, as estimable as you.'

"At this intelligence I took a sudden resolution; but instead of the satisfaction which, it might be supposed, it caused me, I felt a kind of religious awe; for, in these misfortunes, so rapid, I believed, I avow, that I saw a supernatural chastisement. From this moment, you may readily conceive, my course was taken. 'Yes, monsieur,' said I, 'write, and tender my services to this virtuous hermit; but do not tell him any thing you know of me.'

"He wrote, favorably of my morals, my character, my skill in the art of culture, and, without saying any thing of my early education, pledged himself for the faithful performance of my duties. I was much pleased and took my leave, but my impatience to see my father again did not render me insensible to regret at quitting my dear Natalie. 'Adieu, mademoiselle,' said I to her, 'in leaving I do not renounce the hope of serving you. Will the young trees which we have planted and tended together sometimes remind you of Alexis!'

"The tears of the poor child ran down her cheeks, and, in a voice which touched me deeply, she said: 'Farewell, Alexis, I shall be much grieved if I do not see you again. Remember Natalie.'

"I took the road to Flamais with a heart filled with joy and hope, inquietude and apprehension. I was going to see my father again, but I was to find him weeping for a woman, whom I had offended, and children, whom I had repulsed. If, more submissive, I had remained with him, if I had conquered myself and suffered all, he would now have had me to wipe away his tears. But wretched being that I was! after my revolt and flight, after a culpable abandonment, how could I appear before him. Might I not have time before becoming recognized to expiate my faults, to soften his resentment and to bring his heart to clemency? Seven years absence and labor, my features changed, my hair and complexion darkened, this rustic dress and air would render it impossible for others to recognize me; but would they veil me from a father's penetrating glance? 'Well,' said I, 'if nature speaks and betrays me I will seize the instant to fall at his feet and, instead of imploring his indulgence will beg his mercy. But then my pardon will be that of a criminal and who knows, but that he will see in M. de Nelcour the accomplice of his child, and the inhuman being who has covered his flight. Ah! if he should take up the idea, there is no longer any hope to reconcile him to our aimiable Natalie.' Such was the reflections which occupied my mind on my way from Fleury to Flamais, where I arrived, trembling with the fear of being recognized by my father.

"But, either because his eyes, weakened by the tears he had shed, no longer saw in my face any thing but vague and confused features, or because I was really so much changed as to be unrecognizable, he did not suspect that his son again stood before him. But what heart-rending agitation did I experience at the sight of him. Sorrow, more than age, had wrinkled his brow; the tears which I had cost him, seemed to have furrowed his cheeks and grief had bent him towards the grave. O God of nature! thou knowest the feelings of anguish and love which impelled me to throw myself at his feet. But suddenly I felt myself intimidated as much by remorse as by that austere air, that deep melancholy, which announced a heart long ulcerated. Trembling, I begged him to be assured of my obedience and my zeal for his service. He told me to follow him, took me into the garden and pointed out my labors. 'To-morrow,' said he, on leaving me, 'at the break of day I will be myself at work.'

"I slept but little during that night, as you may well imagine, but I experienced an expressible solace in finding myself near my father, unknown, and in a situation to merit his indulgence and to show him how much I had changed. Nothing would be easier than, in serving him, to show an unchangeable gentleness, a perfect docility, a profound obedience. 'I will make it my delight, rather than my duty, to foresee his desires, and will show such a degree of filial piety toward him, that, in his gardener, he will at last recognize his unfortunate son. But to dissimulate and to control within me the emotions of nature, it was necessary to have courage and firmness and I promised myself that I would have both.

"The next morning at daybreak I found him in the garden. We labored silently and at long intervals, only, did a few words break this stillness. He asked where I was from. 'Anet,' I replied; it was my only falsehood. 'Have you still a father?' 'Yes, thank heaven!' 'And your mother?' 'She is no more?' He sighed deeply. 'And what is your father's employment?' 'He is a gardener like myself.' 'Is he still young?' 'He begins to grow old.' 'Has he no child but you?' 'No! he has none other.' 'And you have left him?' 'He desired, himself, that I should do so.' 'He is happy then and contented with you?' 'Yes, but if I merit the good will of my master he will permit us join each other near him.' 'Alexis,' said he, 'be with me what you have been with M. de Nelcour, gentle, industrious, honest, and, in a short time, I promise, you shall have your father here; you may be assured that I shall not deprive you of his society.'

"With these words he turned away and I saw

him wipe tears from his eyes. I have since recalled to him this first interview. 'Ah!' said he, 'you did not see the impression which each word of your reply made upon my heart. It had been, until then, more than a year since the words "father" and "son" had issued from my lips. I did not feel able to pronounce them, but with you I solaced myself in repeating and hearing them.'

"Satisfied with my daily increasing activity, and the diligence with which I was creating for him a new garden, teaching him, with modesty, a mode of cultivation which was unknown to him, my father sometimes restrained the ardor with which I labored, and an involuntary inclination drew him constantly to my side. 'Alexis, what is your age?' he asked me, one day. 'Twenty-one.' 'Twenty-one!' He sighed deeply and remained silent for a long time.

"After some turns which he made in the garden to quiet his agitation," continued Alexis, "he returned to me and said: 'Alexis, is it not your intention to marry?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I have thought of it, and if it is your good pleasure and the will of my father, I think I have found near Fleury the person who will render me happy.' 'What is her age?' 'She is sixteen.' 'Is she of respectable family?' 'She is the daughter of a man who has shed his blood for his country.' 'Noble extraction!' 'She lost her mother, like myself, when she was but seven years old.' 'Poor children! And who took care of her?' 'Monsieur de Nelcour.' 'She is beautiful, doubtless?' 'Even if she were homely she would still be lovely, for she is goodness and gentleness itself; M. de Nelcour loves her as if she were his own child.' 'This M. de Nelcour is then a charitable and benevolent man?' 'Yes, sir, an excellent man; you yourself are acquainted with what he has done for Natalie and me.' 'He has committed follies,' said my father, 'but the youthful follies of a weak and yielding person I can pardon. He is still very happy that his weakness has cost him but his fortune; it often costs much more. Is he aware of your love for Natalie?' 'He suspects it.' 'It is on that account, perhaps, he has sent you from him.' 'Very possibly.' 'Why has he not given her to you?' 'Ah! sir, the consent of my father was necessary and I dared not ask it.' 'Why?' 'The orphan has nothing.' 'She has her goodness, her intelligence, her happy innocence; is not that a rich dowry?' 'Yes, monsieur, but my father—ah! I tremble to speak of him.' 'He is very severe toward you, then?' 'He has been, sir, but he is not less feeling, and, I dare say it, not less good than yourself.' 'In that case I hope to be able to obtain his consent to render you

happy. If he continue immovable, however, I must say that I have nothing to oppose against the authority of a father and, Alexis, it is right that you should obey him.' 'Yes, monsieur, yes. I promise to do so, even if my life should be forfeited. Never has there been a child possessing greater love and respect for his father than myself. I do not conceal from you that I find, in Natalie, all that could be desired in a wife, that I love her, most tenderly, and that, without her there is no happiness for me; but my father has only to say to me: "My son you must give her up, follow me and never see her again," and I would obey, without a murmur.' 'Ah! happy father!' cried he. 'Go to-morrow, Alexis, and say to M. de Nelcour that he must do me the honor to visit me, at Flamais, and bring the orphan with him. I will be to your father her intercessor and thine. But I want you to promise me that, whilst you live, you will never leave me. I am old, I am alone, I am in need of consolation. I have greater need of solace than you suspect. You will, at least, love me and I will treat you both as my children.'

"At these words I fell at his feet, I bathed them with tears and was about to make myself known. But if the troubles of the past were brought again before him, he might no longer regard Natalie so favorably. If he were to refuse to see her!—I trembled at the thought of the destruction of our hopes; and my father saw in my agitation that of a young and grateful lover.

"The next day I reached the house of M. de Nelcour with a heart palpitating with joy. 'You have heaped up the measure of your goodness to me and I come to render you thanks. This M. de Vaneville, this virtuous old man who is consuming himself with regret and whom heaven desires to console, is my father, adore, with me, sir, the hand which has led me to him. You have been the instrument of heaven for bringing me to my father and I owe to you the hope of rendering him happy in his old age. Call Natalie. It remains for her to bring my joy to its height, and I wish to interest her in my new relation.'

"She came. I related to her all that had occurred between my father and myself and in proportion as Natalie learned my secret her emotion, her blushes, her naive and innocent joy betrayed what was passing in her heart. She avowed that she had wept my absence, that she had often regretted that she could not join me in my employment. She said, also, that her good angel had predicted to her, in a dream, that she should have no other husband than Alexis, and she had vowed that if this prediction were realized, we should build an altar under a bower of the garden we cultivated, to this consoling angel.

"M. de Nelcour, Natalie and myself left Fleury together. She appeared before my father clothed in the simple dress of a villager and her grace, her modesty, her unaffected conversation, in which the culture her mind had received, was apparent, charmed our good old man. Her beauty rendered her still more interesting in his eyes. He showed how well he appreciated the kindness of M. de Nelcour in thus directing her childhood. He retained them three days at his house, during which time, he was occupied but with the interesting orphan. At last when they were about to return to Fleury: "I have decided," said he, to me, "to write to your father. You shall carry the letter and if, as I presume he will, he approve of this marriage, you must bring him with you. Tell me his name and that of Natalie's father."

"Then a tremor passed through every fibre of my body. 'Sir,' said I, 'you see me trembling at the avowal I am about to make to you. It is not sufficient to solicit the consent of my father, and, since you have shown so much kindness toward me, I must say that it is necessary, first, to implore his pardon.' 'His pardon,' replied my father, with surprise. 'Have you done wrong?' 'Yes, monsieur, I have. Yes, it is a culpable and repentant son for whom it is necessary to intercede. If my tears touch you they must, also, soften him; for, to hide nothing from my generous protector, my first youth has caused him deep sorrow.' 'In what manner,' he asked, with an amazed and troubled air. 'By my fiery passions and by my ungovernable violence.'

"He listened, he trembled, his eyes were fixed

upon mine and I saw his knees falter and his hands clasp at each of my words. 'Ah!' cried I, at last, 'in the name of nature, in the name of your blood ask pardon for a young madman who has torn himself away from his father and who, for seven years, has not dared to appear before him.' With these words I prostrated myself at his feet. 'Ah! unfortunate boy! is it thou!' cried he, falling upon me, and pressing me in his arms; suffocated with sobs I felt myself bathed in his tears. 'Ah! these are sweet;' said he, 'let them flow; I have shed more bitter tears.' 'Oh! my father! my father! may I, the cause of them, hope for a pardon?' 'Yes, my child, I pardon thee, and all is forgotten in the happiness of this moment. But you will not now afflict and desolate my old age; who is this young girl whom you wish to espouse?' Reassure yourself, my father, Madame de Leonval is not unworthy of your name.' These words explained all.

"Come, monsieur,' said he, to M. de Nelcour. 'Come, that I may thank you. What do I not owe to you; you render back my son and he returns corrected. And you, daughter of a man whose blood I love, and whose memory I revere, come, and with your husband make up the delight of my old age.'

"We were married in this village and the dresses we wore at Fleury become our wedding clothes."

Ten years have passed by since this story was told me and the President de Vaneville enjoys a peaceful and happy old age; dividing his time between the cultivation of his garden and the education of his grand-children.

THE CANDID WOOING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I CANNOT give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,—
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady.
But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather, in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,—
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady.
And while thy gentle virtues live,
Such is the love that I will give.

The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;—
The storm of passion lasts a day,
But calm true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept, then, a divided heart,
Lady, lady,—
Faith, Friendship, Honor, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall make us love the more;
And *Friendship*, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And *Honor*, based on love and truth,
Shall last beyond the charms of youth,
My sweet lady.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE REBUKE.

John viii. 1—12.

FAIR o'er the city's minarets
Arose the glorious sun ;
Flooding the air with purple light,
E're day was scarce begun :
And sweetly on the lofty hills
The golden radiance lay ;
While mists that rose from waking rills,
Crept silently away.

A crowd was in the temple
Of awe-struck listening men ;
For " words of spirit and of life,"
Were spoken even then :
They bowed their heads in silence,
While the Redeemer spoke,
And light more glorious than the day,
Upon their spirits broke.

Then came the Scribes and Pharisees,
With looks and steps of pride :
And brought a trembling woman,
To the blessed Saviour's side :
They told her tale of sin and shame,
With boasting words, and high :
And asked that he would judge her,
But asked in mockery.

They tempted him with sounding words,
That filled the crowd with awe ;
How Moses had in olden time,
Avenged the broken law :
Only upon the Saviour's brow
Arose no answering spot :
But " he stooped, and wrote upon the ground,
As though he heard them not."

Again ! with louder voices
The fearful charge was made ;
Then, Jesus lifted up himself,
And to the leaders said ;
" Let him whose soul hath never yet,
By passion-storms been rent,
Nor turned aside to vanity,
Begin the punishment."

There were tones of love and sorrow
In each softly uttered word :
But they fell with wondrous power,
On every ear that heard ;
There was majesty within them,
That none dared disobey,
And one by one in silence,
The accusers stole away.

Left with the pure and sinless,
How stood the guilty then ?
She—who had quailed in terror,
From the searching glance of men !
Again—like music on her ear
Fell that sweet pitying tone,
" Hath none condemned thee woman ?
Are thine accusers gone ?"

With quiv'ring lip and tearful eye,
She gave a meek assent ;
For the holy love of Jesus,
Had her sinful spirit bent :
And soothingly, and healingly,
Came that soft voice once more ;
" Neither do I condemn thee :
But go and sin no more."

II. M.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

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For Arthur's Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.

A TALE.

From the German of La Motte Fouqué.

THE following story contains much that is fabulous—it may indeed be all a fable—but he who should suppose it to be *nothing more*, would do grievous injustice to the author, to himself, and above all to the *good cause*. Berthold was a German merchant, who once lost his way in travelling through the vast forests which cover the mountains of his native land; and, as he carried in his saddle bags a considerable treasure in valuable goods, letters of exchange and ready money, he began to be somewhat alarmed when at dusk he found himself in a gloomy valley, with whose solitudes he was totally unacquainted. The game in this secluded ravine seemed so unaccustomed to the sight of man, that they showed no fear of him, and the owls shrieked round him, so near his head, that he involuntarily stooped more than once to avoid their flapping wings. At last he spied a man, walking at a rapid pace along a narrow path, and, upon inquiry, found him to be a coalman who lived with his family in the forest. The traveller's request for a night's lodging was so cordially granted, that all suspicion was at once banished, and the wanderer and his guide reached the hut of the latter in the midst of a friendly discourse. The coalman's wife opened the door with a lamp in her hand, while from behind her, peeped several children of both sexes; and as the light fell upon the countenance of the father, it showed a face of that honest, prudent cast, which is so often seen among Germans of the present day.

They entered together the warm cheerful room, and seated themselves near the blazing hearth; while the traveller felt as little uneasiness concerning his wealth as if he were at home with his own family. He unbuckled his saddle bags and gave his horse to the care of one of the sons of his host. He placed his baggage in the corner, and, though he laid his arms near him, it was more from habit than from the belief that

here there would be any occasion to use them. The conversation fell on many subjects,—the merchant spoke of his journeys; the coalman of the forest; and the family mingled modestly their voices with those of the others. The host brought out some excellent home-brewed beer, which increased the universal cheerfulness, till, from telling stories, they began to sing merry songs. The children were in the midst of a lively glee, when a singular knock was heard at the door. The fingers of the person outside struck very gently, yet the slight noise was nevertheless heard distinctly within, and even sounded audibly above the strong, clear voices of the children. The singing ceased and all looked grave, while the master of the house said, cheerfully—"Come in—in God's name."

There then entered the door a little old man of respectable appearance, who greeted, good humoredly, those who were present, while he looked with some astonishment on the stranger. He then approached the table and took the lowest place which appeared to have been left vacant for him. Berthold could not but be surprised at his dress, which seemed to be that of an age long past, yet perfectly whole and clean. He was, as we have before said, very small, of a cheerful countenance, yet wearing occasionally an expression of deep melancholy. The family appeared to treat him with great compassion, but with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Berthold wished to inquire if he were their grandfather, and if he were suffering from illness which made him so pale and gloomy, but as often as he was about to speak, the old man looked at him with a peculiar expression of fear and anxiety, which constrained him to keep silence.

The old man at last folded his hands, looked towards the master of the house, and said—"Is it not time for prayers?" The coalman immediately began to sing the fine old hymn "Now

the woods are all at rest,"—in which the children and their mother joined. The old man too sang with so powerful a voice that the whole cottage seemed to shake, and Berthold, from astonishment, could not join with the rest. This appeared to make the little old man angry and uneasy—he cast singular glances on Berthold, and the coalman motioned to him with anxious gestures, till at length he united his voice with the rest. After prayers were offered and some more hymns devoutly sung, the old man went meekly out of the door, but opening it again, threw a frightfully wild look upon Berthold and slammed it violently shut.

"That is not his usual behaviour," said the coalman, in apparent surprise, as he addressed some apologizing words to his guest, who inquired if the old man were not deranged.

"That cannot be denied," answered the coalman, "but he is quite harmless and will injure no one,—at least it is now very long since such an instance was known. The only room we can offer you," continued he, has no lock, and the old man often wanders in there—but do not be alarmed—he will soon go out again of his own accord. Besides, no doubt you will be so tired that you will not be easily waked, for, as you may have observed, he walks very lightly."

Berthold agreed to all this with smiles, but his mind was not by any means as peaceful as before, without his knowing exactly why; and as the host led him up the narrow stairs, he grasped his saddle bags tighter and cast stolen glances upon his pistols and his knife.

The coalman left him alone in a little upper room, full of crevices, as soon as he had placed a lamp carefully in such a position that there could be no danger of fire, and had wished his guest piously God's blessing on his rest. But this wish appeared to fail of its due effect on Berthold; he had not been for a long time so uneasy and disturbed in mind. Though, on account of fatigue, he had gone at once to bed, he could find no rest. Sometimes his saddle bags seemed too far from him. Sometimes his arms—and again they were not in the most convenient position. He rose from bed several times, and when he occasionally fell asleep, every noise of the wind woke him, and he would start up, fancying sometimes that a great misfortune had befallen him, and again that some unexpected good luck had fallen to his share. All his mercantile plans and speculations whirled confusedly through his brain, and never had he felt so intense an eagerness for gain as in this singular condition. At last he fell into a profound sleep from exhaustion.

It was some time after midnight when he

fancied he heard a slight noise in his room. He could not for some time break the bonds of sleep, but when at length he opened his heavy eye-lids, he thought he saw the old man wandering round his bed. His eyes, however, closed again, till, after many interruptions, a sudden fright woke him completely and he sat upright in bed. He saw the old man fumbling with the saddle bags, and at the same time gazing on him with a sort of contemptuous pity in his countenance.

"Robber! off from my possessions," cried he, in anger. The old man appeared much alarmed, he hurried to the door with an anxious and deprecating air, and suddenly left the room.

Berthold immediately rose and examined his bags to ascertain if the intruder had abstracted any thing. He could not suppose him to be a robber, but he feared the insane old man might have torn and destroyed his valuable papers. The bands and locks seemed undisturbed, and all in the inside was in perfect order. But the tumult of Berthold's mind returned,—full of uneasy feelings, he continued his search in order to ascertain that nothing was disturbed. He rejoiced in the sight of the treasures which were displayed in his examination, and at the same time felt dissatisfied that they were not still more numerous and more valuable. In the midst of these thoughts he was disturbed by a breath on his cheek. He supposed at first it must be the night wind rushing through the ill-secured window, and wrapped himself closer in his cloak. But the breath came again much stronger, and as he at length looked up, he saw with terror the little old man's face close to his own.

"What do you want here?" cried Berthold. "Go to bed and warm yourself."

"It is very cold there," croaked the old man, in a hoarse voice, "and I like to look at such beautiful things as yours. But I know where there are better ones, oh! far better."

"What do you mean?" asked Berthold, almost fancying that the wonderful luck he had dreamed of was in his grasp.

"If you will come with me," sighed the old man, "down—far down in the wood—in the marsh."

"I am willing to search for it with you," answered Berthold.

The old man turned to the door and said,—

"Let me first get my cloak. I will return immediately, and then we will go together."

The door had scarcely closed upon him when it opened again and a thin, remarkably tall man, in a blood red mantle, with a sword in one hand and a musket in the other, entered the room. Berthold seized his pistols.

"Very well," said the red man, "you may

take them with you; but make haste; we must go at once to the forest."

"With you?" cried Berthold. "Where is the little old man?"

"Look at me well," said the stranger, throwing back the cloak from his face. Berthold perceived a great resemblance between this fearful apparition and the old man, though the expression of one was as wild and terrible as that of the other was humble and gentle. He believed himself and his treasures betrayed into the hands of a robber, and in fear of his life fired his pistol on the intruder. A great commotion in the house immediately ensued. The coalman was heard coming up the steps, and the red man hurried from the room, casting menacing looks and gestures towards Berthold.

"For God's sake!" cried the coalman, as he rushed in, "what have you done to our household spirit?"

Berthold looked in astonishment at his host—confused ideas of treasures of gold were still whirling through his brain, and in his disappointment he was inclined to believe the whole house in league against him.

"I met him," continued the coalman, "in his gigantic and terrible form, wrapt in his red mantle and carrying his arms."

But seeing that Berthold did not understand him, he asked him to come down stairs with him to where the frightened family were assembled, whose fears he wished to pacify. Berthold complied, still carrying his pistols and knife, and taking with him his saddle bags. The children and their mother looked at him suspiciously, while the coalman related as follows:

"When I first came to live in this hut, it was haunted by the apparition you have just seen. He was once a coalman who was very rich, and very avaricious, and who buried his money in the forest, through which he used to stalk, clad in a red mantle and armed to the teeth. After his death, he still wandered round his treasures, in so fearful a form, that no one would live in this spot. But I thought, if I prayed fervently, the devil himself could not hurt me, much less a poor deluded ghost; and I settled here with my wife and children. At first, the red mantle tormented me not a little. When in the midst of a solitary path, a frightful figure rises suddenly before me, it is enough to alarm the most daring. The children were terribly frightened and my wife, too, has had her share."

"Yes," sighed she, "and now those dreadful times will come back again."

"Do as you did before," said her husband; "pray and have pious thoughts, and he cannot harm you."

At that moment, some one rattled violently at the door. The children crowded together and began to cry. The coalman walked resolutely to the door and said in a loud voice—

"Away with you! in the Lord's name. You have nought to do with us."

The noise as of a whirlwind was heard without, and the coalman, seating himself quietly, continued thus his narrative:—

"It was a useful lesson for us, and may, perhaps, be intended for such again. We must pray more fervently and keep a strict watch over ourselves. We had already accomplished much—he had laid aside his red mantle and had become quiet and humble—he always was present at our family prayer—his countenance became gentle and kind and his form grew gradually smaller and smaller, as if his wearied limbs were soon to return to hallowed earth. Children! you have all known him as a harmless spirit. You were grieved that, in his humility, he would always take the lowest place. Now labor cheerfully for his and our repose, with prayer, patience and purity of heart. We shall soon see him again as he was yesterday."

The children and their mother rose, and all promised solemnly to do as he wished, and not to be indolent or cowardly in striving with the Evil One, under whatsoever shape he should appear. Berthold, meanwhile, was uneasy and disturbed; at one moment he fancied himself delirious and that all which passed was but the delusion of a dream—again he believed he was the victim of a joke—and again that he had fallen amid a band of robbers who were about to plunder him of his possessions. He asked for his horse, which the coalman's eldest son immediately ran to bring, though his host said—

"You would do better to remain here till morning. At this hour, strange things are seen in the forest."

But the joy of the whole family, when he persisted in his intention, was not easily concealed. He offered them gold for his lodging, but it was refused in such a manner that he dared not press it on them. His horse stamped before the door, his saddle bags were soon fastened on the saddle, Berthold mounted and took leave of his singular host, who bade him farewell much more coldly than he had welcomed him the evening before.

Dissatisfied and distracted by strange doubts, he rode through the forest. He could not convince himself that his host was right and the spirit in the wrong.

"For," said he to himself, "if it is no ghost, then they were deceiving me; if it is one, he has a perfect right to confide his treasures to any mor-

tal who will enjoy them; and who knows whether I may not be the lucky person!"

As he thus spoke, the trees seemed to assume fantastic forms—the morning breeze sang to him words of encouragement—the mists rose up like rows of columns in his path, and he perceived the *Red Mantle* strutting along by his side and nodding assent to his words and his half-formed thoughts. This apparition caused him at first a little alarm, but, as he thought over in his mind the various reasons for calming his apprehensions, the spectre nodded more and more encouragingly and at last spoke as follows—

"I am very tired, comrade, of the life I lead with the coalman; the eternal praying and singing has almost destroyed me. You saw yourself how little and shrivelled I had become in such miserable company. When you came, I was disturbed at first as if you were something strange, but we were soon friends. Then I sprang up—ho!—and I can grow higher and higher till I reach the stars. Put on a proud spirit, and fancy you are a different fellow from your fellow mortals, and favored by nature without any trouble of your own, and then you will soon be the owner of my treasures. The coalman and his people were too stupid for that. Shall we begin to dig?"

Berthold joyfully assented, and the *Red Mantle* pointed to a little mound covered with pine trees. The merchant had no tools, and was obliged to dig up the earth with his hunting knife, while, to his astonishment, he remarked that his companion was helping on the other side, and that, wherever he plunged his hand, a blue sulphureous smoke rose from the earth.

The vapor continued to rise, the earth groaned, the stones rolled, and at last there appeared two earthen pots, which, at the breath of the morning air, immediately crumbled into ashes. Berthold groped in vain in the cavity for treasures, and the spirit wrung piteously his hands and pointed to a neighboring mound.

They dug again, and found again nothing but ashes. They proceeded to other mounds, but all their researches met with the same result. Then the ghost became angry and beat the trees with his horny hands, till sparks flew round, and he accused Berthold of having found the treasure and thievishly concealing it for himself. Berthold trembled before the blood red figure which spread higher and higher in its wrath, till it towered above the oaks and beeches. Suddenly the cock crowed, and with a painful cry the spectre vanished. The church bells were heard cheerily ringing in the neighboring village. Berthold mounted in terror his frightened horse, which he had bound to a tree, and hastened by the high road to the habitations of men.

Years fled away. Berthold lived in foreign climes, occupied in various and complicated affairs; yet not so completely absorbed in them as to lose all recollection of the family in the forest. On the contrary, he often thought of them with grief and longing; and as on his return home he found himself in the same part of the country, no considerations were strong enough to deter him from seeking carefully his former route, although the gloomy evening shades had again descended on the deserted forest. Again he stood before the hut, seeking shelter, and again kind cheerful faces crowded to the door; again the mother held the lamp, shading it carefully with her hand from the draft, while outside stood the grave, honest looking, hospitable father holding his horse. He begged the stranger to dismount and enter, and gave the animal in charge to one of his sons, though the countenances of all the family expressed but little welcome to the stranger, as soon as they recognized him.

The room looked the same as formerly. They drew near again to the table, but the place which the spirit had occupied, to Berthold's surprise, remained vacant as if his coming was expected. All were silent and looked up at each other in doubt; so that but one circumstance was wanting to complete the resemblance with the former meeting—but that was the best part—cheerful talk and merry songs.

Then the good coalman began to speak as follows:—"We do not know, sir, what happened between you and our household spirit many years since; but we have suffered no little sorrow, trouble, fear and anxiety in consequence. You are again to pass the night with us, and I wish from my heart you would summon up pious thoughts, so as not to disturb either him or us. I am sure you would not willingly again destroy our peace, even if you had nothing in your head and heart but gold and gain. But now silence all—it is the hour of prayer."

All folded their hands. The father took off his cap and began to sing—

"Now the woods are all at rest."

Berthold sang reverently with them, expecting every instant the appearance of the spirit in his former gentle form and demeanor. But no finger knocked, no door was opened; only a soft light shone through the room and a noise was heard like the tones of a harmonica.

The hour of family worship was no sooner over, than Berthold inquired of his host what was the meaning of the light and the singular sounds.

"That is the spirit," was the reply. "It is only in that manner that he now shows himself

to us. We have striven, though with prayer and faithful watching, to preserve our hearts and our thoughts pure and holy."

There was something in Berthold's heart which told him he was not worthy to remain there all night. He asked for his horse, but in a far different tone from that in which he had demanded him on his former visit, and in a far different frame of mind. The horse was brought, and the

family took leave of him, plainly seeing that his own feelings, though of no evil nature, drove him forth. They showed him the road he must take, and he rode on with other thoughts than when he had formerly traced it. No fantastic visions met his eye, but a clear light streamed from time to time before his path, and illuminated with its beautiful radiance the shrubs and trees of the mountain forest.

STANZAS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

COME, loved one! smile the gloom away
That clouds thy fair young brow;
Tears have not dimmed thy soft blue eye
For many a day, 'till now.
Believe me, thine are idle fears,
Mere airy nothing. Dry thy tears
That gush so warm and fast!
Strange! thou shouldst doubt the love, for thee,
That welled up unceasingly.

I hold thee fondly to my heart;
Again I tell the tale
Young passion murmured first to thee
At eve in shadowy vale;

Thy trembling hand is fast in mine—
I lay my warm cheek thus to thine,
And woo thee, even as when
My love tale in thy willing ear,
I poured, and saw thee weep to hear.

Now thou art happy! Dear one! why
Oh why thus doubt the love,
That hath, but thee, no polar star,
Save that which guides above?
If care weigh down my spirit, smile,
And care shall own the pleasant wile,
And half forget its gloom,—
But do not, dearest! thus be moved,
In fear thou art not wholly loved.

TO IANTHE.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

IANTHE! on that lofty brow
Thought sits as on a throne;
Yet, as thine eyes are beaming now
With love, and love alone,
My soul doth drink their beauty in;
As if by beauty nursed;
But Oh! the more it seems to win,
The more it is athirst.

Then frown not if I look, my dear,
Too fondly in thine eyes;
Or list with too intent an ear
Thy musical replies.
How can mine eyes not glass thine own,
When lovingly they shine;
Or how can I not list the tone
That tells me thou art mine.

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Oh! I could linger near thee, sweet!
From eve till morning's light,
And chide the Hours whose winged feet
Too swiftly chase the night.
So rapt am I, and thou so dear,
That churlish Time is all forgot;
And I but dream, when thou art near,
To wake when thou art not.

It hath a sad sweet sound—"Farewell!"
When loved lips murmur it;
For 'tis the breaking of a spell
We fain would bind us yet.
Then fades Love's rapturous mystery,
And slowly move the loitering Hours;
For bleak and bare Reality
Usurps the realm of flowers.

THAT HOLE IN THE POCKET.

IN this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We would complain loudly if a tax of that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add all that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way annually quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

It is now about a year since my wife said to me one day, "Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?" I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, "I've lost it, my dear; positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!" "I'll sew it up," said she.

An hour or two after, I met Tom Stebbins. "How did that ice-cream set?" said Tom. "It set," said I, "like the sun, gloriously." And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice-creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and, even when she assured me at breakfast next morning that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift my brow and say, "Ah! isn't there! really!"

Before a week had gone by, my wife, who like a dutiful helpmate as she is, always gave me her loose change to keep, called for a twenty-five cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; "there was a poor woman at the door," she said, "that she'd promised it to for certain." "Well, wait a moment," I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other; but vacancy returned a horrid groan. "On my soul," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets is left open."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Slackwater.

"Sure! ay, that I am, it's gone!" My wife

dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species "husband," I was very loath to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend, and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch made my blood run cold. But do not think Mrs. Slackwater is a Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her twenty-five cent piece, which I had invested, in smoke,—that is to say, cigars, and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloons pockets.

These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or at any rate no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; my pocket leaked worse and worse, even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rags slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate; as an Irish song says,

"And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'More,
That his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"Ned Bowen," said she, "has put down ten dollars."

"The more shame to him," I replied. "He can't afford it: he can but just scrape along any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it." My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and, as I had no objection, we started.

I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business that would give him about \$600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what that sum would do in the way of house keeping. We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by

Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been school-mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron; comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home but always want elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"What a pity," said I to my wife, "that Bowen don't keep within his income."

"He does," she replied.

"But how can he on \$600?" was my answer; "if he gives ten dollars to this charity and five dollars to that, and live so snug and comfortable too?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"Certainly, if you can."

"His wife," said my wife, "finds it just as easy to do without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars, or ice creams, or apples at one hundred per cent. on market price, or oranges at twelve cents a piece, or candy; or new novels, or rare works still more rarely used; in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets, too; they never have been in holes since that evening.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

O, it is life! departed days
Fling back their brightness while I gaze—
'Tis Emma's self—this brow so fair.
Half curtained in this glossy hair,
These eyes, the very home of love,
The dark twin arches traced above,
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—
It is—ah no!—'tis all *but* life.

'Tis all *but* life—art could not save
Thy graces, Emma, from the grave;
Thy cheek is pale, thy smile is past,
Thy love-lit eyes have looked their last;
Mouldering beneath the coffin's lid,
All we adored of thee is hid;
Thy heart, where goodness loved to dwell,
Is throbless in the narrow cell:
Thy gentle voice shall charm no more;
Its last, last, joyful note is o'er.

Oft, oft, indeed, it hath been sung,
The requiem of the fair and young;
The theme is old, alas! how old,
Of grief that will not be controlled,
Of sighs that speak a father's woe,
Of pangs that none but mothers know,
Of friendship with its bursting heart,
Doomed from the idol-one to part—
Still its sad debt must feeling pay,
Till feeling, too, shall pass away.

O say, why age, and grief, and pain,
Shall long to go, but long in vain;
Why vice is left to mock at time,
And gray in years, grow gray in crime;
While youth, that every eye makes glad,
And beauty, all in radiance clad,
And goodness, cheering every heart,
Come, but come only to depart;
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day,
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

'Tis darkness, all! black banners wave
Round the cold borders of the grave;
There when in agony we bend
O'er the fresh sod that hides a friend,
One only comfort then we know—
We, too, shall quit this world of woe;
We, too, shall find a quiet place
With the dear lost ones of our race;
Our crumbling bones with theirs shall blend,
And life's sad story find an end.

And *is* this all—this mournful doom?
Beams no glad light beyond the tomb?
Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels—the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime—
There, when the storms of life are past,
The light beyond shall break at last.

CAPTAIN ANDY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Good day, Master Andy; you have a prosperous time of it; plenty of water to work the mill, and plenty of corn to grind. Well, Captain, after all, peace is better than war."

Andy glanced, from under his white hat, one of those undefinable looks of quiet humor, perhaps the peculiar characteristic of an Irish peasant. He made no reply, but elevated his right shoulder, and drew his left hand across the lower part of his face, as if seeking to conceal its expression; "yer honor wouldn't be going to Taghmon this fine morning?"

"No, Captain."

"Well, now, Mr. Collins, dear, may I make so bould just to beg that you'd lave off calling me Captain; and give me my own dacent name—Andy, as yer honor used afore the 'Ruction,' and sure the peaceable time has lasted long enough to make ye forget it?"

"So, Captain (I beg your pardon), Andy—the peaceable times have lasted too long, you think."

"I ax yer honor's pardon, I said no sich a thing. May-be, if it was said, it would be nothin' but the truth; but that's ncither here nor there, and no business o' mine. The government's a good government—may-be, ay—may-be, no—and the king, God bless him!"—and he lifted his hat reverently from his head—"the king's a good king!"

"Ay, ay, I remember your famous flag, made out of the green silk curtain, and garnished with real laurel leaves, mounted on the top of a sapling ash, the motto, 'God bless the king, but curse his advisers!'"

"Well, yer honor has a mighty quare way, I must say, of repating gone-by things, and tazing a person, quite useless like."

The gentleman who had been amusing himself at the poor miller's expense, now assumed a more serious look and manner, and, placing his hand on his shoulder with kind familiarity—

"Andrew," said he, "when I speak seriously of by-gone days—of times of terror and blood-

shed, there is one feeling that absorbs every other—gratitude to the noble little Captain of the Bannow corps, who, when one of my own tenants declared 'it was the duty of every man in the division to spill Protestant blood, until the United men could stand in it knee-deep,' rushed forward, and baring his bosom, as he stood before me, called to his men to strike *there*, for that not a hair of my head should fall while he had arms to use in my defence."

The miller turned away for a moment, and then, taking off his hat, extended his broad hand to the gentleman, making sundry scrapes, and divers indescribable gestures.

"May I make so bould as to ax yer honor to walk in, and ate or drink something? and, besides, I had a little matther o' my own that I wanted to spake to you about: and, sure, ye need never think of what ye've jist mintoned; for if it hadn't been for yer good word, thim children o' mine would have had no father. I was ready enough to die for the cause like a man, dacently; but to be hung, jist for nothing, like a dog, was another thing. It'll never come to that wid me now, God be praised! To be sure, we all have our own notions; but I'll not meddle or make any more, in sich matters; for all the boys wanted to be commanders and gentlemen at once, and wouldn't be said or led by their betthers. But I ax pardon for talking, and ye standing outside the mill-house, when the woman, and the fire, and all's widin, that 'ud rejoice to see yer two feet on the harth-stone, even if it were of pure gould."

"Oh, then, kindly welcome, sir! Jenny, set a chair for the gentleman; arrah, bother, not that one wid the three legs! (Tim, is that the pattrern o' yer manners, to stand gnawing yer thumb there; where's yer bow? Mabby, set down the gawl, can't ye, and make yer curtsy.)—Sure it's proud we're of the honor," continued bustling Mrs. Andy, "and grateful; and what will yer honor take? (Tim, have

done picking the bread.)—A cruddy egg and a rasher, or some hot cake and frish butter, yer honor, as frish as the day, made wid my own hands. Jenny, quiet that child, will ye? Oh! Mabby, Mabby, run for the dear life; there's the ould pig—bad cess to her!—and all the bon-neens,* through the cabbages. I humbly beg yer honor's pardon (courtesying), but, may-be, yer honor would just taste——”

“Will ye hould yer whist, Biddy?” interrupted the Captain, stepping from the inner room, carrying a stone jar, and a long green bottle; “she has a tongue in her head, sir, and likes to use it,” he continued, placing both jar and bottle on the table; “but here's something fit for a mornin' for Saint Patrick himself, and yer honor must taste it—raale Innishown; or, if ye're too delicate (striking the jar), the likes o' this isn't in e'er a cellar in the county.” He filled a glass, and presented it to Mr. Collins, who looked at, tasted, and finally drank it off.

“It came from foreign parts, sir, as a little testimonial from one whose last gift it will be.”

“Indeed, Andy! pity such cordials should be last gifts.”

“True for ye, sir. Tim, make yer bow to the gintleman, and take yer ‘Voster’ out under the sunny hedge, and yer slate, my man, and do two sums in fractions, for practice. Jenny, woman, lift out your wheel, and see that yer brother minds the sums.”

“Don't ye see she's getting out the white cloth, for a snack for his honor? I wish ye'd let the girl alone; or, any way, lave her do my bidding,” continued the wife; “ye've no earthly dacency in ye, or ye'd ha' tould me his honor was coming in, and then I could have got something proper, not trusting to rashers and eggs, and yer outlandish drops;” and the angry dame, angry because she could not pay “his honor” sufficient attention, bustled about more than ever.

“The devil's in the woman! But—save us all!—they can't help it,” muttered Andrew; “may-be, while she's doing the eggs, yer honor would walk out, and look at the new spokes in the mill-wheel, and the little things I've been trying at; thank God, we've no middle-men in this parish, but resident landlords, who give every earthly encouragement to the improving tenant, and never rise the rint because the ground looks well; only a kind word, and every praise in life, and encourage ye wid odd presents: a wheel, a bale o' flax, or a lock o' wool to the girls; a new plough or harrow, or some fine seed potatoes to the boys; and that's the true rason

why the parish o' Bannow is the flower o' the country.”*

The neighboring fields, looked, indeed, beautiful; and the bright greenery extended, at either side, around the mill-stream; here and there, a gnarled oak, or a gay thorn tree, added interest to the landscape; while the sweet, waving willows, rooting themselves in the very depth of the rippling water, which, dancing between their trunks, and sparkling through their weeping foliage, formed a picture as calmly beautiful as even fruitful and merry England could supply. Andrew, from some cause or other, forgot the “new spokes” when he reached the mill-house with Mr. Collins, and peered behind the piled sacks, to ascertain that no one was in the small square room, which contained flour bags and piles of fresh grain, a long form, and sundry winnowing sheets, flails, and sifters.

“I have got something particular to say to yer honor, but couldn't for the woman; but I'll boult her out (fastening the door). Sure I'm king o' the castle here, any way. Oh! don't lane against thim bags, sir; there's no getting the white out o' the English cloth at all, at all. Sure the binch—(I wish yer honor was on the raale binch, and it's then we'd have justice!)—the binch 'll do the turn.” And Andy pulled off his wig, dusted with it the form, or, as he called it, “binch,” replacing the powdered “bob” over his own black hair, crossed his feet, gave the wig a settling pull, folded his arms, and leaning against the door-post, commenced the disclosure of his secret, in a confidential under-tone:—

“Yer honor remimbers ould times, I'm thinking?”—Mr. Collins smiled.

“And the Bannow corps?”—Another smile.

“Well; I know yer honor's sinsible that, though the boys would have me head thim, yet I nivir thought they'd have turned to the religion, and murdered the innocent craturs o' Protestants for nothin,' or, as God's my judge, I'd have let thim all go to Botany, afore I'd any hand in it; but that's all gone and past, and neither here nor there. Well; whin once I was in, I thought it right to behave myself properly. But there were bloody sins o' both sides, as nataral;—burnings and massacres—and all bad; and time was, whin I couldn't for the life o' me, tell which was

* This statement holds good to the letter. It is a common occurrence for the tenants of Mr. Boyse—even those who have no leases—to make him their banker; exhibiting to him the profits they make out of the land, not only with justifiable pride, but with perfect confidence that the more they make, the better pleased their landlord will be, and without the remotest dread that their increased prosperity will be a cause of rising the rent.

* Young pigs.

worst; only the poor Catholics had no arms, but the bits o' pikes, for the most part, to make fight wid. Och! it was bitter bad! Well, yer honor remimbers Thomas Jarratt, the farmer, who lived on the hill-side, far from kith or kin; a lone man, with one son, a wild chap—yet kindly; fierce—but gentle-like at times, and a generous boy; striking handsome, and prouder than many more rich and powerful nor himself. Well, he always had his own way; the poor father doted down on him; and, for many a day, he was the white-headed boy o' the whole country.

"Now, sir, dear, call another to mind. Ould James Corish, though suspected o' being a black Protestant (I ax pardon, but that was what they were called), was well counted by all his neighbors; he had seen a dale o' years, and there were not many happier; for his prosperity had lasted for more than half a hundred, and appeared sartin to continue for the remainder o' his days. He had a joyful fireside o' childer; but they were all gone excipt two: Mary, the eldest—so larned, so wise, and so charming; and James, a fine, gay boy, rising seventeen; thoughtless—but all are thoughtless, sir, before they mix in the world, to drink of its bitterness, or be marked by its corruption. It used to do my heart good, of a Sunday, to see that family passing on to their own church. The ould man, his silver hair falling over his shoulders; his two childer, the one wid her dark curls half hid under her straw hat, and her short scarlet petticoat, that set off the white stockings and slight ankles; the other looking so cheerful, his light blue eyes jumping out of his head wid innocent joy. Well, sir, young Thomas Jarratt cast an eye upon the colleen, and, as he was no ways a strict Catholic, ould Corish thought, may-be, he might answer for Mary, as he was well to do in the world; and, though he didn't get any grate encouragement—to say grate—yet, for all that, he went in and out, and the two boys were very much together, and no one dare look at Mary, on account o' young Tom. Yer honor remimbers the militia regiments; well, young Corish was drawed to go in thim."

"I do. I remember it well," replied Mr. Collins; "I was there the evening he went to join the Wexford militia. 'God bless you, my only boy!' sobbed the poor father; 'it's like spilling one's own blood, to fight against one's neighbors; but, God bless you, boy; do your duty, as your father did before you; only remember, a Protestant soldier need not be an Orangeman.' Mary neither spoke nor wept; but she pushed the curling locks from off her brother's brow, and mournfully gazed upon it; and when, laughing at her fears, he affectionately kissed her

cheek, still she looked sad; and long and anxiously did her eyes follow him, until his form was lost in the twilight mist, as he ascended the mountain of Forth."

"Poor cratur!—poor cratur!" sighed the miller; "well, sir, you know I was over-persuaded to join the boys, and we used to have little meetings in this very room, and I didn't care to let the wife know any thing of it, at first; but she found it out, somehow or other (the women are very 'cute), and was all against it; but she comed over a bit at the thought of my being a captain, and she, to be sure, a captain's lady; well, we hid a good many pikeheads in the grain, and sint more to the boys o' Watherford, into the very town, though it was under martial law at the time: but we hid them among brooms, and in sacks o' flour, and what not. The wife, one day, had crossed the Scar, to give a small sack o' barley-male to one at the other side, and who should she meet this side, and she comin' back, but young Thomas Jarratt. 'Good morrow, Mistress Andy,' says he. 'Good morrow kindly,' says she. 'May-be,' says he, 'ye won't tell a body where ye've been.' To be sure she up with the lie at once. 'That won't do for me,' says he; 'I know what ye're after, and good rason, too, for I'm sworn in; and, by the same token, the pass-word into your own mill-house is—green boy.' Well, she was struck quite comical, for she thought of his father's white head, and of the poor lad's own rosy cheek; but, above all, of sweet Mary Corish. 'Oh, Thomas!' says she, 'sure it wasn't my man that united ye; oh! think of yer old father, and the black-eyed girl that loves ye.' Och! the laugh he gave was heart-scalding. 'No,' says he, 'yer husband would call me a boy; and as to Mary, some one has come betwixt us, and she believes me bad, and ye know I wouldn't desave her,' and away he goes like a shot. For sartin, sorry was I when I hard it, but it was too true; Mary soon got the wind o' the word, and it was too late—he wouldn't lade nor drive; and it was one of the *Scarrogues* that drew him in, for which the same man niver had luck nor grace—for the boy was too young intirely to be brought into sich hardship. Well, I need'nt tell about thim times. Thomas flourished the green flag, and did it bravely; but, in the battle of 'The Rocks,' it was his fate to cut down the brother of poor Mary. James Corish, however, wasn't much hurt, and, wid others, was carried to the barn of Scullabogue. I had little power, excipt in my own regiment, and I couldn't help the mischief. Yer honor knows, better nor me, what that cratur, Mary, wint through."

"I remember, as if it were but yesterday," said Mr. Collins; "poor old James fled with

Mary to Ross, but the knowledge of her brother's danger came like a blight to her young heart, and long and eager were her inquiries as to the fate of the Wexford militia. A report reached her, that her brother was a prisoner in the barn of Scullabogue, and that the barn was to be set on fire that night or the next."

"I don't like to hear tell of that barn, at all, at all; but I should like to larn from yer honor how she made her way from Ross to Scullabogue; you were in the town at the time, so ye have a good right to know all about it."

"True, Andy; but what has that to do with your secret?"

"Och! more nor yer honor guesses, any way. I remimber her at the barn, but the cratur niver tould me how she got there."

"Poor thing!—she wrapped her blue mantle around her, and, with a blanched cheek, but a resolute eye and firm step, she passed the Ross sentries; the shades of night were thickening, yet the intrepid girl pursued her noiseless way towards the prison, or, perhaps, the grave of her brother. When some distance from Ross, she heard the trampling of horses; they drew nearer and nearer, and, for the first time, the necessity of avoiding the high road occurred to her. She concealed herself behind some furze, and, as they passed, their suppressed voices and disordered dress informed her to what party they belonged. She next trod her path across the country, over the matted common, and through the swampy moor; nor did her steps fail her, until within a mile or two of Scullabogue."

"Poor colleen!" said the miller.

"The grey mist of morning had succeeded the night, and the thrush and blackbird were hailing the dawning day, as Mary sank down, exhausted, on the greensward. 'Merciful heaven! she exclaimed, 'I am near—very near, yet I cannot reach it!' and she clasped her hands in silent, yet bitter agony. At this moment she saw a horse quietly grazing upon the common, and, with a desperate effort, rushed towards the spot, unfastened her cloak, and girthed it round the animal, like a pillion—sprang on its back—and, having previously converted the ribands of her hat into a bridle, at a fearless and quick pace she gained the main road, encountered the rebel outposts, passed them, by naming your name, and, at length, halted opposite the barn-door."

"Well, I mind it now, sir, as if but yesterday," interrupted Andy; "she looked like a banshee, in the early light; her black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes darting fire, as she flung herself off the panting baste. The officer over the door was—Thomas Jarratt."

"'And you, Thomas,' said she, quite distract-

ed-like, 'you here, a commander!—you know me well! The fire blazed for ye, the roof sheltered ye, the welcome smiled for ye in my father's house, since we were both childer. I have left my ould father, Thomas, and have come all alone, to ask these men my brother's life, or to tell them I will die with him!'

"'You are mad, Mary,' he answered: 'neither the Captain nor I could save him if we would: you, Mary, I can save; but as for James—there is too much Orange blood in the corps already.' That was the word he spoke. She fell on her knees, clenched her hands, and, in a deep, smothering voice, sobbed out, 'Let me see him, then; let me see James once—only once more!'

"The young man, without making answer, rushed into the barn, and, in a moment, returned, from crowds of famishing, death-doomed craturs, with James Corish. James thought they had brought him forth to the death, and he tried to draw up his fainting, bleeding, shadow-like body to meet it as a man; but when he saw his dear sister Mary, he would have sunk to the earth, had she not sprung to his side.

"'Now, mark me boys!' cried she, as, half turning from her brother, she kept him up with one arm,—now, mark me!—the man that forces him from me, shall first tear the limbs from my body. And if there be one amongst ye who denies a sister's claim to her dying brother, let him bury his pike in my heart, or burn me wid him.'

"She flung him on the nearest horse, and, mounting behind, guided the animal's bridle. The last sound of the galloping, and the last sight of her streaming black hair, were long gone, before hand or foot was moved; they stood like stocks and stones, even in the time of destruction, wondering at woman's love.* 'Fire the barn!' was the next sound I hard, and that from Thomas Jarratt's own mouth. I seized his arm. 'What do you mane?' said I. 'Fire the barn!' he repeated, stamping, and hell's own fire flashing, like lightning, from his blood-red eyes. 'Isn't he half murdered by this hand? he muttered to himself; 'and isn't she whole murdered, or worse?—for I know that, in twenty-four hours, she'll be either mad or dead. United Irishmen!' he screamed out, waving his flag, 'the soldiers are in Ross.' And, sticking his pike into a bresneugh, which some devils had lit, he rushed towards the door. I saw it was all over, so I shouted to the Bannow boys to close around their

* The circumstance here recorded is strictly true. I have seen my heroic countrywoman, Mary Corish often—but never without grief. The effort was too much for her mind, and her reason sank under it.

Captain; and, sure enough, out o' my two hundred and odd, there weren't five that didn't march home that day to their own cabins. Och! but the crackling, and the shrieks, and the yells, as we hurried on!"

The old miller covered his face with his hands, and pressed his rough fingers against his eyeballs as if to destroy such horrid recollections.

"Poor Mary!—she gained Ross in safety," said Mr. Collins, "and her father rejoiced much. James soon recovered; but we all know the wretched Thomas was right. When she arose from that fearful brain fever, her reason was perfectly gone. You are all kind to her, very kind. She seems more happy wandering about your mill, and gathering flowers for your children, than in her brother's farm house. I remember well old Jarratt's funeral. His son was killed; but, I believe, his body was never found."

"He was *not* killed, sir," replied the miller, looking earnestly at Mr. Collins. "Many a night after, he slept in this very room."

"Here, Andy!—what, here?—and you knew it?"

"Yer honor may say that, when it was myself put him in it."

"But, Andy, your own life was not then safe from the king's troops. How could you commit such a very imprudent action (to call it by no harsher term), as to harbor a proscribed man, when a rich price was set upon his body, dead or alive? And such a wretch, too! I am perfectly astonished!"

"No need in life for that last, sir. As to my own head, it was but loosely on my shoulders then—sure enough;—as to the prudence, it's not the character of the country;—as to the price set upon his head, none o' my breed, seed, or generation, were iver informers (my curse on the black word!) or iver will be, plase the Almighty. And as to his being a wretch—we are all bad enough, and to spare. But, had he murdered my own brother, and, after, come—ay, with the very blood upon his hands—and thrown himself upon my mercy—I'm a true-born Irishman, sir, who niver refused purtection, when wanted, to saint or sinner. But the fair and beautiful boy, to see him, and he dressed like an ould woman pilgrim; his cheek hollow, his eye dead, so worn; and no life in him, but bitther sorrow, and heavy tears for sin. We kept him here unknownst, as good as five weeks, and then shipped him off beyant seas far enough."

"But the money, Andy—how did you get money to fit him out?"

"Is it the money?—his father's land was canted; and, to be sure, he couldn't touch a pinny,

and he banned: but I'll tell ye who gave some of it—young James Corish. I knew the good drop was in him, and so I tould him all about it; and, says he, 'There have been many examples made of the misfortunate, misguided people, Andy,' says he; 'and if he did hew me down, why, 'twas in battle, and I'd ha' done the same to him; but the drink and the bad company made him mad; any way, he took me out o' the barn; and, more than all, sure *they* loved each other; and, more than all to the back o' that, doesn't the blessed word o' God tell us to love our enemies, and to do good to thim that ill use us? Sure, that's the true religion, Andy; and Catholic or Protestant can't turn their tongues to better than the words o' the gospel o' pace;' and, without more to do, he gives me twinty hard guineas, and a small bible, and I gave Thomas the bible on the sly; and, one way or other, we sint him clane out o' the land."

"And did you never hear of the unfortunate young man since?" inquired Mr. Collins.

"Did I not?—sure it was he sint me over the cordial ye tasted; and, more than all, sure he's come over himself, in the strange brig that's at the new quay."

"Good God!" said Mr. Collins, starting up; "he'll be hung as certainly as he lands."

"Och! no danger in life o' that," replied Andy, quietly.

"You're mad—absolutely mad!"

"I ax yer honor's pardon, I'm not mad; and sure it's nat'ral for him to wish to lave his bones in his own land."

"Leave his bones on a gibbet!" exclaimed the gentleman, greatly agitated.

"I wanted particular to spake to yer honor about it, as he is to land to-night, under the ould church, and Father Mike is to be there, and Friar Madden, and not more than oue or two others, excipt the poor boy that brought him over."

"As sure as he lands," said Mr. Colling, "he will be in the body of Wexford Jail in twelve hours."

"Well, that's comical, too," replied Andy, quietly,—"*sind* a dead body to Waxford Jail!"

Mr. Collins looked perplexed.

"Yer honor's not sinsible, I see; sure it's the dead body o' what was Thomas Jarratt that's come over; and, by the same token, a letter (the priest had it), written—(he had a dale o' schooling)—jist before the breath left him; and he prays us to lay his body in Bannow Church, as near the ould windy as convanient, without disturbing any one's rest; and, on account he doesn't wish a wake, he begs us, if we want him to have pace, to put him in the ground at twelve

o' the night, by the light of four torches. I can't see the use of the four, barring he took it from the little hymn—

‘Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on.’

“But it's hard telling dead men's fancies; be that as it may, the letther's a fine letther—as good as a sarmint; and he sint a handsome compliment to his reverence, but nothing said about masses; and he sint forty guineas to James Corish, and remimbered Mary; and more to myself than iver he got from me; but, says he, ‘I can pay the living, but what do the dead ask of me?’ And the boy that came over wid him (an ould comarade), that was forced to fly, for a bit of a scrape, nothing killin' bad, only a bit of a mistake, where a chap was done for, without any malice—only all a mistake; well, he tould me, though all worldly matthers prospered, his soul troubled him night and day, but he used to read the bible at times (sure it's the word o' God), and sob, and pray; and he wasted, while his goods increased; but where's the use o' my delaying yer honor now? I only want to ax ye if there's any thing contrary to law, in landing and burying the poor ashes to-night?”

“Nothing that I know of, certainly.”

“But is yer honor sartin sure about it? Becase, if there was any earthly doubt, I'd not go against the law now, the least bit, for the price o' the 'varsal world; and sure I'd go to the grave any time, night or day, to keep the cratur asy, only, if it's against the law——”

“I assure you, Andy, it is not,” replied Mr. Collins; “and if you will allow me, I should like to be there myself; it is wild and singular, and Father Mike will not object, I dare say.”

“Och! yer honor's kind and good.”

It was agreed that they should meet at twelve that night. Mr. Collins, of course, partook of Mrs. Andy's hospitality, and, exchanging kindly greetings with the honest miller's family, turned his steps homeward.

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Collins gained the cliffs that overhang the little harbor of Bannow; the moon was emerging from some light, fleecy clouds, that shaded, without obscuring, her brightness, and, as she mounted higher in the heavens, her beams formed a silvery line on the calm waters, that were fleetly crossed by a small boat: at the prow stood a tall, slight figure, enveloped in a cloak, and, on the strand, four or five men were grouped, in earnest conversation. The path Mr. Collins had to descend was unusually steep, and various portions of fallen cliff made it difficult, if not dangerous. As he passed along, he thought the shadow of a

human form crossed his way; but the improbability of such an event, and the flickering light, made him forget the circumstance, even before he joined the priest and Andy on the beach. No word was spoken, but hands were silently grasped in hands, and they prepared to assist in the landing of the coffin; it was large, covered with black cloth, and on the lid—“Thomas Jarratt, aged 42,” was inscribed. The simple procession quickly formed. The priest and friar lighted each a torch; the young man who brought the body over, still shrouded in his cloak, supported the head of the coffin; Andy and another bore the feet; and the remaining torches, and Mr. Collins, brought up the singular procession. As they slowly ascended, the torches threw a wild, red light over the mounds of cliff, fringed with sea moss and wild flowers, fragments of dark rock, and tangled furze, which the hardened soil appeared incapable of nourishing. When they had nearly arrived at the highest point, Mr. Collins distinctly saw the passing shadow he before imagined he had observed, fade, as it were, behind a broken mass, composed of earth and rock; at the same moment, all the party perceived it; the priest commanded a halt, and murmured an Ave Mary.

“What was it?” whispered one.

“Lord presarve us!—it's lucky they're wid us; no blight can come where the priests do be,” replied Andy.

Without further hinderance, they crossed the grassy plain that extends between the ruined church and the cliffs, and entered the long aisle, where no more—

“The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.”

If there be a solitude like unto that of the sepulchre, it is the solitude of ruins. In mountain loneliness you may image an unpeopled world, fresh from God's own hand—pure, bright, and beautiful, as the new-born sun; but a mossgrown ruin speaks powerfully, in its loneliness, of gone-by days—of bleached and marrowless bones.

All was silent as the hollow grave which yawned at their feet. The innocent birds, that nestled among the wall-flowers and ivy, frightened at the unusual light, screamed and fluttered in their leafy dwellings. The moon shone brightly through the large window, as the bearers rested the coffin on the loose earth.

“He requested,” said Father Mike, addressing Mr. Collins, “that his body should be placed in the ground without so much as a prayer for the repose of his soul—that was heathenish; yet his other words were those of a penitent and a Christian.”

The coffin was deposited in its narrow home;

and Andy held the torch over the grave, to ascertain that all had been properly managed.

The priest, the friar, and Mr. Collins, stood fixed in silent prayer, and the passing night-breeze shook the withered leaves from the dark overhanging ivy. Each individual was surrounded by the urns and tombs of his ancestors; nay, more, by those of relatives, who, in the bud or blossom of life, had passed away, and were no more seen; and it was not to be wondered at, that the silent power of death, and the everlasting doom of eternity, pressed heavily on the hearts of them all at that midnight hour. At this very moment, a dark shadow obscured the cold moonbeams that streamed from the window; a piercing shriek echoed along the broken walls; and, even while their eyes were fixed on a female, who stood, with streaming hair and extended arms, on the large window-frame—she sprang from the elevation, with unerring bound, into the open grave, and echo was again awakened by the fearful sound made by her feet upon the coffin-lid.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Andy, as he raised the light, "it's Mary Corish!"

She seized the torch from the astonished miller, lowered it, so as to read the inscription, which she distinctly repeated, and fell, without farther

motion, on the coffin of him she had loved, even in madness. They raised her, tenderly, out of the grave, but the pulses of life were slackening, and the film of approaching death was stealing over the wild brightness of her eyes.

"She is passing," said Mr. Collins, chafing her damp temples as he spoke; "poor Mad Mary!"

"I am not mad," she murmured, and her utterance was very feeble—"not mad now; I was so, and ye all pitied me; God bless ye! I know you—and you—and you—and I know him—that's —" with a last effort she turned towards the grave, looked into it, and expired.

No one could ever discover how she was apprized of the intended funeral; but, as she was always wandering about the sea-shore, it was supposed she had overheard some of the conversation that had occurred on the subject.

Poor Mary!—the innocent children who gather ocean-weed and many-tinted shells on the strand of Bannow, when they see the white sea-bird seeking its lodging in the clefted rock, after the sun has set, and the grey mist is rising, if to shield the repose of nature, softly and fearfully whisper to each other, that it is time to return to their homes, for that Mad Mary's ghost will be flitting around the aged church of Bannow.

For Arthur's Magazine.

IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR

OF THE 'OLD OAKEN BUCKET.'

In regions of light and ineffable beauty,
The pilgrims of time find a haven of rest,
Where the cares of this life, and each perplexing
duty,

Are forgotten or seem like a dream at the best—
The world's darkest frown, the reverses it brought us,
So unlike the visions of magical youth,
The sad disappointment, the lesson it taught us,
Will all be expunged at the fountain of truth—
That fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

That fount thou hast hailed, as a far distant treasure,
Yes, oft when thy heart, has been weary and sore
From the world's chilly smile, its fast fading pleasure,
How sweet to resort to its mystical store,
To muse on perfection, on that mighty power,

New Allany, Ia

That fashioned the heart in its intricate mould,
Who gave light to the earth and life to the flower—
And the dew-drop that lies in its innermost fold—
The fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

Inspiration divine, like the sun's lucid light,
Dispels the dark spots from the mind's clouded sky,
Revealing at once, to the enraptured sight,
Beautified vision that never can die—
In that spiritual land, where the harrassed souls rest
In pavilions of bliss where the amaranth blows,
There the bright wing of love spreads a light o'er the
blest,
And the clear chrystal fountain of truth ever flows,
That fountain of life, that clear blessed fountain,
That pure holy fountain of goodness and truth.

M. C.

For Arthur's Magazine.

FASHION.

BY AN UTILITARIAN.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

BURNS.

THERE are few things in which the folly of fools, and the wisdom of wise men are more apparent, than in a blind subservience, or sturdy indifference, to the prevailing fashion. As most fashions are originated by individuals, the multitude are at best but imitators, and where extraordinary attention is paid to the exterior, we may be pretty well satisfied that the interior suffers from neglect,—this has grown into a proverb, so that we never look at a gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, without a conviction that we have seen the best of him, that there is nothing underneath worth investigating. It would be puzzling to assign a proper reason for this conclusion. It is intuitive, but unaccountable; nevertheless, experience shows it to be true, for, although men who study dress frequently are well educated, and possessed of a certain degree of knowledge, it is the knowledge of the parrot. Every expression denotes their shallowness—the destitution of powerful mind—the deficiency of that thought which gives character to individuals, and removes them from the unthinking mass.

Much that is amusing, as well as serious misfortunes, have sprung from fashions. In most cases the different modes have been invented to hide deformity; as patches, much worn in the last century, were introduced by a lady who had a wen in her neck; and wigs, because one of the Dauphines of France had a high shoulder, and a wig prevented the difference from appearing. Sometimes a very beautiful lady chanced to have an unequal hip, and was necessitated to pad, whereupon all the ladies followed her example. Charles the VII. of France invented long coats to hide his ill-made legs; and shoes, with points two feet long, were introduced by Henry Plau-

tagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal an excrescence on his foot.

In past times, fashions invariably originated with court gallants, the various grades below imitating them as well as their means would permit.

A curious anecdote is related in old Camden's remains of a method adopted by some gentleman to cure a shoemaker of imitation in dress. The style is so quaint, that we give his own language.

"Sir Philip Calthrop, purged John Drakes the shoemaker, of Norwich, in the time of King Henry the VIII. of the proud humor which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut. This knight bought, on a time, as much fine French tawney cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the tailor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said tailor's, and seeing the knight's gown cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the tailor to buy him as much of the same cloth, and price to the same extent, and further bade him to make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after, the knight coming to the tailor's to take the measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the tailor whose it was? Quoth the tailor, it is John Drakes the shoemaker, who will have it made of the same fashion that yours is made of! "Well! said the Knight, "in good time be it! I will have mine made as full of cuts as the shears can make it." "It shall be done," said the tailor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the tailor's until Christmas day, for serving of his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear at the tailor, for the making his gown after that sort.

"I have done nothing," quoth the tailor, "but that you bid me, for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours?" "By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentleman's fashions again."

Had this man been blessed with mind enough to understand his own intrinsic respectability; had he been wise enough to know that, in all commercial countries, those who follow commerce are the real props of the state, the real advancers of its wealth and power, he would not have made himself ridiculous by imitating the follies of those who falsely considered themselves his superiors.

In the reign of Charles V. of France, gentlemen wore their pantaloons, or breeches as they were then called, so absurdly tight, that the king was compelled to pass an edict to secure proper respect for propriety. In the time of Elizabeth of England, the reverse fashion flourished; beaux were accustomed to wear that article of clothing so large that rags, feathers, and other light matters, were used to fill them out. At the same time the ladies wore hoops. So that between the two extremes, a couple of lovers would have had some difficulty to take each other by the hand. In Elizabeth's reign the gallants wore deep ruffs and long rapiers, and he who could display the deepest and longest, was the finest gentleman. The folly at length became so intolerable, that a proclamation was made against them, and citizens set at different gates to enforce observance, in prosecution of which duty many serious disasters occurred. This same Elizabeth, when she died, left no fewer than three thousand different habits. In later days, even Queen Victoria, about whom so much has been said, has not disdained to avail herself of her power to control the fashions, and introduced long dresses to conceal her large feet and thick ankles.

The folly of imitating these absurdities needs no comment. It would be as reasonable for all men to cut off their legs because one individual happened to have lost those useful members, as for all men to follow fashions only adapted for a few. The absurdity of such proceedings might be illustrated by numerous facetious instances, but as our efforts are for the *utile* not the *dulce*, we would fain draw wholesome conclusions, rather than make witty comparisons, the more so, as our wit is somewhat like the young lady's drawing of her cow, requiring to be ticketed in order that other people may understand what it is intended for.

A proper attention to cleanliness and propriety in dress is absolutely essential to the well being of society, at the same time that in individuals it shows a well regulated mind. Men and women should dress in the style which best suits them, always taking care to avoid outraging common sense. One man has awkward feet and wears large shoes to hide them, but it is thoroughly ridiculous for those who have small feet to wear large shoes, merely because it is the fashion; in like manner, all fashions that are adopted to hide a deformity or display a beauty are consistent only for those who have similar beauty or ugliness. The nearest approach to nature, properly consulting ease and comfort, will ever be the most becoming attire. We are improving in this respect, yet still remain a long way from perfection, a fact too plainly illustrated by the numerous distorted shapes that pain our sight as we walk the streets. If the Venus de Medici be the standard of feminine symmetry, how very far the present generation is removed from it!

Many are the mischiefs attendant upon a too rigid adherence to fashion,—ill health for some, loss of time to others, and to not a few, pecuniary difficulties; all of which a little reason would enable us to avoid. The good opinions of sensible people can never be secured by our being fashionably dressed, and as it is only the silly and insignificant who measure our mental ability according to the cut of our coats, or our moral worth by the texture of our vests, surely, dress cannot be of so much consequence as it is supposed.

There are some people, who, in their Quixotic abhorrence of fashionable dressing, run into the other extreme, often times degenerating into slovenliness and filth, in the fallacious belief, that utter negligence of attire is indicative of wisdom. It is almost unnecessary to say that this merely evinces an ill regulated mind. Even if genius and slovenliness were indigenous to each other, men may be highly useful members of society without either. Men of genius are not always the best citizens—where nature bestows remarkable abilities, she not unfrequently gives glaring faults, and however we may worship genius, it generally requires to be done at a distance,—a world of geniuses would be a very miserable one. The man of good sense, cultivated intellect, and benevolent feelings, does more immediate good than the mighty master mind—genius benefits posterity, respectable mediocrity its own era.

Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear

One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. VIII.—THE HOUSE SPARROW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In birds as men there is a strange variety,
In both your dandies and your *petits maitres* ;
Your clowns, your grooins, in feathered legs or
gaiters ;
Your hawks, and gulls, and harpies to satiety.
On sea or land, it matters not an ace,
You find the feathered or the unfeathered race
Of bipeds, showing every form and figure,
But every where the sharp-clawed and the bigger—
Falcons that shoot, and men that pull the trigger—
Still pressing on the lesser and forlorn :
'Tis hard to bear, yet it must be borne,
Although we walked about in wrath and scorn,
To see the hectoring, lording, and commotion
For ever going on in earth or ocean !
The conquerors fierce ; those thievish chaps the
lawyers,
That chirp and gabble, wheedle and bamboozle ;
The jackdaw race of pleaders, the pert cawyers
In their gray wigs, the sober rooks that puzzle :
Land-sharks, and pirates both of sea and land ;
Your cormorants acting the sedate and grand :
The singers, and Paganinis,
Who filch your fruit, and pocket up your guineas ;
The tomtit, mime ;—the wren, small poet ;
The silly creatures that by scores
Nurse cuckoo-imps, that out of doors
Have turned their children, and they never know it !

I walk in cities, 'mong the human herds,
And then I think of birds :

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I walk in woods among the birds, and then
I think of men !
'Tis quite impossible in one or other
To walk and see not—man and bird are brother.
The owl can't see in daylight ;—
Oh no ! he's blind and stupid—
A very fool,—a blockhead plain to see !
But just step out and look at him at night,
When 'all the world is slumbering, save he—
My word ! you'll find him then as brisk as Cupid !
With open eyes and beak that has the knack
To snap up mouse or rabbit by the back !
The owl in hollow oak—the man in den,
Chamber, or office, dusky and obscure,
Are creatures very heavy and demure ;
But soon their turn comes round, and then,
Oh, what sharp claw and pitiless beak have they
To feather, fleece and worry up their prey !

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"
So sang the noble bard, who, like the swallow,
Flew through far climes and soared where few can
follow.

'Tis true : and therefore still we find
That gentle spirits love the robin,
That comes, as Wordsworth says, "when winds are
sobbing ;"

Pecks at your window ; sits upon your spade,
And often thanks you in a serenade.
But what is it that brings about you
That pert, conceited good for nothing Sparrow,

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Which seems to say, "I'd do as well without you,"
 Yet, never for a second,
 Night or day,
 Will be away,
 Though hooted, shot at, nor once coaxed or beckoned?
 In town or country—in the densest alley
 Of monstrous London—in the loneliest valley—
 On palace-roof—on cottage-thatch,
 On church or chapel—farm or shop,
 The Sparrow's still "the bird on the house-top."
 I think 't was Solomon who said so,
 And in the bible having read so,
 You find that his ubiquity
 Extends itself far up into antiquity.
 Yes, through all countries and all ages
 While other birds have sung in woods or cages,
 This noisy, impudent, and shameless varlet,
 Though neither noble, rich, nor clad in scarlet,
 Would have the highest place without the asking.
 Upon your roof the lazy scamp is basking—
 Chirping, scuffling, screaming, fighting,
 Flying and fluttering up and down
 From peep of day to evening brown.
 You may be sleeping, sick, or writing,
 And needing silence—there's the sparrow
 Just at your window—and enough to harrow
 The soul of Job in its severest season.
 There—as it seemeth, for no other reason
 But to confound you—he has got,
 Up in the leaden gutter burning hot,
 Every low scapegrace of the sparrow clan,
 Loons of all ages, grandsire, boy and man,
 Old beldame Sparrow, wenches bold,
 All met to wrangle, raffle, rant and scold.
 Send out your man—shoot! blow to powder
 The villainous company, that fiercer, louder,
 Drive you distracted. There—bang! goes the gun,
 And all the little lads are on the run
 To see the slaughter;—not a bird is slain—
 There were some feathers flew—a leg was broke
 But all went off as if it were a joke—
 In comes your man—and there they are again!

Of all the creatures that were set
 Upon two legs, there's nothing to be met,
 Save some congeners in our own sweet race,
 Made of such matter, common, cocket, base,
 As are these Sparrows! Would that some magician,
 Philosopher or chemist would but show us
 What 'tis that constitutes the composition
 Of certain men in town, who drive, or row us,
 Cads, jarvies, porters of a low degree,
 Haunters of theatre, tavern, and coach-doors,
 Men all alert in dust and misery;
 Men made to elbow, bustle, cheat or steal,
 Careless of scorn, incapable to feel
 Indignity or shame—vulgar and vain,
 Hunger and cold their only sense of pain.

Just of the class, amongst all feathered things,
 Is this Jack Sparrow. He's no bird that sings,
 He makes no grand pretences; has no fine
 Airs of high breeding,—he but wants to dine.
 His dress is brown, his body stiff and stout,
 Coarse is his nature, made to prog about.
 What are his delicate fancies? who e'er sees

The Sparrow in his sensibilities?
 There are the nightingales, all soul and song,
 Moaning and warbling the green boughs among.
 There are the larks, that, on ethereal wing,
 Sing to high Heaven as heavenly spirits sing;
 There are the merle, the mavis, birds whose lays
 Inspired the minstrel songs of other days.
 There are the wandering tribes, the cuckoo sweet;
 Swallows that singing on your chimnies meet,
 Through spring and summer, and anon are flown
 To lands and climes to sages yet unknown.
 Those are your poets—birds of genius;—those
 That have their nerves and feel refined woes.
 But these Jack Sparrows,—why, they love, far more
 Than all this singing nonsense, your barn-door!
 They love your cherry tree, your rows of peas,
 Your ripening corn crop, and to live at ease!
 You find no Sparrow in the far-off woods—
 No, he's not fond of hungry solitudes.
 He better loves the meanest hamlet; where
 Aught 's to be had, the Sparrow will be there,
 Sturdy and bold, and wrangling for his share.
 The tender linnet bathes her sides and wings
 In running brooks and purest forest springs.
 The Sparrow rolls and scuffles in the dust—
 That is his washing, or his proper rust.

Before your carriage, as you drive to town,
 To his base meal the Sparrow settles down;
 He knows the safety-distance to an inch,
 Up to that point he will not move or flinch;
 You think your horse will crush him—no such
 thing;
 That coachman's whip might clip his fluttering wing,
 Or take his head off in a twink—but he
 Knows better still, and liveth blithe and free.
 At home he plagues the martin with his noise—
 They build, he takes possession and enjoys;
 Or if he want it not he takes it still,
 Just because teasing others is his will.
 From hour to hour, from tedious day to day,
 He sits to drive the rightful one away.
 At home, abroad, wherever seen or heard,
 Still is the Sparrow just the self-same bird;
 Thievish and clamorous, hardy, bold, and base,
 Unlike all others of the feathered race.
 The bully of his tribe—to all beyond
 The gipsy, beggar, knave, and vagabond!

It may be thought that I have here dealt hard
 measure to the Sparrow, but the character I have
 given of him will be recognised, by those who
 know him as true. Cowper calls them a thievish
 race, that, scare as often as you please,

As oft return, a pert, voracious kind:

and that every farmer knows them to be. What
 multitudes do you see dropping down upon
 or rising from the wheat as it is ripening in the
 fields. Formerly a price was set upon their
 heads, and eggs, by country parishes. In many
 places a penny was given for a Sparrow's
 head, and the same for three or four eggs; but

this is now done away with, and the farmer must destroy them himself, or pay dearly for it in his corn.

Nothing can exceed the self-complacency of this bird. You see him build his nest amongst the richest tracery of a church roof or window; within the very coronet or escutcheon set over the gate of hall or palace. We saw this summer, the hay and litter of his nest hanging out from the richly-cut initial letters of William and Mary, over one of the principal windows of Hampton Court. Nay, he would build in a span-new V. R. set up only yesterday, or in the queen's very crown itself, though it were worth a kingdom, if it were only conveniently placed for his purpose. He thinks nothing too good for him.

But the most provoking part of his character is, the pleasure which he takes in teasing, molesting, and hectoring over birds of the most quiet and inoffensive nature. He builds about your houses, and thinks no other bird has any business to do the same. The martin, which loves to build under the eaves of our dwellings, after crossing the seas from some far country, has especially to bear his insolence and aggressions. There is a pretty story in the "Evenings at Home," of two of those interesting birds, who had their nests usurped by a Sparrow, getting together their fellows, and building him up in the nest, where he was left a prisoner amid his plunder. But the gentleness of the martin is so great, that such an instance of poetical justice is more curious than likely to occur a second time. But every summer the Sparrow lords it over the martin, and frequently drives it away by its impertinence. We watched his behaviour this year with a good deal of attention. Two pairs of martins came and built their nests beneath the eaves of the stable, near each other. Scarcely were their nests half finished, when several sparrows were seen watching on the tiles close to them, chirping loudly and conceitedly, and every now and then flying at the martins. The nests, however, were completed; but no sooner was this done, than the sparrows took possession of them and lined them with coarse hay, which is an abomination to the martin, which lines its nest with the softest feathers. Having witnessed this,

we waited for about ten days, by which time we supposed the sparrows would have laid their eggs; and a ladder was set up, in order to inflict just retribution on them, by taking the whole. But judge of our surprise, there was none. The hay was therefore carefully removed, that the martins, if they pleased, might retake possession; but the very next day, the nests were again filled with hay, and long bents of it hung dangling from the entrance-hole. The sparrows had, with wonderful assiduity and as it were with a feeling of vindictive spite, relined the nests with as much hay as they ordinarily carry to their own nests in several days. Now it was supposed that they would really lay in these nests, but no such thing,—they never did. Their only object had been to dislodge the martins, for it was found that these very sparrows had nests of their own in the water-spouts of the house, with young ones in them, at the very time, and their purpose of ousting the martins from their own nest being accomplished, the hay remained in the nests quietly all summer.

But this was not all. The poor martins, driven from the stable, came now to the house; and, as if for special protection, began to build their nests under the roof, nearly over the front door. No sooner was this intention discovered by the sparrows, than they were all in arms again. They were seen watching for hours on the tiles just above, chirping, strutting to and fro, flying down upon the martins when they came to their nests with materials, and loudly calling upon their fellow sparrows to help them to be as offensive as possible. The martins, however, rendered now more determined, persisted in their building, and so far succeeded as to prevent the sparrows getting more than a few bents of hay into their nests when complete. The martins laid their eggs; but for several times successively, the sparrows entered in their absence, and hoisted out all the eggs, which, of course, fell to the ground and were dashed to pieces. Provoked at this mischievous propensity of the sparrows, we now had them shot at, which had the desired effect. One or two of them were killed,—the rest took the hint, and permitted the martins to hatch and rear their young in peace.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

THE moments fly—a minute's gone;
The minutes fly—an hour is run!
The day is fled the night is here!
Thus flies a week—a month—a year.

A year—alas! how soon it's past:
Who knows but *this* may be my last!
A few short years, how soon they're fled,
And we are numbered with the dead.

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.*

BY ADELA.

A GREAT improvement has, within a few years, been made in the manner of conducting the education of children, both physically and mentally. Perhaps a very little more exercise is taken by the pupils in some schools. More frequently the scholars become interested in the studies they are pursuing, and more pains is taken by the teachers to render learning attractive. In some instances the moral feelings of the children are cared for, and goodness is not presented to their eyes clad in a robe of puritanical stiffness. Yet, these cases are *very* rare, and, often, the best and purest impulses of the young heart are altogether unheeded; it is too much trouble to watch the sweet unfolding of the affections, and the cultivation of the intellect is generally all a teacher thinks of. In our fashionable seminaries the manners are sedulously attended to, but these *very* manners savor of affectation. The principal teacher in many schools has very little to do with her pupils. With a stately step she enters the school-room in the morning, and begins the exercises by reading the Bible and prayer. (I do not say all teachers are so, only those I have had an opportunity of seeing). Perhaps during the day she comes in a few times, looks over a sum or hears a lesson, besides attending to her one or two regular classes. Real politeness is sometimes

half checked; we see girls of twelve and fourteen, putting on the most dignified and chilling airs towards those who may not be wealthy, or are not spirited and attractive enough to claim consideration. The greatest benefit such female institutions have conferred on the community, is the banishment of the rod. In other schools punishments are devised with a degree of rapidity that would be half incredible to some people. A child often receives a box on the ear, or has a red flannel tongue hanging from a pair of rosy lips, when a smile of approbation might better be bestowed. Often the gentle affections of childhood are repressed; and, doubtless, many a man and woman can remember that the intensity of darker passions was first called forth in the school room. Can we wonder, then, that people grow up harsh, cold and selfish, when the flowers that *would* have blossomed in the wilderness garden of the youthful heart, are crushed back by the hands that should have trained them to send forth for ever the sweet perfumes of goodness?

If we would see mankind all it should be, we must care for the young, and so lead the inclinations of children that, in after years, they may find it a comparatively easy task to restrain their evil propensities and yield ever to the whispers of true humanity! There never yet was a human being who had not enough of the Deity in his soul, to gain the ascendancy over evil. Many are naturally very base; but so much the more need is there, that in childhood only the higher affections need be strengthened.

These thoughts were brought to mind by reflecting on various circumstances that happened in my school days. One of my teachers I remember particularly. I see her before me now, with her cold dark eyes, and pale complexion, her straight shining hair combed back from her forehead, and her calm mouth which so seldom displayed her pearly teeth in a smile on us children. Our school consisted of about sixty pupils, and was kept in a pleasant basement under a large church. Some of the younger children

* This sketch, penned with so much artlessness and pathos, cannot fail to make an impression on the minds of all who read it. Doubtless, every word is true as it is written. It is only when we look back to our own childhood, that we can appreciate the wrongs of childhood. Reminiscences of this kind are highly useful: they awaken in the minds of parents a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them in regard to the selection of wise, judicious, and humane teachers for their children. A good teacher will bring out and strengthen the good qualities in a child; and a bad teacher the bad ones. We can remember well the effect upon us of a harsh, passionate, tyrannical teacher. To this day the ill consequences remain. Let every parent read the following deeply interesting sketch. It will well repay the perusal.—EDITOR.

were boys, and they, together with the *little* girls, were under the care of a sister of Miss Y——'s, who was about sixteen. She was pleasant and kind hearted, and a great favorite with the *large* girls as we called ourselves, though few of us had numbered more than ten or twelve years. One of Miss Louisa's pupils was a boy about four years old; he strongly resembled a little brother of mine, who had died a year previous. I almost fancied our Willie was again before me, as I gazed on the child's large blue eyes, and soft bright brown hair. He was about the same size, and his round innocent face, was to me full of beauty. I loved him with a strange devotion; when he looked up into my face and smiled, my heart filled with a troubled tenderness, and the pale sweet corpse of our Willie seemed to say, that the fair child before me, would soon be called to lie in the grave. I sometimes thought my heart would break, as a harsh word to my sweet Henry, recalled the angry tones in which I had often spoken to our little brother. I remembered how I had caught hold of his little hand, and half laughing, half angry, dragged him forward when returning from school. He sat on the curbstone, under the shade of a large willow tree, and to my impatient questions only answered,

"I am so tired."

"You mean you want to play in the street," said I. "Ma says I must bring you home with me. Come, Willie!"

He rose, and holding by my hand walked along, until we reached the house next our own. "I'm so tired," he said, again, and he sat on the step to rest his little aching form. I did not dream of sickness, and supposed if I left him a moment, he would start up and run away; therefore I stood by him and begged and scolded until I got him into the house. He did not complain, and none of us noticed that he appeared sick. The next day he attended school as usual; but when he returned, instead of going out to play, he laid on the parlor floor. Mother was not at home, and we younger children hung over him, and promised him our most cherished playthings, if he would romp about as usual. He turned over, but his blue eyes did not brighten, and his faint, wailing cry, contrasted strangely with the glad shouting mirth we were accustomed to hear. We then knew he was sick, and bringing a pillow for his little head, we laid ourselves softly on the carpet beside him; we knew not how to relieve his pain, except by being quiet. Mother soon came, and he was removed to the bed where he lingered during one short week of suffering,—then his young spirit went to heaven.

How well I remember the morning they roused us from our careless slumbers, and told us he

was dying. We were dressed in haste, and with noiseless steps we hurried to the dark chamber where he lay. The foam was gathering on his white lips, and his struggling breath came hard; one fair hand lay across his bosom. His blue eyes were open, yet he knew us not. Oh! my angel brother, why do I dwell on thy last hours? All these thoughts came over me when Henry was near, and there was a trembling tenderness in my love for him, that I never had felt towards our laughing Willie. When he was grieved, it fell upon my heart like a reproach for my thoughtless unkindness towards the dear angel who had gone. It seems almost strange, now, when I call to mind the intense love I bore that child;—the yearning, half painful tenderness that filled my childish bosom, as I parted from him when school was over. How many times have I turned my head to see that no other boy hurt him or took away his playthings! Often I have seen him about to join the plays of the larger boys, when they have driven him rudely back, without heeding his look of disappointment, his tearful eye, and quivering lip! To me he seemed almost holy, for he was ever mingled with thoughts of our youngest darling.

His dear smile was at times subdued, as if his young spirit was half checked in its innocent glee. From the little I learned of his family, I know they were very poor; indeed little Henry's dress betrayed it. I have an indistinct remembrance of hearing that his father was a drunkard, and unkind to his children. Perhaps this was the reason he was so far from being a favorite with the teacher. He was never excused from a punishment, as children belonging to better families often were. One day he either spoke or laughed aloud. "Who was that?" asked Miss Y——, turning sternly around to where the child sat. He remained perfectly motionless, but his glad voice was hushed. "Come here; master Henry!" said the teacher, fixing her eyes upon him. He did not stir.

"Do you hear me?" she repeated, in a louder voice. The poor child rose and slowly walked to her chair. She took up her penknife, which was on the table by her, and in a heartless tone, said to the frightened child,

"Now I shall cut your tongue out, and then we'll see if you can make as much noise!" An expression of agonising fear came over his face, his little lip curved and trembled, and his eyes, in which the big tears stood ready to fall, watched the motion of her hand with a mingled look of terror and beseeching pain. She took hold of his arms, he did not struggle to escape, he dared not; for a moment his bosom heaved, his breath came quickly, and then his childish heart gave way.

That cry rang through the silent school room, and the little ones grew pale, as they watched him with a breathless sympathy. Our desk was very near Miss Y——'s seat; I, therefore, could see with perfect distinctness. Never in all my life since then, can I recall a moment more full of intense anguish; there was in my heart a strange mingling of strong love and bitter hate. How I wished then that I might be a woman to rescue that child from torture. I felt that no suffering would repay Miss Y—— for her cool, deliberate cruelty towards that child, on whom I had lavished the most sacred feelings my young heart had ever known. The burning blood rushed over my face. I did not wish to betray the agony of tenderness that mingled with other feelings; with a powerful effort I held back my fast rising tears. When his cry smote my ear, a single drop rolled over my cheek. I dashed it quickly aside; a choking sensation came over me, and I raised the lid of my desk, to hide the emotions too plainly depicted on my face. Miss Y——'s voice rose clear and distinct above Henry's quick heaving sobs. "I'll try something else, and see how you like to be tied to that pillar."

I felt at that moment, as if I would have given worlds to have turned her anger from that little trembling creature to myself. Under a sudden impulse, I closed the lid of my desk, and turning to a little girl who sat next me, said in a loud agitated whisper, "Isn't she hateful?"

My schoolmate did not answer, but placed her finger on her lip, and looked at me imploringly.

"I don't care if I do speak and break the rules!" I said again, then turned and met Miss Y——'s large black eyes fixed on my face. At any other time I would have shrunk from that expression; but now I was excited, and I looked at her steadily and fearlessly; the hot blood burned yet more deeply in my cheek, and my heart throbbed with a strange angry joy as I thought she was about to call me out for punishment. But she turned away without saying a word; perhaps the determination in my eye made her think she would not conquer me without a struggle, and she wished to avoid a scene before the scholars. She rose, and asked, in a calm voice, "have any of the boys a piece of twine?" Two or three heartless little creatures started from their seats, and exclaimed, triumphantly,

"I have."

One of the boys gave her a long piece.

"Now bring me that high stool, and stand it against this pillar!"

She was obeyed, and Henry was lifted on the stool. It did not stand very firmly, and two or three times he sunk down upon it.

"Stand up, or I'll whip you!" said Miss Y——, in a quick, impatient voice.

"I'll fall, I can't!" sobbed the terrified child; he supported himself on his knees, while she unwound the twine, and one little arm clung to the pillar. "I'll teach you to fall!" said the teacher, and she crossed the room for her rattan. "Now will you stand up?" she asked, on returning.

He attempted to get up, but the stool shook, and he paused in his efforts. Miss Y—— struck him two or three times with the cruel rattan, then raised him and held him firmly while she fastened his head back to the pillar by passing the string through his mouth, she looked at him a moment as he stood there in his helpless terror; then turned with a significant look to her sister Louisa, and passed her hand over her mouth to conceal from the scholars the smile she could not check.

More than one childish bosom shrunk within itself at that heartless smile.

From that day Miss Y—— lost all moral influence over me. When she knelt and prayed after reading the Bible, I felt that she was a hypocrite. We were obliged to repeat it after her, and those holy words were on our lips often when our hearts were full of anger and hatred towards her who led our devotions. In my own bosom, she had aroused evil feeling that could or would not slumber. Instead of trying to please, as was natural to me, it was my effort to give her as much trouble as possible. Respect and love were gone; what else could bind a child but fear. Children, who are governed only by sternness, may yield a forced obedience, yet their spirits are continually opposing the will of those who rule them. At times when Miss Y—— called me, I would go on studying, and pretend not to hear, that she might call again. I have missed my lessons when I knew them, and was willing to be punished, if it annoyed her. It was her own fault; children are as ready to love as hate. One stormy day in winter Miss Y—— was absent, and the care of the school devolved upon her sister Louisa. She was young and lively, and had but little government over us. I determined to spend the day as I pleased, and succeeded in bringing the little girl I was most intimate with, over to my views. We threw up the large window, and coolly stepped out into the snow, where we amused ourselves until we grew cold. Poor Louisa was distressed one minute, and could scarcely forbear laughing at us the next. When we came in, we drew a long bench near the stove, and divested our feet of our stockings and shoes to warm them. Miss Louisa was justly angry, and threatened us with a signal

punishment when her sister should come the next day.

The next day came. Miss Y—— commanded perfect silence when she was ready to chastise us. We were called out, and presented to the school as a solemn warning to all others not to follow in our steps. My poor friend Maria was naturally timid, and she sobbed as if her heart would break when she was held forth as an example of bad conduct. Miss Y—— took her in hand first. The poor victim stood perfectly motionless, as the long rattan fell with heavy blows upon her back. Yet Miss Y—— did not seem particularly angry with her; she knew there was not a more lovely, obedient child in school, and that she would not have done wrong unless she had been urged to it by some one else. As soon as my friend was disposed of, Miss Y—— caught my arm, with a tight squeeze, and looked at me with an expression that said plainly, "I understand which one deserves the most severe punishment." The rattan was raised in the air: as it was about to fall, I gave a sudden start, and although I could not release my arm from her tight grasp, I ran around her in a circle so rapid that she could not regain her equilibrium enough to make me stand still. Each of us, revolved around like parts of a well constructed machine. Blow after blow came, but my quick motion prevented me from feeling them, as I would have done, had they been slowly directed. Each one gave wings to my feet, and I flew on in my destined course with yet greater velocity.

After whipping me until she was exhausted, I was sent to my seat, as ready to disobey again as ever. I buried my head in my arms, and instead of crying, laughed, to think how my grave, dignified teacher had been whirled about by her humble pupil.

When I left Miss Y——'s school some time after, it was with feelings of unbounded delight. Not one fond regret lingered; not one half wishful glance was turned to the past, which had been so full of grating discords. I felt as if a cloud had vanished from my path, when I bid her a last "good bye." Little Henry had previously been turned out of the school; there were too many pupils, and as he was about the poorest, he was dismissed.

Childhood is the only season of our lives when we cannot feel permanent sorrow. The young heart should then be taught only the language of love. As many flowers as may be, should be scattered in that careless path, and their fragrance will purify for ever. Yet love itself, guided by duty, must at times sadden the young bosom—life's lesson, which is to struggle and overcome, should be aided by others, before reason has

placed the helm in our own hands. Children should be taught to bear their little troubles cheerfully; then in after years, when sterner trials come, they will be met with unshrinking courage. The responsibility that rests upon a teacher is indeed great. When I think of Miss Y——'s school, and compare it with one I attended two or three years afterwards, it seems like turning from darkness to light.

Miss K——, our teacher, possessed the deepest sensibility and most expanded benevolence, joined to a firmness that could not be shaken. Her quick, warm impulses never gained the mastery of her clear judgment. Her self-respect was never forgotten, although I have seen her leave the room to weep when the larger girls carelessly or intentionally wounded her feelings. Yet this was seldom the case; only a few of the worst scholars were willing to do any thing they knew to be contrary to her wishes. We always felt more indignant at them a thousand times than if they had injured us. Our happiness was always cared for; any thing that could give us pleasure, if consistent with our duties, was never beneath Miss K——'s notice. We were allowed to sit by our chosen friends if our studies would in any way permit. She gave us to see that she trusted entirely to our honor and truthfulness. Our better feelings were addressed, and by those we were governed. There was something so kind and upright about her, it checked deception, we scarcely knew why, and made us scorn it. Our faults were generally committed under the other teachers. Miss K—— was told of them, if we were incorrigible, and even when she punished us, we loved her the more, for her kindly nature shone forth as conspicuously then as at other times. The youngest teacher seemed to have a great desire to domineer over our class, which she had nothing to do with, except when we were in the large school room. She was but a year or two older than many of us, and we never submitted willingly to her orders. One day at the close of the school, she rang the bell and commanded every scholar to put away her books. In a few moments perfect silence reigned through the school room. I was very much engaged in reading when the bell was rung, and paid no heed to it, but continued leaning on one elbow with my book before me. Several delinquents were sent to the back part of the room to be kept in after school for not obeying quickly enough. When I noticed the dead silence that prevailed, I was sorry I had not given up my book with the rest, lest she might venture to treat me as she did the others, which was seldom the case. She was waiting for me to close my book without speaking and the silence grew longer and

longer. But the scholars were looking at me, and I knew she wished to display her power before them, so I was determined not to submit quietly. I did not move, nor raise my eyes.

"A——" she said at length, "did you hear me?"

"Hear what, Miss M——?" I asked in as respectful a tone as I could assume.

"Did you not hear me tell every young lady to put away her books?"

This question was to the point, and I was obliged to give up my innocent air.

"Yes, ma'am, I heard you," I replied.

"Then go sit on the back seat, and stay after school."

The color came to my face, but I rose with a slight smile, and bowing to her, said "yes, ma'am."

I walked slowly up the long aisle, and as soon as I had taken my seat, opened the book, which I had taken with me and began to read again. My behaviour deserved punishment, but I never would have been disrespectful, if her conduct had not continually provoked anger, by the show of authority she put on towards our class, whenever occasion offered. She was a young lady of very little mind, and many of the pupils of our class were far in advance of her in point of knowledge. We felt this, and it made her affected airs more insupportable.

When the scholars were dismissed, she came towards us, and said in a tone she intended to be very dignified, "You may all go, but A——." I sat leaning on both elbows, looking intently on my book and pretending not to hear. But she came nearer, and announced the intelligence in a voice I could no longer be deaf to. I looked up with an indifferent air, and said,

"This book is very interesting."

This was too much for her; she immediately went in search of Miss K——. In a few moments the insulted lady came back again. She was preceded by the teacher I so loved and respected, who took a seat by me, while Miss M—— stood a little way from us, her eyes triumphantly fixed on my face.

"I am sorry to hear this of you, A——," said Miss K—— in a voice pained though gentle, "it is something I never expected. You are the last one I supposed capable of acting in this manner."

I remained silent, although I could have cried heartily. I longed to confess my fault, and be restored to the confidence I so highly prized; but there stood Miss M——. I glanced at her; she was looking down, but a disagreeable self-pleased smile curved her thin lip. That glance hardened me; I listened to the mild, reproving

words of Miss K—— with a cold respect. She paused a moment as if for me to give some excuse, or express my penitence. I was apparently unmoved, and there was a long silence, during which my eyes were bent steadily on the desk before me.

"Oh! A——," said Miss K—— at last, in a low tone, that showed her feelings to be deeply hurt. I looked up, and saw heavy tear drops chasing each other down her face. Pride and stubbornness vanished in a moment; I leaned forward on the desk and burst into tears. I hated myself for having wounded that kind sensitive being, and as I heard her weep, I sobbed convulsively. I felt as if I would have given any thing to recall my actions of the past hour. She was first to recover her composure.

"Don't cry any more now, A——," she said laying her hand tenderly on my shoulder, "this has been an unfortunate time; I am sure you will never act so again."

I do not remember what answer I made, but Miss K—— bent over and kissed me. I then put on my bonnet, and we walked home together as our houses joined.

That gentle rebuke, so full of tenderness, exerted a stronger influence over my subsequent conduct than any thing else could have done. I bore with the affected airs of Miss M—— patiently for Miss K——'s sake. It is said that we are apt to imitate those we love. It is so in early life; perhaps if we have a model in after years we are unconscious of it. Miss K—— became to me the beau ideal of a perfect woman; I saw beauty and nobleness shine through her every little act; her whole nature breathed forth a harmony the sweeter, because it was simple. The purity of her mind was symbolized by the chaste neatness of her dress. Her countenance was far from prepossessing, yet there were few faces on which I could dwell so fondly. When I left school and parted from her, it seemed like sundering one of life's pleasantest ties. That last day comes before me as vividly now, as if it were but yesterday. From the time the afternoon session commenced until the scholars were dismissed in the yard for recreation, I bent silently over my drawing, my heart too busy with many thoughts to be gay. When all were gone, I carried my drawing to her. While she leaned over it without speaking, my eyes wandered over that dear, familiar school room around which memory has since lingered so caressingly. I thought of life, and wondered if the path I was to enter upon, would be as chequered with clouds and sunlight as that I was about to leave. The language of my heart was expressed in a few but simple lines.

"A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep!
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore let me weep!"

"Oh! I must not give way to my feelings
A——," said the low voice of my teacher, as she
looked up and saw the tears streaming down my
face. She tried hard to repress her emotion, but

in vain; she bent her head and wept together.
I dared not stay long, for I knew each moment
she yielded to her feelings unfitted her more and
more for her duties. We parted without a word
on my part. Miss K—— only said "good bye"
in a choking voice, then with a silent kiss and a
fond pressure of the hand I left that pleasant
school room where I was no longer to be a pupil.

RICHARD BEFORE JERUSALEM.

BY S. TEACKLE WALLACE.

THE evening rays glide slowly down behind Mori-
ah's hill,
And air, and grove, and sky above with purple glory
fill—
On yonder mount a pilgrim stands, before whose
downcast eye,
The beauties of the chosen land in sad perspective
lie;
A man of giant strength he seems, in knighthood's
noblest guise,
And rich in all the pride of form that high-born ladies
prize—
Beneath the crest that, weeping, hangs adown his
batter'd helm,
In bruised, though burnished glory, sits the crown of
Albion's realm,
And, e'en in wo, he shines the star of all the Chris-
tian ring,
The stoutest, boldest, proudest knight, the lion-hearted
king!
He turns to gaze on Salem's land, the land he swore
to save,
Beholds each tree and turret dipt in sunset's gorgeous
wave—
But not to him does sunset bring one beauty in its
beam,
Nor dwells his eye in ecstasy on Cedron's gilded
stream;
But tear on tear comes coursing down his scarr'd and
furrow'd cheek,
And sighs rush forth would rend that heart, if it were
made to break—
He hides his face, behind the shield so oft in triumph
borne,
And flings the useless falchion down, and turns aside
to mourn!
Before him, Salem's battlements gleam in the bles-
sed sun,
While Paynim crescents glisten high above the wall
they've won,
And every breeze that sweeps across fair Judah's
captive plain,

But wafts, to taunt the Christian host, the Muezzin's
evening strain.
In vain he lifts his eyes for aid to yonder glorious
Heav'n—
No more, from Him on high, is aid to Christian pil-
grim giv'n;
And still, as brightly hangs the sky above the Mos-
lem's home,
As when a thousand Christian prayers thence rent its
cloudless dome!
The monarch gazed, 'till o'er the scene the mists of
twilight came,
While darkly wrestled in his soul his sorrow and his
shame,
And slowly then, as star by star rose twinkling
through the gloom,
With long, and sad, and deep farewell, he left his
Saviour's tomb—
In after days, he bore his lance as proudly as
before,
But never sparkled in his eye the beam of days of
yore:
Not woman's smile could win his breast to heed the
things it loved,
Not all the pomp of regal pride his gathered sorrow
moved.
He entered list, and measured blade, and drove each
foeman down,
But not the tide of knightly praise his settled wo
could drown;
And oft, amid the pageant's gleam, his manly form
would start,
As visions from the Paynim land would shake the
lion-heart.
Whene'er the joyless list was o'er, he'd bid his min-
strel bring
The lute and harp that once were his, and deeds of
battle sing,
But, e'er amid their thrilling notes, the one that
moved him most,
Was that which told the mournful tale, how Salem's
land was lost!

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

(See Plate.)

"HAVE you been to the lakes?" is a question that meets the traveller in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In the first, "the lakes" mean the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; in Scotland, Loch Lomond and its neighbors are meant; but in Ireland the expression invariably designates the lakes of Killarney.

The town of Killarney, like most of the other little towns of the south of Ireland, is prettily built, has an air of novelty, the greater part of it being, in fact, little more than thirty years old. Before that time it is said to have been a wretched place. It boasts many excellent inns, where for "money and fair words," one may get all possible accommodation for viewing the lakes and the surrounding country. I arrived there exactly at breakfast time, and joined company with an English officer, who was also about to visit the lakes, having obtained leave of absence from his quarters—somewhere on the Shannon—for the express purpose of seeing the Paradise of Killarney.

The lakes lie in a crescent around the foot of the highest group of mountains in Kerry, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and are divided into two principal ones, the lower and the upper lake. The town lies on the former, which is the larger of the two.

In order to vary the journey, and see as much as possible of the country, it is customary to hire at the same time, a carriage, a boat, and a pair of saddle horses. The boat is then sent on to wait for the traveller at a little harbor on the upper lake, the horses are also sent forward to the Gap of Dunloe, a mountain pass in Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which he reaches after driving in the carriage round the lower lake, and a few miles beyond. At this ravine he mounts a horse to ride over the mountains, and clambering down on the other side, reaches the extreme point of the upper lake, where entering his boat, he rows through the two lakes back to the point he started from.

From Killarney, which lies on the low shore, one sees the mountains on the other side rising like a dark wall, and reflected in the clear lake that lies like a mirror at their feet; and the pros-

pect was beautiful when a glimpse of it could be caught through the walls, palings, and hedges, that almost shut it out. Near the town, along the lake, runs the hippodrome, or race course of Killarney, for even such small places as this must in Ireland have their race course.

The ravine, where we found our horses, had no remarkable feature to distinguish it from many others in Scotland and Wales. Macgillicuddy's Reeks—so called, it is said, from a great Irish land owner, whose possessions were so extensive, that these mountains were but as *reeks* or hayricks to those of other men, are not more than 3404 feet high, although the loftiest in Ireland. The highest points in Scotland are more than 1000 feet above them. As we trotted through the pass, we could not avoid envying a pair of eagles which were hovering high in air over our heads, although we were very well mounted on stout, sagacious, and active little Kerry horses.

The rocks, on either side of the pass, arose to a height of at least 1500 feet, and it was about ten miles long, and presented in its various windings many wildly picturesque points. This wildness of effect is not a little increased by the dark color of the bog stuff, which covers even the highest points of the rocks and mountains. Not only do large masses of it lie on their broad surfaces and rounded promontories, but every little projection, every little chink and crevice, even of an almost perpendicular wall of rock, is filled and overgrown by it.

The principal inhabitants of these rocks are a few herdsmen and their goats, who have constantly to dispute the ground with their enemies, the eagles and foxes. The wolf is said to have inhabited these wild regions longer than any other part of the British islands, the last Irish wolf having been shot in the year 1700, in Macgillicuddy's Reeks, whereas the last was destroyed in Scotland in 1680, and none have been seen in England since 1300, when, in the time of Edward I. many were killed in Yorkshire. Perhaps the gradual extinction of those fierce animals may serve as a standard to measure the progress of civilization in the three countries.

The effect of the lakes of Killarney, with their banks of soft meadow land and the rich fringe of trees scattered over them, is greatly increased by their lying in the midst of this rocky wilderness. They are also sprinkled over with a number of little grassy and wooded islands, and peninsulas running out far from the main land into the bosom of the lakes, and forming a never-ending variety of straits, bays, and harbors of fairy proportions. On many of these, wealthy amateurs, delighted with the fantastic and solitary character of the place, have built ornamental cottages, and thrown picturesque bridges over inlets of the lake. The whole crescent of the lakes, from one end to another, is not more than about nine miles long, and forms undoubtedly one of the most varied and agreeable excursions one can take. The water appears, when looked into, of a dark golden brown color, but as clear as crystal, so that one can see to a great depth beneath it. When taken up in a glass, it shows no color. We had a crew of six rowers to our boat, for in Ireland there are always six pair of arms used where two would suffice.

In reading some of the exaggerated English descriptions of the lakes of Killarney, one might fancy them to be really something supernatural. A well-known Irish writer (Wakefield,) for instance, expresses himself concerning them in the following manner: "Nature here puts on the wildest and most terrific attire to astonish the gazing spectator, who, lost in wonder and surprise, thinks that he treads on enchanted ground; and whilst he scarcely knows to which side to direct his attention, can hardly believe that the scenes before him are not the effects of delusion, or the airy phantoms of the brain, called into momentary existence by the creative power of a fervid imagination." This is a rare specimen of bombastic nonsense, and if all this is to be said of the lakes of Killarney, what are we to say of others that much exceed them in beauty. Nature is, indeed, almost every where more beautiful and attractive than any language can adequately describe; but when we do attempt the description of a country, and of the charms of a particular spot, we must speak by comparison with other places, and not forget the infinite number of lovely spots on earth to which we might do injustice by our immoderate praise of one. Besides, these vague generalities of "enchancements" and "delusions," and "airy phantoms," and "creative imaginations," really describe nothing at all. The realities of stone and wood and earth, which we meet with in nature, are beautiful enough—we do not need to try and lift them into the realms of phantasmagoria, but should do much better, if we would try and give the distant

reader some idea of what has excited our admiration, by a faithful representation of the individual features of the scene, often by no means an easy task.

Along the upper lake lies a range of small rocky islets, all surrounded, as well as the shores, with a black stripe, about four or five feet broad, pointing out what has been the height of the water in the summer. Immediately above the black stripe, and in sharpest contrast with it comes a streak of white, of the moss I have already mentioned in speaking of the Gap of Dunloe, and over this again another of yellow furze, which seems to flourish amazingly in these boggy grounds.

Above all comes the beautiful foliage of the arbutus and the oak, the former making, indeed, one of the especial attractions of Killarney. These beautiful shrubs are nowhere so numerous and flourishing as on the lakes and islands of Killarney, and the finest specimens may be seen shooting up among the rocks. The autumn is said to be the most favorable season for viewing them, on account of the endless variety of colors then exhibited by the leaves, and as besides the advantage of this season I had that of fine weather, an uncommon one at Killarney, where it almost always rains, I certainly had reason to consider myself fortunate.

Many of the islands are covered only with weeds and bog, and cannot for a moment be compared with the Isola Madre, Isola Bella, or others in the Italian lakes.

Amongst the bold promontories of the Glenna mountain, which project in lofty and commanding forms upon the lake, is one more steep and apparently inaccessible than the rest, called the Eagle's rock, because a pair of eagles have for many years had a nest upon its summit. The people of the country, however, contrive to rob the poor birds every year of their young, and sell them to this or that nobleman, who generally pays four or five pounds for the stolen goods. In the space of two or three miles, we are told, there were known to be five eagles' nests. A regular trade is carried on in the young birds who are sent to England. Between the 15th of June and the 1st of July, they are old enough to be brought up by the hand, and this, therefore, is the time when the robberies begin. The rocks on which the nests are built, are usually so steep and dangerous, that they can only be reached by ropes from above. The people watch for the departure of the old birds, who fly away at regular hours in search of food. The men are then let down in baskets, to deprive the feathery parents of the objects of their tender care. It happens sometimes, however, that the business is

not accomplished before the birds return, and then a desperate contest takes place with the spoilers, who come provided for such a contingency with an old sabre or a pistol.

For twenty years, our boatmen informed us, they had regularly robbed the nest on the Eagle's rock, and for twenty years the same birds had regularly returned and laid and hatched their eggs there. They are the oldest birds in the whole district, and can be distinguished by the paler color of their feathers. Generally for a week after they have been deprived of their offspring, the bereaved parents hover screaming round the empty nest, but they never seem to grow wiser by experience, or to seek for their progeny some better asylum from the ruthless rapacity of man. The men all agreed that whenever a tamed eagle escaped and returned to its native rocks it was sure to be attacked and torn to pieces by the wild ones.

Through a narrow channel, along which the water rushed with great rapidity, overshadowed by beautiful trees, and spanned by the half-decayed arches of an ancient bridge, we entered, after some hours rowing, the Turk Lake, landing here and there to view some fine trees or try a remarkable echo, and then passed through another narrow strait into the large lake, on one of whose grassy banks under an old arbutus tree, we spread our noonday meal. The cold meat, the ale, and the mountain dew were fully appreciated by me and my companion, but our six rowers, though they accepted thankfully the food, seriously and resolutely declined both the ale and the spirits, asserting that they were all temperance men. We tried to overcome their objection to the ale, as it had been very cold on the water, and we thought it would do them good, but they remained firm, said it was "no temptation at all," and that they would rather drink water. The officer and I really felt ashamed of our self-indulgence in the presence of these abstinent people, and consumed a much smaller quantity of "alcoholic drinks" than we should have done but for the reproving example before us. My friend had witnessed many of the beneficial effects of temperance in the army, and maintained that the Irish soldiers had become much improved in

their discipline, and the crimes and punishments in his regiment had diminished more than one half, since Father Mathew's reform. In the "old drinking time" he had had every day some trouble and vexation in the barracks, but now he could enjoy his fourteen days furlough without being harassed by anxieties about the behaviour of his men.

The most interesting of the islands of this large lake is that which bears the name of Innisfallen. It is also the largest of all, and is overgrown with the finest old trees, which lie in scattered groups as in a park, and the wide spaces between them afford the finest pasturage for cows and sheep. Many of the trees are oaks, but the greater number are magnificent old ash trees, and I also saw here a holly tree, older and larger than any I had ever seen in my life. It was twelve feet in circumference, and had gigantic far-spreading branches, like an oak. I could not help comparing it mentally with the little, wretched, stunted hollies, that drag on a sickly existence in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, where every care is taken of them. One of the mighty ash trees had been torn up by the roots in a storm of the preceding winter, and had carried with it a mass of rock twenty feet in circumference, round which its roots had entwined themselves, and which, as it lay prostrate, it still held firmly clasped. There are also the ruins of an ancient abbey, and many beautiful thickets of evergreens, on this island, which Thomas Moore has remembered in his lines :

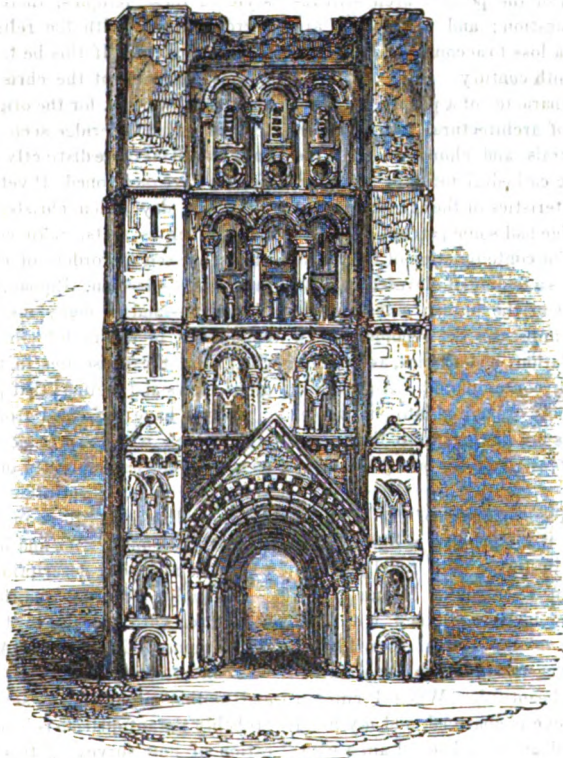
"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine."

After rowing about fourteen miles, we landed at length by the ruins of Ross Castle, which lie, not far from Killarney, immediately on the shores of the lake, and from whose walls one enjoys a delightful prospect of the lakes and their islands. The ruined walls are overgrown with ivy, and the vast proportions of the old hall-chimney indicates the huge size of the logs that formerly held the place of coals at an Englishman's fire-side.—KOHLE.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

READ—think—and fix thy duty in thy mind ;
And then, despite the world's alluring charms,
Despite the strong temptations of the fiend,
Despite the evil stirrings of thy heart,
Sternly perform thy duty to the last.

Swerve not a moment. Let thy lofty hope
Stand at the throne's foot in mid-heaven ! The flowers
Of sinful pleasures, trample on ; and wear
The thorns of persecution on thy brow—
Should such a crown be bound there—with a smile.



The Saxon Tower, or Church Gate, at Bury.

For Arthur's Magazine.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

FEW subjects have more puzzled the learned than the origin of what is called Gothic architecture—or as Müller perhaps more justly styled it, *Christian architecture*. The term Gothic must be considered inappropriate, as the Goths had no share in either its invention or perfection. Numerous hypotheses have been assumed in seeking for the origin of so remarkable a style. Warberton asserts that it originated in Spain under Moorish architects; its type being an avenue of lofty trees, the intersecting branches at the top forming the sharply pointed arch, and the stems

of a clump of trees being represented by columns split into distinct shafts. Sir James Hall assumes that the first English churches were built of wicker work; when stone was introduced as a more suitable building material, the models given in the wicker work were imitated, down to every particular. Mr. Murphy, author of the celebrated work on the convent of Batalha, in Portugal has a still more curious theory. It is as follows,—“The Pyramids of the Egyptians are tombs; the dead are buried in churches, and on their towers are pyramidal forms; consequently,

the pyramids of the towers indicate that there are graves in the churches; and, as the pyramidal form constitutes the essence of the pointed arch style, and the pyramids of the towers are imitations of the Egyptian pyramids, the pointed arch is derived from the latter."

To these, and other ingenious assumptions objections of a very conclusive character have been urged. The origin of the pointed arch still remains a doubtful question; and the learned are as much as ever at a loss to account for its prevalence in the thirteenth century.

In the religious character of a people, we must look for the type of architectural forms as seen in temples, cathedrals and churches; and the origin of the Gothic cathedral must be sought in the religious characteristics of the age that gave it existence. Coleridge had some perception of this when he said.—"The contemplation of the works of antique art excites a feeling of elevated beauty, and exalted notions of the human self; but the gothic architecture impresses the beholder with a sense of self annihilation; he becomes, as it were, a part of the work contemplated. An endless complexity and variety are united into one whole, the plan of which is not distinct from the execution. *A Gothic cathedral is the petrification of our religion.*"

And again:—"The conquest of the Romans gave to the Goths the Christian religion, as it was then existing in Italy; and the light and graceful building of Grecian, or Roman-Greek order, became singularly combined with the massy architecture of the Goths, as wild and varied as the forest vegetation which it resembled. The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church, my eye is charmed, and my mind elated; I feel exalted, and proud that I am a man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left, is, 'that I am nothing.' This religion, while it tended to soften the manners of the Northern tribes, was, at the same time, highly congenial to their nature. The Goths are free from hero worship. Gazing on their rugged mountains, surrounded by impassible forests, accustomed to gloomy seasons, they lived in the bosom of nature, and worshiped an invisible and unknown deity. Firm in his faith, domestic in his habits, the life of the Goth was simple and dignified, yet tender and affectionate."

In the religious character of the christians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, must we look for the origin of Gothic architecture. It will require a deeply philosophic mind to trace the cor-

respondence that must have existed between the ideas of God in the minds of this people and the temples they reared for his worship. A religious feeling is the deepest and most sacred that exists in the human breast. It expresses itself in various externals of worship; but most fully in the form of temples for the celebration of holy rites. It is no forced conclusion to say, that in the style of these temples, there will be an exact correspondence with the religious feelings that produced them. If this be true, then, in the religious character of the christians of the middle ages, must we look for the origin of Gothic architecture. Had Coleridge seen this fully, he might have traced far more distinctly than he has the relation we have mentioned. It yet remains to be done.

At this day, when christendom is broken up into numerous sects, with conflicting religious views, we see all orders of church architecture prevailing—Grecian, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, Egyptian,—and in many instances orders unrecognizable in the architectonic art. Is it not clear, that the cause lies in the variety of religious views and feelings that prevail?

But we have wandered from our original design, which was to present to our readers an engraving and description of one of the finest specimens of Saxon (or Gothic) architecture to be found in England. It is in the town of Bury, Lancaster County. We find in the Penny Cyclopædia the following description:

This noble structure was the grand portal into the church yard opposite to the western entrance of the monasterial church. At the dissolution it was converted into a belfry for St. James's church, and to this circumstance, says Mr. Yates, most probably the antiquarian is indebted for the gratification of now surveying this venerable relic of ancient piety and taste. It is considered one of the finest specimens in existence of what is called Saxon architecture. It is a quadrangular building 80 feet high, and is remarkable for its strength and simplicity. The date of its erection is uncertain. The stone of which it is built abounds in shells. Near the base on the western side of the hill are two curious bas-reliefs, one representing mankind in its fallen state, by the figures of Adam and Eve entwined with a serpent, and the other, emblematic of the delivery of man from bondage, representing the Lord sitting triumphantly in a circle of cherubim. The interior of the arch represents some grotesque figures, and forms a carriage-entrance to the church yard and the shire house. We regret to say that several wide fissures appear on one side, and the other is said to be 12 inches out of the perpendicular. (The drawing presents a view of the west side.)

T. S. A.

THE YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. WELLS was a widower with two daughters—Jane and Mary. The former twenty, and the latter eighteen. He had been accounted a man in easy circumstances, from the fact that he lived in a very comfortable style, and gave his children the best education that money could procure. But, in doing this, he lived fully up to his income. Death suddenly removed him, and left his two daughters without fortune or home. An uncle, Mr. Hendee, was the only relative they had. He was what is called well off in the world; possessing a very handsome property. But, as he had a young and expensive family, his regular income was never much beyond his wants. As soon as Mr. Hendee, who administered on Mr. Wells's estate, ascertained that nothing would be left after paying off the debts, he informed Jane and Mary of the fact, and, at the same time, offered them a home.

For some weeks after their father's death, the two young ladies remained in the house where they had been living, all the domestic arrangements continuing the same as during his life time. They had no suspicion of the real state of their father's affairs, and were only affected with almost inconsolable grief at his loss. When their uncle unfolded to them the true position in which they stood, they were at first overwhelmed with alarm. His prompt and kind offer of a home, soothed their anxious feelings, and left their minds in a calmer frame.

"How kind and generous our uncle is," Jane remarked, on the day after he had proposed to the sisters to consider his house their future dwelling place.

"Truly so." Mary replied with warmth, while a glow of genuine gratitude lit up her sober face.

"We shall feel almost as much at home with uncle Hendee, as we did in our own father's house."

"Do you think it right for us to go there?" asked Mary, looking at her sister with a serious expression of countenance.

"Right! What can you mean, sister?"

"We have no claims upon him."

"He is our father's brother."

"But not our father, Jane."

Mary's sister looked at her for some moments, utterly at a loss to comprehend the drift of her remarks.

"He is our uncle, and has offered us a home," she at length said. "It would be a strange act in us to refuse to accept of it because we have no claims upon him; especially, when there is no other threshold over which we can pass."

"But he has a large family of his own to support."

"And is able enough to support them and us."

"Perhaps so. But that does not alter our position in the least. While our father lived, his house

was our home by natural right. Now that he is taken from us, will it be right for us to lean upon any other arm?"

"We must lean upon some arm, now that we have his no longer."

"Yes,—but should not each of us lean upon her own arm? Is not a mere state of dependence upon a relation a wrong position for a young lady to hold?"

"Lean upon our own arms! How are we to do that, Mary?"

"There are many young women who support themselves genteelly. Why may not we? The truth is, I have been thinking about this ever since Uncle Hendee was here yesterday, and the more I turn it over in my mind the more reluctant am I to accept of his generous offer. I do not feel as if it would be just for me to do so. I have a good education, and could readily support myself as a French teacher; or by giving lessons in music."

"A French teacher! Lessons in music! Mary you cannot be in earnest."

"Indeed, sister, I am sure that I can never go into Uncle Hendee's house, and accept the home he has so kindly offered, without feeling self-condemned, and losing my self-respect. A state of mere dependence, would be deeply galling to me. As a music or French teacher, I should be far happier."

"Mary, you must not think of it. Do not, on any account, breathe such a thing to Uncle Hendee. It would wound severely the generous feelings he has so nobly expressed."

Thus opposed, Mary said no more. But she thought over the matter constantly; and the more she thought about it, the more dissatisfied was she at the idea of becoming a dependent upon her Uncle's bounty.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Hendee informed his two nieces, that he must give up the house in which they lived, and sell off their father's furniture. Their aunt came in her carriage, and, with many kind assurances of her love for them, took them to her own home, and bade them, henceforth, consider it as theirs. Tears of natural regret at leaving the place where they had spent so many pleasant seasons, mingled with heart-drops of sorrow, as they remembered the kind father they should see no more in this world. For the first few days after they had entered the hospitable mansion of their uncle and aunt, the sisters felt much depressed in spirits. After that, Jane gradually became more cheerful. But Mary continued thoughtful, and, evidently, troubled in mind.

"Try, my dear child," said her aunt to her, a few weeks after she had come into her house, "to feel more cheerful. Do not look back with grief, but forward with hope. Let us be to you all that you have lost. We love you and Jane, and desire to

think of you, and feel towards you, as if you were our own children."

Mary was affected to tears. She drew her arms around the neck of her aunt; kissed her cheek, and wept upon her bosom.

"Your generous kindness I shall never forget," she said, as soon as her emotion would permit her to speak. "But, my good aunt, it is my position here that troubles me more than any thing else."

"My dear child! what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Hendee, in surprise.

"I have no right to burden you."

"Mary!" Her aunt seemed hurt by the tone of her voice.

"Do not misunderstand me, aunt," Mary quickly said. "I mean not to insinuate, that I feel that you think I am a burden to you. Oh, no. Your noble conduct towards us fills my bosom with a glow of grateful emotions. It is not that. But, now that my father is dead, up to whom I had a natural right to look, I do not feel that I can, with justice, become dependent upon any one but myself. Do you understand me, aunt?"

"I believe I do, Mary. But dismiss such thoughts. If your father's brother is willing to take your father's place, you have no need to make any nice distinctions between his relation and that of your father. He is both able and willing to do all we have proposed."

"I have thought all that over very carefully, aunt," Mary said. "But it does not unburden my mind. Every day, it becomes with me more and more a matter of conscience not to remain dependent. I have the ability to maintain myself; and I believe I ought to do it."

Mrs. Hendee was silent with surprise and admiration of the noble minded girl, whose true feelings she began to perceive clearly.

"You seem to be really in earnest," was her smiling reply, after the lapse of nearly a minute.

The changed manner of Mrs. Hendee made the heart of Mary bound.

"Indeed I am, aunt," she said, her countenance lighting up, yet still retaining its serious look. "I do not mean to wound you, by declining your generous offer; for I know that it is made in good faith, and my heart blesses you for it. But, to accept of your bounty, would be to do violence to what I think right principles."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Mrs. Hendee, gravely, her manner having again changed.

"I think, as a French teacher in some seminary, I might easily support myself; or, I could give lessons in music."

"True. But, think, Mary, how your doing so would affect your station. As a teacher you could not expect to occupy in all respects your present position in society."

"I should be as worthy of confidence and regard, Aunt."

"True. But something more than mere personal excellence is required. It is not worth alone that gives either a man or woman a place in good society. As a member of our family, you will occupy the same position you have ever held; but, as a mere teacher of French or music, you will not be able to maintain your present place."

"Ought that consideration to govern me?"

"I think it should have its due weight."

"So do I. But a consideration of what is right, should have the first influence upon my actions. Now, I do not think it would be right for me to become a dependent upon my uncle's generosity. I believe that I am in duty bound to support myself. Ought I for a moment to weigh this clear consciousness against any fears of losing social standing?"

Mrs. Hendee did not reply for some moments. She felt a glow of admiration for the honest, independent spirit of her niece, and yet, could not bring her mind to think for an instant of letting the high minded girl act as she proposed.

"You must talk with your uncle," she said, after puzzling with her own thoughts for a time. "I am sure, however, that he will never hear to your doing what you suggest."

"I wish you would speak to him about it, aunt. I cannot."

"Oh! certainly. But you must not be surprised at his decided opposition."

"I am sure Uncle Hendee will not oppose me in an act that he must see to be clearly right."

"But I am not so sure that he will be able to see it exactly as you do," replied her aunt.

This conversation took place without the knowledge of Jane Wells, who was quietly enjoying the pleasant home that had been offered them. She did not appreciate either her sister's motives or feelings, and, therefore, since the first conversation Mary had held with her upon the subject, she had not made to it any allusion.

When Mrs. Hendee mentioned to her husband what had taken place between her and Mary, he was too much surprised to see at once, clearly, the spirit that actuated his niece. But this soon became apparent to his mind.

"Noble girl!" he could not help exclaiming. "She has her father's independent spirit, and I honor it in her."

"But you will not, I am sure, humor her strange desire to become a teacher instead of an inmate of our family."

"We must not do violence to such high and true principles of action as she evinces. It was our duty to offer to both her and her sister a home. This we have done cheerfully. But, if Mary feels that it would be right for her to depend upon herself, we ought not to oppose her too strongly."

As early as possible, Mr. Hendee sought an interview with his niece. He found that her ideas were clear, and based upon abstract principles of right.

"There is a view of the subject," he said, while conversing with her, "that I hardly think you have taken, Mary, and one that you should weigh well."

"What is that, Uncle?" she asked.

"It is this. By education, habits, and association, your mind has been formed for a social sphere above what you will be able to occupy, if you become a teacher of music or any thing else. By remaining where you are as one of my family, all that is congenial to your taste and character will be secured to you. You will marry, of course, when of a proper age, should one you can approve, claim your hand. But if you place yourself out of the circle of those

who are of like tastes and feelings with yourself, you cannot hope to form such an alliance as will most fully secure your happiness in after life. Forgive the seeming indelicacy of an allusion like this, my dear niece. I have to make it, in order to let you see all the consequences of the act you propose. Remain where you are—keep your present position in the circle in which you are worthy to move, and in a few years, as the wife of a man of wealth and standing, you will be placed far above the feeling of dependence that now seems so galling to you."

Mary did not reply to her uncle immediately. She sat in deep thought, with her eyes upon the floor. At length, breathing heavily, she looked up, and replied in a voice that was at first tremulous, but soon became firm.

"I have carefully weighed all this. But it does not change my views. It is for me to *act right in the present*, and leave all else to be arranged for my good by Him who suffers not, unnoted, a sparrow to fall to the ground. I cannot, with a clear conscience, sit down here, in mere dependence. It would be wrong."

"But, my dear child, I have enough and to spare. I do not feel your support a burden. To provide a home for my brother's children I look upon as a sacred privilege. Do not deprive me of the sweet delight it affords me."

This appeal touched the heart of Mary, and brought from her eyes pure drops of feeling.

"I know, my dear uncle," she said, "that it will give you pleasure to have me stay with you, and pain to depart. But can I secure a good conscience, life's best blessing, if I do not follow the clear dictates of right?"

"You cannot certainly."

"Then I must leave my present position of dependence, and provide, by my own labor, the means of support. It is, I can plainly see, the duty of every one to engage in some useful employment. While our father lived, my sister and I kept his house, and made up for him a home circle. We were necessary to his happiness; and he was our natural provider and protector. Our sphere of action was at home—our duties lay there. But it is different now. Upon you we have no natural claim. Your home circle is formed. We are not necessary to your happiness, and only remain here as partakers of your bounty. This is the plain light in which I view it—and you must acknowledge it to be the true light."

Mr. Hendee used various arguments to convince Mary that she was wrong to throw herself as she proposed, upon her own resources; but his arguments were weak when opposed to her common sense conviction, and clear perceptions of what was right. Jane, when she found that Mary had been declaring to her uncle and aunt the views she had previously expressed to her; and not only that, but was bent on acting them out, was much incensed, and strove hard to divert her from what seemed to her mind a most insane act. But, as might well be supposed, her opposition had no effect. Mary was not governed by any impulse, or whim, but by deeply fixed principles. When Mr. and Mrs. Hendee found that neither argument nor persuasion could move the honest-hearted girl from her purpose, they begged that she would, at

least, make their house her home, if she did not solely depend upon them.

"I will, on one consideration," was her half smiling, yet earnest reply.

"Name it," said Mr. Hendee.

"That I be allowed to become my cousins' instructor in music, so long as you think me competent to give them lessons."

"It shall be as you desire."

The prompt acceptance of this proposition brought the tears to Mary's eyes.

"From my heart, I thank you," she said, with emotion. "I do not want to go from under your protection. Here I will be happier than any where else, for I shall be with those I love most and prize highest in the world."

Just about this time an advertisement appeared in the newspapers for a lady to take the situation of music teacher in a well known seminary. At Mary's earnest request, Mr. Hendee made application for, and was successful in obtaining the place for her. She entered cheerfully upon the duties of this new position, and discharged them with energy and ability. It required the devotion of four hours each day in order to do justice to the classes placed under her care. At home, she gave two or three hours every day to the music of her cousins, and with marked evidences of success. Besides this, many hours were spent in practice and study, in order to increase her ability for the duties she had voluntarily assumed.

Mary's choice did not fail to have the effect which her uncle and aunt had predicted. It quickly became known that she was only a teacher in Madame Lacroix' seminary. The young ladies, who had before been on terms of intimacy with her, finding that she was the instructress of their younger sisters, began to grow cold towards her, and numbers failed to recognise her in the street. This was a severe trial to her young spirit: but conscious rectitude of purpose sustained her. She had put her hands to the plough, and could not look back. What grieved her most, was the unkindness of Jane. Mary's conduct affected her sister in two ways. In the first place, it detracted from her standing in the eyes of many, and, in the second place, it was a daily rebuke of her want of the same honest independence. In her aunt and uncle, however, the heroic girl found unchanging friends. They not only admired her for her excellence of character, but loved her for the sweetness of her disposition. Not without pain did they perceive that all their fears in regard to the consequences of her independent course, were becoming daily realized. Gradually even the most intimate of Mary's young friends were ceasing to visit her, and when she ventured with the family into company, she was neglected except by a very few. The consequence was, that before six months had elapsed, Mary Wells was rarely seen beyond the walls of the seminary in which she taught, and the sweet seclusion of home. Her sister rarely asked her to accompany her when she went out, and never spoke of her to any one, unless she were specially asked for. By the end of a year, none would have thought that the gay girl who daily went forth to make fashionable calls upon fashionable friends, and

the quiet, thoughtful maiden, modestly attired, who regularly left the house of Mr. Hendee and came back at stated hours, were sisters.

Things went on in this way for about two years, by which time Mary was pretty well forgotten in her old circle of friends. Within that time the members of that circle had changed materially. New faces were to be seen, and many old faces were missing; among the new comers was a young man who had returned from college a year before, and who had immediately entered into business with his father, a merchant of wealth and standing. His name was Cleveland. Young Cleveland had been educated with great care by his father, who was a man of independent feelings, and sound views of life. As his son grew up, he carefully instilled into his mind a love of truth for its own sake, and taught him to estimate all things by intrinsic worth, rather than fictitious appearances. As Hartly Cleveland emerged from youth into early manhood, that most critical period in life, his father had the gratification of seeing in him a realization of his most ardent wishes. The principles taught him had been deeply planted, and they had sprung up, and produced good fruits.

This young man met Jane Wells frequently in company, and found himself becoming more and more prepossessed in her favor the oftener he saw her. Almost involuntarily he paid her more than ordinary attentions, which were far from being unpleasing to her. After some months, he would occasionally call in at Mr. Hendee's and spend an evening with her. Whenever he did so, if Mary happened to be in the parlor, she would immediately retire; always without being introduced, for it had never occurred that her uncle or aunt was present when Mr. Cleveland first came in, and Jane would have thought it an egregious folly to introduce her sister to any of her fashionable friends.

The attentions of Hartly Cleveland soon stirred into inquietude the bosom of Jane Wells. There was every thing about him to interest the heart of a maiden. He was handsome in person, his taste highly cultivated, his mind richly stored, his principles firmly based, and with all, he belonged to a respectable and wealthy family. No wonder that Jane could not withstand such attractions.

It was not long, before the young man became more marked in his attentions. He called at Mr. Hendee's at least once every week, and regularly accompanied Jane to all the concerts and fashionable amusements of the season. One evening he came in and found no one in the parlor but Mary. Jane was dressing to go out with him to a concert. Mary's first impulse was to retire, but this she felt that it would not be polite to do. She therefore remained; but did not feel free to make any remarks. This she had no need to do, for Mr. Cleveland readily introduced subjects of conversation, and drew her forth to speak. At first she did so with a reluctant timidity; but what she said inspired the young man with a wish to penetrate deeper into her mind. Unconsciously to herself, he led her out, and induced her to give her views on many subjects, which she did with a beauty of expression, and a clearness of thought that charmed him. In the midst of this Jane came in, all ready to walk, and Mary glided

from the room, with a strange warmth and tremulousness in her bosom. It was nearly two years since she had spent ten minutes in conversation with a young man of intelligence and winning manners. The sensation was to her new and pleasing. A new chord was awakened in her heart, that was not inclined to sleep again.

She retired to her room, and took up a favorite volume. But she could not comprehend the words of the author. Her thoughts returned to the parlor, and to the interesting young stranger with whom she had passed a quarter of an hour of most delightful conversation. At length she became conscious of the folly she was committing in thus allowing this little incident to make so deep an impression upon her. She strove to shut out from her mind the image of Mr. Cleveland, but in vain. She still saw his fine, animated face; his voice still sounded in her ears, and the sentiments he had uttered still lived in her recollection.

"What young lady is that with whom I was conversing, when you came down?" young Cleveland asked of Jane, as soon as they had left the house.

"She gives lessons in music to my cousins," was answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"Ah!" was Cleveland's only reply; there was disappointment in the tone of his voice.

Three weeks elapsed, during which both the young man and Mary found it very difficult to keep from thinking about each other. He had called several times to see Jane, with the secret hope in his mind of again meeting the interesting young music teacher. But she did not happen to be present. At last, however, he could not conceal from himself the pleasure he felt, on being shown into the parlor, and finding no one there but Mary. Instinctively, she arose, and made a movement to leave the room. Jane had spoken rather sharply to her for her former indiscreet act, as she called it.

"You will not leave me here alone," Cleveland said, in a respectful, half-familiar voice.

Mary paused, and resumed her seat, her heart beating with a quick irregular motion. The conversation which the young man had previously held with her, gave him some idea of the character of her mind, and guided him at once into the selection of suitable themes. He soon succeeded in again drawing her out into an expression of her opinions upon the topics under review, which she did with a soundness of thought and a beauty of expression that again charmed him. "Can this be only a music teacher?" he could not help asking himself. It so happened, that the servant who admitted Mr. Cleveland, mistook Mary, who was in the parlor, for Jane, and therefore did not go up to the room of the latter to notify her that there was a visitor below. On this account Cleveland and Mary spent full half an hour together, when the latter, recollecting herself, said,

"The servant must have omitted to inform Jane that you were here."

As she spoke, she arose quickly and left the room. In a few moments Jane entered the parlor, and apologised for having kept him waiting, on the ground that she had not been informed of his presence.

"As some compensation," he replied, "I have

been quite agreeably entertained by this young music teacher you have in the family. She seems as shy as a fawn, and I had almost to compel her to remain in the parlor. But, when she had forgotten herself, she proved to be a most interesting companion. She cannot, certainly, be moving in that sphere, for which education and taste have fitted her."

To this Jane made some evasive reply. Her manner of doing so was noticed by Cleveland, who did not altogether like it. It implied contempt for the interesting girl, who, as he supposed, held, in the family, the subordinate position of an instructor in music. From that moment, the charm that had been thrown around Jane Wells, gradually passed away. As it did so, the image of the quiet, intelligent, refined, and delicate stranger he had met at Mr. Hendee's, took a more distinct and permanent place in his mind. "Who is she?" "What is she?" were questions often asked. Though he called, nearly as often as before, upon Jane, it was really with the hope of again falling in with the music teacher. But this fortunate occurrence did not again happen.

One evening he met Mr. Hendee in the parlor, alone. The ardent desire he felt to learn something certain about the individual who had interested him, caused him to say, during a pause in the conversation,—

"Pardon me, Mr. Hendee, for the seeming intrusiveness of the question I am about to ask. You have a young lady in your family, employed as music teacher—?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Cleveland," Mr. Hendee said, interrupting him,— "but you are under some mistake. There is no such person in my family as you allude to."

Cleveland looked confounded.

"I certainly must be under some mistake, then," he replied. "But I have twice met in the parlor a very interesting young lady, who is, as I have understood, an instructor of music to your children."

"Oh! you mean my niece," Mr. Hendee said, with a smile.

"Your niece?"

"Yes. Mary Wells, the sister of Jane. I thought you knew her."

"No, sir," was the grave reply. "I have twice fallen in with her by accident. Then as soon as any one entered the parlor, she glided away. No one introduced her to me."

"Not even her sister?"

"No."

Mr. Hendee looked upon the floor thoughtfully.

"Why does she keep herself so secluded?" at length asked young Cleveland. "She is certainly fitted to shine in any circle."

"That she is. A lovelier girl I have never seen. But it is her real worth that excludes her. Society, as it is now constituted, is not worthy of so noble minded a creature."

"Your words puzzle me," the young man said.

"I will then give you fully her history, and let you judge her by the best and truest standard—her own life as it stands forth in Doric beauty."

Mr. Hendee then related, with the warmth his deep admiration of her virtues, gave to his words and

manner, the noble conduct of Mary Wells. Mr. Cleveland listened with intense admiration.

"Noble girl!" he exclaimed, as soon as the narrative had been finished.

"Yes, she is nobleness itself," was the earnest response of the uncle.

"May I beg to be introduced to one for whom I now feel a respect amounting almost to reverence?" asked the young man.

The bell was rung, and a servant entered.

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her in the parlor."

The servant left the room, and in a few moments Mary entered, dressed in simple but neat attire.

"Come, my dear, let me introduce you to my excellent young friend Mr. Cleveland," Mr. Hendee said, taking Mary's hand, and leading her forward.

The color deepened on Mary's cheek when she met the steady, admiring gaze of the young man, but her self-possession remained.

"My niece excludes herself far too much. She is 'o'er modest, worth's peculiar fault,' as Goldsmith, I believe, has it," Mr. Hendee added, as Mary took a seat on the sofa.

At that moment Jane entered and came forward. Mr. Cleveland met her with a manner much more formal than usual. She was no longer beautiful or interesting in his eyes. The superior loveliness of Mary had altogether eclipsed her. The surprise and displeasure she felt at seeing Mary in the parlor, and in conversation with Mr. Cleveland, tended in no way to give additional charms to those already surrounding her. He saw clearly her state of mind; and it took away all the admiration, and even warmer feelings, he had ever felt for her.

Encouraged by her uncle, and led on to converse by the admiring young man, Mary shone through the evening with a lustre that surprised, while it delighted Mr. Hendee.

From that time, Cleveland became a lover. He would not listen to Mary's remaining any longer in seclusion, and much against her will, almost compelled her to accompany him to a large ball, gotten up by the exclusives. She dressed herself in pure white, and presented a sweet contrast with the gaudily attired belles who flaunted about, and sought the admiration she unconsciously won.

"What lovely creature is that on the arm of Cleveland?" asked a young man, coming up to his sister, who was among a bevy of half a dozen young girls.

"Where? Who?"

"Look! Don't you see—near that pillar."

"Oh! yes. That? Why, as I live, that is Mary Wells my old music teacher! What in the world is she doing here, and with Hartly Cleveland? He cannot know the company he is keeping."

This little bit of news quickly spread through the company, and Cleveland soon found both himself and Mary the subject of observation and remark. And not only so; but actually proscribed—for, in endeavoring to make up a cotillion in which he proposed to dance with Mary, the attempt failed, only two or three couples consenting to take the floor.

Deeply incensed at this, he withdrew from the room with Mary Wells, and left the house. Jane was also at the ball, and saw all this—not without a

feeling of pleasure, for now she hoped to regain the attentions she had lost. But she was in error. On the way home, Cleveland offered Mary his hand; which, after reflection and consultation with her uncle and aunt, she accepted.

The wedding party was the largest and most brilliant that had been given for two or three years. The young ladies who had refused to dance a cotillion with the music teacher, some how or other, forgot the circumstance, and carressed the bride most effec-

tionately. Even Jane could begin to see her real worth, now that it was perceived and acknowledged by others.

The true history of Mary became a subject of general conversation, and those who had looked down upon her as a humble music teacher, now that her real character was seen, lauded her conduct to the skies. We can admire and love virtuous self-denial in others, though we have not the moral courage to go through the trying ordeal ourselves.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

IF the eye of a sportsman, as it rests upon the spirited and exquisitely engraved picture, of "The Wounded Pheasant," which we present in this number of our magazine, brightens, and he feels pleasure in the remembrance of a similar exciting scene, in which he was an actor, let him read the following sweet little poem with which a fair correspondent has favored us, and learn to seek a higher and purer, delight than that which is to be found in wantonly causing any of God's innocent creatures to suffer and die. Of all the amusements in which man engages, there is none more unworthy of him, or more cowardly, than that of shooting birds for mere sport.

COME into the birch-wood awhile with me,
And I'll show you a sight that is fair to see;
Where the sunlight lingers on birchen stems,
Lighting them up till they gleam like gems;
Where the wood flowers bend with a gentler grace,
Than adorns their bloom in another place.
And the voices of waters, and ring doves' moan
Mingle together with peaceful tone;
And the eloquent sounds of embracing shades
Whisper sweet music in flowery glades,
And the Pheasant wanders with all her brood,
A gleam of life in the solitude.

The life of the Pheasant is bright and free,
And its home is blest as a home can be;
It leadeth its young to the water side,
And feareth no evil that may betide;
For what can the timid creature know,
Of aught that worketh pain or woe:
And why should the Pheasant care to roam,
From the calm delights of its sheltered home:
Where the gentle things it loves the best,
Are gathered in beauty around its nest;
And the gorgeous dyes of the glowing spring,
Are not more gay than its own bright wing.

Pleasant its life is, but frail and short,
The innocent victim of careless sport;
A quick sharp thrill through the birches rings,
And the bleeding bird from her covert springs,
Out o'er the sun-scorched and barren plain,
Fluttering on in its helpless pain;
Out in the glow of the shadeless sky,
Far from the home of its love, to die;
Sounds that have gladden'd its life, are mute,
Midst the angry clamor of loud pursuit:
Weary and panting, the struggle is past,
And the wounded Pheasant has rest at last.

H. M.

IN presenting our magazine for this month, we have room only to make a few notices, and refer to the excellent contents of the number. On all hands, our September issue was considered equal in point of literary merit to any other magazine for the month. This number is not a whit inferior to that. Having carefully read and decided upon the merits of all the articles, we know such to be the case. Our leading paper is "The Error of a Good Father." It is from Marmontel. Those who have read "The Lesson of Misfortune," will turn to it quickly. "Captain Andy," is a story of thrilling interest;—"School Reminiscences" is excellent and will do good; we refer our readers to it particularly. As to the merit of our own performance, "The Young Music Teacher," the reader must decide upon that for himself. Besides the articles specified, there are many shorter pieces, each giving forth an odor of its own peculiar excellence. Read all.

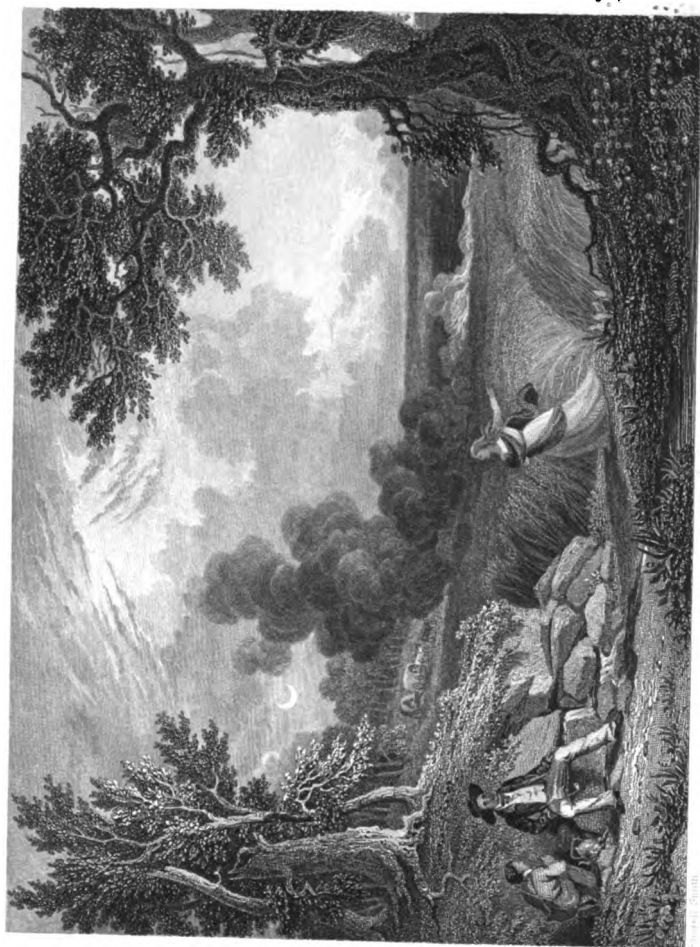
HEAVEN AND HELL. THEIR WONDERS, &c. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.—Messrs. T. H. Carter & Co. have published, in five numbers, at twelve and a half cents each, this remarkable work, by one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. It may be obtained at the various periodical agencies.

A NEW TEMPERANCE TALE. *The Old Jour' and his Family*, is the title of a new temperance tale just published by Zeiber & Co. Price twelve and a half cents.

No 3 of *Arthur's Prose Fictions*, has also been issued by the same publishers.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The two steel plates that grace our magazine this month, all will acknowledge to be indeed fine specimens of art, as well as attractive and spirited in design. "The Wounded Pheasant" is equal in point of execution, to any thing that has appeared in our magazines. The drawing, too, is a masterly performance. Look at it carefully. There is no marked defect in the whole composition, and this is saying a good deal.

THE PRESS.—We thank our brethren of the press for the kind manner in which they received our September number. Our aim at excellence is beginning to be seen, and its effect acknowledged. We are determined to base our work upon merit alone. The articles that gain admission into its pages must be good. Under this system, we intend building up a periodical that shall be known, and its excellence acknowledged throughout the union. We see a wide field before us, and we intend to occupy it.



Peace on War
 by J. M. W. Turner, 1804

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1844.



For Arthur's Magazine.

THE USELESS SACRIFICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CAROLINE PICHLER.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

HENRIETTA DUMONT was the youngest daughter of an illustrious, though not wealthy family. Education, example and circumstances had early taught her to place the chief happiness of life in dissipation and glittering pleasures, and thus, in her sixteenth year, she gave her hand to the son of a rich banker whom she scarcely knew, hoping, by means of his wealth, to be able to enjoy that kind of existence which had hitherto seemed to her most desirable.

She thus became Madame Larnier, and the first two years of her marriage passed rapidly away, amid the deceitful pleasures into which she was drawn by her youth, her mode of life, and the kindly manner in which her beauty made her every where welcome. At the end of this time, before the birth of her first child, she withdrew from the noisy circles of fashion, and, amid anticipations of the serious duties now about to devolve upon her, relieved the tedium of solitude by reading. She read every thing that fell into her hands; romances, comedies, works on education. In the first, she found more than she had

sought for; feelings, joys and sorrows were depicted of which she had never before dreamed. Her heart awoke and showed her there was another, a higher happiness in life than either riches or splendor could bestow. She determined to enjoy this happiness. A sense of duty and goodness of heart directed her feelings towards her husband; he should be the hero of her romance, the fellow-actor in all the touching scenes she had imagined. But Herr Larnier was not made for this. He was a sensible man, an honest and able merchant, and he loved his wife; but he had no appreciation of the feeling she lavished upon him, no idea of what she wished in return. Henrietta now felt herself unhappy. Her feelings were excited, and there was no fit object on which to pour them forth. She wished to die, and it was only her tenderness for her Augusta (so she named her first born) that prevented this wish from gaining strength.

At this time, chance brought to her house a young man in whose society Henrietta found all she had hitherto wanted. Werner, her husband's

book-keeper, was a man of sense, feeling, and spotless morals. At first, reading formed an intellectual bond between them, and Werner soon found how many fine feelings had received a false direction from the perusal of ill-chosen books. He chose for her, read with her, encouraged her to make extracts and observations, and thus formed her mind and her feelings. But the honored teacher soon became the object of the feelings he sought to guide, and his own heart was not untouched by so much loveliness, innocence and talent, whose right direction was his work. But Werner was noble;—Henrietta's natural sense of duty had become stronger and more fixed under his influence. They saw the abyss on which they stood, and resolved to contend nobly. Circumstances rendered the conflict a hard one, and, at last, to Werner, victory seemed impossible. His despairing virtue resorted to the last means. One morning he was found dead in his chamber; a pistol and a letter to a friend, enclosing one to Henrietta, lay beside him.

The news was communicated to her with the greatest care, but, notwithstanding this, it occasioned an illness which brought her to the brink of the grave, and, when she recovered, her embittered existence passed away in silent melancholy. Her children, for she had several, were her only pleasure; but her resolution was fixed and immovable to preserve her daughters from the misfortune which had befallen herself. Their hearts and minds were cultivated with the greatest care; they were taught to place the happiness of life in love and domestic pleasures, and a solemn promise was exacted from them, only to marry when they had found the man whom they could love exclusively and find their whole world in him. Then they should have no regard to rank or riches; but the moral worth alone of the man should decide for him.

Augusta, the eldest, grew to womanhood, and, under such influences, her naturally feeling heart could not fail rapidly to unfold and stand open to every impression.

The elder Mademoiselle Dumont, her mother's sister, had married in the Netherlands, from whence the family had originally sprung; but, in the disturbances caused by the first year of the war, she left them accompanied by her husband Herr Clairval, and chose the city in which she was born, where Madame Larnier still lived, for her residence. The two families were soon closely united. Clairval had several children, who became the companions of the young Larners. The eldest son alone was absent. Henry Von Clairval served as lieutenant in the — regiment. In the last battle, where he had greatly distin-

guished himself, he had been dangerously wounded; his wound, however, was now nearly healed, and his arrival was daily expected, as the physicians had advised him to use the baths in the vicinity of his parents' residence. His family rejoiced at the prospect of his coming, and the Larners out of friendship, participated in their joy. Augusta's imagination had already drawn a picture of her expected cousin from different sketches she had heard from her relatives; a fine appearance, bravery, goodness of heart, and a wound that made him still more interesting, were the main features of the portrait.

But her expectations were surpassed, and her fancy, with its meager painting, quite put to shame. One afternoon, when both families were assembled in Larnier's garden, the elder Clairval suddenly appeared in the avenue, leading a young officer by the hand. A tall, well developed figure, noble expression in carriage and mien, the wound on the fine forehead which, still covered with black silk, was lost amid the brown shining locks, and, finally, the showy uniform intended to set off a fine figure—all united to surprise, to confound Augusta; and while all hastened to Cousin Henry, embracing, kissing him, she alone, blushing and embarrassed, remained in her seat. At length the elder Clairval missed her; he led his son to her, and presented him to his cousin. Henry seemed struck by her appearance, and the respectful dignity with which he greeted her, the sudden color that flushed his features, showed her the flattering distinction he made between her and his other relatives. Soon, however, every trace of embarrassment vanished from the conduct of the young people: they became confiding and open as cousins usually are, and took a joyous part in the social diversions that celebrated Henry's arrival. In the evening they danced. Henry was forbidden every thing like excitement on account of his wound; but he could not deny himself the pleasure of a couple of turns with his pretty cousin. She flew round on his arm; his glistening eye met hers, and openly revealed all that was passing in his soul. After the second round, he bowed reverentially before her, kissed her hand, and led her to a seat. She looked at him with interest, for suddenly his arm seemed to tremble and his blooming cheek to grow pale.

"You are not well!" she anxiously exclaimed.

"It is nothing," he answered in a low tone; "say nothing, lest my father should hear it: I ought not to have danced;—but how was that possible?" Again he pressed her hand to his lips.

"Come," said Augusta, "let us go into the library; it is not so warm there as here, and you can rest there a little."

They went; Henry sat upon the sofa, and supported his head upon the pillows. Augusta continued standing before him, and held a smelling bottle for him. He seemed to her handsomer than ever in this position, with this paleness that gave a softer interest to his lively features. The elder Clairval had missed his son, and, suspected what had happened, he went after the young couple, and found them in the attitude before mentioned. He could scarcely forbear smiling, when he saw Augusta attending upon her cousin in such a sister-like manner; but he tried to appear serious, reproved Henry for his imprudence, and then sat down to talk with them. Henry's vertigo was soon over; he again became animated and talkative; he told of his campaigns, of his dangers, and Augusta's heart often beat violently when she heard of all that had threatened Henry's life and of all he had suffered.

Thus, one tender tie after another was woven round their two hearts. A few days after, Henry went to the baths, and could only come twice a week to visit his relations. These days were festal days for Augusta; she counted the hours from one to another; anticipation and longing portrayed unspeakable happiness in the attainment of her wishes, and rendered her other occupations tedious and burdensome, till, at length, the wished for Wednesday or Sunday arrived that brought back her beloved cousin. The loving girl thought it no slight compliment that every Sunday, when all the gay world of the capital repaired to the baths to recreate themselves, he came faithfully home and passed it with her. With Henry also, leisure, youthful ardor, and the slight hindrances that opposed his pleasures, contributed to impress his fair cousin's image more deeply in his heart, and what was at first only transient admiration, owing to Augusta's lovely and attractive character, deepened into a true passion, which made him firmly resolve to use every effort to obtain exclusive possession of her; but at the same time, conscious how inferior his wealth was to her's, and of her claims to what the world calls happiness, he determined not to lead her to take any rash step or to make any hasty promise. He would love her truly, tenderly, and unchangeably; but, only when his courage or his skill had obtained him a rank he could honorably offer her, would he come forward as her acknowledged suitor and lover.

So thought Clairval, with the refined feelings of a noble heart; but so did not think his speculating relations. His mother knew her sister's wealth too well, and was too well aware what a brilliant match Augusta was, not to strive, with all her powers, to win and secure the rich maiden for her son. She treated Augusta with a mother's

tenderness; she constantly drew her to her house, and knew so skilfully how to interweave Henry's praises and his secret passion in her conversation; how to flatter Augusta's vanity, that soible so hard to conquer, that she could scarcely fail of attaining her end with an inexperienced girl of seventeen. What fancy and feeling had begun, the mother's artifice completed. Augusta became more and more entangled in this passion, and she gradually arrived at the conviction that she could be happy only with Henry. But the worldly wise woman could not succeed equally well with her son. Her plans were defeated by his straightforward sense; no persuasions, no representations could induce him to depart from the path he had marked out as the right one, or to decide the matter at once in compliance with his mother's wishes. Meantime, his leave of absence was nearly at an end, his wound was healed, and the day of his departure fixed in the ensuing week.

The decisive steps must now be taken, and the finishing stroke put to the work with Augusta. Henry's sadness, occasioned by his approaching departure, and the uncertainty of his hopes, escaped no one, least of all Augusta; but her tenderest inquiries could not draw forth the secret from his breast. The mother supplied what was lacking in the son; she informed Augusta of the cause of her son's deep melancholy, and the motives that actuated his conduct. This disclosure produced precisely the effect the designing woman wanted. Augusta was touched, enraptured; her resolution to give her hand to none but Henry became stronger than ever, and she determined herself to lead to a declaration, and to give the high-minded youth the promise of eternal faithfulness that his delicate feeling would not venture to ask. She had not to wait long for an opportunity, and Clairval could not have been young, or in love, or a man, if his purpose had still continued unshaken, and his reason gained so cruel a victory over his heart. Overcome by love, sorrow, and Augusta's goodness, he sank at her feet, and the vow was taken of eternal faithfulness.

Augusta's mother, by her own observation, and her daughter's confidence was informed of all. She could indeed have wished her daughter's choice had not fallen upon a man whose calling withdrew her so entirely from her mother's arms and domestic quiet, and she thought a period of six weeks, in which there had been so many days of absence, scarcely sufficed to make them know each other; but Clairval had, in his favor, the voice of the world and his comrades, the love and esteem of his family, and the favorable impression produced by his appearance and dignified demeanor.

He was, moreover, the son of a beloved sister who here also forgot nothing that could further her plans. In short, the whole affair seemed to realize the plans she had formed for Augusta in her enthusiastic hours, when thinking of her own youth. The want of wealth she hoped to prevail on her husband to overlook as she possessed his entire confidence and esteem, and thus she looked calmly forward to the future, when, six months after Clairval's departure, a violent illness attacked her frame, worn away with silent grief, and she breathed away her life in the arms of the sorrowing Augusta.

Augusta felt the greatness of her loss. Death had deprived her not only of a beloved mother, but also of the guardian spirit of her love; for she knew her father's way of thinking, and felt how difficult it would be to obtain his consent to her union with a man of no fortune. Still, she determined to be firm, to venture all, to suffer all, and never to give her hand to another than Clairval. She undertook the entire management of her father's large household, and this duty afforded her a fitting excuse for refusing two brilliant offers, until her sister Emily should be grown up and able to take her place in the establishment. She saw Clairval very seldom, for, while the war lasted, it was almost impossible for him to leave the army; but when he came, these anxiously expected moments of happiness were enjoyed with a rapture which only unhappy, separated lovers, can conceive. At other times, his letters were her only pleasure; and amid the dangers of war and the uncertainty she often felt, her passion was rather increased than diminished by separation.

Thus three years passed away. As long as his affairs continued to prosper, Herr Larner did not urge Augusta very strongly to marry, for she was still young, and her presence in the house indispensable. But the war gradually produced its disastrous effects upon him. Several houses with which he was connected broke and caused him considerable losses, and he began to think seriously of building up his sinking fortunes by an advantageous match for his daughter. Several offers were made, which Augusta steadfastly refused; but they caused her many sad hours, many bitter scenes with her father, whom she could not obey, but to whom, at such a moment, she feared to disclose her love. From Clairval, whom the sacrifices she made for him rendered still dearer to her heart, she concealed all, in order to spare him every anxiety, but he heard something of it from report. His letters bore the impression of the deepest sorrow, but he was noble minded enough to offer her an entire renunciation of all his rights and claims, lest they

should interfere with her domestic peace or her future happiness.

About this time her father received a letter from one of his correspondents who had entrusted large sums to his care, and whose good opinion he was especially anxious to secure. Herr Bentheim wrote to him that his interest required him to establish a house of his own in the capital in which Larner lived, and as his only son had just returned from travelling and wanted to be established he had determined to give it into his care, but he wished him first to enter some well known house in order to become acquainted with the business connection of the place. He knew none better fitted for this purpose, none where his son would be better trained, than that of his friend Larner. He, therefore, begged him to receive the young man as a boarder and member of his family, and to place him in his counting house, till, perhaps, in the course of time, a still nearer tie might connect the two families.

Herr Larner read the letter with the greatest pleasure; he considered this day one of the most fortunate of his life, and hastened to announce the news to Augusta. He told her, at the same time, very seriously, that he should now no longer have patience with her whims; he made her acquainted with the true situation of his affairs, and told her that if young Bentheim was, as report said, an intelligent and upright man whom she succeeded in pleasing, he would hear of no rejection, and would not sacrifice the happiness of his other children to her humors.

Augusta listened to her father with apparent composure, though she trembled inwardly, and her blood seemed to stagnate. A single ray of light beamed on the darkness of her soul from the stipulation—"If Bentheim was so noble as report described him, and if she succeeded in pleasing him." To this thought she clung with the eagerness of a drowning man, and promised her father to do all in her power to unite the happiness of her family with her own. This indefinite answer, satisfied her father for the time, for he promised himself much from Bentheim's presence, and loved his children too much voluntarily to sacrifice them.

With more care than ever, Augusta tried to conceal the secret design of this new member of the family from Clairval, whose jealousy, excited by knowing a formidable rival was constantly near her while he was forced to live so far away, often without any news of her, would have been a source of intense misery. With equal care she studied the part she had to play, and found the best reasons for hoping the dreaded stranger would possess the common faults of the conceited pampered sons of wealthy parents. Her

own representations seemed to her so probable that she expected nothing different, and looked forward with calmness to his arrival.

This at length took place, and to her great chagrin, at a time when her father was not at home. With a beating heart, she saw him enter, and, the thought of the unpleasant circumstances in which she was now and would continue to be involved by this man, rendered him an object of dislike. He was a young man, whose outward appearance would have made neither an agreeable nor a disagreeable impression on an unfettered heart, but he was so embarrassed, so modest even to shyness, that Augusta soon recovered her own self possession. Their conversation was not very animated, but all that the stranger said, gave evidence of a cultivated mind, and when he withdrew to dress, Augusta was forced to confess to herself that the hopes she had built upon his conceit and soppery were sufficiently deceptive. She resolved so much the more to observe his character, and to sharpen her eyes for every fault and every weakness.

At table, Bentheim appeared in a simple but becoming costume; his figure looked better and his demeanor, in the presence of her father and the other guests, was less embarrassed and awkward than in a tête-à-tête with a young lady, of whose future connection with himself he had probably been informed by his father. The elder Larnier seemed satisfied with him; and Augusta became more and more distressed.

From this time Bentheim was considered as a part of the family. The great shyness and stiffness of manner, consequent on his solitary education and his mode of life, gradually wore off in daily intercourse, changing into the most refined delicacy and attention to others; and in the same way were developed the talents and acquirements that graced his mind. A well chosen library that he brought with him, small collections of minerals and engravings, and his piano, which he played with masterly skill, soon introduced a kind of pleasure and enjoyment of life into Larnier's house, which with all its grandeur had heretofore been wanting.

Augusta's mind, occupied with domestic cares and intercourse with her father, who had no appreciation for any thing beyond mercantile skill, had, after the death of her mother, pined for its highest enjoyments. Now it began again to unfold, and soon a large portion of Bentheim's knowledge was imparted to her. But as her mind became more cultivated, and she learned to know Bentheim more intimately, she found more and more reason to tremble for her love, for there was less and less ground for refusing his hand without discovering to her father the secret of

her heart. One hope alone remained to her, that of Bentheim's coldness, who had hitherto shown himself modest and reserved, and had given her no reason to suppose a stronger feeling had been awakened in his heart. With this doubtful satisfaction she comforted herself and not only avoided doing any thing to attract him but diligently concealed many good qualities and bright talents, and sought by a cold and courteous demeanor to extinguish any budding inclination. But in this matter, as in all the rest, she had miscalculated, and expected too much from chances and possibilities, where there was scarcely the slightest probability.

Bentheim, who knew what Augusta would be to him, who daily saw the lovely girl act in a hundred emergencies, who now, on a longer acquaintance, felt sure that no other had claims upon her heart, gave himself up to the powerful attraction that had at first led him to her; he began to love her tenderly, and it was only owing to his retiring modesty that Augusta discovered so late the existence of a feeling on whose entire absence she had confidently reckoned. But the later she made this discovery, the more respectful and tender Bentheim's manner became, the better she perceived the danger that threatened her, and the depth and strength of his virtuous love.

She now bitterly repented that she had so long deferred an explanation that had become absolutely necessary. The decisive step should have been taken long before, and the eyes of a worthy man opened to the existence of a connection, which, the longer it was concealed, would render him the more certainly and hopelessly unhappy. She consulted her intimate friend, Henry's mother, about her difficult position. She advised her to speak with her father; and Augusta would have resolved to do it, if her knowledge of her father's principles of action, and his slight appreciation of the higher wants of the heart, had not convinced her of the fruitlessness of such a step. She struggled long with herself, till, at length, in the solitude of a sleepless night, after many bitter reproaches for the culpable carelessness with which she had hazarded the happiness of an honorable man, she resolved to appeal directly to himself, and thus, if she did not attain her end entirely, at least put an end to the painful position in which she was placed, and the reproaches of her own conscience. Womanly delicacy and fear of the uncertain issue of the affair, withheld her from speaking with Bentheim; she preferred writing, and without allowing it to be perceived that she knew any thing of their parents' plans or of his love, she merely wrote to him, that the correctness of his opinions

and the high place he held in her father's estimation, had emboldened her to apply to him in a matter in which she needed his friendship and support. She then briefly related to him the beginning of her acquaintance with Clairval, her existing engagement to him, and the hindrances placed in the way of their hopes by her father's way of thinking. She entreated him to be her advocate with her father; she told him that there was no one to whom she would rather be indebted for her happiness than to him; spoke with undisguised warmth of the esteem with which his conduct had inspired her, and concluded with hoping that he would always remain her friend.

Bentheim received this letter—read it—and felt himself annihilated. It was some time before he could collect himself—could understand it clearly, or mark out the path it was necessary for him to pursue. Meanwhile, the hour for dinner arrived. It was impossible for him, before he had subdued the stormy feelings that agitated his heart, to appear before any one, least of all before Augusta. A headache served him for an excuse—the servant brought this answer, and Augusta trembled when she heard it. Larner immediately went up to his favorite. When he returned, he told his children that he had found Bentheim much discomposed and very pale, and that he had reason to suppose there was something weighing on his heart and the headache was a mere pretext. All showed the strongest sympathy in the sorrow of their loved inmate; they exhausted every supposition as to its cause, and during the whole meal talked of nothing else. Augusta was in torture; she thanked heaven when they at last rose from table; and hastened to her own room. Here she drew Clairval's portrait from her bosom, thought over the sacrifice she had made for him, and again vowed unwavering faith and courage.

Bentheim was absent from the evening meal also. He was not in the house, and they sent to some of his friends, but he was nowhere to be found. This had never happened before since he had been living at Larner's. They became anxious, and again started a thousand suppositions. Augusta awaited with the intense anxiety of a criminal, the issue of the event. Fearful possibilities crossed her mind, and the greatness of her error, the consequences of her culpable delay, stood before her in terrible colors. She put out her light, stationed herself at her window, and waited to see if Bentheim did not return to the house. She grew pale whenever the bell rang, she trembled at every sound. At length, when it was nearly midnight, it rang again. She heard Bentheim's voice; he was speaking kindly to the servant who had let him in. Oh, no music

had ever sounded so lovely to her, as these tones which relieved her soul from a crushing burden. She closed the window and laid down weary and exhausted.

The next day Bentheim appeared at table with the family. He was still pale, and his serious countenance was graver than usual; otherwise he seemed composed and took part in the conversation without any restraint. He apologized for his yesterday's absence;—he had not felt well before dinner, and as he knew the fresh air would cure him most effectually, he had taken a long walk in the country. A university friend, whom he unexpectedly met, had prevailed on him to talk of old times over a bowl of punch, and thus kept him out beyond his accustomed hours. Larner was quite satisfied; he believed the probable story, and all anxiety was at an end except for Augusta.

As she took up her work basket after breakfast, she found in it a letter from Bentheim. She shuddered, for the thought of what it might contain fell like a heavy load on her heart. As soon as possible she hastened out and opened it. It was quite short, Bentheim thanked her with respectful warmth for her confidence, promised to deserve it, and to prove to her by his conduct that her happiness was his highest aim. At the same time, he advised her at once to speak with her father, that he might hear from herself the secret of her love which could now no longer be concealed, and thus be prepared for what he had resolved to do for her.

In Augusta's heart this letter left an impression of mingled gratitude, joy and shame. She weighed Bentheim's advice and found it good. On the first good opportunity, she disclosed her secret to her father; a storm of passion ensued which she bore courageously. Larner spoke of Bentheim's claims, of his wealth, of the misfortune that her foolish infatuation and self will would bring upon his other children. She was prepared for all this; she threw herself upon Bentheim's magnanimity, which would not suffer him to take such a petty revenge, and on his want of inclination towards her. But Larner was inexorable, and declared at last, all that he could do, was not to compel her to marry against her will, but on the other hand, nothing could induce him to consent to a marriage against his. Augusta left him with an anxious heart; and a preconcerted sign apprized Bentheim that now the first step on her part had been taken.

The next morning Bentheim went to him. Mercantile transactions served as an introduction to the conversation which he at length led to the subject of Augusta's wishes, and the honorable confidence she had reposed in him. Larner was

astonished to hear a plea for Augusta's wishes from his mouth. But Bentheim played his hard part well—he spoke with warmth of Augusta's happiness, of Clairval's good qualities; he persuaded the father to look at it as a point of honor and upright dealing, which compelled us to regard even a too hasty promise. Lerner wavered—Bentheim's own intercession for his destined bride convinced him that he had no inclination, no claims of his own to advance—at last he gave in and consented to Augusta's engagement to Clairval. Bentheim concluded by making a business arrangement which effaced the last trace of anxiety from Lerner's mind; and he did it in such a way as to make it seem that this had been the main object of his interview, and his entreaty for Augusta a mere digression. Lerner at last began to think that Bentheim had perhaps already fixed his fancy elsewhere, and had embraced this opportunity to retire with honor. He was satisfied, met Augusta kindly, and allowed her to write to Clairval.

And now the sacrifice she had asked from Bentheim was accomplished. What it had cost him, she could not know, could not conceive, for she trembled at the greatness of her obligation and his magnanimity. But she saw clearly that the calm cheerfulness which had formerly characterized him was gone; he was often away, and when Herr Lerner changed his residence, he left the house altogether, under the pretext that the new quarter was too far from his place of business. He came sometimes, however, in order to avoid exciting suspicion, when Herr Lerner was at home or there were other visitors. This also served to strengthen the father in his supposition. It grieved him to see his darling project thus destroyed, but he submitted to the inevitable decrees of fate, and Clairval was now expected with pleasure by all parties, though in very different degrees.

A greater happiness than they had anticipated awaited the lovers. The long desired peace was at last concluded. The warriors returned to their homes, and Clairval hastened to Augusta's arms with all the rapture of happy love and faithfulness. His bravery and skill had raised him in three years from a lieutenant to a major, and his arrival was a festival for his family. Several weeks passed away in the undisturbed enjoyment of this happiness. Clairval knew no higher pleasure than to be with Augusta; she found in his love a full recompense for all she had endured for him, and both strove to show their gratitude to the good father who had caused their happiness, by brightening the evening of his life.

The marriage of the young people would have taken place at once, had not Herr Lerner declared,

that he meant no longer to have cause to tremble for the fate of his daughter and the life of his son-in-law, and therefore Clairval must resolve to undertake some civil employment that he would procure for him. If he would not do this, he must at all events await his promotion to be lieutenant colonel, the next step in rank, because he was not in a condition, without injuring his other children, to do as much for Augusta as would be necessary to render her life comfortable. Augusta heartily concurred in the first plan, and urged Clairval to forsake the service. He did not exactly refuse, but said he would wait for the promised promotion. Enjoying their newly found happiness, the lovers looked calmly forward to the decision of their fate; and only the thought of Bentheim and the sacrifice he had made to her happiness mingled a few drops of bitterness in Augusta's cup, so that she could not enjoy it without some self-reproach. She saw Bentheim but seldom after Clairval's arrival, but whenever she met him, she thought she discerned traces of a secret sorrow in his features. Every such observation was a thorn in her soul; she was forced to consider herself the cause of it, and to confess that her culpable reliance on a possibility that was to loosen all these tangled knots, had brought about the unhappiness of a noble-minded man, who, notwithstanding this, had not hesitated to sacrifice his own peace to her wishes.

The hope of attaining the rank of colonel, and with it the union of the lovers, was long deferred; two months had already passed away. The first tumult of joy was over; they grew more calm, and gradually in the flowery wreath of their pleasures, here and there a withered leaf or a little thorn began to show itself. Clairval had been a soldier from his fifteenth year. He possessed, in a full degree, all the advantages, all the virtues of his calling, and here as well as in social intercourse, Augusta could wish for nothing more. But he also possessed a large share of the faults of his profession. His mind, formed amid the tumult of a camp, was active, and did not want acuteness; but to every branch of knowledge which was not indispensably necessary to his profession, he was an entire stranger. Reading and conversation upon literary topics were a weariness to him, while cards formed his darling amusement; and accustomed every day to have his fate decided by what he considered the hand of chance, order, prudence and domestic quiet, were foreign to his nature and almost oppressive. Augusta discovered these things gradually, though she might have known them long before; for Clairval's disposition, that abhorred deceit, had not shown itself otherwise from the beginning of their acquaintance. But Augusta was then seven-

teen years old, and after that their interviews were so seldom and so tender that she had neither time nor inclination for observations of this kind. His letters revealed to her none of these peculiar traits which could only be disclosed in the familiar intercourse of daily life;—thus, notwithstanding her warm love, she was a stranger to Clairval's inward nature, and an ideal of manly perfection had floated before her in his attractive form. Now the beautiful deception gradually vanished, and she felt the difference between her own mental culture and Henry's the more keenly, as of late her association with Bentheim had made her sensible of the higher wants of the mind and the imagination. She tried to give her friend the same tastes; but all her efforts were fruitless or served only to call forth in Clairval an unpleasant feeling of the difference between himself and his betrothed. He only enjoyed conversation when he could talk of his love alone with her, or with men about wars and battles. The rest of his time, which the peace placed at his disposal, was passed at the faro-table; and Augusta saw with pain that all her entreaties, all the means that her reason and her love could suggest, were ineffectual in withdrawing him from this dangerous amusement. She sometimes succeeded in keeping him away for two or three days, but all the impression she could make in the quiet hours of conversation, was again entirely effaced by the example of his comrades, their contemptuous jests at his moderation, or the oppressive *ennui* of vacant hours.

Her bright view of the future began, gradually, to darken. Clairval was often out of humor, and Augusta could no longer hope for unchanging happiness at his side; and the more she loved him, the higher her ideas of the harmony of loving hearts, the more sad seemed the probability that there could never be perfect harmony between them. Many a discord, too, mingled with the present. Many a bitter disagreement, that left a scar in both hearts; and each scar produced a place where the heart was less soft and sensitive than before.

An accident about this time disclosed to Clairval the true relation in which Bentheim had stood to Augusta, and which her delicacy had hitherto scrupulously concealed. His displeasure, his jealousy was excited; he considered it a sort of crime that she only half informed him of this matter, and had left him in error about the most important point. He thought it showed an undue degree of feeling for Bentheim; and even when Augusta had succeeded in convincing him of his own injustice and Bentheim's noble conduct, he still retained a bitter feeling against him. He had, indeed, known before, that he owed his pos-

session of Augusta to the intercession of the disinterested Bentheim; it was an act of friendship—nothing more—just what he had done a hundred times in other ways, at a greater sacrifice, for his comrades,—what he would gladly have done for him. But to know that Augusta had been destined for him by both fathers; that he had loved her; and only, at her request, had yielded to Clairval, laid him under a degree of obligation that oppressed him painfully. This feeling mingled with his feelings for Augusta; it lessened the worth of her possession in his eyes, it involuntarily influenced his conduct towards Bentheim when he appeared at Larner's, though this happened but seldom.

This did not escape Augusta; it weighed upon her, and she sought by increased respect and gentleness in her manner towards Bentheim, in which gratitude perhaps increased the warmth, to make amends for Clairval's roughness. Clairval noticed this and did not spare his reproaches, which often amounted to harshness, and which, Augusta, conscious how much she had suffered for his sake, and how blameless and noble Bentheim was, did not always answer with becoming patience.

A scene of this kind had just taken place and had been terminated by a tedious reconciliation, when Emily came in and begged her sister to go out with her and enjoy the lovely spring morning. Henry loved walks where he could see many people; the sight of others walking had more attractions for him than the beauties of nature. Augusta differed from him in this respect, but in order to show how entirely she was reconciled to him, she proposed a walk on the ramparts, where at this time all the fashionable world of the capital could be seen. Emily was very well pleased with the proposition and Henry perceiving the delicacy of her conduct, felt ashamed and astonished. All was on the best footing possible, and they started. But they had scarcely gone on a hundred steps, when Bentheim, who seldom frequented such places, met them with several of his companions. He bowed to them and Augusta kindly returned his salutation. Henry, who remarked it, darted an angry glance upon Bentheim, and touched his hat as slightly as the most distant courtesy would permit. Augusta saw this and it pained her, and the sad melancholy look that Bentheim gave her remained in her soul and contrasted strangely with Henry's rough demeanor. She forebore to speak, however, and walked quietly by his side. He observed it and asked the reason; she coldly excused herself.

"It is very strange," he began "that all those who do not ordinarily like this walk should come

here to-day, as if by agreement," and he emphasised the word "*agreement*." Augusta looked at him. Her glance might have convinced him of his injustice and her innocence had he not been blinded by jealousy. He went on with his cutting speeches. She did not answer, but the tears started to her eyes, and through the tears she constantly saw Bentheim's sad eyes and the look of sorrow he had given her. Had he remarked Clairval's conduct, understood it and pitied her? Was it sympathy, sorrow, love? These ideas were constantly before her mind, and made her in part forget Henry's harsh treatment.

On their return, they met a poor woman with two little children. Her clean but very poor attire, her manner, and the sick looks of the children, spoke for her as much as her own words. Clairval looked at Augusta. She understood him; he approached the woman, spoke kindly to her, and found she was the widow of an officer who had not yet received her pension, and whose third child lay at home very ill. Clairval's face glowed with sympathy and noble zeal; he emptied his purse into the woman's hand, inquired where she lived, and gave her his address that she might apply to him in case of need.

A sweet feeling overflowed Augusta's heart at this scene. Now she could again love her Henry. When they were alone, she sank on his breast and embraced him with tears in her eyes. He pressed her tenderly to his heart, apologized for his jealousy and a good understanding was again established, especially as several days passed away without his again meeting Bentheim any where.

The morning after their walk, Augusta made up a bundle of linen and clothes that had been laid aside, and took it herself to the officer's widow in order to learn more of her circumstances. She found all exactly as the woman had described, only the poverty seemed more pressing, the misery greater when she saw it before her eyes in the poor little garret without stove or furniture, where a sick child, most insufficiently clad, was breathing away his life on the bare straw. Augusta shuddered, she gave what she had with her and promised to come soon again.

She did so in the course of a fortnight, during which she had no new dispute with Clairval, though a hundred little misunderstandings showed how little their dispositions could harmonise. In a sad mood, lost in confused thoughts from the labyrinth of which she could find no escape, she went to the widow, taking her some other articles of clothing, and yarn for knitting, as the woman had asked for work. She hoped by these benevolent employments to dissipate the sadness of her spirit. On entering she was surprised to

find the room well cleaned, filled with a genial warmth, her sick child in a common but clean bed, and every where traces of an evidently improved condition. The woman hastened to her with a joyous countenance:

"Ah, my sweet lady! You come when you are called. Does not every thing about us look differently? A good angel has taken pity on me and my children, and has helped us most effectually. Look! all, all is from him."

She led Augusta, as in triumph, round the room, showed her some chairs, two nice beds, a chest, spinning wheels for her daughter, and new linen she was to make up. She showed her also the clothes she had made partly out of those brought by Augusta, and partly new, and, added with tears of joyful emotion, that she had now hope of saving her youngest child, as a physician visited him regularly, and all that he had needed was proper treatment.

"And where," said Augusta, who could scarcely restrain her tears at the woman's touching joy, "where did all this blessing come from?"

"Ah! as I told you just now," she answered, "it is an angel of God that has been sent to us: it can be nothing else." And now she related to Augusta that about eight days before, when the money that the officer, Augusta's companion, had given her was expended for their debts and most pressing necessity, and no hope of farther help appearing, in her desperation she had determined to do what was bitterest of all—to beg.

"I scarcely dared," she continued, "to look in the faces of those I addressed. A gentle voice that answered me in a tone of sympathy gave me courage to look up. A young man stood before me. I saw, as with you, that my appearance had touched him more than my words. He spoke kindly to me; inquired where I lived, and gave me a trifle. He came in the afternoon, discovered our circumstances and promised assistance. My debts were already discharged by your companion's liberal present, and what I now most needed was furniture, clothes, and advice for my child. The benevolent young man procured all. He sent us a physician, promised to interest himself about my pension, and asked me if, until I received it, I could support myself and my children comfortably if he procured me well paid work? I understand all kinds of woman's work, and have always accustomed my children to it; so that I joyfully embraced an offer that secured me a respectable living. Since then, the good gentleman has constantly supplied me with work, which he pays for so liberally that I scarcely like to mention it. He says it is not charity; he only wishes to encourage our industry, he says.

Oh! I understand his noble motives," she added, with tears, "and, surely, good lady, I will show myself worthy of them until heaven places me in a condition when I shall no longer need his kindness."

Augusta promised the woman that she also would supply her with work, and the widow led her to a table and showed her some very fine linen of which she was to make some shirts after a pattern which lay beside them. Augusta examined it, and was struck by the initials, E. B. that were marked upon it.

"Do you not know the name of your angel?" she inquired.

"No," answered the woman, "that is the only thing that grieves me. He conceals his name, and brings and takes away every thing himself."

She described his appearance, and every feature confirmed Augusta in the supposition that it was Bentheim, who had given his aid with equal humanity and discretion. Her heart beat at the thought.

"I think I know your angel," she said, at last, and a slight blush overspread her countenance, "tell him when he comes again, that a lady who knows and reverences the greatness of his soul, has discovered his secret." She pressed the woman's hand, and returned hastily home.

During the whole day she could not avoid thinking of Bentheim, and she always saw him with the same look he had given her when they met on the ramparts. Towards evening, Clairval came in vexed and out of humor. Augusta inquired the reason. At first he denied it entirely; then said he had had some difficulties with the captain of his regiment who would not prolong his furlough. Augusta believed it, and, to change his thoughts, told him she had been to see the widow. She had scarcely spoken the word when Clairval rose up hastily.

"Ah! the widow," he exclaimed, slapped his forehead, and went up and down the room with rapid steps.

"What is the matter, Henry?"

"Ah, the cursed queen of diamonds! those cursed cards! I had laid aside something to give her, and I was so glad of it—now it is all gone! the whole stake has gone to the devil!"

Thus he went on, cursing himself, his comrades and the cards. Augusta felt a cold shudder creep over her, and she felt unspeakably grieved at this wild outbreak. She did not attempt to interrupt him. He was vexed at this, and reproached her with taking no interest in his concerns. She answered him calmly and with dignity, and reminded him of the countless times she had entreated him not to gamble, and of his own promises. This excited him still more.

His losses had ruffled his temper, and her answer put him in a rage. She was offended at his conduct, and a scene ensued, which ended in their parting mutually displeased; and Augusta, thought, with a heavy heart of her lot by the side of this man.

Now, for the first time, she began to draw comparisons. Now she reflected for whose sake she had broken Bentheim's heart; for what sort of man she had destroyed his hopes. But she had pledged her word to Clairval and the world looked on their union as certain. Clairval loved her and was only weak, not wicked. She burst into tears; she saw that nothing could be done, and resolved not to deceive his hopes also, to give him her hand though she could not hope to be happy with him.

Just at this time, when she was doubting and struggling and only her sense of duty prevailed over her secret wishes, all Clairval's hopes of becoming lieutenant colonel were defeated. A relative of the commanding officer received the post, and there was little farther prospect of promotion during the peace which was expected to continue longer than it really did. Larner and Augusta earnestly entreated Clairval to resign and enter into the civil office which Larner insured to him. As it was now necessary to make a final decision, Clairval refused decidedly to leave the service for which alone he felt himself fit, in which alone he could find his enjoyment or pleasure.

"I shall certainly not remain here with my wife," said he, with a significant glance at Augusta. "If she loves me truly, she will be willing to follow me wherever I am led by the calling that I cannot and will not forsake."

Neither Larner nor Augusta could conceal their feelings at this declaration; the father was especially wounded by his determination to take his darling child altogether from him. He said so very plainly. Augusta said little, but bitter thoughts were in her soul. Clairval's indomitable love of his calling seemed to her only a rooted preference for a wild, roving life. The unthinking cruelty with which he would take her from her father's arms, and the comforts of a peaceful life, and expose her to all the hardships of his situation, when it was in his power to gratify all their wishes, made her feel indignant; and the question presented itself whether a too hasty promise could compel her to sacrifice every thing to a man who would sacrifice nothing for her,—whether her own happiness should not be somewhat regarded.

Meanwhile, she commanded herself so far as to answer Clairval's violent declaration with calmness, and sought to sooth her irritated father

by proposing to defer the decision to some other time; until then they could all reflect more upon it. She withdrew. Clairval would have followed her, but she forbade him, and when alone, resigned herself to the painful reflections excited by the events of the whole period of time since Bentheim's entrance into the house to this hour.

The next morning, when alone with her father, the conversation reverted to their yesterday's dissension. Larnier's spirit was roused anew at the remembrance of Clairval's ingratitude, and he began, what he had ceased to do for a long time, to express his dislike of this alliance; how he had seen from the beginning that little good would result from it; how the consequences had justified his opinion, and how much more sensible was his plan with Bentheim; how much happier she would have been with him. And then he related, in a long series, all the good qualities of his favorite, and all Clairval's faults. A painful feeling in Augusta's heart accorded with her father's words. She had to confess to herself that Bentheim responded far better to the requisitions of her heart and mind, and would have realized her ideas of happiness in life better than Clairval; but on account of her former love to him, and the obstinacy with which she had insisted on their engagement, she thought herself obliged to oppose her father. The old man was very angry; he overwhelmed her with reproaches, and went to his counting room much displeased. She bore all this, supported by the consciousness of having acted rightly, and fulfilled her duties to Clairval however unjust and ungrateful he might be. But her father had spoken significant words, words that had long been hidden deep in her soul, which she had been afraid even to think, but which now appeared in the light of truth and could no longer be recalled. She would have been happier with Bentheim! This idea haunted her continually. In vain she sought to banish it, in vain she recalled all Clairval's good qualities; Bentheim always had the advantage, and the excuse for her former blind love, that she had not known him, could not satisfy her, for she had had time enough to know Bentheim well; she had seen him act on important occasions; and what gave him the preference was not outward attraction, youthful feeling—it was deep esteem founded on conviction, and the strange mingling of conscious wrong done him, sympathy and gratitude, that placed his loved image in a still clearer light.

She had constantly to endure very unpleasant scenes with Clairval; the contested point of his resignation was not yet settled; it was constantly discussed and always caused the parties to separate with bitter and unpleasant feelings. In

order to bring back more healthy feelings to her heart, Augusta resolved to visit the officer's widow and bring home the work she had given her. The wish to hear something of Bentheim whom she had not seen for more than a fortnight, perhaps, secretly, influenced her; at least the remembrance of him accompanied her. She went up, opened the door and—he stood before her.

She was really frightened; Bentheim also seemed surprised at seeing her. The widow hastened towards her.

"Oh, you have just come in time my sweet young lady! I have just been telling the gentleman that you knew him." Bentheim came nearer.

"You have found me out," said he. "You suspect me of doing good—I thank you for it. I thank the impulse of your kind heart that brought us here together."

He pressed her hand and looked at her half tenderly, half sorrowfully. She was much embarrassed but in order to say something, she began—

"It is so long since we have seen each other."

She did not think of the answer she called forth. He looked at her earnestly.

"You know, my friend, what relation—it is impossible for me—it is—I hope you understand me without saying any thing more."

She saw the imprudence of her question. She said nothing, she trembled and pressed his hand which still held her's and a tear fell on it that she in vain endeavored to restrain. Bentheim looked at her with astonishment;—this deep emotion amazed him. The widow was called by her sick child. He looked at Augusta with an inquiring eye.

"Are you happy, my friend?" said he, earnestly. "Are you happy?" She was greatly agitated, yet she retained sufficient self-command to answer with apparent calmness,

"I am contented."

"Contented?" exclaimed Bentheim, with a sigh. "Ah! if you were not even that; if, all that has been done—" he stopped suddenly. "Forgive my intrusive question, my friend! nothing but the ardent wish to know of your happiness can excuse it." He let go her hand and turned quickly towards the window.

She restrained her tears with difficulty, and bent forward to caress the children who were playing joyfully around her, while the widow hastened to Bentheim to speak to him of her affairs. Augusta also commanded herself so far as to take part in the conversation, which turned upon the good woman's hope of a pension for herself and a place in a school for her eldest girl. At length Augusta prepared to depart. Bentheim offered her his arm and they went together; but

sadly, and almost in silence. At the door of the house Larner met them; he appeared surprised but not displeased at seeing them.

"Where are you coming from, children?" he said, pleasantly. They looked at each other with a little embarrassment and smiled—neither would speak for fear of betraying the other.

"How is this?" said Larner, at last. "Is it a secret?"

Augusta at length replied and related the little history. Her father was much affected by it; he kissed Augusta's fair forehead and pressed Bentheim's hand.

"You are both good children," he said, "and are so much alike in many respects. God will reward your goodness!"

Augusta changed color frequently while he spoke; she feared each moment that he would say something that might prove very embarrassing to Bentheim and herself. Bentheim's face glowed also, and a warm glance that he threw upon Augusta told her that he sympathized in her feelings. Larner would not allow Bentheim to leave them; he must remain to dinner; must sing and play with Augusta on the piano forte, as he did in those happy days, when he lived in the house with them.

Augusta saw, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, that she was still warmly and truly beloved by this noble hearted youth; but she saw, also, how great the effort it had cost him to remain master of himself. When he had left them, she shed many tears over his sorrows; and an emotion, far warmer than compassion, far sweeter than esteem, arose in her heart which no affection could subdue. Larner was unceasing in sounding his praises, and in instituting disadvantageous comparisons between him and Henry. On that very evening he made a not very gentle, and also a not very happy effort, to induce the latter to resign his commission. Clairval remained decided and harsh in his refusal. The indignant father gave him at last to understand, very plainly, that he was not yet married to Augusta, and that a hasty promise might easily be recalled when nothing but unhappiness could result from its fulfilment. Clairval replied that Augusta's heart was her own, that she had bestowed her affections on him and that if Larner persisted in opposing their marriage, they could postpone it for a couple of years, when she would be of age and capable of acting for herself. Thus they parted, mutually irritated. Clairval came much less frequently to visit his betrothed, and then only when he knew her father was from home; in fact, after so many misunderstandings and disputes he felt more bound to her by honor than by passion.

Bentheim's question, whether Augusta was happy? had not been an entirely accidental one. He was aware of Clairval's fondness for play, and of the dissipated habits he had contracted, and he trembled for the happiness of the gentle being to whom he had sacrificed his own. He inquired, and heard of the misunderstandings that had arisen between them, which Clairval, in the heat of his displeasure, had not been always careful enough to conceal from his comrades, among whom was a near relation of Bentheim's. From this source he learned, that he had, at times, been the object of Clairval's jealousy; he knew that this feeling had induced his cold salutation on the ramparts, and had altogether a tolerably correct idea of Augusta's situation, which on the one side was exquisitely painful to him, but, on the other, particularly after their meeting at the widow's, caused a ray of hope to illuminate his soul. Augusta's manner had never before been so gentle towards him; her glance had never before expressed so much sympathy and warmth of feeling; he must have been more than man, had he not been affected by it, especially with his present knowledge of Clairval's character; but he controlled himself so far as often to refuse Larner's pressing invitations, and when he was with Augusta, guarded his feelings so carefully that even she was deceived, and believed herself forgotten.

But he did not escape Clairval's suspicions. Two of his comrades, who frequented the coffee-house opposite the widow's, had occasionally seen Bentheim, and occasionally Augusta enter the house, and once had even seen them leave it arm in arm. These accounts were enough, in his present state of feeling, to excite his jealousy afresh, and give rise to his low suspicions. The rough raillery of his comrades gave the finish to the hateful picture, and it was determined to keep watch for both.

Since the day she had met Bentheim at the widow's, Augusta had not visited her; a feeling of delicacy had kept her away. But now her father gave her a bundle for the woman, and she took it there at an hour when she knew Bentheim would be occupied in business. She learned that he also had not been there since, and, therefore, promised the widow, who complained bitterly that she was deserted by both her guardian angels, that she would occasionally repeat her visits. The officers watched in vain; they followed stealthily after her; they inquired at the house, it was all in vain, Bentheim was not to be seen. Clairval began to despise their project, and his better feelings would have resumed their sway had he not feared their derision and persuaded himself that his honor required him to

proceed. He, therefore, once followed Augusta himself, at a distance, though she had never made any secret of her visits to the widow, and placed himself in ambush at the coffee-house.

On that very day an unfortunate chance led Bentheim thither, who, on Augusta's account, had until now avoided the widow and sent his assistance through a confidential servant. But to-day, he had the glad tidings to bring her of his success in obtaining her pension, and he could not deny his heart that happiness. Clairval had been about a quarter of an hour at his post, when Bentheim entered the house where Augusta was sitting with the widow. Clairval would have rushed out at once, but his revengeful heart promised him a yet sweeter triumph, in surprising them a few moments later in their confidential tête à tête, when he might overwhelm the faithless one with merited reproaches, and thus break the last bond that united him to one so little suited to his taste as this sentimental, learned Augusta. He therefore waited a little while and then stormed up the stairs and threw the door violently open. Bentheim was sitting by the widow, endeavoring to moderate her joyful ecstasy, while Augusta was in a distant corner of the room occupied with the eldest girl. All rose on his entrance; the widow was terrified, for she did not immediately recognise him. A suspicion of what might be the true motive of his visit flashed across Augusta's mind, but the wish to excuse the once beloved Clairval banished it at once and she advanced quickly and kindly towards him; but Bentheim remarked his enraged expression and the threatening manner in which he laid his hand upon his sword, and asked him in a bold and decided tone,

"What he wanted here?"

The situation in which he found the little party at the widow's was so different from what he had expected, that Clairval felt already ashamed of the unseemly part he was acting, and this feeling increased his rage. Bentheim's bold question gave it a welcome object, and enabled him to reply, angrily.

"I ask you the same thing. What is the meaning of these private interviews with the betrothed of another in this equivocal place?"

A scornful glance at the widow explained his meaning more fully. The woman began to defend herself; he told her to be silent. Bentheim's self-command deserted him and he answered Clairval as he deserved. Augusta, terrified beyond expression rushed between them—she attempted to explain to Clairval and to pacify Bentheim, but it was useless. Every word, every glance of the two men, inflamed the quarrel, until Clairval at length challenged his

opponent who accepted it immediately. Augusta and the widow tried to avert the danger; the latter fell on her knees before Bentheim and besought him to preserve his life; Augusta also seemed more anxious about him than her betrothed. This made him furious; he drew his sword and attacked Bentheim. The widow rose from her knees in affright; Augusta threw herself with a loud cry upon Bentheim's breast, as if she would preserve his life and clung to him with agonised affection.

This movement changed the whole scene. Bentheim, in a perfect ecstasy, forgot the rage of his enemy, and his naked sword; he pressed Augusta to his heart, he told her how ardently he loved her, and felt nothing but the happiness of seeing himself beloved in return. The widow folded her hands and looked with gratitude to heaven. Clairval dropped his sword.

"Is it so?" said he, bitterly, and, as if confounded by the sudden change. But the next instant, Bentheim's look of happiness, and a glance at Augusta who still was in his arms, called back all his anger; he tore her from him and threw her violently upon a seat saying scornfully,—

"You shall meet me, sir! though you entrench yourself behind all the women upon earth."

"This instant!" cried Bentheim, "were it only to set this maiden free from an unworthy man who is capable of ill treating her."

Clairval seized Bentheim's arm and pulled him out with him. The noise they made in leaving the room aroused Augusta from the stupefaction into which fear and agitation had thrown her. She sprang forward and would have hastened after them, but when she reached the door her strength failed her and she sank exhausted in the widow's arms. The poor woman exerted herself in vain to comfort her, and sent her eldest daughter into the street to see what intelligence she could gain. The child returned with news little calculated to calm them; she had seen Clairval and Bentheim leave the coffee-house with two officers, and hasten with them down the street leading towards the gate.

A fearfully long hour passed, during which Augusta and the widow could learn nothing, though the child was sent out from time to time to see if any of them returned. Every noise startled them; they were frightened at every sound; but no one came; all was quiet in the widow's dwelling, and worn out with suffering, Augusta had thrown herself into a seat, folded her hands upon her bosom and thus waited to know her fate. At length she heard a step upon the stairs. The door of the outer room opened, the decisive moment had come and sure that

something terrible had happened she almost would have recalled the lesser anguish of uncertainty. She would have hastened to the door but she could not. Speechless, pale and trembling she motioned with her hand that the widow should open it. With a cry of joy she sank into Bentheim's arms, who hastened towards her.

"You live! you live!" she cried, almost fainting with joy. "Oh, God! I thank thee! My agony is over."

He pressed her to his breast and both were for a moment silent, till Augusta exclaimed.

"Where is Clairval? He is only wounded—slightly wounded?"

Bentheim looked earnestly and inquiringly at her as he replied.

"Major Clairval lives, and is not wounded; there was but little blood shed at our meeting."

"Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are yourself wounded—there is blood upon your arm."

"A trifle," he replied, and would have withdrawn his hand, but she still retained it while she tenderly inquired with tearful eyes about the slight scratch he had received in the arm.

"Oh! how can I ever repay you?" she cried, with emotion, "you have hazarded your life for me!" She wept bitterly. Bentheim could not mistake this evidence of true affection, he threw his arm around her and pressed her again to his heart.

"Can you indeed love me, Augusta?" he whispered, gently. "Can you fulfil the wishes of our parents?"

She pressed his hand while a look answered him.

As soon as Augusta had recovered from her agitation, the happy pair hastened to Larner, to delight the beloved father with the joyful news. They entered his apartment hand in hand, and their looks, their embarrassment, Bentheim's half uttered words and Augusta's tears, by degrees revealed every thing to him. He embraced them

and blessed them with the deepest emotion, saying that he should renew his youth in witnessing their happiness.

After several days, Larner, and through him Augusta, received an account of the whole affair with Clairval, from Bentheim's cousin, who had been his second. On their way to the place of meeting, Bentheim's passion had time to cool. He had always been principled against duelling, and a glance at Augusta's situation should he either conquer or fall stung his bosom with remorse. Yet it was too late to retreat; honor commanded, he must either renounce her or life; he could not hesitate which to choose—he resolved not to kill, but to die. The first shot was given to him as the person challenged. He took the pistol, aimed steadily at Clairval who in a fury stood opposite to him, turned the weapon aside and discharged it in the air. The seconds remarked his intentional forbearance and made his adversary aware of it also. Bentheim said calmly,

"It is now the major's shot."

Trembling with anger Clairval seized the pistol, and aimed directly at Bentheim's breast, but his hand shook and the shot only grazed his arm from which a few drops of blood fell upon the ground.

"It is enough," cried the officers, "blood has been shed and that is all that honor demands."

Clairval raved like a madman. He insisted that Bentheim should take another pistol, but the latter positively refused to shoot again. The officers all sided with Bentheim, and Clairval was at last obliged to yield.

"Go! take your paltry triumph!" he cried, with bitter rage. "I yield the field to you. Go! tell Augusta that I hate her, and that I curse the day on which we met!"

He rushed off, hastened home, threw himself on his horse, and in a few hours was with his regiment. He never saw Augusta again.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEACH thee their language? sweet, I know no tongue,
No mystic art those gentle things declare,
I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among
Created things, so delicate and rare:
Their language? Prythee! why they are themselves
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,
The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,
When tenderness as yet within the world was new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes—
Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly pleading,
Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,
Yet still from earth with freshening hope receding—
Say, do not these to every heart declare,
With all the silent eloquence of truth,
The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,
To give her back those spotless days of youth?

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE STARS.*

FROM LAMARTINE.

It is the hour for thought—a holy hour—
When twilight steals from its celestial home,
And day to distant mountains bids farewell.
Far in the western horizon, her robe
Sweeps slowly o'er the firmament obscure,
Where, in the azure, the dim stars revive.
Those globes of fire, those isles of living light,
Spring up by thousands from dispersing shade,
Like golden dust beneath the steps of Night;
And eve's soft zephyr, stealing o'er her path,
Sows them by clusters in the brilliant sky,—
Some hover o'er the summit of the woods,
As if celestial bird, with rapid wing
Had strown in opening, sparkling sheaves of light;
Others in waves extend themselves in air,
Like pebbles glistening with the ocean foam;
These, like a courser flying to the goal,
Fling to the winds the long and flowing mane;
Those, half reposing on the distant sky,
Seem soft eyes opened o'er a sleeping world;
While on the edge of th' etherial vault,
Light stars are floating in the azure pure,
As white-robed sail from distant ports returned,
O'er ocean glistening in the morn obscure.

Of those bright orbs, sublimest of His works,
God only knows, the number, distance, age—
Some growing old, are fading from our view;
Others are lost in ether's far off depths;
While some, like flowers, new springing from his hand,
Rise, with a glory radiant of youth,
And dart at once into the fields of space—
Their new born being, man salutes and names.
Amid this pure, celestial, radiant throng,
One mild and solitary star I view,
Which speaks of consolation to my heart;
Whose glory, veiled in robes of mystery,
To me recalls a look which beamed on earth.—
Perhaps—ah! will it not to its far home
Convey at least the name which love has given.

Meanwhile the night moves on, and in th' abyss
These floating worlds their silent path pursue;
While we, borne with them in their onward course
Towards an unknown port, ourselves advance.
Often by night, while zephyrs gently breathe,
Earth seems a vessel floating in the air.
Her mountains, covered with a brilliant foam,

Cleave with a steady course the restless wave—
On azure billows now majestic rides,
While 'gainst her prow ærial surges dash,
And through her masts the fitful breezes moan,
And man floats o'er the fathomless abyss,
Secure, confiding in the Pilot's faith.

Suns, wandering worlds, which sail through space
with us,
Say, if ye can, to what celestial port
The unseen hand of Deity now guides?
Are we, in realms of silence and of wo,
On some vast rock at midnight to be thrown,
Strewing immensity with heaps of wreck?
Or, wafted gently to some brighter shore,
And on the eternal anchor ever fixed,
On waves serene, peaceful and safe to ride?

You, who float nearest the celestial vault—
Perchance, ye sparkling worlds, our fate ye know.
That purer ocean, where you tranquil glide,
More lively glories opens to the view,
More brilliant ye than us, your knowledge more,
For light the emblem is of holy truth.
Might I believe the language of your rays,
Silvering the forest's high, transparent dome,
Or sudden glancing o'er the troubled waves,
Calming the fury of the ocean foam—
That hallowed radiance, milder far than day,
Breathing of love, of virtue and of prayer—
Might I believe th' instinctive soft desire,
Which towards you directs the sight of love,
The eye of beauty, dream of long lost bliss,
The eagle's and the poet's loftiest flight,
Temples of Eden! brilliant palaces!
Ye are the abodes of innocence and peace,—
All that we seek of truth and holy love,
Those fruits, which fallen from heaven we taste on earth
Forever nourish, in your purer climes,
The favored children of a happier life;
And man, restored to his celestial home
May there find all he loved and lost on earth.
Alas! how oft in vigils of the night,
When the freed soul its holiest worship pays,
I fain would soar above this low abode,
And 'mid the dazzling spheres which I behold
Join your bright throng, ye radiant flowers of heaven,
Beside whose splendor earthly flowers are dim—
Another star in heaven's pavement sown,
To ope' beneath the footsteps of my God,

* The fair translator, in sending us this fine poem, states that it has previously been communicated by her to the columns of a country newspaper.—Ed.

Or sparkle on his brow, the palest gem
Amid the glories of his diadem.

In the pure crystal of the azure waves,
Recalling oft to mind my natal globe,
Each night, alone, to linger would I come
With soft light beaming on the mounts of earth,
Beneath the forest's leafy arch's glance,
Sleep on the meadows, float upon the waves,
And gently pierce the veil of flying clouds,
Like glance of love, half hid by modesty—
To man would I my holiest visits pay;
And if there is on earth a pensive brow,
If there are eyes which know no gentle sleep,
Souls bathed in sorrow, hearts oppressed with care,
Pouring their sacred griefs before God's throne,
My ray, winged by the magic power of love,
Shall on the darkened brow delight to dwell,
Its gentle radiance, around them shed,
Shall on their bosoms rest, smile in their eyes;
To them will I reveal, in words sublime,

The secret which misfortune only knows;
Dry up their tears; and when in morning's eye
My face grows pale upon the distant sky,
Its last look, as it meets their softened gaze,
Shall leave them still a vague and holy dream
Of mingling peace and hope, and worn with sighs,
Yet they may softly sleep before the dawn.

And you bright sisters, my companion-stars,
Enamelling the blue ethereal plains,
Measuring your footsteps by the lyres of heaven,
And mingling in their high harmonious strains
I follow you in this celestial chain,
Led by the power which moves you safely on—
Ye through this wilderness my steps shall guide,
This labyrinth of fire, wherein the gaze
Wearies, and in immensity is lost.
Still shall ye teach my soul to praise, to love
Him whom we seek, perchance whom ye behold,
Till lost in glory's fount, our trembling rays,
Throughout eternity partakes this bliss.

NIGHT.

BY CATHARINE H. W. ESLING.

NIGHT shineth through her glittering robe in majesty
and power,
The silent stars a flood of light in dazzling radiance
shower,
The distant hills, the smiling vales, are bathed in its
pure beams,
While the fair queen of summer eve gilds the glad
running streams.

She cometh in her loveliness, that bright and envied
one,
To pour the treasure of her heart in solitude
alone;
To bend upon the fresh green earth in thankfulness
the knee,
For the bright blessings and the gifts, great God,
which flow from thee.

The thrilling of the silver lute may sound in stately
halls,
But softer strains of music sing in murmuring water-
falls,
The gleaming of a thousand lights may blend in radi-
ance bright,
But pale—before the eternal orb, that gems the clouds
of night.

Night is the time for gentle thought—a calm, and
solemn time,—
A voice is in the whispering wind, and in the waters'
chime,

A holy power, a spirit guard, around our path is
thrown—
Oh! how much nearer God we are in the still night
alone.

To note his wonders one by one burst on the watch-
ing eye,
The glorious harmony that rules the far-spread bound-
less sky,
The studded roof that canopies the world with living
light—
Thine is the time for solemn thought, thou still, mys-
terious night.

Faith dwelleth not in fretted domes, where chiselled
columns wear
The pride of man—an earthly taint still darkly lingers
there;
But 'mid the wilds of nature stands the temple, and
its dome
The vaulted skies, where the strayed heart can find
again its home.

Wherever stands a giant rock, or springs a budding
tree,
Where'er a gushing streamlet leaps, they ever speak
of thee;
And though awhile our wayward feet in error's paths
may fall,
Still there's a ray that lures them back—the lamp
above us all.

SUCCESS!

BY ONE OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

How important is success! All great actions, and small ones, are followed by praise or condemnation, according to their success or failure. Had the Duke of Wellington lost the battle of Waterloo, he would have been tried by a court martial, and, most probably, broken—winning it, he was heaped with honors; yet, his failure and defeat, would not have made his conduct more reprehensible, nor did his victory make it less so. Had General Jackson lost the Battle of New Orleans, every mouth would have condemned, as arbitrary and overbearing, a course, which is now considered to have been the essential to his success.

Wise judges are we of actions! Causes are forgotten—effects only are noticed. In many instances, we certainly have no other means of judging actions than by their effects—not so in all cases—there are thousands, nay, millions of instances on record, of people having been praised, or blamed, with a total disregard to intentions. We seem to require a fresh arrangement—a new standard, whereby to judge—another crucible in which to refine our gold.

Men's intentions ought to decide as to their merit or demerit. Success cannot be commanded. The man who least deserves it, most frequently procures it, while he who is worthy of it, gets an allowance of an inverse ratio to his merits.

The doctrine that success may be always obtained is not true. It is a creed promulgated by the successful, with a view to convince others, as well as themselves, that their talents and genius have met a proper reward. The opposite doctrine, so frequently acted upon, produces supineness and indolence—a middle course is the true one.

That success in all undertakings is partially dependent upon the energy, caution, and determination used in endeavoring to accomplish them, is pretty evident; but, there are so many varied circumstances, over which, neither wisdom nor courage can ensure control, that much of our good or ill fortune must necessarily be attributa-

ble to other means than our own ability. Prudent measures, combined with courage and perseverance, rarely fail in procuring a desired object; but, although great and noble actions have been achieved by this desirable combination, there have been many men, possessed of wisdom, courage, and perseverance, in an eminent degree, who have wholly failed in their undertakings—and that as before remarked, solely from the fact of there being a number of things connected with their enterprise, over which, neither wisdom, nor courage have any control. Suppose a couple of generals, equal in their tactics and courage, with each an army equal in numbers—the men equally disciplined by the wisdom and skill of their officers,—yet one army might have more physical strength than the other, simply from a difference of diet, produced by passing through a country where food, particularly animal food, was more plentiful than in that district through which the other had passed,—that physical superiority would in all probability decide the battle, and the victorious general be considered infinitely superior to his opponent, although the district of country through which each had to pass—the point upon which success or failure hinged—was a matter of necessity, not choice.

This instance, perhaps, is by no means a good one, but it is the first that occurs; hundreds of others could be brought forward—nevertheless, one will serve for an illustration as well as a thousand. The object is to show that men may have excellent intentions, without the means of carrying them out,—that there are things which no virtuous efforts can control, and that, consequently, we should not be led away by the mere fact of success, which is frequently produced by adventitious aid, reflecting no credit whatever upon the successful.

That we cannot entirely see into men's minds is clear, but do we see as far as we can? Do we not rather blindly and contentedly blunder on, satisfied with deciding in the ordinary way,

believing the hypocritical pretender to excellence rather than the modest professor, and yielding that praise to the undeservedly successful, which ought to be awarded only to true merit? Success is no proof of desert—the man whose benevolence led him to strive to benefit a thousand of his fellow creatures, even though he failed, would deserve more credit, than he who had successfully aided a hundred, because his idea was more noble, more comprehensive, and his want of capacity should excite regret rather than

blame. It is fruitless to say that the amount of practical benefit derived from the latter is greater than from the former. God judges by the intentions, and as his judgment must be the wisest, ours ought to be based upon similar principles—in addition to which, were such decisions made, in opposition to our present ones—were such efforts appreciated, 'spite of their failure—others with more means, would adopt the same views, and society would ultimately deserve the originally intended benefit.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[THE recent death of the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Hope," gives a new interest to whatever he has written. Among the most spirited of his minor poems, is the following Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble, composed for a public meeting held in June, 1817. They will bear reading over until every line is remembered.—Ed.]

PRIDE of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Revived to Fancy's view.
Like fields refreshed with dewy light
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past;
And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble! fare thee well!
His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.
Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.
High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory

Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white disrowned head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,
And undivided favor ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause.
Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your *Kemble's* spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste:—
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth:—
And must we lose them now!
And shall the scene no more show forth
His sternly pleasing brow!
Alas, the moral brings a tear!—
'Tis all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go!
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review:—
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu!

T. B. MACAULAY.

"YES, from the records of my youthful state,
And from the lore of bards and sages old,
From whatsoe'er my wakened thoughts create,

Have I collected language to unfold
Truth to my countrymen."—SHELLEY.

"Arma, virumque," &c.—VIRGIL.

"And in triumphant chair was set on high
The ancient glories of the Roman peers."—SPENSER.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is the son of Zachary Macaulay, well known as the friend of Wilberforce. In 1818, T. B. Macaulay became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1822. He distinguished himself as a student, having obtained a scholarship, twice gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and also gained the second Craven Scholarship, the highest honor in classics which the University confers. Owing to his dislike of mathematics, he did not compete for honors at graduation, but nevertheless he obtained a Fellowship at the October competition open to graduates of Trinity, which he appears to have resigned before his subsequent departure for India. He devoted much of his time to the "Union" debating Society, where he was reckoned an eloquent speaker.

Mr. Macaulay studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1826. In the same year his "Essay on Milton" appeared in the "Edinburgh Review;" and out of Lord (then Mr.) Jeffrey's admiration of that paper, arose an intimate friendship. Macaulay, visiting Scotland soon afterwards, went the circuit with Mr. Jeffrey. His connection with the "Edinburgh Review" has continued at intervals ever since.

By the Whig administration Mr. Macaulay was appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts. He commenced his parliamentary career about the same period, as member for Colne in the Reform Parliament of 1832, and again for Leeds in 1834, at which time he was secretary to the India Board. His seat was, however, soon relinquished, for in the same year he was appointed member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta, under the East India Company's new charter.

Arriving in Calcutta, in September, 1834, Mr. Macaulay shortly assumed an important trust in addition to his seat at the Council. At the request of the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck, he became President of the commission of five, appointed to frame a penal code for India; and the principal provisions of this code have been attributed to him. One of its enactments, in particular, was so unpopular among the English inhabitants, as to receive the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appeal from the Local Courts to the Supreme Court at the Presidency, hitherto exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and put them on the same footing with natives, giving to both an equal right of appeal to the highest Provincial Courts. Inconvenience and delay of justice had been caused by the original practice, even when India was closed against Europeans in general, but such practice was obviously incompatible with the rights and property of the natives under the new system of opening the country to general resort. This measure of equal justice, however, exposed Mr. Macaulay, to whom it was universally attributed, to outrageous personal attacks in letters, pamphlets, and at public meetings.

The various reforms and changes instituted by Lord W. Bentinck and Lord Auckland, were advocated in general by Mr. Macaulay. He returned to England in 1838.

Mr. Macaulay was elected member for Edinburgh on the liberal interest in 1829; and being appointed Secretary at War, he was re-elected the following year, and again at the general election in 1841. No review of his political career is here intended; although in relation to literature, it should be mentioned that he opposed Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, and was the principal agent in defeating it. As a public speaker, he usually displays extensive information, close reasoning, and eloquence; and has recently bid fair to rival the greatest names among our English orators. His conversation in private is equally brilliant and instructive.

Mr. Macaulay may fairly be regarded as the first critical and historical essayist of the time. It is not meant to be inferred that there are not

other writers who display as much understanding and research, as great, perhaps greater capacity of appreciating excellence, as much acuteness and humor, and a more subtle power of exciting, or of measuring, the efforts of the intellect and the imagination, besides possessing an equal mastery of language in their own peculiar style; but there is no other writer who combines so large an amount of all those qualities, with the addition of a mastery of style, at once highly classical and most extensively popular. His style is classical, because it is so correct; and it is popular because it must be intelligible without effort to every educated understanding.

In the examination of the "Critical and Historical Essay" of Mr. Macaulay, it would have been our wish, as the most genial and agreeable proceeding, to commence with that unqualified admiration which so large a portion of his labors justly merits. But unfortunately he has written a "Preface." It scarcely occupies two pages, yet presents a stumbling-block in our course; and, in that spirit of free discussion adopted by Mr. Macaulay himself throughout his volumes, he will pardon our stating certain objections which we cannot quietly overcome in our own minds.

"The author of these Essays is so sensible of their defects, that he has repeatedly refused to let them appear in a form which might seem to indicate that he thought them worthy of a permanent place in English literature. Nor would he now give his consent to the republication of pieces so imperfect, if, by withholding his consent, he could make republication impossible. But as they have been reprinted more than once in the United States," &c.—*Preface*.

This, therefore, being unfortunately the state of affairs, of course we expect to be told that the author has now carefully revised productions which he had been so anxious to suppress from a sense of their incompleteness.

"No attempt has been made to remodel any of the pieces which are contained in these volumes. Even the criticism on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from college, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament."—*Preface*.

Nevertheless, in this condition Mr. Macaulay reprints his Essays, now that, whether willingly or unwillingly, he sends them forth in the form which authors adopt who think their works worthy of a permanent place in literature. An odd compliment, by the way, to the admiration expressed by Lord Jeffrey, of this very paper. How are we to proceed? The critical author

has placed all his fraternity in a very anomalous, not to say rather grotesque position. For if we object to any thing, especially in the essay on Milton, the author will have been before-hand with us—he *knew* all that himself; and if we admire any thing, he may smile and say "Ah, I thought pretty well of it myself when I was a very young man."

But these Essays have gone forth to do their work in the world, and the Essay on Milton, among the rest, will exercise its appointed degree of influence; though it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as the author's mature judgment approves"—and, we will venture to add, contains certain positions which are very mischievous to the popular mind.

We will proceed as though no Preface had been written. Our objections shall not meddle with the style, nor do we think its redundancy of ornament so prominent an annoyance as the author intimates. Our objections are of a more serious nature; founded on confused views of truth and fiction, of reality and ideality, and leading directly to the question of whether Shakspeare and Milton ought to be regarded in any respect as lunatics.

"Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can ever enjoy poetry, without a certain *unsoundness of mind*, if any thing which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness."—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 7.

The position is guarded and qualified, in the above quotation, but presently it comes out in all its fulness. The author, be it understood, explains that he means poetry, impassioned and imaginative poetry; not mere verse-making, but poetry of the highest order. And what the world has been hitherto accustomed to regard in the light of an inspiration, the essayist wishes to teach us to consider as the product of an unsound mind. It is even catching, and those who read may rave. "The greatest of poets," he says, "has described it in lines which are valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Now all this, which so palpably implies creative power, suggests to the essayist an unsound creator.

"These are the fruits of the 'fine frenzy' which he ascribes to the poet—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness."—*Ibid.* p. 8.

Surely the young essayist must have heard of the "nor'-west madness?" But he suffered himself to be misled by the imperfect comparison with the reasonings of mad people, "which are just; but the premises are false." A few lines farther on, observing how much "a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood" he adds—"She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes, she weeps, she trembles," &c. That is the point. There is no madness in the matter; those who *are* mad, do not know that their premises are false. With respect to poetry, it is no unsoundness of mind; but the surrendering up of the feelings to certain operations of the mind,—which happens in other things besides poetry, and no one thinks of calling it madness. After this, come the usual remarks about "the despotism of the imagination over *uncultivated* minds." (Greece and Rome for instance?) the "rude state of society," and the influence of poetry dwindling with the "improvements" of civilization, but "lingering longest among the peasantry," all of whom are excessively addicted to Wordsworth and Shelley. Finally, "as the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions"—

"The hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up, grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction."—*Ibid.* p. 9.

As if fiction involved no truth—no realities!—as if there were not a larger amount of truth in fiction than in any *known* reality. Moreover, we are told, and truly (in the Essay on "Moore's Life of Lord Byron," Vol. I. page 332), that "the heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone." With madness, therefore, at heart, as well as in the head, we are in a pretty condition! It could hardly have been on this account that Lord Jeffrey was so pleased with the essay. Entertaining, as we do, the most unaffected respect for the "mature judgment" of Mr. Macaulay, and a sincere admiration of his great powers and acquirements, we must be permitted to express our regret—all the more strongly for that very respect and admiration—that he did not think fit to exercise them in revising the crude philosophy of a young gentleman "fresh from college," instead of sending it abroad to do its work of injurious influence upon the mind of our not very *finely* frenzied public—a public of itself, by no means disposed to regard poets or their works with too much estimation, except as matter of national boasting. Once convince and

fortify John Bull in the opinion that to read poetry and cultivate his imaginative faculties will render him liable to aberration of mind, and it is all over with him, and the poets. He has half suspected this for a long time: his unsoundness is already on the other side. Or does our classic Essayist and right Roman Lyrist make an exception in favor of the mental soundness of Songs of the Sword—of bards and readers on war-steeds—of statesmen who write poetry in steel helmets?

In the same essay we are also obliged to object to the remark that the Prometheus of Æschylus "bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton," because "in both we find the *same* impatience of control, the *same* ferocity, the *same* unconquerable pride." At page 348 of this volume, we also find a comparison made with some of the Byronic heroes "who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish *only* by an unconquerable pride, *resembling* that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl," &c. Here we find individual ambition and morbid dissatisfaction confounded with the loftiest sympathies—demoniac pride with the pride of the Champion of Humanity. On the other hand, we have, elsewhere, an equal extravagance in the way of eulogium, when the "harsh, dark featu e; of the Earl of Strafford," are said to have been "ennobled by their expression into *more* than the majesty of an antique Jupiter,"—as though there could be any comparison between the finest practical head, and the finest ideal one, which could be fair towards either.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we do not find much to admire in the essay on Milton—hazardous as such a declaration may be, after what the author has himself said of it. Having duly deliberated, however, we will venture to express great admiration of the passages on "revolution."

Few essays were ever sent abroad in the world more calculated to improve the public understanding, and direct its moral feeling aright, than those on "Moore's Life of Byron," "Machiavelli," and "Boswell's Life of Johnson." They contain many passages of sterling philosophy in the analysis and elucidation of character, in principles and conditions of public and private morality, and in matters of literary taste: all of which are set forth with unanswerable arguments and admirable illustrations. His remarks on Dr. Johnson are excellent, and while they do every justice to all the good qualities of the "great man" of his day, will materially assist in leading the public mind at last to perceive how constantly Dr. Johnson, in philosophy, in morals,

and in criticism, was quite as wrong as he was pompous and overbearing.

The article on Warren Hastings is a model of biography. It is biography of the most difficult kind: that, namely, in which the character and actions of the individual subject cannot be portrayed without a comprehensive history of the times in which he lived. Such writings are apt to be exceedingly tedious, and in fact to present a mixture of two styles of compositions, that of the historian and that of the biographer, fitted together as they best may be. But in the case before us, while in the state of the political world, the progress of events, the aspects of parties, the peculiar condition of the great continent of India, the characteristics of its various races, are all presented distinctly, and held constantly before the mind as they in succession change, swell into importance, or fade into obscurity in the onward march of time;—so, with equal distinctness and constancy, is the individual Warren Hastings always held present to the imagination, as those events, and scenes, and characteristics acted upon him, or he acted upon them. This man stands revealed in this clear picture of his circumstances and his actions. We do not require to be told what was the peculiar nature of his intellect, his moral perceptions, his temperament. These we deduce from the history; any occasional remark upon him in the way of metaphysical analysis we read as a corollary, and can only say, 'just so,' or 'of course.' Perhaps a skilful physiognomist might even pronounce on the features of his face after reading the whole. With the same skill as that displayed in presenting the history of his time, the men who surrounded him are brought on the scene.

Of the masterly essay on "Lord Bacon," we must content ourselves with saying that it is in itself a great work of harmoniously united history, biography, and criticism, each of the highest class, and of which there is not a single page without its weight and value.

Mr. Macaulay possesses great powers of logical criticism; a fine and manly taste and judgment; a quick sense of the absurd, with an acute perception of the illogical; great fairness, and love of truth and justice. His prose is a model of style. It is sculpturesque by its clearness, its solidity, its simplicity, without any mannerism or affectation, and by its regularity. But this regularity is not of marble equality; the strong and compacted sentences rather presenting the appearance of a Cyclopiian wall, with the outer surface polished. Continually the matter is of a similar character with this style, and a brief section contains the growth of ages. Many

single sentences might be adduced in which are compressed clearly and without crowding, the sum of prolonged historical records, their chief events and most influential men, and how the events and the men acted and re-acted upon each other.

Mr. Macaulay has great and singular ability in making difficult questions clear, and the most unpromising subjects amusing. A good example of this may be found in his review of "Southey's Colloquies on Society," where Macaulay displays Southey's errors and wrong-headedness, and what the true state of the case is with respect to the currency, the national debt, and finance,—subjects which Literature had always considered as dry and impracticable as a rope of sand, but which in Mr. Macaulay's hands become not only intelligible and instructive, but incredibly entertaining.

Notwithstanding the many excellent remarks on poets and poetical productions, occurring in the course of his volumes—and the acuteness displayed, not only in what Mr. Macaulay says of the so-called "correctness" of Pope, and Addison, and Gray (as though their descriptions of men and external nature were not far less correct than those of the Elizabethan poets), but in the more admiring tone he occasionally takes,—it might still have been doubted whether a writer, in whom the understanding faculty predominates, would be able to make that degree of surrender of its power, which the fullest appreciation of poetry requires. He might fear it would argue "unsoundness." Howbeit in certain remarks on Shelley, we see that he can make the requisite surrender to one, whose poetry, of all others, needs it, in order to be rightly estimated. And it is a part of the means of forming the best judgment of poetical productions to know when, and how far that faculty should *abandon itself*, and receive a dominant emotion as fresh material for subsequent judgment.

The last publication of Mr. Macaulay—his "Lays of Ancient Rome"—may fairly be called, not an exhumation of decayed materials, but a reproduction of classical vitality. The only thing we might object to, is the style and form of his metres and rhythms, which are not classical, but Gothic, and often remind us of the "Percy Reliques." There is no attempt to imitate the ancient metres. In other respects these Lays are Roman to the back-bone; and where not so, they are Homeric. The events and subjects of the poems are chosen with an heroic spirit; there is all the hard glitter of steel about the lines!—their music is the neighing of steeds, and the tramp of armed heels; their inspiration was the voice of a trumpet.

" And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears."

" And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel.
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away."—HORATIUS.

A New Spirit of the Age.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river ;
The Blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver ;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels
shiver ;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leap-
ing.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow-declining year ;
I love the splendor of thy sun-set skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,

Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too,
brief ;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
away.

Oh Nature ! fondly I still turn to thee
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's
were ;—
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Towards thee I still the same devotion bear ;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
Still—still, child-like I come, as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

MARIUS SEATED ON THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

PILLARS are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,
And thou alone art there.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee ;
Thine eyebeam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel crowned thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul
Though friends and fame depart ;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame ;

Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
May melt like mist away ;
High thoughts may seem, mid passion's strife,
Like Carthage in decay ;

And proud hopes in the human heart
May be to ruin hurled ;
Like mouldering monuments of art
Heaped on a sleeping world :

Yet, there is something will not die,
Where life hath once been fair ;
Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
Some Roman lingers there !

For Arthur's Magazine.

JOSEPH, THE FIREMAN;

A TRUE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. A. BOUILLY.

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

I do not know any profession more useful, and at the same time more worthy of praise, than that of those intrepid men, who hold themselves constantly in readiness to fly wherever a conflagration is lighted up, or wherever the public voice calls them, performing a thousand feats of valor; confronting every day, dangers as frightful as present themselves upon the field of battle, and joining to the most daring courage, the most noble disinterestedness. These are the true citizen-soldiers and I experience great pleasure in relating the following noble action of one of them.

Amongst the fireman of the faubourg of the capital, Joseph L—— was as remarkable for his expertness in scaling burning buildings, as for his bold talent of diving, which had frequently procured for him the inexpressible delight of saving the lives of his fellow beings. Fire and water appeared to be the elements in which he was to acquire the reputation of the bravest and best of men.

A fire broke out, at night, toward the end of autumn, 1829, in the vast warehouse of the purveyor-general to the royal guards, and from these buildings, filled with combustible materials, before its progress could be arrested, it reached the sumptuous dwelling itself of the purveyor, baron Descarville. Baron Descarville, the father of a numerous family, at first, thought only of saving his children, the youngest of whom he soon placed beyond the imminent danger which threatened them. One had been forgotten in this frightful disaster, a pretty little girl, two years of age, who slept in a chamber, the only approach to which, in consequence of the progress the fire had made, was through her father's apartment, which was double-locked. The piercing cries of the alarmed child reached the ears of Joseph, who instantly broke down with his axe,

the door of this room, which was the private cabinet of baron Descarville, reached the child and bore her to the arms of her father. The baron offered to recompense him for his generous devotion, but the fireman, faithful to the regulation of his corps, declared that he would accept nothing, as he had only performed his duty.

When Joseph mentioned the fact of his having been compelled to break down the door of the adjoining apartment, to reach the child, the baron suddenly remembered that he had left several articles of value, amongst which was a small pocket-book containing forty bank notes of considerable amount. As there was yet time, he hastened to remove them to a place of safety, but, to his great surprise, when he reached the room, he found that the pocket-book was gone. He searched every where with much anxiety, but could discover no traces of it. Convinced that the notes had become the prey of the fireman, the only person who had entered his cabinet, and determined not to give him sufficient time to dispose of the property, he went immediately to inform the captain of his company of the theft which had been committed. Although it was with a great effort he could accuse the young man who had saved the life of one of his children, of a crime, he yielded to the imperious circumstances and claimed the authority of the officer to obtain justice. The captain, who, on account of his uniformly irreproachable conduct, entertained the highest esteem for Joseph, desired, in so grave and delicate a matter, to proceed with caution. He beckoned Joseph to follow, and conducted him to an apartment where, beside himself, no one was present but the baron. Joseph trembled and grew pale at the charge made against him. He attempted to speak, but the words died on his lips; as soon as he recovered from the terrible emotion which he experienced,

and which, in the eyes of the baron, seemed a proof of his guilt, he demanded that he should be subjected to the most rigorous search. It was soon clearly ascertained that the pocket-book of which he was accused of having stolen, was not in his possession.

"I knew he was innocent!" cried the officer, pressing his hand, warmly.

"He grew pale, however," said M. Descarville.

"It was with indignation," replied Joseph, with flashing eyes. "This is an unexpected recompense for the service I have rendered you; but, if I suffer under such an accusation, you will suffer still more; for you will be unable, during your life time, to take your child into your arms without blushing at the thought of the manner in which you outraged her preserver."

"I am sure, monsieur le baron," added the officer, "that, as ourselves, you will preserve a profound silence with regard to the strange scene which has just passed."

"As for me, captain, I will promise nothing," replied Joseph gruffly. "I shall inform my comrades of the kind of recompense we are to expect for our services."

The fireman, indeed, related to his companions the insult which he had endured, and carrying his hand to his sword, he added:

"If it had not been for baron Descarville's grey hairs, he should have dearly atoned for this cruel insult; but I had too many advantages over him, and am forced to hold him in contempt."

The baron, however, entertained a secret suspicion which he was unable to banish; a month rolled by, and, in his heart, Joseph was still regarded as guilty. He continually balanced in his mind the proofs of his innocence and the combination of circumstances which seemed to establish his guilt. Not being contented, therefore, to sustain a loss of forty thousand francs, he was thinking of entering a complaint before a magistrate, when his valet-de-chambre, one morning, upon emptying a large sheet iron vessel, standing near his secretary, filled with useless papers, perceived a black morocco pocket-book. He opened it hastily, found it filled with bank notes, and immediately informed his master of the joyous discovery. It would be difficult to express the surprise and remorse of the baron. He went at once to the barracks of the firemen, begged the officer to assemble them before him. In the presence of all, he apologized for the unjust suspicions he had entertained toward Joseph, and offered him any reparation he might require.

"All I ask of you, sir, is that, henceforth, you will never accuse a fireman of the least base action, unless you witness it with your own eyes."

Baron Descarville attempted, in vain, to induce Joseph to accept some indemnity for the outrage he had suffered, but neither gold nor presents could tempt this honorable man. He was satisfied that his character had been washed of this odious accusation, in the presence of his comrades, who now regarded him with increased esteem and attachment. The name of the purveyor-general came frequently to the mind and lips of the fireman, however, he never spoke of him without a convulsive movement which showed that he was unable entirely to remove from his heart a certain degree of bitterness toward the only man, who had ever assailed him with regard to his integrity.

Winter succeeded to the autumn, and, in the many fires which occurred during this rigorous season, Joseph gave new proofs of his courage and humanity. But of all his acts of true heroism, which had already excited the admiration of every one, none was so remarkable as that which I am about to relate and which is strictly true. It proves, too, that greatness of soul is to be found in the most humble as well as in the most elevated classes of the social order.

The winter of 1829, without being extremely rigorous, was long and unhealthy; many of the inhabitants of Paris suffered much from the humid cold, and those sudden changes of temperature which affect, injuriously, the most robust constitutions. But whilst the great mass of workmen in their humble dwellings were almost deprived of the necessities of life, the opulent were surrounded by all the charms of luxury; invented even in the midst of snow and frost. Amongst these pleasures, the one which the youth enjoy with most avidity, is the exercise of skating, in which they are enabled to display all their natural strength and grace. This exciting and dangerous sport is most common upon the Canal de l'Ourcy, and the Basin de la Villette. Thousands upon thousands of spectators cover the shore, encouraging by their exclamations the audacity of the skaters. Some push along in sleds, the most fashionable ladies, who give themselves up entirely to this passing amusement. Others, with skill and address, with a single effort, design, on the ice, either a figure, or the loved flower of the lady of their thoughts. In gazing on this lively scene, it might almost be imagined that the celebrated Russian fêtes upon the Neva, in the depth of winter, were passing before us.

But the ice in these northern countries is more firm than it is in our climate, and accidents more rarely occur there. In the course of the winter, after the burning of the house of baron Descarville, a very remarkable event occurred on the

Canal de l' Ourcy. A number of young men belonging to the most distinguished families were assembled at a breakfast given by the vanquished skaters to rivals in some of their games. In this happy repast shouts of delight were frequently mingled with the detonation of the opening champagne bottles; the sparkling liquor of which tended to heat, still more, the reckless heads of the young convivialists. The feast terminated, they returned to the Canal and each one, mounted upon his skates, gave way to the promptings of an imagination excited by the numerous toasts which had been drank. After a thousand feats of strength and address, three of the most excited joined hands and engaged to execute, correctly, the steps of a gallopade which was, then, fashionable in all the saloons. They performed, indeed, the attitudes and motions of the most skillful dancers; but at the moment when the three formed a circle the ice suddenly broke, and in the twinkling of an eye, they were all buried under the thick crust which covered the surface of the Canal. The most heart-rending cries burst from the spectators. Joseph L——, the fireman, was strolling about at a short distance from the scene of the disaster, and, always ready to respond to the cry of distress, rushed to the spot, and enquired the cause of the alarm. On being told of the accident which had occurred, he threw off his heavier clothing, and plunged into the opening through which the unfortunate young men had passed. The risk of this attempt may be easily conceived, when it is remembered that this hole offered the only means of egress from under the ice which covered the Canal. In about half a minute, he made his appearance again, bearing in his arms one of the young men. He deposited him upon the shore, giving him into the care of the spectators, and again precipitated himself into the gulf, happy to have been instrumental in saving one of the three victims. Some instants elapsed, and nothing was seen of him, but at last he re-appeared, alone, saying that he was unable to find any one.

"There are two more," was shouted on all sides.

He plunged in for the third time and returned with the second skater, motionless and insensible. After having deposited him in the arms of those who were standing round, he plunged into the hole a fourth time, remained under water as long as he was able but appeared, at last, with empty hands. His countenance was depressed, and he suffered so much from the cold that he was unable to utter a word.

"Oh! our saviour," cried the young man he had first saved, "do not abandon our dear comrade! he belongs to an honorable and opulent

family which will recompense you as you deserve to be. It is a young officer of the royal guards—the son of baron Descarville."

"Descarville!" exclaimed Joseph, with a convulsive movement.

"Yes, the rich purveyor who lives in the faubourg Poissonniere."

"Oh! I remember," replied the fireman, "he once accused me of having stolen his pocket-book; but I forget all that when humanity demands my exertions."

He plunged into the canal again and this time remained so long under the ice that the spectators began to repent of having excited that courage, that sublime devotion which might cost him his life. At last he issued from the hole, bearing the body of young Descarville.

"He is dead! he is dead!" cried Joseph, despairingly, placing his hand upon the heart of the young officer; "of all the three, I should have experienced most pleasure in saving this one, to avenge myself on his father, and, in placing his son in his arms, to prove—He is not dead—his heart beats—oh! if I could succeed in restoring him to life!"

He extended the inanimate body of young Descarville upon the shore, covered it with his own, glued his mouth to the lips of the young man, and used all his power to inflate the lungs. He continued his efforts for some time, forcing air into the lungs, and then pressing upon the chest, so as to imitate the process of respiration. Blankets were brought by some of the bystanders, which were warmed and wrapped round him, the region of his stomach was rubbed rapidly with warm cloths, wet with spirit, so as to produce a considerable degree of friction. After these efforts were continued for some time Joseph had the satisfaction of witnessing signs of returning life; he then left him and went into a house to change his clothing and make use of the proper means of restoring animation to his benumbed limbs. Accustomed to such circumstances, Joseph well knew the danger of approaching a fire in his present condition; he sent for a tub of snow with which he rubbed his limbs and body till a natural reaction took place, the blood was again thrown to the surface, and the skin resumed its healthy functions. As soon as he was able, he returned to the three young men whom he had saved. When they saw him, they seized him in their arms, and heaped upon him the liveliest marks of gratitude. The emotion of young Descarville, who felt that he owed his life to the man whose honor his father had suspected, it would be impossible to paint.

"Never," said he, "has humanity prompted to such devotion and heroism before; never has

a brother or friend shown such generous courage and perseverance, to save any one from an inevitable death. And you knew that I was the son of your accuser."

"It was, even for that reason, I felt a greater desire to save you. This is the only means people of my humble condition have, of making the great and rich feel that we are of any importance in society."

"Ah! believe me, my good Joseph, this truth will never be effaced from my memory. I desire to publish every where what you have done for me. I will inform your officers of this deed which, however, will not surprise them, for with you it is not an extraordinary effort, and shall not rest satisfied until you have obtained the just reward for the noble acts you have performed and for the high virtues which distinguish you."

During this outpouring of the heart, the companions of the young men, emptied their purses into a hat, forming, together, a sum of five or six hundred francs which they now came forward to offer to the fireman as a mark of their gratitude and respect, but Joseph taking the hat, threw it upon the shore scattering the pieces of gold and silver it contained in every direction, crying as he did so with noble dignity—

"Do you suppose that I have been actuated by pecuniary interest? All that I can accept of you, gentlemen, is a few glasses of good wine to warm me, of which I confess, *sacrebleu!* I am in great need."

Hardly had he uttered these words when he was caught up in the arms of the young men and carried to a neighboring restaurant, where the festival of the morning was renewed; they treated Joseph as their equal and honored him as a man

dear to humanity. Many toasts were given, but that most rapturously received was the following:

"To the respectable body of firemen!"

"I accept in the name of my comrades," said Joseph, "and I dare assert that they will always show themselves worthy of the honor you do them."

"Who can doubt it," said young Descarville, "when you are the surety."

The countenances of all were radiant with joy, and this happiness was increased by the appearance of baron Descarville, to whom his son had sent word of what had occurred. He threw himself into Joseph's arms, and was so much moved that at first he was unable to utter a single word. He took the hands of the fireman, those vigorous hands which had saved the life of a loved son and bathed them with tears. At last, recovering the use of speech, he burst out with,

"And I have been capable of suspecting, of accusing you of a crime!"

"Do not say any thing more about that," M. le Baron. "The blow did reach my heart, I must confess; but the wound is cicatrized now."

"It will ever be in my remembrance," replied the baron; "and since you will not be recompensed in the manner which is so pleasing and exciting to officious zeal, I shall not rest until you have received that justice which is due to your heroism and the many valuable services which you have performed."

A few months after, Joseph received the star of honor from the hands of his colonel, who well knew how to appreciate him, and was soon promoted to the lieutenantancy of the firemen, whom he commanded many years, exciting their warmest affection and adding to their reputation by inspiring them with a noble desire to imitate his example.

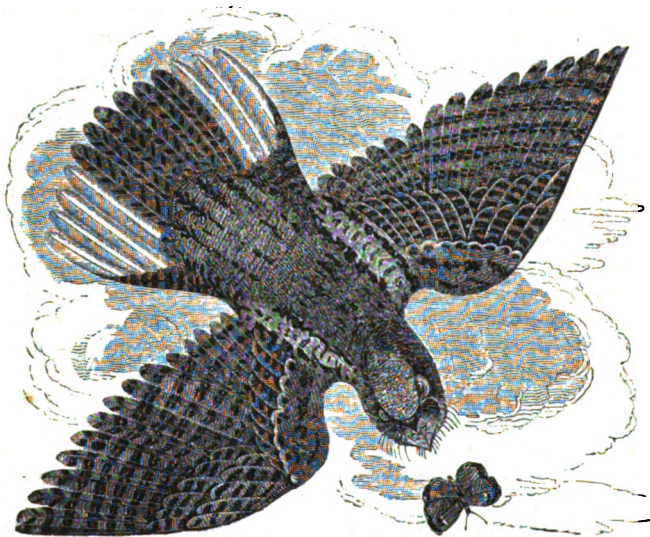
PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

(See Plate.)

THIS fine engraving tells its own story to the mind of any one familiar with American frontier life. A party of emigrants about encamping for the night, are suddenly surprised by the sight of flames curling up from the vast Prairie before them. A portion are safe from danger in the oasis of trees where they have halted, and commenced preparing for their evening meal. Not so the main body, with their wagons, who are

incautiously entering the great sea of vegetation, through which the fire is beginning to spread with almost lightning-like rapidity. There is plenty of time, however, for retreat.

The Prairie on fire is a theme of deep interest. Cooper and others have thrilled us with descriptions of the phenomenon, and our readers will have them brought back fresh to the recollection by a sight of the plate we offer them this month.



BIRDS AND SONG.—No. IX.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY ELIZABETH F. ELLETT.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night,
Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?
Attendant on the pale moon's light.
Why shun the garish blaze of day?

When darkness fills the dewy air,
Nor sounds the song of happier bird,
Alone amid the silence there
Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan
Poured in no living comrade's ear,
The forest's shaded depths alone,
Thy murmuring melody can hear.

Beside what still and secret spring,
In what dark wood, the livelong day,
Sitt'st thou, with dusk and folded wing,
To while the hours of light away?

Sad minstrel! thou hast learned, like me,
That life's deceitful gleam is vain;
And well the lesson profits thee,
Who will not trust its charms again.

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill
To listening night, when mirth is o'er;
I, heedless of the warning, still
Believe, to be deceived once more.

[We are free to confess that there is very little poetry about the picture we present our readers this month, however much there may be in the verses we quote. The whip-poor-will that inspired Mrs. Ellett, we could fain hope was never guilty of so murderous an act as that in which our artist has discovered the particular bird he has drawn.—
Ed.]

THE WIFE.

A TALE OF THE HARD TIMES.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

It was during the hard times of 1837. The evening was clear and cold, and the wintry blast whistled cheerlessly through the closed shutters of a well furnished apartment. The scene was a front room in the second floor, yet the tea-table was set in it, and over the grate fire the tea-kettle faintly simmered. In one corner stood an open piano, from which a lady had lately risen, to rock the cradle of her child; her eye glanced often towards a gentleman who sat on the sofa near the door, and each glance deepened the sadness on her face. She was yet young and lovely. Although now depressed, her quick blue eye, indicated a temperament naturally gay and buoyant. Her changeful expression told that she had yet known but little of deep sorrow, or perhaps regarded the present as an unpleasant dream soon to pass away. Her husband, who sat on the sofa, was apparently in an abstracted and gloomy mood; his head was slightly bent, and resting on his hand; his contracted brow and half curved lip betrayed too much of pride, yet even through that expression there beamed forth a soul full of noble and kindly qualities. At length the young wife rose to preside over the little table.

"Come, Charles," she said, cheerfully, "tea is ready!"

He half started, then replied, "I don't wish any thing Clara. I am not hungry."

"Won't you keep me company, then? Perhaps my society will inspire you. Come, Charles, do!" The first part of the sentence was spoken with a forced gaiety, but the effort failed, and as the last words were said Mrs. Falconer's voice slightly trembled, and tears forced themselves into her eyes. Her husband glanced at her, then silently arose and took his accustomed seat.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked, looking around for the first time.

"She left to-day," was the brief answer.

"Why? I was not aware that she designed leaving."

"She did not; I dismissed her. I shall take care of the house myself. I don't think it will hurt me to be industrious."

Mr. Falconer's countenance lit up with a noble expression; in his dark proud eye, now so gentle, his wife read an approval of that little deed of self-sacrifice.

"Dear Clara," he said, tenderly, "you bear our poverty better than I do; you who were so delicately brought up." He paused a moment and pride soon drove away that look of admiring love; in a somewhat bitter voice he added, "But I cannot see you a household drudge; Margaret must come back again."

"Margaret must *not* come back again," said the wife, gently but firmly, "nor shall you ever see me a household drudge; until my spirit becomes debased, the performance of any duty, be it ever so humble, cannot make me a drudge. Why should I not join you in self-denial? It is no secret to me that you have frequently deprived yourself of books you intended to purchase, in order to pay Margaret's wages. Charles, you have not yet told me *how* poor we are; perhaps you think I cannot bear to look at reality, and hear you say, we are penniless! Is it so?"

A painful expression crossed Mr. Falconer's countenance; he dashed aside a tear, but did not speak.

"Oh! Charles," said his wife, weeping, "why should there not be frankness between us, now, as in happier times?"

"There should be, Clara," he answered, in a low agitated voice, "but I could not bear to pain you. I *could* not say I had no business wherewith to provide the necessities of life, for you and our darling child. Oh! I never looked for this!" He pushed his chair back from the table, and leaning forward on his hands, yielded to his emotion.

Charles Falconer had become an orphan at an

early age; his parents were poor, and did not leave him any thing at their death. The lonely boy was adopted by a bachelor uncle, his father's only brother, who had acquired a handsome fortune by trade. When his education was completed, young Falconer entered the profession of law; but, although he was highly gifted, he met with only tolerable success. There were several reasons for this; he was his uncle's heir, and did not apply himself with the energy he would have done had he known that his livelihood depended on his own exertions; besides, he found a dull, plodding, business life, very uncongenial to his tastes.

At twenty-five he married Clara Dayton, one of the loveliest girls in Philadelphia. His uncle purchased for him a large house, and furnished it in the most elegant style. The young pair set out in life with the sunniest prospects. For a time the shady side of life was hidden from them, and all went on smoothly. But this could not last always; the hard times came on, and the elder Falconer, who had speculated largely in unproductive real estate, became considerably involved. Affairs grew worse, and it was but a year and a half after the marriage of his nephew, that the wealthy merchant met with a total failure. This was a heavy blow to young Falconer. He applied himself with more energy to his business, but did not alter his expensive style of living. He went beyond his means and, as might be expected, bitterly repented it. Creditors came upon him suddenly, for many needed money to extricate themselves from difficulty. He could not meet their demands. Mrs. Falconer's father afforded no assistance; he could barely struggle forward with his own fortunes.

Falconer's beautiful mansion was sold for debt. From that time Philadelphia became disagreeable to him; he disposed of part of his costly furniture, and with his wife and infant child removed to New York. But trials full as great awaited him there; the times were even more distressing; he was but little known, and more lawyers were in the city than could get business. They had hired half of a pleasant house, but at the end of the first year, were obliged to occupy only one third as much room. Until the time our story opens, Mr. Falconer had kept up his spirits before his wife. They had not really wanted for any thing, and Mrs. Falconer was more cheerful than many would have been in her circumstances. She did not possess that inordinate love of mere ornament and show, which is so frequently the ruling passion of a little mind. When necessity compelled her to give up various luxuries, it was done with a generous cheerfulness, that her husband might not be pained to see that she felt the

loss. Her love of justice prevailed over *all* inclinations; since wealth had flown from her, it had been her constant aim to look at reality instead of appearances,—to find out in what *real* happiness consisted. She did not try to forget where the path of duty lay, but with a strong heart sought it only that she might walk in it.

While Mr. Falconer gave way to the stormy feelings within him, his wife made no attempt to check them in their course. To forget her own agitation as far as possible, she arose and commenced her new duties. Her delicate hands trembled as she washed the tea dishes for the first time, but her sweet countenance betrayed no scorn at her humble task. She felt even happier than she had done for some time; her husband had, at last, told her the extent of their poverty. She was no longer doubtful how to act. Although their situation was worse than she expected, her heart thrilled with happiness to know that it was in her power to cheer their poverty. She felt how beautiful was woman's task, to soften and temper man's harsher nature in the hour of trial; to point him to higher and loftier sources of happiness; to still in his bosom selfish and earthly passions; from beneath the ashes of crushed hopes, to bring forth the deep and gentle things that lay buried in his inward soul; to tell him of his capacity for purer joy, when worldly blessings fade away, and of a more glorious beauty that dwells enshrined in the sacred temple within, which may not be approached save by the gates of sorrow! All this she thought; and her bosom was filled in its very depth, with that sweet but calm joy, which makes outward trials light. The wife was indeed purer and nobler in adversity than in prosperity. When her husband became more composed; she said gently,

"Charles, if we are poor, the fountains of happiness are not sealed up in our hearts. Have we not our child? We need not be poor in affection and feeling; we yet have health, with intellect and reason to guide us forward in a path we must not shrink from treading! Oh! if Hope would but lightly flutter her wings, and hover near *you*!"

Mrs. Falconer leaned her arm on his shoulder, and overcome by the feelings that crowded upon her heart, burst again into tears.

"My own wife, I am a wretch to complain when I have you!" said her husband, drawing his arm around her, and gazing in her face with an expression of deep, pure affection. Again he slightly inclined his head, and that momentary light faded from his countenance. After a pause, he said abruptly, "yet it is no sin to grieve that I cannot provide for those I love. O, Clara! I could labor night and day to make you and our

sweet child happy; then why am I deprived of business?" He stopped, and his brow gathered into a gloomy frown. "There is no justice in it," he said again almost fiercely.

"Would you wrest power from the hands of Omnipotence?" asked his wife. "Does not the wing of the Almighty shadow us now as in happier days? Oh! do not think we are forsaken. You will soon get business; then all will be well! If we try to do right, and every thing does not succeed, why should we be so unhappy? Would we be, if we were truly good, and sufficiently trusted in the Divine Providence? Should we not believe the ever guiding hand of God, is in the smallest as well as the greatest events; endeavoring by every circumstance to draw us nearer to purity and goodness? Even the most abandoned—does He not ever try to withhold them from plunging into worse evils? If we are pure in our intentions all things will work together for good!"

Mr. Falconer made no reply; but he arose soon after, and his eyes were misty with tears. He felt that evidence of holier feeling, was not a weakness. He would have spoken, but he feared to lose his self-command, and only pressed his lips, which slightly trembled, upon his wife's forehead—he paused a moment, then turned to leave the room, but came back, and kissed her again tenderly, while a single hot tear fell upon her cheek. Then in silence he sought his chamber, "to commune with his own heart, and be still."

Two or three days after this, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer were again seated by the grate. Their infant was calmly sleeping in the arms of the young mother, unconscious of care or sorrow. That sweet mother's face was anxious; as she bent over her sleeping child, a shade of deep emotion passed over it, and her lip began to quiver. But she tried to force back her fast coming thoughts, and, rising, placed the child in the cradle. It was a little while after twilight, the tea table was not waiting as usual.

"Has Annie been cross this afternoon?" asked Mr. Falconer, "our tea will be rather late."

With a painful effort, his wife answered, "There is nothing in the house."

"Oh! I forgot to ask you, if there was no out door business you wanted me to do, before I went to the office! Where is the money I gave you this morning? I will go out now."

"We have no money. I gave it to the landlord this morning."

"Why, Clara!" said her husband, starting, "I have not another cent in the world, and what I gave you I borrowed. Mr. Millis could have waited."

"But he would not wait. He said he had a

note to meet in a few hours, and must have the little that was due. I told him I could not part with what I had, and even offered to let him take my piano for the rent. When he found I really had money in the house, he became almost insulting, and I was obliged to give it to him. I had a strong hope that something would happen to relieve us, before night, so I did not tell you at dinner time."

A dark shade had fallen over Falconer's countenance while his wife was speaking; but he arose, without saying any thing, and took up his hat to go out.

"Where are you going, Charles?" asked Mrs. Falconer anxiously.

"To the grocer's, to beg to be trusted," was the brief but bitter response, made with his lip half curved in its compression.

"I fear he won't trust you," said his wife, in a low tone, "but don't look so discouraged."

"I'm worse than discouraged, I am distracted," said Falconer, stamping violently on the floor, and yielding to all the passion of his haughty, impetuous nature. "I *will* not endure this meekly, yes *meekly*, that hateful word."

Mrs. Falconer leaned her head against the mantelpiece, and the tears fell from her eyes in torrents. She herself had been to the grocer's in the afternoon, and her pride had been bitterly stung, by being coolly answered, with a business like shake of the head, "No trust." At the thought of the intense feeling of mortification that came over her as the grocer uttered these words, she could not restrain a sob,—for she knew that her husband would be exposed to the same cool impudence if he went. She would not add to his sufferings by telling him the manner in which *she* had been treated. When Falconer heard her weeping, he started from the bitter revery into which he had fallen, and approached her. The passionate flush faded from his countenance.

"Forgive my harsh mood, Clara," he said, in a voice that struggled to be firm, "I have tried to be patient, I have crushed my proud spirit until it has seemed at times as if its very life-strings would snap asunder with the effort. I thought I had grown more resigned, but the volcano of strong passion within me, has been only smothered, that its flames might burst forth with a more intense power. I am in despair! O, Clara! I have held back my feelings for your sake, but I cannot stifle them longer."

When Falconer turned to his wife, he had intended to be calm and to try to comfort her; but before he was aware of it, he had poured forth the language of his soul. When he ceased speaking, he sunk upon a chair; his frame shook with

the heavy sobs that rose from his bosom, for his strong spirit had yielded to abandonment. An hour passed away, and not a word had been spoken. Mrs. Falconer had seated herself at a little stand to sew, but her work lay in her lap, and her eyes were bent thoughtfully on the floor. The expression of her countenance was painfully sad. She started when her husband rose, and said to her, in a low calm tone, "I shall soon be back." She raised her troubled eyes to his face, with an inquiring expression, but he said nothing more. He was calm but very pale; it seemed as if his spirit had been chastened and had acquired strength to suffer in that hour of combat.

He had not been gone long, when a knock was heard at Mrs. Falconer's door. She rose quickly from her chair and opened it. Her heart fluttered with a sudden hope, for she dreamed only of relief.

"Here's a letter for you, Mrs. Falconer!" said a man who lived in another part of the house. She took it, and her eyes brightened as she recognised the handwriting of her father. She was about to break the seal, when the man said, "the postman is waiting at the door."

The color came into her face painfully, she hesitated; then her fingers pressed the letter to see if it contained any money, but it did not. The man observed her motion; he smiled peculiarly; then with a low bow walked away. For a moment Mrs. Falconer had been tempted to ask him for sufficient money to pay the postage, but his disagreeable smile checked her. As soon as he disappeared she pressed her lips to the dear handwriting. It was two months since she had received a line from her father; she felt as if she could have begged for it, but then other feelings came, and pride so often master of the human soul conquered. She descended the stairs with a slow step, and met the postman with a calm and dignified air.

"I cannot pay you for this now," she said, holding the letter in her hand. "If you are willing to leave it, I will have the money for you the next time you pass here. But, as you choose."

The words were spoken decidedly, but with a painful effort. The postman bowed, and said respectfully,

"I will leave it, madame."

Mrs. Falconer reached her room with a burning cheek. She sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, murmured, "This is the sting of poverty—to accept favors from those beneath us,—and yet I do wrong to say *beneath*, I should be grateful for kindness from any one."

Before opening the letter, she arose and knelt by the cradle of her child. Vague presentiments

that the letter contained bad tidings came over her, and she wished to school her heart to submission to whatever might happen. She bent over the cradle that held her treasure, and with the fond eye of a mother watched its infant loveliness. Amid its hushed slumbers, the smile of innocence played over its young lip, and occasionally dimpled the fair soft cheek. The mother felt as if angels peopled the dreams of her darling; a tear trembled in her clear dark eye as she raised it, to ask of heaven blessings on her little one. Her heart filled with a meek and hallowed joy, and when she arose, it was with renewed strength to bear the trials that might ennoble her spirit, and make her more truly a mother.

Seating herself at the table, she broke the seal of her father's letter, and read the following intelligence:

MY DEAR CHILD—I need not tell you that it is with feelings of acute pain, I sit down to write this letter. Its contents will sufficiently explain. Oh! Clara, how *can* I say it—your old father is a bankrupt! My all is gone! May God support me under this heavy affliction. I sometimes feel as if it is more than I can bear. To be left destitute in my old age! If I were yet young,—but I will not complain. I hope you are getting along comfortably; your mother intended to have you and the baby spend part of the winter with us; but now it cannot be! May God for ever bless you, my dear, good child, and strengthen your heart to bear all the trials you may meet in this life.

Your affectionate father,
WILLIAM DAYTON.

When Mrs. Falconer had finished reading this brief but sad epistle, she felt as if her cup were full. She was yet holding it in her hand, when her husband entered. "What letter is that, Clara?" he asked, eagerly.

"It is from father, and contains bad news," she answered, giving it to him half reluctantly.

"A bankrupt! is it possible!" exclaimed Falconer, after reading a few lines. When he had finished the letter he said, "It can't be possible your father owes much! He was always so cautious and upright in all his dealings."

Falconer fell into a fit of deep thought. His wife wondered if he had got any money, but did not ask him. She thought when he first entered, his manner was cheerful. At length he said,

"Clara, I am full of plans to-night! I hardly know where to commence to tell you. But a plan for your father which I have just thought of must come first. While I was out I met Henry Ingersoll, my old classmate. He left Philadelphia only two days ago, and he tells me uncle Falconer succeeds beyond his expectations in his

new business. Now I think your father could engage with him in some way. They are first rate business men, and I have not a doubt but they could soon free themselves from debt."

"Oh! if it *could* be so!" exclaimed Mrs. Falconer, smiling with delight at the idea. "They are such warm friends. I should not be surprised if they had thought of it themselves."

"What do you think of returning to Philadelphia, Clara?" asked Falconer, after a pause.

"I should be delighted! Pray tell me what Ingersoll said? What did he recommend you to do? Oh! I am sure something fortunate has happened, from your looks. Our poverty has reached its climax, and now better times are coming."

Falconer smiled to see how quickly his wife's spirits recovered their cheerful tone, at the bare supposition of a change for the better.

"Your organ of Hope is so largely developed, Clara," he said, "that it seems impossible to you that trouble can last. But I must begin my story. You know Ingersoll entered the bar at the same time I did; he has since been in the office of his father who stands high as a lawyer. It has been thought by some that young Ingersoll might in time outshine his father. Among other things he asked me how I prospered. I told him frankly, without any gloss, our situation. At one time it would have been impossible; I could not have got out the words; but desperation often leads us to do things we can scarcely believe afterwards. We stood under the light of a street lamp, and I saw that the expression of his noble face was worthy of him. He grasped my hand, as I paused, almost choked with emotion, and said with all the warmth of his high souled nature,

"Thank God that I have met you, Falconer. Thank God that there is a Providence in every thing! But are you willing to return to Philadelphia if you can find business there?" he asked.

"I am willing to go any where to save my wife and child from starvation," I answered.

"Then, Falconer, will you accept the situation in my father's office, which I shall leave. I start in a few weeks for the south?"

"I pressed his hand silently in token of acquiescence, for I could not speak. He went on to say,—*'My sister's health has long been delicate, and the doctor recommends a southern climate for a residence. I, therefore, shall go with her and make my home in Charleston, where we have relatives. I hope there to "climb fame's mountain steep" more rapidly. How soon could you move to Philadelphia?'*

"I hesitated, for I had not the means to go. Ingersoll understood my silence; without saying

any thing he approached nearer the lamp and taking from his pocket book a fifty dollar bill, handed it to me saying.

"If this will relieve you from pecuniary embarrassment, Falconer, take it, and repay me whenever it is convenient."

"I took it, and said only, 'Ingersoll!'"

"A thousand strong emotions struggled for the mastery in my breast. My heart thrilled with admiring gratitude, and yet for a moment my selfish pride triumphed. But it soon melted away before his noble spirit; I bowed my head upon his hand, and wept with a strange humility.

"I know this is wounding to your pride," he said, "but remember we are old friends, and let that cancel all feelings of obligation. I will write to my father and he will gladly welcome you. Good night! Falconer, I will see you soon again." With these words he left me, and you may imagine, Clara, that I returned home with a heart lightened of its load."

"How noble he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Falconer, down whose face tear after tear had been starting during the recital. "How refreshing and pure it falls upon the heart, to meet with kindness in times of trouble. It seems as if a beam of heaven's own sunlight were shed in the bosom, weary with struggling, and apparently struggling in vain. When our own spirits are bowed down with sorrow, how much more fully can we appreciate an action towards us, which springs from true generosity of feeling, guided by upright principles."

"Ah!" said Falconer, in reply, "if men were willing to be all they are capable of being, how like God's own paradise this desolate earth might bloom again. We see goodness afar off and acknowledge its beauty with a thrill of sublime delight, if personified by others; but when it comes home to our own hearts, its loveliness is hidden. We shrink from the thorny and laborious path we *must* travel, before our deep-rooted selfishness will flee, to admit it as a guest. It is not difficult to appear good in the eyes of others, but the kingdom where our thoughts and feelings dwell, requires a hand strong and never-failing in its efforts, to conquer. We must explore the secret chambers of the soul, and when purified, the image of the Creator will shine there, reflected by the light of heaven. Oh! Clara, when I think of life in its fulness and beauty,—when I think of the deep impulses and noble sympathies God in his love has given us, my heart sinks as I turn to dwell on the strange music that so often breathes over the harp strings of the soul. If trial and sorrow come upon us, the harmony is hushed, we forget in our desolation to bring forth

a wild yet sweeter strain. O! why could I not be resigned when all was dark to me?"

"If you were an angel it would be strange," interrupted Mrs. Falconer, gently, "but it is only through light and darkness that we may become angels. The very sufferings we pass through show our capabilities for something higher. Would God afflict us lightly or unheedingly? I hope, Charles, we may be better and happier from our troubles."

Three months after, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer occupied a small, neat house, in a retired part of Philadelphia. Their income was very moderate, but they had formed the determination never to go beyond their means, if possible, in the slightest thing. Mrs. Falconer had no servant, but her cheerful laugh rang with a gaiety as heart-felt through their little apartments as if the wealth of kingdoms were at her feet. In her comparatively short life, she had learned that lesson so hard to be acquired, yet so noble in its humility, so happy in its effects—contentment. Her father had entered into business with the elder Falconer, and his cheerfulness was fast returning,—her husband's brow was unclouded with anxious thoughts,—her child was all a mother's heart could desire. Their situation was humble, very humble, when compared with what it had been; yet she was contented. Often, her pure heart filled with that sweet exhilarating joy, which seems to clothe every thing in beauty; that sees mirrored in nature the light and happiness within. She could half fancy the language of her soul was written in the glad sunlight—the clear blue sky with its silvery clouds,—all that was bright and lovely touched a chord of sympathy in her bosom, and awoke its ever-ready music. Her simple duties were performed with that light hearted cheerfulness, which delights in doing any thing useful; any thing that will cast a ray of sunshine into another heart.

One evening, about twilight, the young wife sat by the front window, reading; yet with every passing footstep she raised her eyes to see if her husband were coming. Little Annie knelt on the chair next her, and rested her round white arms on the window-sill, looking with intense attention, to see if she could discover a horse and carriage, or any thing else that could make a noise and amuse her. Mr. Falconer soon appeared in the street, and glanced up to the window with a smile. His wife waited until he had time to ascend the stairs, then threw open the door for him, exclaiming,

"Oh! Charles, I am glad you have come at last. Tea has been ready for half an hour, and poor Annie and I, are in a state bordering on starvation."

"Oh! what a glowing hyperbole," said Falconer, laughing. "Strange that neither of you have grown thin! You seem to care more for your tea than for my presence."

"Why, yes, what shall I do to overcome such a dangerous propensity? I shall die as soon as I learn to live without eating, or I might attempt it to oblige you. But you look tired, Charles!" she continued, playfully brushing back the hair from his white forehead.

"Don't insinuate that I look tired, when you are entertaining me with such a *flux de bouche*," said her husband, with his warm, old fashioned smile.

The young wife laughed and said, gaily,

"Well, I am just in the humor for pouring into your ears a continual artillery of nonsense; can you stand the fire without shrinking?"

"Without doubt, honored madame, I am all impatience."

"All impatience for what? I think it must be for something to eat. I forgot I was a little household drudge. Pray excuse me. Tea is ready."

She smiled archly as she spoke, and approaching the fire, filled the tea pot with water.

"Clara," said Falconer, rising, and drawing his chair to the table, "I do most solemnly insist that you never again remind me of that foolish speech. My views have changed wondrously since then, and now I think it utterly impossible for you to be any thing but a lady in any situation. There, won't that compliment appease you?"

"I am infinitely obliged, for I suppose I must go on the principle of taking what I can get. Annie, don't pull that plate over! Charles, lift her up in her chair, if you please."

After they were quietly seated at the table Mrs. Falconer said,

"Charles, you really do look tired. You have been walking a good deal this afternoon, hav'n't you?"

"Yes, see if you can guess what it was for?"

She paused a moment, thoughtfully, then said, as she quickly raised her head, "You have been sending that money on to Ingersoll. Hav'n't I guessed right?"

"Yes, and now we need not be so desperately economical. I think I could have lived on bread and water until it was paid. It is a great relief to be free once more. I feel a thousand times more delight at having that debt discharged, than I did when in contemplation of my uncle's large fortune. My spirits are more buoyant now, than when I first set up in life without a single cloud to obscure my vision."

Mrs. Falconer smiled, and her clear eyes were

as joyous as if trouble had never dimmed their gentle brilliancy.

"People would hardly credit us," she said, "if we should tell them that we are happier now than we were four years ago, when we were married beneath so sunny a sky."

"There is one sentence," said her husband which has been repeated a thousand times, yet, there is a living beauty about it which makes it always fresh, "SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY."

For Arthur's Magazine.

WILLY AND THE BEGGAR GIRL.

"An apple, dear mother!"
Cried Willy, one day,
Coming in, with his cheeks
Glowing bright, from his play.
"I want a nice apple,
A large one and red."
"For whom do you wish it?"
His kind mother said.

"You know a big apple
I gave you at noon;
And now for another,
My boy it's too soon."
"There's a poor little girl
At the door, mother dear,"
Said Will, while within
His mild eye shone a tear.

"She says, since last evening
She's eaten no bread.
Her feet are all naked,
And bare is her head.
Like me, she's no mother
To love her, I'm sure,
Or she'd not look so hungry
And ragged and poor.

"Let me give her an apple;
She wants one I know;
A nice, large, red apple,—
Oh! do not say no."
First a kiss to the lips
Of her generous boy,
Mamma gave with a feeling
Of exquisite joy—

For goodness, where'er
In a child it is seen,
Gives joy to the heart
Of a mother, I ween—
And then led him out, where,
Still stood by the door,
A poor little beggar-girl
Ragged all o'er.

"Please ma'am, I am hungry,"
The little thing said,
"Will you give me to eat
A small piece of bread."
"Yes, child, you shall have it;
But who sends you out
From dwelling to dwelling
To wander about?"

A pair of mild eyes
To the lady were raised;
"My mother's been sick
For a great many days.
So sick she don't know me."
Sobs stifled the rest—
And, heaved with young sorrow
That innocent breast.

Just then from the store-room—
Where wee Willy ran,
As his mother to question
The poor child began—
Came forth the sweet boy,
With a large loaf of bread,
Held tight in his tiny hands
High o'er his head.

"Here's bread and a plenty!
Eat little girl, eat!"
He cried, as he laid
The great loaf at her feet.
The mother smiled gently,
Then, quick through the door
Drew the sad little stranger
So hungry and poor.

With words kindly spoken
She gave her nice food,
And clothed her with garments
All clean, warm, and good.
This done, she was leading
Her out, when she heard
Will coming down stairs
Like a fluttering bird.

A newly bought leghorn
With green bow and band,
And an old, worn out beaver
He held in his hand.
"Here! give her my new hat,"
He cried,— "I can wear
My black one all summer
Its good—you won't care—

"Say! will you, dear mother?"
First out through the door,
She passed the girl kindly;
Then quick from the floor
Caught up the dear fellow—
Kissed and kissed him again,
While her glad tears fell freely
O'er his sweet face like rain.

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For Arthur's Magazine.

THE CANNON OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE GUINOT.

ON a fine spring morning, which was lit up by the sun's richest rays, a troop of little vagabonds were playing in the garden of the Palais-Royal. Hanging upon the iron balustrades, which surround the flower-plots, they were teasing the sparrows, throwing stones upon the flowers, and constantly seeking for some mischief in which to engage, the moment the backs of the guards were turned. Under such circumstances, the imagination of the Parisian boy is never at fault.

The Germans, who are, at this moment, singing the couplets of their poet Becker, of which the refrain is: "The French shall not have the Rhine,"—a prophecy we regard as somewhat hazardous—the Germans, who refuse to sell us their horses for our cavalry, have, in return, conferred upon us a sufficiently ordinary production of their national industry; we mean their friction-matches. The Parisian boy makes good use of these little articles; he always carries a supply in his pockets, and they assist in the performance of all kinds of mischievous tricks.

The leader of the Palais-Royal band, watching an opportunity when no one was looking, scaled the balustrade, crept along the turf on his hands and knees to the cannon, which is fired off, at noon, by the sun, the rays of which are at that moment concentrated upon the priming. It was only half past eleven; but the lucifer-match in the hands of the young gunner played the part of the sun, and the cannon gave out its official detonation.

On all sides, in the walks, in the galleries, in the coffee-houses, in the shops, every one immediately drew forth his watch to prove its exactitude. There was a general movement of surprise, which translated itself into tacit reflections:

"That is singular! I thought I was right."

"What! a half hour too slow! A watch warranted not to vary one minute a month."

"This is the first time my Briguet has been wrong!"

The watchmakers were more astonished than

any one else; most of them, however, yielded conviction to the evidence. But amongst the matadors of watch-making, some two or three free thinkers dared to advance this presumptuous proposition:

"It is the sun which goes wrong!"

Saving these rare exceptions, every person within sound of the report of the cannon, set their watches and clocks forward to accord with the time indicated. The infallibility of the sun could not fail to find a great number of partizans.

At first glance no great crime appears in this prank of a boy with a friction match; grave consequences, however, owed their origin to it. A mistake of a half hour in the course of time is no trifling matter; a watch too fast or too slow frequently throws us into a train of errors, fertile in disasters, and adventures more or less grave.

"Already noon? boy; my bill!"

These words were uttered by a gentleman who breakfasted at Vefour's and who appeared a prey to a most torturing anxiety. This was M. D——, a banker, whose business appeared to the public to be in a most flourishing condition; but who had lately met with some reverses, which he was no longer able to conceal. After he left the restaurant, he drew a letter from his pocket, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You have confided to me your disastrous position, and say you have no hope, except in me. My own resources, you know, are insufficient to enable me to render you any assistance and I go to the country with little hope, I must confess, to see what I can do. It is possible, however, that the means you have indicated may be productive of a good result. Rest assured that I will omit no effort to save you from bankruptcy. If I succeed in realizing the sum, which it is absolutely necessary for you to have to-day, I will bring it, at half past twelve, to the gallery d'Orleans, where you will wait for me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because I think you will not remain there, for fear of some troublesome call. If I am not at the place appointed, at the precise hour indicated, it

will be because I have failed in my attempt, and you must then carry into execution your project of flight; when you are at a distance from them, your creditors will be more accommodating. You comprehend why I do not myself bring you the bad news. I should not like to be seen with you at this critical moment, as you owe, I believe, a score of thousands of francs to my uncle, a miser who would never forgive me if he suspected that I had aided you in your flight. In case of misfortune, believe me at your disposal. Your friend, let what may happen.

LUCIEN B——."

"This is the critical moment at which my fate is to be decided," said M. D——, as he walked in the gallery. "I have reached that steep declivity down which so many fortunes pass; nothing yet has been sufficient to stay my course, and I have achieved my ruin through vanity, in desiring to hide my situation, when there was still time to have made an honorable failure. All the planks to which I have looked for safety are broken under my steps. If the intervention of Lucien prove powerless; if he do not bring me, within the hour, the sum of one hundred thousand francs, which I have to pay to-day, I am ruined."

In making these painful reflections, the banker looked at his watch twenty times. The time to his anxious soul rolled slowly on. Each moment seemed to bear away a hope. The hand of his watch marked the hour of one and the wretched banker felt a cold perspiration start out upon his brow.

"One o'clock and Lucien not come! It is all over, then!"

He still waited, however; he went from one end of the gallery to the other, looking anxiously down all the entrances, desiring, every moment, to leave, but still lingering. It was not till his watch showed twenty-five minutes past one that the unfortunate D—— left the Palais-Royal. At the same instant Lucien entered the gallery d'Orleans, five minutes before the time, for it still really wanted five minutes to one; but the banker had set his watch forward on hearing the report of the cannon.

In putting his foot out of the Palais-Royal, M. D——, stepped into bankruptcy. A post-chaise waited, into which he leaped and left at a gallop, whilst Lucien, who bore with him a check upon the bank, for a hundred thousand francs, remained confounded, not knowing to what motive to attribute his absence. Could Lucien divine the secret of the friction-match, the first effect of which was a commercial disaster?

At the same hour a lady, elegantly dressed, entered the passage Delorme; she made two turns with a quick step and an observer would have remarked upon her lovely countenance an

expression of surprise, impatience and vexation.

"It is strange," said she; "my watch is surely right, for I have just obtained it from my watch-maker of the Palais-Royal; it is ten minutes past one. M. Leopold was to have been here at one o'clock, precisely, to accompany me to the museum and I see nothing of him!"

The expression of surprise, impatience and vexation became, every moment, more apparent and, surely, there was sufficient cause. Young, handsome, rich, and a widow, surrounded by adorers, Madame de Luceval had distinguished from amongst them M. Leopold de Versy. She had given him reason to hope that for his sake, she would, ere long, take upon herself the chains of hymen and, in the meantime, she had desired to accept his arm to visit the exhibition at the Louvre; a precious and envied favor which M. Leopold gratefully accepted. But at the time appointed he was not at the place of meeting!

"I hoped to be anticipated," added Madame de Luceval, "but I have deceived myself; it was presumption! M. Leopold does not pride himself upon his punctuality. But if he allows himself to be tardy under existing circumstances, what will he do when he becomes a husband? M. Luceval had this defect, and I know what I have suffered in consequence of it. To fall into the same inconveniences in marrying again would be monotonous! I desire that my second husband should be a little different, and if it is absolutely necessary that these gentlemen should do us wrong, I wish at least, to have the benefit of variety."

You will agree that Madame de Luceval was not too exacting—

The watch, consulted for the last time, indicated eighteen minutes past one.

"My patience is exhausted," said the handsome widow; "the most rigorous politeness accords but a quarter of an hour to the indifferent, and here, where I have expected eagerness, to have exceeded this period of delay, is too much. To wait longer would be unseemly."

Saying which, Madame de Luceval returned to her home and Leopold who arrived ten minutes before the time appointed for the meeting, waited her arrival in the passage.

"Has she forgotten? Will she come? Is she pleased with me, or is another more happy? But no!—however!—oh! these widows! you can make no calculations upon them; they have so much experience! and they are so wilful!"

Four o'clock struck.

"I shall at least find her at her house where she has invited me to dine. I shall have lost but half of this good day. A dinner, almost *tête-à-tête*;

for no one will be present but an old uncle, will enable me to make up for lost time."

And Leopold hastened to Madame de Luceval's.

"Madame is gone out," said the waiting maid to him.

"Very well! I will wait. I have done nothing else, since morning."

"But madame will not return, perhaps, until very late."

"She always returns to dinner?"

"Not at all; madame went away at one o'clock, saying she would dine out."

"Well! that's decisive!" thought Leopold, as he left the house.

Each was piqued with the other and, instead of coming to a clear explanation, they held themselves upon their wounded dignity. What was the result of this discord? the projected marriage was irrevocably broken off, and Madame de Luceval is, at this moment, seeking a husband whose punctuality is unshaded by the slightest suspicion.—An admonition to punctual bachelors!

See what was brought about by the report of a cannon fired too soon! Not between two powers which are watching each other; not between two armies or fleets drawn up in order of battle; but the simple little cannon of Palais-Royal, fired by a young blackguard, who wished to mystify the sun with a German friction-match!

A provincial who had breakfasted on this day and set his at the Palais-Royal, was invited to dine at the house of a young lady whom he sought in marriage. He had promised himself that he would make the demand for her hand this evening; it was expected, and, as there was a fitness of things on both sides, no doubt was entertained of the result. Six o'clock was the hour named in the note of invitation, but the provincial, believing that he would be wanting in politeness if he did not arrive a quarter of an hour before they took their seats at table, presented himself at ten minutes past five.

He was hardly expected to make his appearance so early. Upon the stair-case he encountered his intended father-in-law, with a basket in one hand and a candle in the other, whilst the wife, above, was scolding the good man in a harsh and ill-natured voice, for his slowness, which was somewhat justified by his obesity.

The wife stormed, the husband retorted and the dispute continued, growing more and more bitter as they drew near to each other. At the foot of the stair-case the provincial found himself between the two adversaries just in the nick of time, to prevent a conflict. But near this, another scene was enacting not less animated, which after a number of apostrophes and interesting replies, was terminated by a great crash of breaking dishes. It was the daughter of the house, the marriageable young lady, *chatting* with the servants. Taken in an unexpected moment the actors in this domestic drama showed themselves in the charming *abandon* of private life. The young lady, who had neither had time to conceal her excitement nor repair the disorder of her toilette, appeared before her intended with signs and accessories which gave evidence to the young provincial, that his dinner was prepared by the hand of the graces.

It had been remarked to him that Mademoiselle Aglaé was very amiable.

"I believe she is, *furiously* amiable!" thought he.

A half hour later and no trace of the storm would have remained, all would then have become calm, gentle and attractive. But the alarm gun had launched our young man into the thickest of the *melée*. When an intended is now expected to dinner, Mademoiselle Aglaé takes the tone, the modest grace and the neat apparel of the marriageable young lady at five o'clock. But never, perhaps, will so good a chance again present itself.

The report of the Palais-Royal cannon on this particular occasion, produced without doubt, other grave and dramatic consequences; but we will not push our inquiries any further, and will pardon the gunner who was not aware of what he was doing. Some allowance must be made for the thoughtlessness of youth. The same boys who abuse the German friction-matches so much, at present, may go, perhaps, one day, in spite of the prophecies of the song, to take this Rhine which the Germans guard, so well, in poetry. And who knows but that the one who fired the Palais-Royal cannon, a half hour too soon, may not, some day, after a more serious cannonade, drink the Johannes, of M. de Metternich, from the golden cup, presented by the king of Bavaria, to the poet Becker!

R. A.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our

mouths, closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A half lazy attention amounts to a mental yawn.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

(See Plate)

[WE need not refresh the memories of our readers by telling over for them the nursery tale which one of our engravings illustrates this month. Nursery tales are the last forgotten. But the somewhat quaint poem written by a townsman, is well worthy to go with our beautiful plate, and to stand upon the pages of our magazine.—Ed.]

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,
So meek, so modest; what a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf.

—The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though in the time of Æsop, or before.

—Was't not a wolf then? I have read the story
A hundred times, and heard it told: nay, told it
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And, with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,
With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely,
And so it was a robber, not a wolf
That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood?
—Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.

—Hidden: nay,

I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.
—Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to me, child?
—Say on, dear grandma.

—Thus then, dear my daughter:

In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.

—Nay, none but children

Could gather butter-cups, and May-weed, mother.
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.

—You die, indeed,

At your years die!

—Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,

As you did yesterday in that sweet spot
Down by the fountain; where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call't—
The Prairie, was it not?

—It was, my love,

And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillowed my aged head: 'twas irksome, sure,
To your young limbs and spirit.

—No, believe me,

To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lull'd.

—You're a dear child!

—And then,

To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,
So gently sloping to the rivulet,
All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each tint.
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake Innocence;
The fairy-formed, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, called by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil, too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel,
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dressed
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries—
—Did you see all those flowers? I marked them not.
—O many more, whose names I have not learned.

And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—
And there, too, was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leaped joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then passed prattling on,
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.

—I dreamed not of these sights or sounds.

—Then just

Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enamelled meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top
Was crowned with rose-bay. Half-way down there
stood

Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine,
As ready to leap down unto her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

—Tut! enough, enough,

Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.
We must shut up your books of Botany,
And give you graver studies.

—Will you shut

The book of nature, too? for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms

And dull routine ; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules ; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
O let me hold communion here with Nature.
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—

—Poor Red Riding Hood !
We had forgotten her ; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure
And now the hidden moral.

—Thus it is :
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise, deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.
—I thought love was an infant ; “ *toujours enfant*.”
—The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas ! time changes all things.
—True, I remember, love is now a man.
And, the song suys, “ a very saucy one ”—
But how a wolf ?

—In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

—I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

—You'll do wisely.
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

—That's my child.
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

—Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.
—Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

—Say what, my love,
I will explain.

—This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up :
What is the moral here ? Have all our grandmas
Been first devoured by love ?

—Let us go in ;
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.

THE LITTLE FRIEND.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK WHICH SHE MADE AND SENT TO ME.

THE book thou givest, dear as such,
Shall bear thy dearer name ;
And many a word the leaves shall touch,
For thee who form'dst the same !
And on them, many a thought shall grow
'Neath memory's rain and sun,
Of thee, glad child, who dost not know
That thought and pain are one ?

Yes ! thoughts of thee, who satest oft,
A while since at my side—
So wild to tame,—to move so soft,—
So very hard to chide :
The childish vision at thine heart,
The lesson on the knee ;
The wandering looks which *would* depart
Like gulls across the sea !

The laughter which no half-belief
In wrath could all suppress ;
The falling tears, which looked like grief,
And were but gentleness :
The fancies sent, for bliss, abroad,
As Eden's were not done—
Mistaking still the cherub's sword
For shining of the sun !

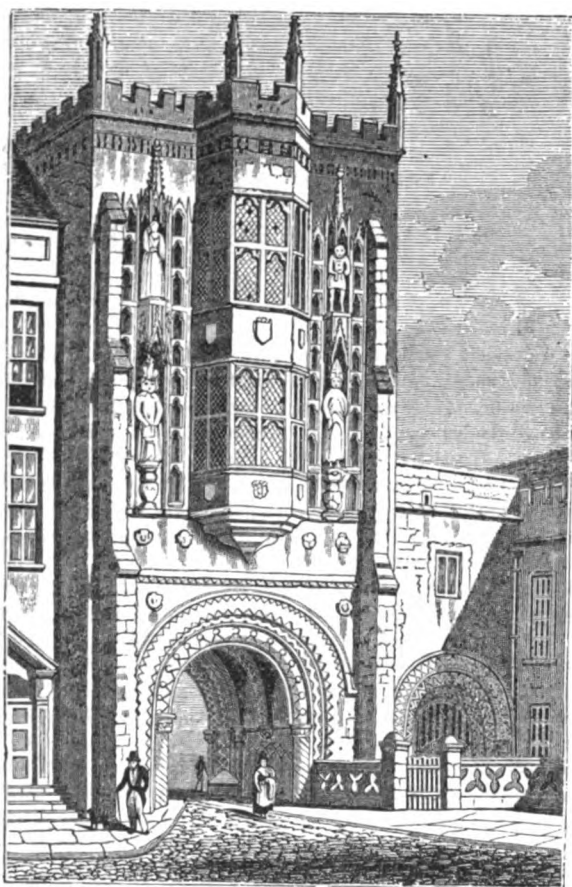
The sportive speech with wisdom in't—
The question strange and bold—
The childish fingers in the print
Of God's creative hold :

The praying words in whispers said,
The sin with sobs confest ;
The leaning of the young meek head
Upon the Saviour's breast !

The gentle consciousness of praise
With hues that went and came ;
The brighter blush a word could raise,
Were *that*—a father's name !
The shadow on thy smile for each
That on his face could fall !
So quick hath love been *there* to teach,
What soon it teacheth all.

Sit still as erst beside his feet !
The future days are dim,—
But those will seem to thee most sweet,
Which keep the nearest *him* !
Sit at his feet in quiet mirth,
And let him see arise
A clearer sun and greener earth
Within thy loving eyes !—

Ah loving eyes ! that used to lift
Your childhood to my face—
That leave a memory on the gift
I look on in your place—
May bright-eyed hosts your guardians be
From all but thankful tears,—
While, brightly as ye turned on *me*,
Ye meet th' advancing years !



Abbey Gateway, Bristol—Ancient Window Restored.

ANCIENT CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

BEFORE the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when a taste for Roman and Greek architecture brought the five orders again into use, the Gothic, Saxon and Norman styles prevailed. Some writers do not allow that any distinctions ought to be made between the three. The Saxon style, or that which prevailed before the conquest, was distinguished by the semicircular arch. The Norman style was distinguished by the following particulars: the walls were very thick, generally without buttresses, the arches, both within and without, semicircular, and supported by very plain and solid columns. Sometimes, however, the columns were decorated with carvings of foliage or animals, and sometimes with spirals, lozenge, or net work. These two styles con-

tinued to be the prevailing mode in England until the reign of Henry II. when the modern Gothic, with its pointed arch was introduced.

In our last number, we gave a fine specimen of Saxon architecture, in the Tower, or Church Gate, at Bury. We now present a view of the Norman Gateway to the Cathedral church (anciently part of the Abbey of St. Augustine,) at Bristol, which is one of the most beautiful existing specimens of this style in England. The proportions of the arch are, in the original, somewhat destroyed by the rising ground, and the effect is otherwise weakened by the introduction of modern sashes. In the above sketch, the ancient window is restored.

SAGE REFLECTIONS.

BY A NONENTITY.

THIS is a quaint world, and there is in it a huge amount of amusement for all those on whom nature has bounteously bestowed a good digestion and a quick perception of the ludicrous. It may be well to inquire whether the latter is not the inevitable result of the former. At any rate, if gentlemen possessed of good digestion are not remarkable for originating wit and humor, they invariably display great willingness to enjoy it when created by others. Well, this is a droll world, in which may be found abundance of fun, provided, always, that we understand mental alchymy, whereby entertainment is extracted from every thing.

So possible is it to find unfailing food for laughter, that we are sometimes tempted to question the existence of joy or sorrow, gaiety or its opposite, as abstract principles, half-believing that the different properties are extracted from one undistinguishable mass. Why should not this be? We have the authority of Pope that

"All seems infected, which the infected spy;
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

And why not all cheerful to the merry eye, all melancholy to the sad one? Let those, then, who are born with a happy temperament, be thankful that their blood courses healthily through their veins; and those who are not so fortunate, strive, by exercising their physical energies, to arrive at that desirable state.

The troubles of this world most trying, and least endurable, are those small matters, that, like the constant dropping of water wearing away stone, exhaust our patience, yet there are few of the ills of life that a little philosophy would not change into amusement. If we were to look dispassionately at two thirds of our griefs, we would laugh at them; so conscious are we of this fact, that we generally avoid mentioning them to our friends, knowing, from innate conviction, that we shall get heartily ridiculed. If other people can laugh at our annoyances, it is

clear that they would afford amusement to us, could we be divested of our selfish individuality—this is proved by the different light in which two persons view the same event.

Fancy a gentleman, redolent of macassar, dressed with consummate skill, perfect in all his appointments, well booted, and strapped so tight as to be scarcely able to walk, after enjoying with perfect satisfaction the intelligence conveyed by his mirror—the mirror, by the way, differing materially from himself, in its capability of reflecting—sauntering out into a fashionable thoroughfare with the innocent intention of lacerating the heart of every lady passenger; imagine him, with his hair beautifully curled, and his hat set jauntily on, so as to cover the least possible number of his admirably arrayed love locks—imagine him met by a boisterous wind, full of health and frolic, which in the joyousness of its mirth, snatches off his hat, incontinently hurls it into the mud, and forthwith plays at foot ball with the unfortunate beaver, at a rate that rapidly carries it beyond the reach of its ill-fated owner. Can any thing be more exquisitely ludicrous to a bystander, or more desperately annoying to the sufferer, whose attempts to recover the flying article are rendered more uncertain by his inability to make necessary exertions, in consequence of being dressed for show, not comfort, for torturing his limbs rather than using them. A looker on is compelled to laugh in spite of benevolence; one's best friend, would, in such a situation, excite mirth; the efforts of the distressed party are so perfectly ridiculous that there is nothing for it but to laugh outright, and yet the victim endures severe mortification of the worst kind—a sense of being an object of ridicule. Probably he suffers more annoyance than he would from any real misfortune, and yet is so ashamed of his situation that he does not, as in the case of deeper troubles, seek the condolence of a friend.

An unfortunate individual just alighted from a

cab, and about to enter the hospitable mansion of a friend of whose good cheer he is invited to partake, by some accident gets splashed from head to foot, damages his broad cloath—soils his cambric—and materially injures the elegance of his figure head. He has not a minute to spare; must go in;—some of the visitors observe him from the window, from which they are compelled to turn, no amount of good breeding being proof against such an accident. Oh! how heartily he wishes for one of those magical caps whereby folks used to render themselves invisible. Miserable man! Who can describe his tortures and who cannot describe the uncontrollable risibility of the spectators of such an accident.

An amorous gentlemen, remarkable alike for his love of the fair sex, and his unqualified admiration of his own merits, meets with a merry damsel who considers such an individual sent for the especial amusement of herself and friends. She listens encouragingly to all his protestations, until he solicits a farther hearing, and begs her to meet him at some specified spot,—to this she agrees, taking care to name some place that will be well in view of either her own home or that of some intimate friend. Who that has a knowledge of the world, speculates upon character, and studies physiognomies, cannot perceive that the fat, middle aged, gentleman, who walks upon the other side of the street in haste, trying to induce passengers to believe that he is going much farther, is the victim of some deception—some wicked plot—some broken appointment? Who does not smile at the nervous efforts of the old fellow to appear easy and indifferent? And who that catches a glimpse of the mischievous countenances peeping through the blinds of yonder window, does not read in those laughing eyes the whole history, and enjoy a hearty laugh at the unfortunate dupe, who all the time suffers a mental martyrdom, to be conceived, but not described, even by the initiated.

A lady more remarkable for good nature than

for elegant manners, sits in some fashionable resort,—presently one of her acquaintances, to whom she is a kind of hanger on—a species of satellite, not uncommon in this facetious world—enters the room; the good natured lady absolutely rushes across the intermediate space to greet her dear friend, and instead of the cordial reception she anticipated, receives one so chilling and distant, that her blood stagnates. It is scarcely possible to tell which is most distressed, the greeter, or the greeted, certain it is however that spectators are highly amused at the expense of both.

Occasional and accidental visitors—droppers in, hoping that they don't intrude, are fearful annoyances to a particular class of people, who are in the habit of giving pressing invitations which they devoutly hope will never be accepted. Occasionally some novices in tone and manner, blindly believe in their sincerity, and, equally blindly, act upon their belief. The awkwardness of the time that they happen to hit upon for their visit, rendering it still more disagreeable; mutual annoyance is the consequence, all parties become thoroughly uncomfortable, and although any observer would be tempted to pity the credulous sufferers, he could not but smile at the ridiculous situation of all of them.

The philosophy of all this,—for oh! most innocent reader, there is philosophy in it—is that we should try to abstract our thoughts from intense individuality. Whenever we are placed in ridiculous situations, be the first to detect and notice them—by so doing we would disarm envy of its sting—malice of its venom. The ill-natured portion of the world, who are ever on the alert to exult over the uncomfortable feelings of their brethren, become powerless unless aided by the sensitiveness of their victims. A man who laughs at himself is no subject for others to ridicule, nor can contempt be felt for one who is sufficiently philosophical to discover his own follies, and sufficiently candid to speak of them.

P E T R A R C H.

BY L. E. L.

I EVER thought that Poet's fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit's bitterest pain
To love, to be beloved again;

And yet between a gulf which ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one bright star,
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

For Arthur's Magazine.

I SAID SO!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HE'LL be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they do not come true."

This was said with an air, and in a tone of self-importance, by a brisk little fellow, who walked uneasily about as he spoke, and seemed to consider himself of no little consequence.

"I've had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going, and where it will all end as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you, Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see to the end of Miller's course, and no mistake. See if he is'n't all used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth."

"Why do you prophecy so badly of Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact, and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason,—you must have one."

"Oh, as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-consequent reply, with a toss of the head, and two or three strides across the room. "But, you mark my words and see if they don't come true. See if Miller does not go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well, we will see."

"So you will, or I'm no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man, named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him, to suppose that he knew some fact connected with the business of Miller with which they were ignorant. And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless, busy, here-there-and-every-where little bodies, who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful, business-absorbed people. He visited the theatre once or twice every week: not really so much to observe the play, as to see who regularly attended. He

looked into the different club-rooms and political assemblages, and kept his mind posted up in all the little and great matters that agitate the surface of a community, or stir it more deeply. His means of information in regard to his neighbors' business and prospects, were certainly very great and his opinion in regard to these matters worth something. This fact made his remarks about Miller half believed by several who heard them. In truth he had good reasons for his evil prognostications, for he met too frequently at the theatre, and in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was, likewise, conversant with many facts proving that he was clearly unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the conduct of his clerk, he contented himself, like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions, and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so that it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. It only required the abstraction of a few thousand dollars to embarrass and finally break up the merchant's business. The prospect of such an untoward event was very fair. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debts. The uneasiness that these occasioned, led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief. His first decision on the subject was to ask for an advance of salary. He was in the receipt of one thousand dollars a year. Pressed hard by a man whom he owed, he was almost forced into an application for more salary. He did not think of denying himself any of the ex-

pensive pleasures in which he indulged, as a surer measure of relief. The application was not favorably considered. Mr. Miller paid, already, as much for clerk-hire as he felt himself able to do. The salary of Gray he considered fully enough for a young man. After receiving a positive refusal on the part of his employer to grant his request, the clerk, concealing as fully as possible his disappointment, turned to the performance of his regular duties. But, there was a tempest in his bosom. Even with an increase of salary up to the amount he had asked, the difficulties that surrounded him would still have been great. The only course by which he could then have extricated himself from immediate difficulties, would have been to borrow upon the representation of an increase of salary. Now that hope had failed.

Temptations try and prove men. Where there is integrity of character, purification is the consequence of strong trials. But when a man without fixed principles gets into difficulties, especially when brought about by his own wrong conduct, he is in imminent danger. Evil counsellors are near him with specious arguments; he must not consent to listen to them—if he does, he will almost inevitably fall into the snare laid for his unwary feet.

"Something must be done," the young man said, with compressed lips, after he had recovered a little from the confusion of mind into which Mr. Miller's positive refusal to grant his request had thrown him.

"Something *must* be done. What shall it be?"

That question gave activity to his mind. He thought, and thought, and thought for a long time. But one only hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands, by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this to his mind, caused him an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but every thing was so dark, that, for relief he turned to it again. The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money; only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed. A good opportunity presented itself for using as large a sum as two hundred dollars without a suspicion of the fact by Mr. Miller, and he embraced that opportunity. Pressing demands were thereby met, and a surplus left in his hands.

From this time forth a host of evil counsellors had access to his ear, and he listened to them too

often. There was no reform in his habits or expenses, but rather a giving of the rein to both. He indulged more frequently in expensive pleasures, and had, in consequence, to resort oftener to the funds of his employer, which he did with less and less compunction of conscience each time.

Not many months passed before Miller found his business pressing upon him too heavily. His payments were not made with the same ease as formerly. There having been no diminution in his business, he was entirely at a loss to account for this fact. Not the slightest suspicion of the real cause passed over his mind; for his confidence in Gray was unbounded. Had he known any thing of his habits, doubts of his integrity would have been awakened: but of the many facts that had come under the observation of Deal, not one had been even suspected by Miller.

Rapidly did young Gray run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'll be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Gray about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he perceived the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed, and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or other. The cause of this he could not define; and, unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavoring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times."

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the little man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray, what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason. His principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagancies that must have consumed money equal to four or five times his salary."

"Indeed!"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did Miller know this?"

"Of course he did not."

"But you did."

"Yes; and I said, dozens of times, that if Miller did not look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly, and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute, steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on, and prophecy his downfall."

"It was no concern of mine," Deal said, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbors of approaching danger.

He who does not do so, is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall ever look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him; but you heartlessly forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this!"

Thus saying, with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could even wish to have.

There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft repeated—"I SAID SO—" But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbor of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us I fear, will find our garments spotless.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A NEW ERA APPROACHING.—We observe, with pleasure, a returning taste for books proper, instead of the miserably printed, cheap pamphlet editions that have been in demand for some time past. So much trash of the worst kind has been imposed upon the public, that little is now purchased, that does not come from a house of known integrity; and this must be in a much better style of getting up than formerly. To this we have seen that it would come, sooner or later. How the reading public have stood the system so long has been a source of wonder; but the secret no doubt lies in the fact that, in this country, there are few words that have so attractive a sound as "cheap." *Cheap* literature, thanks to returning good sense in the public mind, has had its day. Beauty and excellence will next, we trust, have the ascendant. It has, of course, had its use, and that use, doubtless, has been the creation of a wider taste for reading in all classes of the community; but, too many of those who have catered to this awakening appetite, have basely betrayed their trust, in sending forth floods of miserable trash—nay, worse, of books most vile and demoralizing. At one time, during the rage of the cheap system, many of those engaged in selling for publishers, actually sought after vicious and obscene works, because they found for them the best sale. That demand, however, soon subsided, and the flood of demoralizing publications, mostly from the French, found no current in which to flow—or, at best, but a slow and narrow one; and the getters up of them were compelled to retire with the honest execration of every virtuous citizen upon their heads.

For the future, it is but reasonable to conclude that a higher taste will be consulted, and food for a higher taste furnished. Books worth printing, will be well printed, and illustrated in a richer style of art than heretofore. We have had a good many pictorial works, so called, in this country, but, few of them have combined the excellencies of literature, with the elegancies of art. The pictures have, in far too many instances, been thrown in as a kind of make-weight to light and chaffy stuff, rather than illustrative of a text in itself intrinsic. There are many indications of a salutary change in this respect; the most striking one is to be seen in the beautifully illustrated edition of the Bible, now in the course of publication, by the Harpers. We could name other works, but it is needless. The reader can at once refer to them in his own mind.

GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Mr. Samuel Colman, of the house of T. H. Carter & Co. Boston, has laid on our table five elegant little books, prepared expressly for youth and children, and intended as holiday presents. They are, as have been all the books for young folks, prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Colman, tastefully got up, and unexceptionable in reading matter and embellishments. First is

THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, a Christmas and New Year's Present for Young People, which has many handsome engravings, entertaining and instructive stories and poems, with "answers to the riddles in last year's Keepsake." The Youth's Keepsake is well known amongst young people. We are pleased

at being able to announce that it is again ready for them, and fully equal, if not superior in attractions to what it has formerly been. Next comes

THE ANNUALETTE, A Christmas and New Year's Gift, Edited by a Lady.—This is likewise an old favorite. Year after year it has come well freighted with good things, giving delight to many an innocent heart. It is here again, and we give it welcome in the name of our young friends. What have we next? It is

THE SAINT NICHOLAS GIFT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.—Many little stories and poems, and neat little wood cuts give interest and beauty to the Saint Nicholas Gift for 1845.

THE CHILD'S GEM FOR 1845, Edited by Mrs. S. Colman, is got up in a like neat style, and, as it has heretofore been, is a very good gift book for children.

THE LITTLE GIFT, Edited by Mrs. S. Colman, also comes in for its share of commendation. Like all the others, it is well fitted to interest the young.

All the above books are bound elegantly, and, excepting the latter, with gilt edges. They will, as they have been in previous years, be much sought for by those who purchase books to present during the holidays, to their little friends.

MIND AMONG THE SPINDLES.—Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. the enterprising English publishers, have commenced issuing a series of cheap books, under the title of "Knight's Weekly Volumes." They are sold at a shilling each. No. II. of the "Volumes" is called "Mind among the Spindles," and is made up of selections from the "Lowell Offering"! With what surprise must this book have been greeted in a land where so little is expected to come from operatives—especially female operatives.

ANSWER TO THE OLD ARM CHAIR.—A new piece of music, set to appropriate words, has been published in Boston, with this title. The words are supposed to be addressed by the author to a lady who has just sung the popular song by Miss Cook, commencing,

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old Arm Chair?"

We copy the new song below. Though not equal to "The Old Arm Chair," it is still a very good song, and may be sung with much effect. The images it conjures up in the mind are tender ones.

ANSWER TO THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

Oh, sacred through life be that relic to thee,
The old oaken chair, with its memories dear;
It hath seen the leaves of the ancestral tree
One by one, from its boughs fall stricken and scar.
Oh, shelter it kindly in the household nook,
In her vigils of love a mother sat there,
And it hath ever a dear, familiar look,
Like the face of a friend; bless that old arm chair.

She is gone, she is gone, but it stands there yet,
They have taken it not from the old fire-side,
Undisturbed be it still, in the same nook set,

Let it stand where it stood, when thy mother died.
Oh she loved it, she loved it, that old heir-loom,
And, though smileth no longer her sweet face
there,
The spirit of the loved and the lost shall come,
Ever to bless thee and guard the old arm chair.

When the family sit at their daily meal,
In its place is each chair but that vacant one,
Yet holy around them her presence they feel,
And they seem still to hear her familiar tone.
See the little ones turn from the sacred Book,
As speaketh the father her name in his prayer,
To her favorite seat for their mother's look—
They shall see her no more in the old arm chair.

Oh, sacred through life be that relic to thee,
Thy mother's arm chair, with its memories dear;
Forget not the day when thou sat'st on her knee,
And so sweetly she smiled ere sorrow was near.
It was there, it was there she reposed her head,
When she breathed for her loved ones her dying
prayer,
Then deem, though her form in the cold earth be
laid,
That her spirit still guardeth the old arm chair.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, BY THOMAS JEFFERSON JACOBS.—*New York, Harper and Brothers.*—Some ten years ago Captain Benjamin Morell exhibited in New York two savages taken from islands discovered by him in the Pacific Ocean. Through the interest created in these, and from the glowing descriptions given by him of the unexplored islands he had discovered, he induced certain individuals to fit out a vessel, under his command, with the hope of reaping a rich harvest in trading with the natives. The whole matter was conducted with great secrecy, to prevent others from being attracted to the same field of enterprise. One of the natives died in New York, and the expedition set sail with the other to act as interpreter.

The author of the volume now under notice, had just left college, and was attracted by the novelty of the thing, and a love of adventure, to join the vessel. "Neither the brig nor her master," he says in the preface, "ever returned, nor has any authentic publication ever been made of the history, object, and result of the expedition. Rumors of various kinds have at different times being circulated, but they were all based upon mere conjecture, and were as unfounded in truth as they were injurious to the reputation of those more closely connected with the enterprise. The writer has frequently been urged by his friends and others concerned to give its history to the public; but a regard for the pecuniary interests of persons connected with it, combined with reasons of a more personal nature, seemed to render this inexpedient. The time, however, has now arrived when the publication may be made without injury to the feelings or interests of any one, and, I, therefore, cheerfully give the narrative to the public. . . . The region of the world of which it treats is now,

for the first time laid open to the public eye. Up to the present moment it remains emphatically, *terra incognita*."

This certainly promises a very interesting book; and a hurried glance at a few pages satisfies us that "Scenes in the Pacific," possesses attractions of no ordinary character. It is illustrated by many engravings of scenery and incidents; and is full of stirring adventure.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL BIBLE.—This elegantly illustrated edition of the Bible has reached the tenth number. The style of embellishment continues to be superior to any thing that has yet appeared in this country. The work, when complete, will be a noble specimen of art.

HEWET'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, No. 24.—The typographical and pictorial execution of this edition of Shakespeare is really beautiful. It is an evidence of an improving taste in the public mind, that a large sale has met the well directed efforts of the publisher.

HEWET'S ILLUMINATED TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, No. 1.—These tales, by Charles and Miss Lamb, are published in a similar style to the Plays of Shakespeare, just noticed: No. 1. contains the story of Romeo and Juliet.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1845.—Boston, J. H. Carter, & Co. The ladies are so well acquainted with the merits of this annual visiter, that no commendation from us is needed.

THE JILT, A NOVEL, By the author of "Cousin Geoffry," and "The Marrying Man," is the title of a new shilling novel from the press of the Harpers.

Among the very best and cheapest publications of the day, is *Littell's Living Age*. It is filled with the choicest selections from British and foreign reviews and magazines, selected with a discriminating taste that rejects the mere light literature of the day, and chooses that which is really substantial.

PROSE FICTIONS, written for the Illustration of True Principles in their Bearing upon Every Day Life. By T. S. ARTHUR. Nos. 1 to 4. Each of these numbers contains from seven to eight of the author's stories, collected from the various periodicals to which they were communicated. The design is to publish in this form a complete edition of the author's short moral tales that have appeared during the last two or three years in the different magazines and newspapers. The price is 25 cents each number. As they come out in regular numbers, they can be sent by mail at periodical postage. Any one sending to E. Ferrett, & Co. 101 Chestnut st. one dollar free of postage, will have forwarded to them five numbers of Arthur's Prose Fictions.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE, By Mrs. Mary Elmwood, author of "THE LADY AT HOME."—Those who have read the "Lady at Home," will need no inducement to purchase this work, by the same author. The subject upon which it treats is the right government of children in the home circle. It embodies the views and experience of many celebrated writers on this subject.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

We can again refer our readers, confidently, to the contents of our Magazine. The present number, like its predecessors, has been made up by the Editor with great care, and will be found to embody articles of deep interest, and high moral excellence. It is a settled thing, in the conducting of this work, that, in points of real interest, no other magazine will be permitted to surpass it. Every thing that is not good is rigidly excluded, no matter from whence it comes, while articles of real merit are taken from every accessible source. From all parts of the country are coming back upon us responses to our efforts. What our Magazine professes to be, it is perceived that it really is, and this brings commendation and encouragement from all quarters. We shall ever strive to merit the bestowed approval:—whenever we suffer our work to deteriorate from its present standard, we will ask no one to patronise it.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.—One number more will complete our volume. Reader, have we not fulfilled to the letter our promises of excellence? You cannot help saying that we have, and more than fulfilled them. But, we have been far from pleasing ourselves in all things. As we have advanced, we have seen new vistas opening before us, into which we have been anxious to enter; but the time was not yet. We had not fully gleaned all that was worth gathering in the field we occupied. In the coming year we hope to pluck new flowers, and gather richer fruits than any that have crowned our labors. In other words, or rather, in plain prose, we hope to make our magazine more elegant, more interesting, and more useful than it has yet been. We have both the ability and the will to do this, and they shall be taxed fully.

OUR ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS MONTH.—Our most attractive plate is Little Red Riding Hood, engraved by Dick. It will meet, we are sure, with the approbation of our readers. "Good wine needs no bush," and, therefore, we will not waste words on this subject.

PUBLISHERS' HALL.—The publishers of this Magazine have taken the elegant store at Publishers' Hall, 101 Chestnut street, formerly occupied by Godsey and McMichael, and, afterwards by Mr. R. G. Berford. Here they intend keeping for sale all the new publications and periodicals, besides a large assortment of fancy stationery, on terms as low, if not lower than they can be had in the city. All who wish to be supplied with these articles, are invited to look in upon us. We can assure them prompt and polite attention. Foreign books will be imported to order, on very reasonable terms. Books, magazines, and newspapers from all parts of the United States, will be supplied regularly at publishers' prices. In fact, whatever our customers may desire, in our line of business, will be furnished as early and as cheap as by any other establishment.

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THE TIMELY AID

Vol. 1, No. 1, December 1844

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Volume 1, No. 1, December 1851

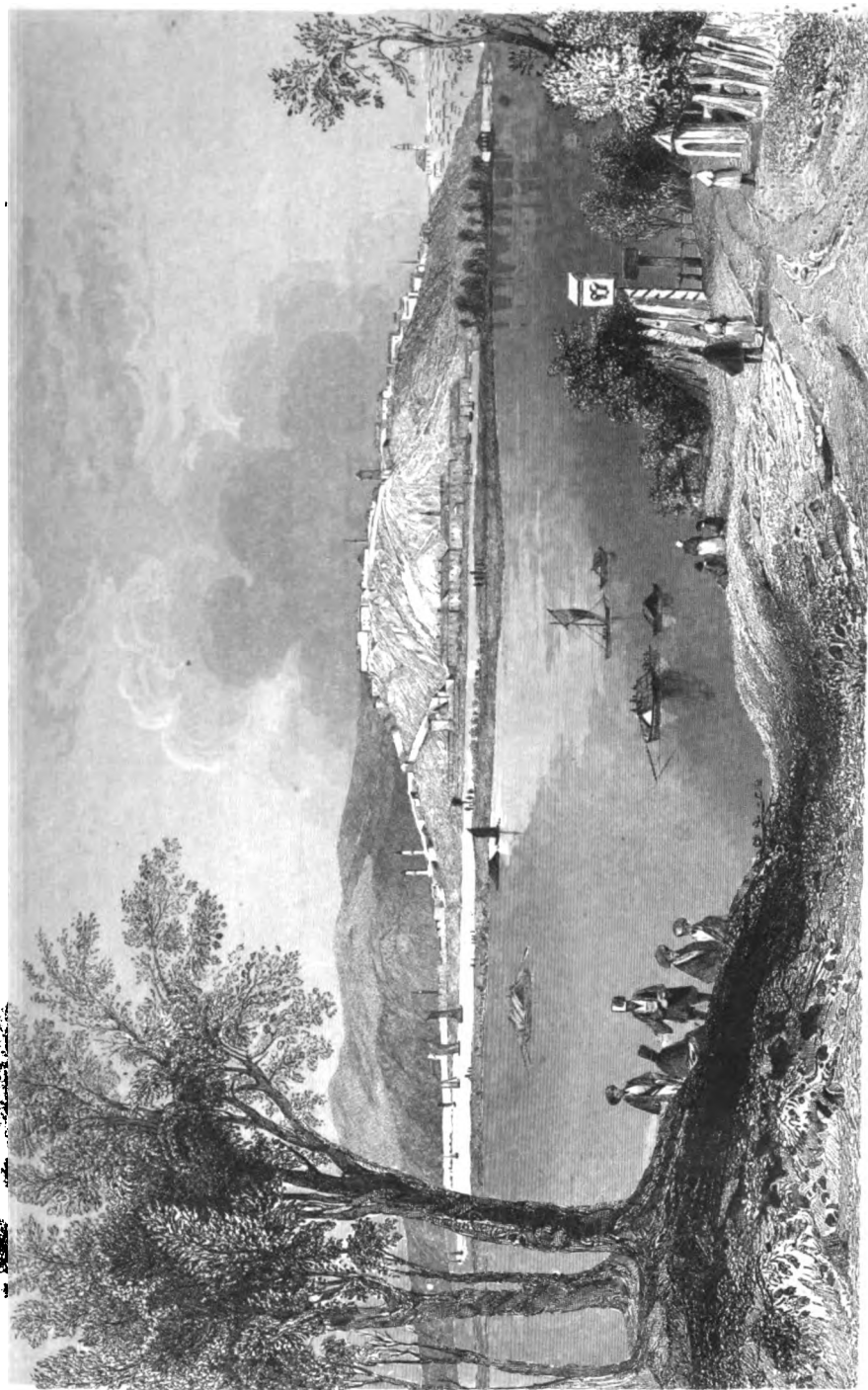


圖 11. 亞歷山大港。

Engraving by J. G. Smith, 1840.

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ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1844.

For Arthur's Magazine.

GOOD-HEARTED PEOPLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THERE are two classes in the world: one acts from impulse, and the other from reason; one consults the heart, the other the head. Persons belonging to the former class are very much liked by the majority of those who come in contact with them; while those of the latter class make many enemies in their course through life. Still, the world owes as much to the latter as to the former—perhaps a great deal more.

Mr. Archibald May belonged to the former class; he was known as a good-hearted man. He uttered the word "no" with great difficulty; and was never known to have deliberately said that to another which he knew would hurt his feelings. If any one about him acted wrong, he could not find it in his heart to wound him by calling his attention to the fact. On one occasion, a clerk was detected in purloining money; but, it was all hushed up, and when Mr. May dismissed him, he gave him a certificate of good character.

"How could you do so?" asked a neighbor, to whom he mentioned the fact.

"How could I help doing it? The young man

had a chance of getting a good place. It would have been cruel in me to have refused to aid him. A character was required, and, I could do no less than give it. Poor, silly fellow! I am sure I wish him well. I always liked him."

"Suppose he robs his present employer?"

"He won't do that, I am certain. He is too much ashamed of his conduct while in my store. It is a lesson to him. And, at any rate, I do not think a man should be hunted down for a single fault."

"No: of course not. But, when you endorse a man's character, you lead others to place confidence in him; a confidence that may be betrayed under very aggravated circumstances."

"Better that many suffer, than that one innocent man should be condemned and cast off."

"But there is no question about guilt or innocence. It was fully proved that this young man robbed you."

"Suppose it was. No doubt the temptation was very strong. I don't believe he will ever be guilty of such a thing again."

"You have the best evidence in the world that

he will, in the fact that he has taken your money."

"O no, not at all. It doesn't follow, by any means, that a fault like this will be repeated. He was terribly mortified about it. That has cured him, I am certain."

"I wouldn't trust to it."

"You are too uncharitable," replied Mr. May. "For my part, I always look upon the best side of a man's character. There is good in every one. Some have their weaknesses—some are even led astray at times; but none are altogether bad. If a man falls, help him up, and start him once more fair in the world—who can say that he will again trip? Not I. The fact is, we are too hard with each other. If you brand your fellow with infamy for one little act of indiscretion, or say, crime, what hope is there for him?"

"You go rather too far, Mr. May," the neighbor said, "in your condemnation of the world. No doubt there are many who are really uncharitable in their denunciations of a fellow man for a single fault. But, on the other side, I am inclined to think, that there are just as many who are equally uncharitable, in loosely passing by, out of spurious kindness, what should mark a man with just suspicion, and cause a withholding of confidence. Look at the case now before us. You feel unwilling to keep a young man about you, because he has betrayed your trust, and yet, out of kind feelings, you give him a good character, and enable him to get a situation where he may seriously wrong an unsuspecting man."

"But I am sure he will not do so."

"What is your guarantee?"

"The impression that my act has evidently made upon him. If I had, besides hushing up the whole matter, kept him still in my store, he might again have been tempted. But, the comparatively light punishment of dismissing him with a good character, will prove a salutary check upon him."

"Don't you believe it?"

"I will believe it, until I see evidence to the contrary. You are too suspicious—too uncharitable, my good friend. I am always inclined to think the best of every one. Give the poor fellow another chance for his life; say I."

"I hope it may all turn out right."

"I am sure it will," returned Mr. May. "Many and many a young man is driven to ruin by having all confidence withdrawn from him, after his first error. Depend upon it, such a course is not right."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr. May, that we should not utterly condemn and cast off a man for a single fault. But, it is one thing to

bear with a fault, and encourage a failing brother man to better courses, and another to give an individual whom we know to be dishonest, a certificate of good character."

"Yes, but I am not so sure that the young man we are speaking about is dishonest."

"Didn't he rob you?"

"Don't say *rob*. That is too hard a word. He did take a little from me; but it wasn't much, and there were peculiar circumstances."

"Are you sure, that, under other peculiar circumstances, he would not have taken much more from you?"

"I don't believe he would."

"I wouldn't trust him."

"You are too suspicious—too uncharitable, as I have already said. I can't be so. I always try to think the best of every one."

Finding that it was no use to talk, the neighbor said but little more on the subject.

About a year afterwards the young man's new employer, who, on the faith of Mr. May's recommendation, had placed great confidence in him, discovered that he had been robbed of several thousand dollars. The robbery was clearly traced to this clerk, who was arrested, tried, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

"It seems that all your charity was lost on that young scoundrel, Blake," said the individual whose conversation with Mr. May, has just been given.

"Poor fellow!" was the pitying reply. "I am most grievously disappointed in him. I never believed that he would turn out so badly."

"You might have known it after he had swindled you. A man who will steal a sheep, needs only to be assured of impunity, to rob the mail. The principle is the same. A rogue is a rogue, whether it be for a pin or a pound."

"Well, well—people differ in these matters. I never look at the worst side only. How could Dayton find it in his heart to send that poor fellow to the State Prison! I wouldn't have done it, if he had taken all I possess. It was downright vindictive in him."

"It was simple justice. He could not have done otherwise. Blake had not only wronged him, but he had violated the laws, and to the laws he was bound to give him up."

"Give up a poor, erring young man, to the stern, unbending, unfeeling laws! No one is bound to do that. It is cruel, and no one is under the necessity of being cruel."

"It is simply just, Mr. May, as I view it. And, further, really more just to give up the culprit to the law he has knowingly and wilfully violated, than to let him escape its penalties."

Mr. May shook his head.

"I certainly cannot see the charity of locking up a young man for three or four years in prison, and utterly and for ever disgracing him."

"It is a great evil to steal?" said the neighbor.

"O, certainly—a great sin."

"And the law made for its punishment is just?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"Do you think that it really injures a thief to lock him up in prison, and prevent him from trespassing on the property of his neighbors?"

"That I suppose depends upon circumstances. If—"

"No, but my friend we must fix the principle yea or nay. The law that punishes theft is a good law—you admit that—very well. If the law is good, it must be because its effect is good. A thief, will, under such a law, be really more benefited by feeling its force than in escaping the penalty annexed to its infringement. No distinction can or ought to be made. The man who, in a sane mind, deliberately takes the property of another, should be punished by the law which forbids stealing. It will have at least one good effect, if none other, and that will be to make him less willing to run similar risk, and thus leave to his neighbor the peaceable possession of his goods."

"Punishments, if ever administered, should look to the good of the offender. But, what good disgracing and imprisoning a young man who has all along borne a fair character, is going to have, is more than I can tell. Blake won't be able to hold up his head among respectable people when his term has expired."

"And will, in consequence, lose his power of injuring the honest and unsuspecting. He will be viewed in his own true light, and be cast off as unworthy by a community whose confidence he has most shamefully abused."

"And so you will give an erring brother no chance for his life?"

"O yes. Every chance. But it would not be kindness to wink at his errors and leave him free to continue in the practice of them, to his own and others' injury. Having forfeited his right to the confidence of this community by trespassing upon it, let him pay the penalty of that trespass. It will be to him, doubtless, a salutary lesson. A few years of confinement in a prison will give him time for reflection and repentance; whereas, impunity in an evil course could only have strengthened his evil purposes. When he has paid the just penalty of his crime, let him go into another part of the country, and among strangers live that virtuous life, the sure reward of which is peace."

Mr. May shook his head negatively, at these remarks.

"No one errs on the side of kindness," he said, "while too many, by an opposite course, drive to ruin those whom leniency might have saved."

A short time after the occurrence of this little interview, Mr. May, on returning home one evening, found his wife in much apparent trouble.

"Has any thing gone wrong, Ella?" he asked.

"Would you have believed it?" was Mrs. May's quick, and excited answer. "I caught Jane in my drawer to-day, with a ten dollar bill in her hand which she had just taken out of my pocket book, that was still open."

"Why Ella?"

"It is too true! I charged it at once upon her, and she burst into tears, and owned that she was going to take the money and keep it."

"That accounts, then, for the frequency with which you have missed small sums of money for several months past."

"Yes. That is all plain enough now. But what shall we do? I cannot think of keeping Jane any longer."

"Perhaps she will never attempt such a thing again, now that she has been discovered."

"I cannot trust her. I should never feel safe a moment. To have a thief about the house! Oh, no. That would never answer. She will have to go."

"Well, Ella, you will have to do what you think best; but you mustn't be too hard on the poor creature. You mustn't think of exposing her, and thus blasting her character. It might drive her to ruin."

"But, is it right for me, knowing what she is, to let her go quietly into another family? It is a serious matter, husband."

"I don't know that you have any thing to do with that. The safest thing, in my opinion, is for you to talk seriously to Jane, and warn her of the consequences of acts such as she has been guilty of. And then let her go, trusting that she will reform."

"But there is another fault that I have discovered within a week or two past. A fault that I suspected, but was not sure about. It is a very bad one."

"What is that, Ella?"

"I do not think she is kind to the baby."

"What?"

"I have good reason for believing that she is not kind to our dear little babe. I partly suspected this for some time. More than once I have came suddenly upon her, and found our sweet pet sobbing as if his heart would break. The expression in Jane's face I could not exactly

understand. Light has gradually broken in upon me, and now I am satisfied that she has abused him shamefully."

"Ella?"

"It is too true. Since my suspicions were fully aroused, I have asked Hannah about it, and she, unwillingly, has confirmed my own impressions."

"Unwillingly! It was her duty to have let you know this voluntarily. Treat my little angel Charley unkindly! The wretch! She doesn't remain in this house a day longer."

"So I have fully determined. I am afraid that Jane has a wretched disposition. It is bad enough to steal, but to ill-treat a helpless, innocent babe, is fiend-like."

Jane was accordingly dismissed.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. May, after Jane had left the house; I feel sorry for her. She is, after all, the worst enemy to herself. I don't know what will become of her."

"She'll get a place somewhere."

"Yes, I suppose so. But, I hope she won't refer to me for her character. I don't know what I should say, if she did."

"If I couldnt say any good, I wouldnt say any harm, Ella. It's rather a serious matter to break down the character of a poor girl."

"I know it is; for that is all they have to depend upon. I shall have to smooth it over some how, I suppose."

"Yes: put the best face you can upon it. I have no doubt but she will do better in another place."

On the next day, sure enough, a lady called to ask about the character of Jane.

"How long has she been with you?" was one of the first questions asked.

"About six months," replied Mrs. May.

"In the capacity of nurse, I think she told me?"

"Yes. She was my nurse."

"Was she faithful?"

This was a trying question. But it had to be answered promptly, and it was so answered.

"Yes, I think I may call her quite a faithful nurse. She never refused to carry my little boy out; and always kept him very clean."

"She kept him nice, did she? Well that is a recommendation. And I want some one who will not be above taking my babe into the street. But how is her temper?"

"A little warm sometimes. But, then, you know, perfection is not to be attained any where!"

"No, that is very true. You think her a very good nurse then?"

"Yes, quite equal to the general run."

"I thank you very kindly," said the lady,

rising. "I hope I shall find, in Jane, a nurse to my liking."

"I certainly hope so," replied Mrs. May, as she attended her to the door.

"What do you think?" said Mrs. May to her husband, when he returned in the evening. "That Jane had the assurance to send a lady here to inquire about her character."

"She is a pretty cool piece of goods, I should say. But, I suppose she trusted to your known kind feelings, not to expose her."

"No doubt that was the reason. But, I can tell her that I was strongly tempted to speak out the plain truth. Indeed, I could hardly contain myself when the lady told me that she wanted her to nurse a little infant. I thought of dear Charley, and how she had neglected and abused him—the wretched creature! But I restrained myself, and gave her as good a character as I could."

"That was right. We should not let our indignant feelings govern us in matters of this kind. We can never err on the side of kindness."

"No, I am sure we cannot."

"Mrs. Campbell, the lady who had called upon Mrs. May, felt quite certain that, in obtaining Jane for a nurse, she had been fortunate. She gave, confidently, to her care, a babe seven months old. At first, from a mother's natural instinct, she kept her eye upon Jane! but every thing going on right, she too soon ceased to observe her closely. This was noted by the nurse, who began to breathe with more freedom. Up to this time, the child placed in her charge had received the kindest attentions. Now, however, her natural indifference led her to neglect him in various little ways, unnoticed by the mother, but felt by the infant. Temptations were also thrown in her way, by the thoughtless exposure of money and jewellery. Mrs. Campbell supposed, of course, that she was honest, or she would have been notified of the fact by Mrs. May, of whom she had inquired Jane's character; and, therefore, never thought of being on her guard in this respect. Occasionally she could not help thinking that there ought to be more money in her purse than there was. But she did not suffer this thought to rise into a suspicion of unfair dealing against any one. The loss of a costly breast pin, the gift of a mother long since passed into the invisible world, next worried her mind; but, even this did not cause her to suspect that any thing was wrong with her nurse.

Thus the time passed on, many little losses of money, and valued articles disturbing and troubling the mind of Mrs. Campbell, until it became necessary to wean her babe. This duty was assigned to Jane, who took the infant to

sleep with her. On the first night, it cried for several hours—in fact, did not permit Jane to get more than a few minutes sleep at a time all night. Her patience was tried severely. Sometimes she would hold the distressed child with angry violence to her bosom, while it screamed with renewed energy; and then, finding that it still continued to cry, toss it from her upon the bed, and let it lie, still screaming, until fear lest its mother should be tempted to come to her distressed babe, would cause her again to take it to her arms. A hard time had that poor child of it on that first night of its most painful experience in the world. It was scolded, shaken, and even whipped by the unfeeling nurse, until, at last, worn out nature yielded, and sleep threw its protecting mantle over the wearied babe.

"How did you get along with Henry?" was the mother's eager question, as she entered Jane's room soon after day light.

"O very well, ma'am," returned Jane.

"I heard him cry dreadfully in the night. Several times I thought I would come in and take him."

"Yes, ma'am, he did scream once or twice very hard; but he soon gave up, and has long slept as soundly as you now see him."

"Dear little fellow!" murmured the mother, in a trembling voice. She stooped down and kissed him tenderly,—tears were in her eyes.

"On the next night, Henry screamed again for several hours. Jane, had she felt an affection for the child, and, from that affection, been led to sooth it with tenderness, might easily have lulled it into quiet; but her ill nature disturbed the child. After worrying with it a long time, she threw it from her with violence, exclaiming as she did so—

"I'll fix you to-morrow night! There'll be no more of this. They needn't think I'm going to worry out my life for their cross grained brat."

She stopped. For the babe had suddenly ceased crying. Lifting it up, quickly, she perceived, by the light of the lamp, that its face was very white, and its lips blue. In alarm, she picked it up and sprang from the bed. A little water thrown into its face soon revived it. But the child did not cry again, and soon fell away into sleep. For a long time Jane sat partly up in bed, leaning over on her arm, and looking into little Henry's face. He breathed freely, and seemed to be as well as ever. Relieved in mind, she then lay down and fell asleep. She did not wake until morning. When she did, she found the mother bending over her, and gazing earnestly down into the face of her sleeping babe. The incident that had occurred in the night glanced through her mind,

and caused her to rise up and look anxiously at the child. Its sweet, placid face, at once reassured her.

"He slept better last night," remarked Mrs. Campbell.

"O, yes. He didn't cry any at all, hardly."

"Heaven bless him!" murmured the mother, bending over and kissing him softly.

On the next morning, when she awoke, Mrs. Campbell felt a strange uneasiness about her child. Without waiting to dress herself, she went softly over to the room where Jane slept. It was only a little after daylight. She found both the child and nurse asleep. There was something in the atmosphere of the room that oppressed her lungs, and something peculiar in its odor. Without disturbing Jane, she stood for several minutes looking into the face of Henry. Something about it troubled her. It was not so calm as usual, nor had his skin that white transparency so peculiar to a babe.

"Jane," she at length said, laying her hand upon the nurse.

Jane aroused up.

"How did Henry get along last night, Jane?"

"Very well, indeed, ma'am; he did not cry at all."

"Do you think he looks well?"

Jane turned her eyes to the face of the child, and regarded it for some time.

"O, yes, ma'am, he looks very well; he has been sleeping sound all night."

Thus assured, Mrs. Campbell regarded Henry for a few minutes longer, and then left the room. But her heart was not at ease. There was a weight upon it, and it labored in its office heavily.

"Still asleep," she said, about an hour after, coming into Jane's room. "It is not usual for him to sleep so long in the morning."

Jane turned away from the penetrating glance of the mother, and remarked, indifferently:

"He has been worried out for the last two nights. That is the reason, I suppose."

Mrs. Campbell said no more, but lifted the child in her arms, and carried it to her own chamber. There she endeavored to awaken it, but, to her alarm, she found that it still slept heavily, in spite of all her efforts.

Rnning down into the parlor with it, where her husband sat reading the morning papers, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Henry! I'm afraid that Jane has been giving this child something to make him sleep. See! I cannot awake him. Something is wrong, depend upon it!"

Mr. Campbell took the babe and endeavored to arouse him, but, without effect.

"Call her down here," he then said, in a quick, resolute voice.

Jane was called down.

"What have you given this child?" asked Mr. Campbell, peremptorily.

"Nothing," was the positive answer, "What could I have given him?"

"Call the waiter."

Jane left the room, and in a moment after the waiter entered.

"Go for Doctor B—— as fast as you can, and say to him, that I must see him immediately."

The waiter left the house in great haste. In about twenty minutes Doctor B—— arrived.

"Is there any thing wrong about this child?" Mr. Campbell asked, placing little Henry in the doctor's arms.

"There is," was replied, after the lapse of about half a minute. "What have you been giving it?"

"Nothing. But we are afraid the nurse has."

"Somebody has been giving it a powerful anodyne, that is certain. This is no natural sleep. Where is the nurse? let me see her."

Jane was sent for, but word was soon brought, that she was not to be found. She had, in fact, bundled up her clothes, and hastily, and quietly left the house. This confirmed the worst fears of both parents and physician. But, if any doubt remained, a vial of laudanum, and a spoon, found in the wash-stand drawer of Jane's room, dispelled it.

The most prompt and active treatment was resorted to by Doctor B—— in the hope of saving the child. But his anxious efforts were in vain. The deadly narcotic had taken entire possession of the whole system; had, in fact, usurped the seat of life, and was poisoning its very fountain. At day dawn on the next morning the flickering lamp

went out, and the sad parents looked their last look upon their living child.

"I have heard most dreadful news," Mrs. May said to her husband, on his return home that day.

"You have! What is it?"

"Jane has poisoned Mrs. Campbell's child!"

"Ella!" And Mr. May started from his chair.

"It is true. She had it to wean, and gave it such a dose of laudanum that it died."

"Dreadful! What have they done with her?"

"She can't be found, I am told."

"You recommended her to Mrs. Campbell."

"Yes. But I didn't believe she was wicked enough for that."

"Though, it is true she ill-treated little Charley, and we knew it. I don't see how you can ever forgive yourself. I am sure, that I don't feel like ever again looking Mr. Campbell in the face."

"But, Mr. May, you know very well that you didn't want me to say any thing against Jane to hurt her character."

"True. And it is hard to injure a poor fellow creature by blazoning her faults about. But, I had no idea that Jane was such a wretch!"

"We knew that she would steal, and that she was unkind to children; and yet, we agreed to recommend her to Mrs. Campbell."

"But it was purely out of kind feelings for the girl, Ella."

"Yes. But is that genuine kindness? Is it real charity? I fear not."

Mr. May was silent. The questions probed him to the quick. Let every one who is good-hearted in the sense that Mr. May was, ask seriously the same questions.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone day-light,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star in-wrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand;
Come, long-sought!

When I arose, and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee!
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

For Arthur's Magazine.

CRANIA ÆGYPTIACA:*

Or Observations on Egyptian Ethnography, derived from Anatomy, History and the Monuments. By SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D. Author of "*Crania Americana*;" member of the American Philosophical Society; Vice President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, etc. etc. From the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. ix. Philadelphia, *Reverington*, 1814. London, Madden & Co. 4to pp. 70.

HISTORICAL science appears to advance, in these latter days, as rapidly as the other sciences; and by the same means, the application, namely, of a rigid system of investigation to all the details of the subject. The whole field of inquiry is not only gone over and searched, but literally ransacked, that nothing may escape, which can throw light on the topic under consideration. A historian of the present day is not content to fill his mind with the learning of his predecessors in his own department. He reads the whole literature of the age and nation he would illustrate. Not only the chronicles, but the fictions, plays, ballads, political and polemical pamphlets, all, in a word, which can shew the temper of the age, are diligently studied and compared. In the same spirit, the historical writer of the present day examines the monuments and antiquities of other times. He takes the commanding general's despatch in hand and goes over the battle ground itself, on horseback and on foot; stands where Wellington stood when he exclaimed, "Up guards! and at them," and where Napoleon commenced his harangue with "Soldiers! from yonder pyramids thirty centuries are looking down upon you!"

No country has had its history so totally neglected by historical inquirers for the last ten centuries, and so earnestly investigated for the last ten years as Egypt. Ignorance of the meaning of the hieroglyphics seems to have repelled

all inquiry into Egyptian history, and this so effectually that errors have been handed down from bookmaker to bookmaker ever since the invention of printing, which five minutes examination of any ancient Egyptian structure would enable the examiner to contradict.* But this plague of darkness has at length been removed. The discovery of the Rosetta stone furnished a key to hieroglyphical learning; the ingenuity of Young and Champollion discovered its application; the monumental records contained in the palaces, tombs and temples of the Pharaohs are now opened to the eye of curiosity, and all the antiquaries of Europe are rushing in to read, examine and compare for themselves. Not content with inspecting and delineating what is to be discovered above ground, they dig away the enveloping sand from every palace, temple and necropolis, in order that they may read the history of that long line of Pharaonic dynasties, extending from Menes to the Ptolemies, and decipher the antecedent mythic legends in which the Egyptians in common with all ancient nations, saw fit to connect their remote ancestors with the gods. Nor is it the antiquaries alone who are engaged in developing the primeval records of our race, which are found in the monuments of Memphis and Thebes. Crowned heads, albeit unused to emulation in learned inquiries, have entered the lists on this occasion. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has his Egyptian Museum, and Egyptian Institute, and places his corps of artists, engravers and printers under the direction of his Rosellini; the king of Prussia has his army of oriental diggers and occidental draughtsmen now at work among the sands of Meroe, under the direction of his Dr. Lepsius, laying bare monuments which have been buried for centuries, and transcribing, every day, from their granite records, some new page of hieroglyphical history. Other sovereigns

* We are indebted to JOHN FROST, L. L. D. for this able review of Dr Morton's remarkable work.—*Ed.*

* For example we are told by writers of established reputation, in books which are still reprinted every year, that the Egyptians were ignorant of the structure of the arch, while among their monuments arches of every form are open to the daylight.

have their living representatives in the marble courts of the dead Pharaohs and Ptolemies; and the aristocracy of England, compensate for the comparative apathy of their queen by spending their princely incomes in exploring, describing, delineating, lithographing and engraving the monuments of Ancient Egypt.

Of course the result of all this labor of exploration and description has been to throw great light upon the history of these ancient founders of science, literature and art,—to show what prodigious advances they made, even before the days of Abraham, not only in mechanical inventions and the various arts of life, but also in the more important matters of government, religion and laws. By these recent explorations, aided as they are by the ability of the explorers to read all the hieroglyphic inscriptions, the several dynasties of sovereigns given by the Egyptian historian, Manetho, are distinctly recognized, and the accuracy of all the Grecian and Roman accounts of Egypt are tested. In short the whole political, social and religious life of the Ancient Egyptians is completely developed, their history arranged and verified, their extensive conquests proved, and their claims to a high degree of civilization and refinement at a very remote period of history completely established.

But there still remained one important branch of this grand historical inquiry, which it was reserved for an American scholar to develop. This was to determine with certainty to what particular race of men the ancient Egyptians belonged. Were they the sons of Shem, of Ham or of Japhet? Were they black men, or red men, or white men? Did they come from the East, or the South, or the North, or where they *autochthones*, living upon their own soil "time out of mind?" The royal commissioners of the continent and the aristocratical travellers of Britain had succeeded in determining pretty satisfactorily *what the Egyptians had done*—that they had created arts and instituted civil society, built the most gigantic structures on the face of the earth, and conquered almost the whole world in their wars; but it still remained for a modest unpretending physician of Philadelphia, by a truly philosophical investigation prosecuted in those very short intervals of leisure permitted by full practice in his profession, to determine *who these same Egyptians were*,—to shew that they were not negroes or Ethiopians, but Caucasians, white men like ourselves—not descended from Hindoos, or Tartars, or Scythians, but from honest ancestors with Roman noses, and red cheeks, and long flowing hair;—in short that the fathers of learning have the right sort of pedigree—that they "come of *ducent* people."

It is in the volume before us that Dr. Morton has settled this question, by a process which will carry conviction to every impartial mind. The "Observations" were originally read before the American Philosophical Society, and published in their "Transactions." The author modestly states his objects and the materials for prosecuting his inquiry in the following introductory remarks.

"Egypt is justly regarded as the parent of civilization, the cradle of the arts, the land of mystery. Her monuments excite our wonder, and her history confounds chronology; and the very people who thronged her cities would be unknown to us, were it not for those vast sepulchres whence the dead have arisen, as it were, to bear witness for themselves and their country. Yet even now, the physical characteristics of the ancient Egyptians are regarded with singular diversity of opinion by the learned, who variously refer them to the Jews, Arabs, Hindoos, Nubians, and Negroes. Even the details of organic structure have been involved in the same uncertainty,—the configuration of the head, the position of the ear, the form of the teeth, the color of the skin, and the texture of the hair; while the great question is itself undetermined—whether civilization ascended or descended the Nile;—whether it had its origin in Egypt or in Ethiopia. These conflicting opinions long since made me desirous to investigate the subject for myself; but the many difficulties in the way of obtaining adequate materials, compelled me to suspend the inquiry; and it is only within a recent period that I have been able effectively to resume it. It gives me great pleasure to state, that my present facilities have been almost exclusively derived, directly or indirectly, from the scientific zeal and personal friendship of George R. Gliddon, Esq., late United States consul for the city of Cairo. During a former visit to the United States, this gentleman entered warmly into my views and wishes; and on his return to the East, in 1838, he commenced his researches on my behalf; and in the course of his various travels in Egypt and in Nubia, as far as the second Cataract, he procured one hundred and thirty-seven human crania, of which one hundred pertain to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt. Of these last, seventeen were most obligingly sent me, at the instance of Mr. Gliddon, by M. Clot Bey, the distinguished Surgeon in chief to the Viceroy of Egypt. They are arranged by the latter gentleman into two series, the Pharaonic, and the Ptolemaic; but without availing myself of this classification, I have merely regarded them in reference to their national characters.

"Mr. Gliddon's residence for the greater part of twenty-three years in Egypt, and his varied official and other avocations, together with his acquaintance with the people, and their languages, have given him unusual facilities for collecting the requisite materials; while their authenticity is amply vouched for by one who blends the character of a gentleman with the attainments of a scholar.

"The object of this memoir, therefore, will be to throw some additional light on the questions to which

I have adverted, and to ascertain, if possible, the Ethnographic characters of the primitive Egyptians; or, in other words, to point out their relative position among the races of men.

"It is necessary, however, to premise, that the materials in my possession, were collected without the slightest bias of opinion on the part of Mr. Gliddon, who, at the period in question, had paid no particular attention to Ethnography; and indeed very many of these crania were received by me in their original wrappings, which were first removed, after the lapse of ages, by my own hands.

"It is farther requisite to bear in mind, that, with a few exceptions I have no clew whatever, whereby to ascertain or even to conjecture, the epoch to which these remains have belonged. The Egyptian catacombs do not always contain their original occupants; for these were often displaced and the tombs re-sold for mercenary purposes: whence it happens, that mummies of the Greek and Roman epochs have been found in those more ancient receptacles which had received the bodies of Egyptian citizens of a far earlier date. The bodies thus displaced, however, ~~were not destroyed~~; and the Egyptians of at least twenty-five centuries before our era, though for the most part mingled without regard to rank or epoch, ~~are still preserved in their interminable cemeteries.~~

"I disclaim all knowledge of hieroglyphic literature; but I may express my conviction that the past discoveries and pending researches of Young, Champollion, Rosellini, Wilkinson, Lepsius, and some other illustrious men, are destined to unravel much that has hitherto been regarded as mystical in Egyptian history; while the invaluable disclosures which they have already made, entitle them to the lasting gratitude of the student of Archæology.

"A few words in reference to chronology. Rosellini places the accession of the Sixteenth dynasty of Egyptian kings at 2272 years before Christ. Champollion adopts a nearly similar arrangement. The learned Dr. Wiseman admits that there are monuments in Egypt as old as 2200 years before our era; and Dr. Prichard dates the accession of Menes two centuries earlier in time. The veneration with which these authors regard the Sacred Writings, has given me the greater confidence in their opinions, which I therefore adopt in general for the distant landmarks of time; especially as the latter come fairly within the range of the Septuagint chronology, which places the epoch of the Deluge at 3154 years B. C., and thus gives room for the most ancient of the Egyptian monuments. In respect to later and subordinate dates, I have been governed exclusively by the published system of Professor Rosellini, which is regarded by competent judges as more complete than any other.

"I have great pleasure in stating, that for the unrestricted use of the first copy of Rosellini's splendid work which was brought to the United States, I am indebted to an accomplished traveller, Richard K. Haight, Esq., of New York; a gentleman who devotes his leisure hours and opulent income to the promotion of archæological knowledge.

"To John Gliddon, Esq., United States consul at Alexandria, to the Rev. George W. Bridges, and to M. E. Prisse, now in Egypt, I also take this occa-

sion to express my sincere acknowledgments for the practical zeal with which they have aided my researches.

"I have been enabled to make extensive and satisfactory comparisons by means of nearly six hundred human crania, which form a part of my private anatomical collection. The numbers in brackets refer to corresponding numbers on the skulls themselves, and in my printed catalogue; and will serve as a future test of the accuracy of my observations, which, embracing as they do, such a multitude of details, may require some revision and correction.

"How far the following observations may assist in solving a problem which, until lately, has been clothed in equal obscurity and interest, is not for me to determine; but I trust they will at least, have the effect of inciting others to researches of a similar nature."

Such were the materials for the investigation. The author's acquaintance with the characteristic distinctions of the several races and varieties of mankind, the result of many years study and the comparison of an immense number of crania, rendered him the fittest person in the world to prosecute the inquiry. He has done it on the plan indicated, as he remarks, fifty years ago by the learned Professor Blumenbach, who said that a principal requisite for such an inquiry would be, "a very careful, technical examination of the *skulls* of mummies hitherto met with, together with an accurate comparison of these skulls with the monuments." Dr. Morton's analysis of the characters of all the crania in his possession, fills thirty of these quarto pages, and serves "to identify the various people who constituted the Nilotic family."

The following extracts and table will give the reader an adequate idea of the mode in which these skulls are classified, and show the proportions of each kind discovered in various parts of Egypt. It will thus be perceived that the argument, which is strictly inductive, has been drawn from a sufficiently large number of particulars to warrant the general conclusion.

CAUCASIAN RACE.

1. The* *Pelasgic Form*. In this division I place those heads which present the finest conformation, as seen in the Caucasian nations of western Asia, and middle and southern Europe. The Pelasgic lineaments are familiar to us in the beautiful models of Grecian art, which are remarkable for the volume of the head in comparison with that of the face, the large facial angle, and the symmetry and delicacy of the whole osteological structure.

2. The *Semitic Form*, as seen in the Hebrew

*I do no use this term with ethnographic precision; but merely to indicate the most perfect type of cranio-facial outline.

communities, is marked by a comparatively receding forehead, long, arched, and very prominent nose, a marked distance between the eyes, a low heavy broad, and strong and often harsh development of the whole facial structure.

3. The *Egyptian* form differs from the *Pelasgic* in having a narrower and more receding forehead, while the face being more prominent, the facial angle is consequently less. The nose is straight or aquiline, the face angular, the features often sharp, and the hair uniformly long, soft, and curling. In this series of crania I include many of which the conformation is not appreciably different from that of the Arab and Hindoo; but I have not, as a rule, attempted to note these distinctions, although they are so marked as to have induced me, in the early stage of the investigation, and for reasons which will appear in the sequel, to group them, together with the proper Egyptian form, under the provisional name of *Austral-Egyptian* crania.

NEGRO RACE.

The true *Negro* conformation requires no comment; but it is necessary to observe that a practised eye readily detects a few heads with decidedly mixed characters, in which those of the negro predominate. For these I propose the name of *Negroid* crania; for while the osteological development is more or less that of the Negro, the hair is long but sometimes harsh, thus indicating that combination of features which is familiar in the mulatto grades of the present day.

The following is a Tabular View of the whole series of crania arranged, in the first place, according to their sepulchral localities, and, in the second, in reference to their national affinities.

Ethnographical Table of one hundred ancient Egyptian Crania.

Sepulchral Localities.	No.	Egyptian.	Pelasgic.	Semitic.	Mixed.	Negroid.	Negro.	Idiot.
Memphis,	26	7	16	1	1	1		
Maabdeh,	4	1	1			2		
Abydos,	4	2	2	1				
Thebes,	55	30	10	4	4	5		2
Omboi,	3	3						
Philæ,	4	4	1				1	
Debôd,	4	4						
	100	49	29	6	5	8	1	2

Dr. Morton next proceeds to trace these Ethnographical distinctions on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia, using for this purpose the best drawings of the monuments extant, viz. those of Champollion, Rosellini, and Hoskins. This part of the work is as interesting as it is satisfactory: and the figures of mummied and monumental crania being compared, the result brings conviction home to the mind,

that the author's conclusions are correctly deduced from the premises. These conclusions are thus expressed at the close of the work.

CONCLUSIONS.

1. The valley of the Nile, both in Egypt and Nubia, was originally peopled by a branch of the Caucasian race.

2. These primeval people, since called the Egyptians, were the Misraimites of Scripture the posterity of Ham, and directly affiliated with the Libyan family of nations.

3. In their physical character the Egyptians were intermediate between the Indo-European and Semitic races.

4. The Austral-Egyptian or Meroite communities were an Indo-Arabian stock engrafted on the primitive Libyan inhabitants.

5. Besides these exotic sources of population, the Egyptian race was at different periods modified by the influx of the Caucasian nations of Asia and Europe,—Pelasgic, or Hellenes, Scythians and Phœnicians.

6. Kings of Egypt appear to have been incidentally derived from each of the above nations.

7. The Copts, in part at least, are a mixture of the Caucasian and the Negro, in extremely variable proportions.

8. Negroes were numerous in Egypt, but their social position in ancient times was the same as it now is, that of servants and slaves.

9. The national characteristics of all these families of Man are distinctly figured on the monuments; and all of them, excepting the Scythians and Phœnicians, have been identified in the catacombs.

10. The present Fellahs are the lineal and least mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians; and the latter are collaterally represented by the Tuariks, Kablyes, Siwahs, and other remains of the Libyan family of nations.

11. The modern Nubians, with a few exceptions, are not the descendants of the monumental Ethiopians, but a variously mixed race of Arabs and Negroes.

12. Whatever may have been the size of the cartilaginous portion of the ear, the osseous structure conforms in every instance to the usual relative position.

13. The Teeth differ in nothing from those of other Caucasian nations.

14. The Hair of the Egyptians resembled in texture, that of the fairest Europeans of the present day.

15. The physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men, are as old as the oldest records of our species.

In this work Dr. Morton has advanced a new claim to the gratitude of the literary as well as the scientific world. His "*Crania Americana*" was instantly, on its publication, recognised throughout Europe and America as the most important contribution yet made to the science of Ethnography, or rather as the proper foundation

and corner stone of that science. The "*Crania Egyptiaca*," settles the Ethnography of the most interesting people of antiquity, as the previous work had that of the most interesting people of modern times. The execution of two such works by a single writer, will probably serve to rouse the scientific world from their apathy on the subject of the natural history of man, so that ultimately the varieties of the human race may come to be as well understood as those of beasts and butterflies have been at any time for the last century.

To the historical inquirer this work of Dr. Morton is invaluable. It is "a lamp to his feet and a light to his path." It cheers him at the commencement of his task, by the satisfactory solution of a problem hitherto regarded as almost incapable of solution; and by indentifying the true founders of

science and art, it enables the student to commence the history of the world with a test always at hand for determining the pretensions of other races and nations to a participation in this honor. The method pursued by Dr. Morton is in the very spirit of modern experimental philosophy. There is not a touch of empiricism in it. The comparison of a dead Pharaoh's head with his portrait on his own tomb, and the subsequent comparison of both with specimens of the skulls of all the nations and races of the earth, in order to determine to which he belonged, is as much the dictate of common sense as it is of sound reason; and the satisfactory result affords an additional proof to the many we had before, that the most brilliant results in science are often accomplished by the simplest means.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE YEAR.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

THE spirit of the year is flown;

The harp with song no more is strung,
That like a mountain seraph's tone,
Wild melody around us flung.

The chords were touched with mystic power,
And hearts vibrated to the strain,
That, even in that solemn hour
Commingled pleasure with its pain.

The chords were touched,—and proudly rose
That song of the departed one;
While life was drawing to a close,
Ere yet its lingering task was done.
As rose its strain upon the air,
And cast on earth its magic spell,
A tone of sadness mingled there,
In token of its last farewell.

"I join the noble dead,"—it said,
As passed the shadow of its wing;
"I go to join the mighty dead,
The greatness of their deeds to sing.
I stand upon that yielding shore,
Whose dark waves gather round me fast;
And lo! to greet me, come once more
The kingly rulers of the Past.

"Thou, of the many diadems!
Before whose silent waves I stand,
My beautiful, my priceless gems
I give into your jewelled hand.

Xenia O.

The gladness that was won't to twine
Around my harp's wild minstrelsy;—
Warm hearts that knelt before my shrine,
These, are my offerings to thee.

"I shook the blossoms from my wing,
To herald my departure hence,
And bade the forest flow'rets sing
My dirge of summer excellence.
I see them now beside that grave
That open, waits for me the while;
They turn upon the silent wave,
And greet me with their solemn smile.

"I come, not as a captive comes,
Enchained from dark disastrous war;
Whose thought in tortured madness roams,—
I am a kingly conqueror.
The hearts of millions are my own,
Whose gladness to the grave went down;
Their deep unchanging love my throne—
Their tears, the jewels of my crown.

"Ye shadowy sisters of the Past,
Whose mighty love is o'er me spread,
I feel I am your own at last—
One, numbered with the noble dead.
I enter now that silent home,
I hear the sad winds breathe my knell;
Lost ones, and loved! I come, I come,
Earth and earth's children, all farewell."

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO MR. CRAWFORD.

[FROM the pen of one who enjoyed the confidence of this excellent man (Mr. Crawford) and his family, and who had opportunities of knowing him both in public and private life which few possessed.]

BUT it was not in these crowded saloons that he could meet Lafayette as he wished to meet him—as a dear and long esteemed friend; he therefore invited him into the country; and fixed on a morning for his breakfasting with him in a social domestic manner.

The only company invited to meet him at Mr. Crawford's house, was a family living on the adjoining farm, intimate friends as well as near neighbors. Judge A——, the comptroller, was to bring Lafayette out in his carriage, while his son and private secretary were to follow in another.

When these arrangements were made known by Mr. Crawford to his family, some difficulties were started. "We have but one parlor, and that we must breakfast in." "That is of no consequence," replied Mr. C. "the company can sit with me in my chamber until breakfast is ready."

"But it is so small, it will not hold one half the company."

"Well, the weather is delightful; they can sit in the piazza, or walk about the grounds."

"But, papa," observed one of the daughters, "we have neither our plate nor china here; nothing but our Liverpool set."

"Far more suitable, child, for this house, than the china and plate would be."

"La, papa! I do not believe General Lafayette could eat with steel forks."

"True," answered Mr. Crawford; "I do believe you must send into the city for our silver forks. I believe they are indispensable."

"And the silver dishes and waiters, papa."

"Pshaw!" interrupted her father, "all that would be nonsense."

"But," observed the neighbor lady, who happened to be present, "I presume you will send for a French cook?"

"Indeed, I will do no such thing," said the good lady of the house. "My fine fried chicken and corn bread are better in themselves, and will

be greater rarities to him, than any dishes the French cook could prepare."

Mr. Crawford sat smiling at the prolonged discussion, on similar points, between the ladies, but settled the matter by saying, "My dear, let the breakfast suit the house; the plainer the better. Lafayette is coming to visit his old friend—not the Secretary of the Treasury."

And plain the breakfast was, as any American farmer need to give; but at the same time as excellent and abundant as any Virginia planter could desire. And every one knows what a Virginia breakfast is; of what a variety of meats, (never forgetting fried chicken and ham,) and bread and cakes of all kinds, that are made of wheat, Indian meal, or rice. I scarcely believe a Scotch breakfast, or a French *déjeuner à la fourchette*, can exceed it.

The morning was as bright as unclouded sunshine, a blue sky and green earth could make it; the atmosphere was almost sparkling, and the spirits were exhilarated by its freshness and elasticity.

The little company, consisting of Mr. Crawford's family, and that of his neighbor-friends, were sitting in the piazza, enjoying the morning air and the scene, when the barouche and four and the attendant carriage drove into the grounds. Mr. C. advanced to the steps of the piazza, with his wife and eight children close around him, and received Lafayette not as the guest of the nation, but as his own old familiar friend. The General threw his arms round Mr. Crawford's neck, pressed him to his bosom, and, *à la Française*, kissed his cheeks. Mrs. Crawford and the children were then introduced, and individually and cordially greeted, when a general introduction followed.

Mr. Crawford led the way to his chamber, and took his old easy chair. An arm-chair was offered Lafayette, but spying out a low nursery chair that stood by the hearth, he drew it close to Mr. Crawford, and setting down by his side on this low seat, took his hand, and looked up in his face in a fond, familiar manner, which only those who have seen Lafayette with his much

beloved friends can form an idea of—so caressing, so affectionate.

The mistress and her female friends withdrew to the breakfast room; the gentlemen walked out in the piazza; and the friends were left to enjoy a tete-a-tete after their long and eventful separation.

The breakfast was served; the company surrounded the hospitable board. "Now," thought one of the ladies who kept a diary, "now shall I hear conversation worth recording; I shall have an almost sublime, at least an interesting page to add to my diary." She not only opened her ears, but her eyes, that she might drink in the sense of every word that fell from the great man's lips. Well, and what did she hear? Nothing that was very wise or very witty, it must be acknowledged; nothing that would afford matter for a record such as she expected.

"Will you have tea or coffee, General?"

"Tea, madame—tea, if you please. Do you remember, my dear Crawford, what excellent tea we used to get from May? Well, my friend, May still lives in Rue de ———, where he lived when you and I got our tea from him. No man in Paris keeps such good tea. I am still his customer."

"Is the old store standing yet?"

"Precisely, just as you left it. No where do you buy such very good tea."

"Help yourself to some of this butter of my wife's making; you will find it almost as good as that of La Grange."

"Madame's making? it is excellent. At La Grange we have no better; my daughters always churn the butter every morning at the breakfast table."

"At the breakfast table?"

"Yes, Madame, in a beautiful little china-churn, given them by a friend. It is the fashion in Paris for ladies every morning to churn their butter at table, and so the fashion found its way to La Grange, and it is wonderful with what a variety of beautiful forms and fancies this pretty toy is embellished—for these churns are but toys."

When a pause occurred in this chit-chat, a gentleman present inquired of General Lafayette, whether Baron Humboldt was in Paris.

"Yes, sir, I left him there, and as fond of high places as ever."

"Baron Humboldt fond of high places?"

"Just so," replied the General; "he has climbed to the highest he could find, in the sixth story I believe of the house where he lodges." The company smiled at this play on words. "In fact, he wanted to get as far above the crowd as he could—out of its noise and tumult, and therefore chose his apartments as high as possible."

"He is a great favorite with his king, I am told," observed Mr. Crawford.

"No sovereign was ever so proud of a subject," answered the General. "He has made him his high chamberlain, and when—you remember, Crawford—when the king of Prussia was in Paris, he would never dispense with his attendance, so proud was he of him. But the Baron, when he could escape and retreat to his solitary room and throw of his robes of office, felt himself completely happy. The good Humboldt was never meant for a courtier."

At last the breakfast was over; the young gentlemen accompanied the young ladies in a ramble through the grounds, and finding a swing suspended from the branch of a high tree, amused themselves with swinging until the carriages were announced. Lafayette's time was limited. An entertainment was provided for him at the navy yard, to which the President, Secretaries, and other distinguished citizens were to attend him, and where crowds of ladies, gentlemen, and people awaited his arrival. Mr. Crawford returned with him in the same carriage. Mrs. C. and the rest of her guests soon followed. It was an animated day—one worth remembering, were it only for the crowds of happy faces lighted up on the occasion, from pure gladness of heart. What is the illumination of cities, so often kindled to celebrate victory, compared to the illuminated countenances of the thousands who greeted with cordial welcome the patriot hero, as the nation's guest? What are the triumphs decreed by authority, compared to the spontaneous homage of a grateful people?—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river
And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.

Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's beings mingle,
Why not I with thine?

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE MARQUIS, THE TUTOR, AND THEIR SISTERS:

OR, COMBINED TO KILL A COQUETTE.

A STORY OF PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

THE fashionable ball room of the Palais Royale was blazing with beauty, and the ball had just reached its meridian height, when two young men silently entered, and threading their way among the groups, took a stand near the middle of the hall, to watch the dancers. They seemed to be about the same age, though in their personal appearance and their styles of dress, there was a striking—almost antipodal difference. He who appeared—although very modestly—to take precedence, was of fair complexion, and richly attired in the prevailing fashion; while the other who was a brunette, with dark flashing eyes, and an intellectual countenance, was habited in plain black. The former was the wealthy young Marquis of B—the other, Eugene Marat, his tutor and companion.

The two young men stood for some time in silence, their eyes bent upon the whirling waltzers. The marquis at length broke forth.

"Ha! Eugene, did you ever see a more richly attired belle?"

"With the dark dress and orange feather?"

"The same—what a magnificent waltzer too! She lifts that M. Pepineau off his feet!"

"Do you know her, my lord?"

"Let me think—is she not the daughter of the banker Perigot, he that has lately been created viscount? I am right—she is—ha—ha—ha—here's a chance for you—rich as Rothschild and proud as Lucifer, with a mother at her back as proud, though not quite so pretty as herself!"

"She is indeed beautiful!"

"Beautiful! I tell you she is a belle that breaks hearts as though they were nut shells—poor Pepineau—he's gone!"

"And yet, my lord, notwithstanding her fine dress, methinks there's a dash——"

"A dash of paint, you mean? Ha—ha!"

"No not that—though I'll swear there's *rouge*

on that cheek—but something of the *mauvais mode*, not to say vulgarity, about her."

"She's a viscount's daughter, Eugene!"

"A new viscount, you said—the fine new stamp of rank often labels the parvenu."

"True, my philosopher, and in this case trebly true—as I have heard. She has learned to dance though—see!—such a whirl!"

The two young men remained for a moment gazing upon the showy danseuse, who played M. Pepineau, as though he had been made of paper. He was a neat convenient little fellow, M. Pepineau and danced like a *maitre de ballet* so that with splendid costume and fine dancing the couple attracted much attention. A connoisseur in the article woman, would have pronounced the lady a self made belle, in other words, art had eclipsed nature in her "doing up." She possessed the tact of putting "the best foot foremost," and what with the feathers and the jewels, and the viscount father,—for her every motion seemed to say I am a viscount's daughter, she was carrying it like a queen.

"Take care, Eugene," whispered the marquis, "take care, *you have* a heart to lose—*she*, I tell you, has *none*!"

"Fear not, my lord, though I might wish to take her as a dancing partner, I do not desire to make her a connubial one!"

"Ha—ha!—but, do you wish to dance with her?"

"Why we must dance, and I would as soon with her as any other."

"Very well! I shall find you an opportunity—ah! here is the Duchess de B—she knows her—she knows every body. Ah! kind Duchess—my friend Mr. Marat—he wishes to dance with the new viscount's daughter. Will it please your grace?"

"Certainly, Mr. Marat," replied the Duchess,

curtseying to the student and motioning him to follow.

"Excuse me, your Grace, I am called elsewhere—*au revoir*. Eugene, take care!" said the marquis, hastening to another part of the saloon.

The waltzing had ended, and the duchess leading Marat toward the head of the room presented him to Mlle Perigot and the countess, her mother.

Both ladies received him with a chilling inclination of the head that sent the cold blood to his heart.

"Who is the gentleman, your grace?" whispered the viscountess.

"A friend of the Marquis of B—"

"A friend of the Marquis! Ah, my dear Duchess," said the viscountess eagerly, "how I long to know the marquis!"

It was the wish of her heart. The young marquis was "A No. 1" in the *beau monde*.

"I shall present him to you," replied her grace, moving away, "as soon as he can be found."

The viscountess all at once became affable to Marat.

"Have you danced yet, M. Marat?"

"Not yet, my lady. I was about to beg the favor of Ma'mselle's hand for the next cotillion."

"Euphemie, do you grant it?" archly asked the viscountess of her daughter, at the same time whispering in her ear in a tone of authority,

"Dance with him—he's the marquis's friend!"

Euphemie looked assent, and they took their places. The cotillion was about to commence and the dancers were ranged on the floor. Marat was a stranger to most of those present, who were generally *fallu nobles*, but his handsome face and figure, the striking simplicity of his dress, as well as the dashing partner he stood beside, drew all eyes upon him.

"Does your ladyship know the gentleman about to dance with ma'mselle?" inquired a fop-pish count somebody, of the viscountess.

"He is a friend of the Marquis of B—" replied the viscountess.

"The marquis's tutor, my lady."

"The marquis's tutor!" echoed the lady in astonishment, and immediately commenced elbowing her way towards the spot where Euphemie stood leaning on the arm of Marat. Hastily approaching, she whispered some words in her daughter's ear, and the phrase "*Le diable*," uttered in a passionate manner, was distinctly overheard by several of the company. Whatever else she said is not known, but it operated like mesmeric fluid on the belle, for instantly dropping the arm she just had leant upon, she turned toward the student and inquired "the rank of the gentleman with whom she was to have the pleasure of dancing?"

"Ma'mselle," said Marat, in a surprised manner, "I have not the honor of being noble. I am a student, and the Marquis of B—'s tutor."

"Then Monsieur Marat pardon me—my mother has forbidden me to dance with any one of lower rank than a viscount!" And bowing gracefully, the haughty belle flashed off to rejoin her lady mother.

There was a dead silence of a moment—then a general whisper succeeded by a malicious tit-titling among the dancers, and all eyes were bent on the student. Some knew the cause of his partner's defection, but most supposed that it was some moral blemish on the part of the young man, and he was fairly "spotted." His eyes by nature intellectually fierce, glowed with rage and shame, and casting a withering look of scorn upon his insulter, he turned upon his heel and walked from the room.

On the morning after the ball, two young men were seen walking, arm in arm, on the Boulevard de Roi. They had just met. It was the marquis and his tutor. They did not look like nobleman and tutor, nor would their conversation have indicated any difference in rank. They seemed more like two intimate companions.

"But, my dear Eugene, why did you leave me last night? Where did you go? I saw your innamorata flashing it on the floor with an Italian Count, and it was as much as I could do to dodge her lady mother who, the duchess tells me, has designs on me, or my fortune more likely. Some affair of the heart you lucky philosopher? Faith, you eclipse me, Marat!—I shall have to cut your company."

"There was not much heart in it, my lord."

"Why, what's the matter? You are looking as dark as thunder clouds—any thing unpleasant, Eugene?"

"Not very pleasant, my lord. Listen," and the tutor related to his patron the occurrence which had so deeply chagrined him.

"Well!" cried the marquis when Marat had told the story of his discomfiture, "I knew she was a heartless coquette, but I did not think woman capable of such conduct as that. But come, Eugene, you must not think of it—you shall have revenge—let me see; I already be-think me of a plan to humble her—it is an adjourned ball, is it not?"

"I believe it is, my lord."

"It is, now I recollect, to meet again to-morrow night. We shall return to the ball."

"But, wherefore my lord?"

"Leave that to me. Eugene, you have a little sister of whom you have talked much,

and yet you have never introduced me to her."

"My lord, you never intimated a desire to be made acquainted with my sister."

"Well, I desire it now, and in return I shall introduce you to *my* sister, in neglect of which duty, I have been equally culpable."

"My lord I shall be most happy——"

"Very well, Eugene, now the question is will our sisters go to the ball?—I think I can influence mine."

"And I *know* I can persuade mine. She loves dancing as she does life."

"That is excellent, and suppose we see them forthwith."

"Agreed, my lord."

And the two young men, still arm in arm, and apparently in the best spirits, passed from the Boulevard taking the direction of the Chausse d' Antin, in which stood the Marquis of B—'s palace.

THE golden sunlight, after making its way through large panes of imperial plate, and rose colored silk curtains, threw its mellowed rays into the drawing room of a splendid mansion in the Chausse d' Antin, and there revelled amidst a profusion of costly furniture. Every thing was there that the most fastidious votary of wealth and fashion might desire. Elegant lounges, costly candlebras, setees of polished Brazil wood, covered with rich velvet, and studded with gold, ottomans, tables of marble and mahogany of every size and shape, formed some of the features of the apartment. And yet, in spite of the quantity of this costly upholstery, there was a high degree of simplicity and elegance in its choice and arrangement, that proved the proprietor a man of taste. The drawing room was in the mansion of the Marquis of B—.

On an ottoman, near the middle of the floor, sat a young lady richly and fashionably attired. She was turning over the leaves of the last annual, and gazing silently on the pictures. She was very young, and exceedingly beautiful, and her small white hand, blazing with jewels, was almost as white as the paper it touched. A blonde with light hair, blue eyes, and lips like vermillion, but she was still approaching her best. There was, in spite of the splendor that surrounded her, in spite of her fashionable dress, a degree of humility and good nature in her smile, that reminded you of the owner of the mansion. She was his sister.

She had been engaged with the book for some time, when a slight knock at the door caused her

to look up, and in a soft, sweet voice, pronounce the word "*entrez*!" The door was opened and her brother and his tutor entered.

"Good day, sweet sister!"

"Good day, my brother!" replied she, smiling.

"Sister, allow me to present to you M. Marat, my friend and companion—Eugene, my sister!"

The young lady had risen at their entrance and curteseyed gracefully to the student who bowed with some degree of diffidence. It was not his wont to be diffident. Eugene was proud with most, but the sister of a marquis! and so beautiful! and perhaps he had not got over the effects of last evening, when he was so rudely made to feel his station in life. No, it was not all these—there is no accounting for the impressions that first appearances make. Sometimes they are so deep as to reach the heart, and then they give rise to what has been called, "Love at first Sight." There was no time for that on the present occasion—the marquis and Marat were in a hurry, as they had yet to call upon the student's sister, and the visiting hours were nearly spent.

"Sister, will you go to the ball in the Palais Royale?"

"Very abrupt, monsieur marquis, for what purpose?"

"Why to dance, of course."

"Brother!"

"Don't be angry, Adele, and I shall explain. Eugene, may I relate your discomfiture of last night?"

"Certainly, my lord, if it please you. It is no secret by this time."

The young marquis then related to his sister what slight had been put upon his friend Marat, at which the lady both felt and expressed her sympathy, as well as her willingness to assist her brother in a scheme which, he assured her, was but a fair and just retaliation.

"Then, sister, you consent? you will go?"

"Certainly, brother, since it pleases you."

"And I shall introduce you then to one as young and as pretty, perhaps prettier than yourself," said the marquis, laughing.

"Brother, for shame——!"

"So good morning, sister!"

"Adieu, Messieurs."

And the young men went off arm in arm, while the beautiful girl threw herself upon the ottoman, and recommenced turning over the leaves of her favorite book, but she could not read, for flashing dark eyes seemed to shine forth from every page and picture.

THE golden sunlight, after making its way

through a modest muslin curtain, of snowy whiteness, flung its soft beam upon the floor of a small, but handsome apartment in the Faubourg St. Germain. Every thing necessary to comfort and convenience might be found in that little drawing room. There was nothing gaudy about the neat little black sofa, or the half dozen mahogany chairs, or the polished table, or even in the pattern of the carpet, but every thing wore an air of neatness, and for the Faubourg St. Germain, of passable elegance. The handsome little work box of carved rose wood, and the pretty straw basket, as well as various other little bijoux that belong properly to female furniture, would have satisfied any one that the apartment under consideration, was a lady's room, but there sat the lady herself, very young and very beautiful too, before a bright coal fire, and selecting her sewing materials from this very rose wood work box. A brunette, with finely moulded features, dark flashing eyes, and hair jetty as the raven's wing. She seemed to be only about eighteen years old, but there was a degree of lady-like stateliness in her manner, that reminded you of the student Eugene Marat. She was his sister. There were several open books upon the table before her—a geography and atlas, so that sewing had not occupied, exclusively, her attention. No! She had just taken up one of her brother's cravats for the purpose of hem stitching it.

She remained at this, for some time, now in silence, and now speaking to her canary bird, in a voice, not less musical, than that of the little warbler itself. As she was thus engaged, the sudden ringing of the out-door bell caused her to start, and to wound her fore finger with the needle, but so slightly, that she hardly thought of it as she listened for the expected footstep of her brother. It came up the stairs—rat-tat, a double footstep—but that was the porter no doubt; and then there was a slight knock at the door, followed almost immediately, by her own sweet voice pronouncing the words:

"Come in, brother Eugene, come in!"

The door opened and her brother entered, accompanied by the marquis, whom he formally introduced to his sister Eugenie. The carmine that had mounted to Eugene's cheeks upon seeing a handsome young stranger so unexpectedly enter, became deeper on hearing his name and rank, for her brother had often spoken of his patron in the most glowing terms; but there was no awkwardness in her manner, only the natural timidity of a girl of eighteen who with the exception of her brother was scarce acquainted with a single gentleman. She gracefully motioned her visitors to be seated.

"No, thank you, sister, we will not now re-

main, as we have other engagements. We have called, his lordship and myself, to invite you to a ball!"

"Ah, my brother, I thought you had had enough of balls last night."

Eugene had told his sister of the *faux pas* of the evening previous.

"Ma'mselle Marat," said the marquis, "we wish for a little just revenge, and I have planned a way to take it to-morrow night—only a fair retaliation, I assure you."

"Well, sister, you will accompany us?"

"Ma'mselle will not refuse?"

"Oh, certainly not, I shall be happy to go, messieurs!"

"Enough, good sister, now one——"

"Eugene—fie—away! Before his lordship!"

Eugene had kissed the blushing girl. What would his lordship not then have given to have been in the tutor's place if only for one moment.

"Adieu, sister!"

"Adieu, ma'mselle!"

"Adieu, messieurs!"

And the two young men withdrew to follow their every day occupations, while Eugenie returned to her cravat, but not to speed at her sewing, for she was continually wounding her fingers with the needle, and fancying a pair of blue eyes gazing at her from the blue pattern of the kerchief.

THE fashionable ball room of the Palais Royale was again blazing with beauty, and the ball had just reached its meridian height, when the young marquis of B— and the student Marat, with their respective sisters, each leaning upon the arm of her brother, entered the saloon and joined the dancers. This was the same ball to which we have already introduced the reader, adjourned over—a custom truly Parisian. Most of the dancers of the first night were present, conspicuous among whom was the dashing daughter of the viscountess Perigot. The entrance of the marquis, and his party, attracted much attention, for several reasons. They were all richly attired with the exception of Eugene, who as on the former night was simply habited in plain black. The marquis himself, wore a splendid dress, covered with orders and decorations, while his sister was costumed in a style of magnificence corresponding to her high rank. Eugenie too was richly dressed, for her brother was proud, and yielded not in respect of kindness to his sister, to the first in the land. There were several causes, we have said, conspiring to draw the fashionable attention of that most fashionable

assembly towards the marquis and his party. First, the wealth rank and expectations of the marquis of B—in the eyes of match-making mothers, rendered him the most attractive object in the room. Secondly, the rank, wealth, and beauty of his young sister coupled with the fact that she had scarcely yet made her appearance in the world of fashion, were sufficient to make her an object of general interest. Thirdly, curiosity was abroad to know who was the beautiful brunette in the company of the marquis, and who had never before been seen in those precincts. And lastly, there were many present who had witnessed the disgrace of Eugene Marat, on the preceding night and who now wondered to see him return to the very scene of his shame; but they wondered more, when he danced with the young marchioness not only the first set, but a second and a third, and they began to think that he was not the marquis's tutor after all, but some foreign nobleman who assumed this plain dress, a disguise, or from motives of eccentricity. None were more surprised than the viscountess Perigot and her daughter, the former of whom had closely watched the party from its very entrance, with the design of becoming acquainted with the marquis, and of introducing him to *ma'mselle*, while on the other hand the latter was chagrined to see the handsome Marat (for she had not failed to perceive that he was handsome) so favored by one of such high rank as the young marchioness.

They had now danced the third set—the marquis still choosing for his partner the beautiful Eugenie who had suddenly become the “Belle of the ball room,” while her brother remained by the young marchioness. *Ma'mselle* Perigot had been eclipsed and forgotten, when the duchess de B— approached and saluted the marquis, whispering some words in his ear.

The viscountess had become determined that the marquis should dance with her daughter. It was the only chance left—the forlorn hope of recovering their sinking ascendancy.

“*Ma'mselle* Marat, you must be pleased to be released from the monotony of dancing with one—the Count Lasalle wishes your hand. Allow me to present the Count Lasalle, *Ma'mselle* Marat.” So saying the marquis walked away in company with the duchess.

The dancers had all taken their stations and were about to commence the cotillon, when the marquis of B— turning to his partner, who was

the daughter of the viscountess, and who had been forced upon him by the management of her mother, inquired “the rank of the lady, with whom he was to have the pleasure of dancing.”

“My father is the viscount Perigot, my lord,” was the confident, and rather exulting reply.

“Then *Ma'mselle* you must excuse me from being your partner—it was my mother's desire that I should never dance with a lady of lower rank than a marchioness!” and so saying, the marquis turned on his heel and walked away. We need not attempt to describe the scene that followed—suffice it to say, that the discomfited belle, after showing strong symptoms of madness, flashed from the room like a fury. The affair was soon put in circulation, and its connection with that of an earlier date explained, so that no one except the very silliest votaries of rank pitied the punished *parvenue*, and it fortunately chanced, that none of her *prenx chevaliers* thought proper to burn their fingers by meddling in the quarrel, so that no duels resulted.

We cannot commend, on sober reflection, the course pursued by the marquis, though we are constrained to look leniently upon his conduct. Perhaps a sense of strict justice required the retaliation. Certain it is, however, that the marquis told the truth respecting the wishes of his mother, who being one of the exclusives of aristocracy, had in her life time expressed the desire that her son should never dance with a lady below his own rank. The marquis, however, had grown up a young man of sense, and was completely divested of such prejudices. His conduct therefore on the present occasion was no doubt productive of much good, as it had the effect of breaking down the barriers of hereditary rank, but there was another happy and unexpected result that had its foundation in this affair—and that was: that the parties who had combined to kill the coquette, afterwards became more closely connected by a double union. This however did not happen for some time, as they were all young when first introduced. And when it did come to pass, there was not such a disparity in their rank; as the student Marat through the force of talents well used had become almost as celebrated as his patron, and Eugenie had proved so *valuable* as a sister, that to a man of the marquis's good sense she was likely to be *invaluable* as a wife.

Lo the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the cheerful birds of heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
“Mortals, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!”

LETTER OF MOZART TO A FRIEND.

[WE know not how many of our readers have met with the following remarkable letter, written by Mozart to a friend; not so large a number, we are sure, as to make the republication of it by us at all out of place. It bears no date, but is supposed to have been written at Prague in 1783. It is valuable, as an illustration of this principle, viz: that no one ever gains a high and permanent place as a man of genius, who does not love his art for itself alone—or rather the truth and beauty in his art. See how Mozart loved his art!—see how pure and innocent was that love like the love of a mother for her child! He thought not of fame, or emolument, as primary things, but sought only to bring down to the perceptions of sense, the noble harmonies that sounded in the upper, or deeply interior, regions of his mind. It also proves the truth of that oft repeated remark, that true genius is unconscious of its own excellence—for a man of true genius loves his art more than he loves himself. And, loving it, he is ever struggling to rise into higher and higher degrees of excellence; and, as he comes into these, he still sees beyond states of perfection to be attained that throw all former triumphs into the shade. He can, never, therefore, set down in self-complacency, and congratulate himself upon what he has done; for all previous achievements are mean in his eyes, when compared with what he has not yet been able to accomplish.]

The world is full of little-great men. Men who fancy that they have performed wonders, because what they have been able to do, has cost them a great struggle—has been, as it were, *born from nothing*. These are the geniuses who make most noise; whose trumpets are most loudly blown; whose upward efforts are heralded by the sound of fame's chariot wheels, and whose progress is marked by the dusty incense of extorted praise. But in a few years they are judged by their real worth—are weighed in the balance and found wanting—are consigned to merited and perpetual oblivion.

But the truly great man, unobtrusive though he be, must be known, and his deeds become immortal. It may be after he has passed from the earth. But no matter. His legacy to the world will be valued beyond mines of gold.—Ed.]

Herewith I return you, my good baron, your scores, and if you perceive that, in my hand there are more *nota bene** than notes, you will find from the sequel of this letter, how that has hap-

* In the original stands *fenster* (windows), which signifies passages marked †† for the sake of drawing the reader's attention particularly to them.

pened. Your symphony has pleased me, on account of its ideas, more than the other pieces, and yet I think it will produce the least effect. It is much too crowded, and to hear it partially, or piecemeal would be, with your permission, like beholding an ant-hill. I mean to say that it is, as if Eppes the devil were in it. You must not snap your fingers at me, my dearest friend, for I would not for the world have spoken out so candidly, if I could have supposed it would give you offence. Nor need you wonder at this, for it is so with all composers, who, without having, from their infancy, as it were, been trained by the whip, and the maledictions of the *maestro*, pretend to do every thing with natural talent alone. Some compose fairly enough, but with other peoples' ideas, not possessing any themselves; others, who have ideas of their own, do not understand how to treat and master them. This last is *your* case. Only do not be angry, pray! for Saint Cecilia's sake, that I break out so abruptly. But your song has a beautiful cantabile, and your dear Franzl* ought to sing it very often to you; and this I should like as much to see as to hear. The minuet in the quartet is also pleasing enough, particularly from the place I have marked. The coda, however, may clatter or tinkle, but it never will produce *music*. *Sapienti sat*, and also to the *nilil sapienti*, by whom I mean myself. I am not very expert in *writing* on such subjects, I rather show at once how it ought to be done.

You cannot imagine with what joy I read your letter. Only you ought not to have praised me so much. We may get accustomed to the hearing of such things, but to read them is not quite so well. You good people make too much of me: I do not deserve it, nor my compositions either. And what shall I say to your present,† my dearest baron, that came like a star in a dark night, or like a flower in winter, or like a cordial in sickness? God knows how I am obliged at times to toil and labor to gain a wretched livelihood, and Stanerl,‡ too, must get something.

* Probably the Baron's daughter.

† Some bottles of wine.

‡ The diminutive in the upper German dialect, for Constantia, the name of his wife.

To him, who has told you that I am growing idle, I request you sincerely (and a baron may well do such a thing) to give a good box on the ear. How gladly would I work, and work, if it were only left to me to write always such music as I please, and as I can write; such, I mean to say, as I myself set some value upon. Thus I composed three weeks ago an orchestral symphony, and by to-morrow's post I write again to Hofmeister,* to offer him three pianoforte quartets, supposing that he is able to pay. O heavens! were I a wealthy man I would say, "Mozart, compose what you please, and as well as you can; but till you can offer me something finished, you shall not get a single kreutzer. I'll buy of you every manuscript, and you shall not be obliged to go about and offer it for sale like a hawker." Good God! how sad all this makes me, and then again how angry and savage; and it is in such a state of mind that I do things which ought not to be done. You see, my dear good friend, so it is, and not as stupid or vile wretches may have told you. Let this, however, go a *cassa del diavolo*.

I now come to the most difficult part of your letter, which I would willingly pass over in silence, for here my pen denies me its service. Still I will try, even at the risk of being well laughed at. You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow, in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more upon this subject than the following: for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer; say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good dinner, or during the night, when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence and how* they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counter-point, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, and so forth. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. I cannot tell the delight of

this. All this inventing, this producing, takes place as it were in a pleasing lively dream. Still the actual hearing of the *tout ensemble* is, after all, the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is, perhaps, the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected into it in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination. At this occupation I can therefore suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, still I write, and even talk, but only of fowls and geese, or of *Gretel* and *Barbel*,* or some such matters. But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style which makes them *Mozartish*, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so-or-so large, so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For I do really not study nor aim at any originality; I should, in fact, not be able to describe in what mine consists, though I think it quite natural that persons who have really an individual appearance of their own, are also differently organized from others, both externally and internally. At least I know that I have constituted myself neither one way nor the other.

May this suffice, and never, my best friend, never trouble me again with such subjects. I also beg you will not believe that I break off from any other reason, but because I have nothing further to say on the point. To others I should not have answered, but have thought: "*Mutschi, buschi, quittle. Etche molape newing!*"†

In Dresden I have not been eminently successful. The Dresden people fancy themselves to be even yet in possession of every thing that is good, merely because they had formerly to boast of a great deal. Two or three good souls excepted, the people here hardly knew any thing further about me, than that I had been playing at concerts in Paris and London, in a child's cap. The Italian Opera I did not hear, the court being in the country for the summer season. Naumann‡ treated me in the church with one of his masses, which was beautiful, well harmonized, and in

* Gretel and Barbel are diminutives for Margarethe and Barbara.

† What language this is, or what it means, I am not in the least able to tell.—Translator.

‡ Maestro di Capella, like Hasse, at the Electoral Court of Saxony.

* The music-seller of Leipsig.

good keeping, though too much spread, and as your C—— would say, rather cold. It was somewhat like Hasse, but without his fire, and with a more modern *cantilena*. I played a great deal to these gentlemen, but I could not warm their hearts, and excepting "*wishy, washy*," they said nothing at all to me. They asked me to play on the organ, and they have most magnificent instruments. I told them, what is the real truth, that I had but little practice on the organ; nevertheless, I went with them to the church. Here now it appeared, that they had *in petto* another foreign artist, a professed organ-player, who was to kill me, if I may say so, by his playing. I did not immediately know him, and he played very well, but without much originality or imagination. I, therefore, aimed directly at this stranger, and exerted myself well. I concluded with a double fugue in the perfectly strict style, and played it very slowly, both that I might conduct it properly to the end, and that the hearers might be able to follow me through all the parts. Now, all was over. No one would play after this. Hassler, however, (this was the stranger's name, who has written some good things in the style of the Hamburg Bach),* was the most good-natured and sincere of

them all, though it was he whom I had endeavored to punish. He jumped about with joy, and did not know how to express his delight. Afterwards he went with me to the hotel, and enjoyed himself at my table; but the other gentlemen excused themselves when I gave them a friendly invitation; upon which my jolly companion, Hassler, said nothing but "*Tausend supperment!*"

Here, my best friend and well-wisher, my paper is full, and the bottle of your wine, which has done the duty of this day, nearly empty. But since the letter which I wrote to my father-in-law, to request the hand of my present wife, I have hardly ever written such an enormously long one. Pray take nothing ill! In speaking, as in writing I must show myself as I am, or I must hold my tongue, and throw the pen aside. My last words shall be: "My dearest friend, keep me in kind remembrance!" Would to God I could, one day, be the cause of so much joy as you have been to me! Well! I drink to you in this glass: long live my good and faithful —. Amen!

W. A. MOZART.

*C. Ph. E. Bach, the second son of the great Sebastian Bach.

FROM BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

For Arthur's Magazine.

OMINIANA.

FROM COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE was a great talker, and, unlike most great talkers, a deep thinker into the bargain. At his death, a volume of table-talk was published, much of it purporting to be his sayings collected at various times by those who had enjoyed the pleasure of his society. In 1836 four volumes of some four hundred pages each were published in England, entitled his "Literary Remains." These volumes present a curious instance of the art of book making. When Coleridge read a book, whether his own or belonging to any one else, he usually did so with pencil in hand. English books are blessed with noble margins; on these the thoughts excited by the author, were written down as they arose freshly in his mind. The margins of books in his library, were consequently filled with his pencilled reflections.

After his death, his executor, by authority of the will, had these marginal readings, or, rather writings, collected, with a few manuscripts, and letters supplied by some of his correspondents, and out of these made up four large volumes! They contain much that is curious, valuable, and interesting; and, also much that merely goes to make weight, or, more properly speaking, bulk. From a division of one of these volumes, designated as "Ominiana," we take a few passages.

CRITICISM.—Many of our modern criticisms on the works of our elder writers remind me of the connoisseur, who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. "Excuse me, Sir," replied the owner of the piece, "you hold it the wrong way: it is a horse galloping."

TOLERATION.—The state, with respect to the different sects of religion under its protection, should resemble a well drawn portrait. Let there be half a score of individuals looking at it, every one sees its eyes and its benignant smile directed towards himself.

The framer of preventive laws, no less than

private tutors and school-masters, should remember, that the readiest way to make either mind or body grow awry, is by lacing it too tight.

INWARD BLINDNESS.—Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course there is no reasoning with them: for they do not possess the facts, on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible, but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or, what a man of kind dispositions is very likely to fall into, a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.

TO HAVE AND TO BE.—The distinction is marked in a beautiful sentiment of a German poet: Hast thou any thing? share it with me and I will pay thee the worth of it. Art thou any thing? O then let us exchange souls!

The following is offered as a mere playful illustration:

"Women have no souls," says prophet Mahomet.

Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?

I said you had no soul, 'tis true:

For what you are, you cannot have—

'Tis I, that have one, since I first had you.

NEGROS AND NARCISSUSES.—There are certain tribes of Negros who take for the deity of the day the first thing they see or meet with in the morning. Many of our fine ladies, and some of our very fine gentlemen, are followers of the same sect; though by aid of the looking-glass they secure a constancy as to the object of their devotion.

AN ANECDOTE.—We here in England received a very high character of Lord —— during his stay abroad. "Not unlikely, Sir," replied the

traveller; "a dead dog at a distance is said to smell like musk."

THE SOUL AND ITS ORGANS OF SENSE.—A diseased state of an organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and unless there be an energetic and watchful counteraction of the judgment (of which I have known more than one instance, in which the comparing and reflecting judgment has obstinately, though painfully, rejected the full testimony of the senses,) will finally overpower it. But when the organ is obliterated, or totally suspended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Passing through Temple Sowerby, in Westmorland, some ten years back, I was shewn a man perfectly blind; and blind from his infancy. Fowell was his name. This man's chief amusement was fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the River Eden, and up the different streams and tarns among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, likewise stone blind, a dexterous card player, who knows every gate and stile far and near throughout the country. These two often coursed together, and the people here, as every where, fond of the marvellous, affirm that they were the best beaters up of game in the whole country. The every way amiable and estimable John Gough of Kendal is not only an excellent mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist. He has frequently at the first feel corrected the mistakes of the most experienced sportsman with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed, when it chanced to be a variety or rare species so completely resembling the common one, that it required great steadiness of observation to detect the difference, even after it had been pointed out. As to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appears fully equal to that of sight; and the accuracy greater. Good heavens! it needs only to look at him! Why his face sees all over! It is all one eye! I almost envied him; for the purity and excellence of his own nature, never broken in upon by those evil looks, (or features, which are looks become fixtures), with which low cunning, habitual cupidity, presumptuous sciolism, and heart-hardening vanity, coarsen the human face,—it is the mere stamp, the undisturbed *ectypion* of his own soul! Add to this that he is a Quaker, with all the blest negatives, without any of the silly and factious positives, of that sect, which, with all its bogs and hollows, is still the prime sun-shine spot of Christendom in the eye of the true philosopher. When I was in Germany in the year 1798, I read at Hanover, and met with two respectable persons, one a clergyman, the other a physician, who confirmed to me, the account of the upper-

stall master at Hanover, written by himself, and countersigned by all his medical attendants. As far as I recollect, he had fallen from his horse on his head, and in consequence of the blow lost both his sight and hearing for nearly three years, and continued for the greater part of this period in a state of nervous fever. His understanding, however, remained unimpaired and unaffected, and his entire consciousness, as to outward impressions, being confined to the sense of touch, he at length became capable of reading any book (if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper) with his fingers, in much the same manner in which the *piano-forte* is played, and latterly with an almost incredible rapidity. Likewise by placing his hand with the fingers all extended, at a small distance from the lips of any person that spoke slowly and distinctly to him, he learned to recognize each letter by its different effects on his nerves, and thus spelt the words as they were uttered. It was particularly noticed both by himself from his sensations, and by his medical attendants from observation, that the letter R, if pronounced full and strong, and recurring once or more in the same word, produced a small spasm, or twitch in his hand and fingers. At the end of three years he recovered both his health and senses, and with the necessity soon lost the power, which he had thus acquired.

MEMORY AND RECOLLECTION.—Beasts and babies remember, that is, recognize: man alone recollects. This distinction was made by Aristotle.

THE WILL AND THE DEED.—The will to the deed,—the inward principle to the outward act,—is as the kernel to the shell; but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known;—and, in the next place, as the shell comes first, and the kernel grows gradually and hardens within it, so is it with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.—When may the will be taken for the deed?—Then when the will is the obedience of the whole man;—when the will is in fact the deed, that is, all the deed in our power. In every other case, it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of Paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the man takes aim, and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main,—and lo! there is never an arrow on the string.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.—A man may look at glass, or through it, or both. Let all earthly things be unto thee as glass to see heaven through!

Religious ceremonies should be pure glass, not dyed in the gorgeous crimsons and purple blues and greens of the drapery of saints and saintesses.

ASSOCIATION.—Many a star, which we behold as single, the astronomer resolves into two, each, perhaps, the centre of a separate system. Oft are the flowers of the wind-weed mistaken for the growth of the plant, which it chokes with its intertwine. And many are the unsuspected double stars, and frequent are the parasite weeds, which the philosopher detects in the received opinions of men:—so strong is the tendency of the imagination to identify what it has long consociated. Things that have habitually, though, perhaps, accidentally and arbitrarily, been thought of in connection with each other, we are prone to regard as inseparable. The fatal brand is cast into the fire, and therefore Maleager must consume in the flames. To these conjunctions of custom and association—(the associative power of the mind which holds the mid place between memory and sense,)—we may best apply Sir Thomas Brown's remark, that many things coagulate on commixture, the separate natures of which promise no concreation.

CURIOSITY.—The curiosity of an honorable mind willingly rests there, where the love of truth does not urge it farther onward, and the love of its neighbor bids it stop;—in other words, it willingly stops at the point, where the interests of truth do not beckon it onward, and charity cries, Halt!

DEATH.—Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.

NEW TRUTHS.—To all new truths, or renovation of old truths, it must be as in the ark between the destroyed and the about-to-be reno-

vated world. The raven must be sent out before the dove, and ominous controversy must precede peace and the olive-wreath.

HUMAN COUNTEenance.—There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.

DECEMBER MORNING.—The giant shadows sleeping amid the wan yellow light of the December morning, looked like wrecks and scattered ruins of the long, long night.

HUMILITY OF THE AMIABLE.—It is well ordered by nature, that the amiable and estimable have a fainter perception of their own qualities than their friends have;—otherwise they would love themselves. And though they may fear flattery, yet if not justified in suspecting intentional deceit, they cannot but love and esteem those who love and esteem them, only as lovely and estimable, and give them proof of their having done well, where they have meant to do well.

CALLOUS SELF-CONCEIT.—The most hateful form of self-conceit is the callous form, when it boasts and swells up on the score of its own ignorance, as implying exemption from a folly. "We profess not to understand;"—"We are so unhappy as to be quite in the dark as to the meaning of this writer;"—"All this may be very fine, but we are not ashamed to confess that to us it is quite unintelligible."—then quote a passage without the context, and appeal to the PUBLIC, whether they understand it or not!—Wretches! Such books were not written for your public. If it be a work on inward religion, appeal to the inwardly religious, and ask them!—If it be of true love and its anguish and its yearnings, appeal to the true lover! What have the public to do with this?

For Arthur's Magazine.

"WORDS ARE THINGS."

In an hour of mirthful gladness,
When glee was unrepressed,
I wounded one I dearly loved,
With thoughtless words of jest:
I know not then how bitterly,
A random trifle stings;
But learned with pain, when grief was vain,
To know that "words are things."

Look backward o'er thy bygone years,
The morning of thy day:
Where childhood's smiles, and childhood's tears,
Together fall—and play:
And every pleasure, every pain
That thoughtful memory brings,
Will only deepen on thy heart,
The truth that "words are things."

Call hope to gild thy future
With gifts most bright and rare;
And words of promise will be found,
The brightest even there:
How far beyond all other hopes,
To these devotion clings;
And whispers with an ardent tongue,
That "words are precious things."

Then while thy life is full of joy,
And pleasures woo thy soul,
Accept and use their loveliest gifts,
Guided by self-control;
Whether midst household duties,
Or where mirth her music rings,
Keep thou a watch before thy lips,
Remember "words are things."

H. M.

BELGRADE.

(See Plate.)

BELGRADE, by the Servians called Alba-Græca and Greek-Weissenburgh, by the Turks Bilgrad and Darol Dshishad, or the House of the Holy War, and by the Hungarians Nándor Fejervar, is a city in the northern part of Turkish Servia, about two miles south-east of Semlin, at the junction of the Save with the Danube, and on the right bank of both these rivers. "These two majestic streams, blending their waters at this point," says Frickel (*Pedestrian Journey*, 1827-1829), "expand into what might be mistaken for the ocean itself, and the spot where the Save pours itself into the queen of European rivers is clearly perceptible from the diversity of the tints."

Belgrade is the Sigindunum of Ptolemy, the Singidunum of the *Itinerarium* of Antoninus, and the Singedum of Procopius. The city was founded by the Romans, afterwards totally destroyed by the Barbarians, and rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, who fortified it strongly. He also built a new fort, called Octavum, at a little distance from the city. The city was opposite to Tauranum (now Semlin) in Pannonia. A vestige of its former name is still retained by a holm in the Save called Singin, not far from the present site of the town.

The Belgrade of modern times was founded by Dushan, king of Servia, in the year 1372, and is divided into four quarters, the most conspicuous of which is the Citadel, which forms the centre of the town, and is constructed on a steep acclivity, about a hundred feet high, jutting out into the Danube; it presents a picturesque object from the opposite city of Semlin. The space between the banks of the river and the ramparts is traversed by a wall of earth in a decayed state, which is mounted with iron cannon in as unserviceable a condition as the carriages on which they rest. The access through this wall is between two stone columns, the evident remains of a substantial wall. A paved way leads thence to the Citadel, the entrance to which is through a gate in a massive lofty wall, which runs along the edge of the rocky acclivity, and constitutes

the chief part of its fortifications. The first object that meets the eye on entering the fortress are the arsenal and magazines, erected by the Austrians during their possession of Belgrade in the beginning of the last century. These once splendid edifices are fast mouldering away; but not more rapidly, perhaps, than the ramparts, bastions, and massive towers which lie around them. The ascent from these buildings leads to a lofty quadrangle, consisting of two stories, and built partly of wood and partly of stucco. The roofs jut out considerably beyond the walls, and serve as a protection to the galleries which range beneath them; these are ascended by broad flights of wooden steps. This edifice, though it is the residence of a pasha of three tails, is a very sink of every species of filth, and has been the theatre of the most brutal atrocities which the Turk could devise against his Christian captive. This was the spot, for instance, where Rhigas the Greek was sawed into pieces, limb by limb, and where six-and-thirty Servians, in the year 1815, were empaled, in violation of the pledge that their lives should be spared; in many cases these wretched victims endured this excruciating torture for seven whole days. The garrison is of the most miserable description, for it is the pasha's interest to maintain as few troops as possible, and at as low a cost as he finds practicable. The main-wall is furnished with gabions, between which iron cannon are mounted; this wall as well as the principal ditch are in tolerable condition, but in other respects the citadel is in a very indifferent state. In all, there are three ditches to it, the one within the other, besides mines and bomb-proof casemates. The principal mosque in the town, which is a handsome building, with the great tower Benoviso rising from its interior, stands within the citadel.

The flames, bombardments, and other havoc of war have left little standing of the former town of Belgrade. The modern erections constitute the three remaining quarters, which are divided into the Water Town, the Rascian Town, and

the Palanka. Crossing a glaci of four hundred paces, and passing through three gates along a very gentle descent, we reach the main street, running to the north-west, with several lateral lanes of houses. These form part of what is called the Citadel, and are united by a small footway with the Water Town, which occupies a confined space on the edge of the banks of the Save, close to its confluence with the Danube, and is the best built quarter of the town. It contains the palace of the Greek bishop, fourteen mosques, the fish and other markets, an arsenal, spacious barracks, and the custom house. The northern and eastern sides of it are protected by a ruinous wall of earth, eight feet in height, the two outlets through which are defended by wooden towers. It is much more strongly fortified towards the south, in which direction it is encircled by a wall of earth, intermixed occasionally with masonry and brickwork; this wall is ornamented by a very solid gate, opening upon the road that leads to Constantinople. The line of defence on this side is also provided with watch-towers. More immediately to the south-west of the Citadel, as well as west of it, runs a long range of suburbs, lying scattered like a village, beyond which is the Rascian, or Servian Town, likewise denominated the Town of the Save; it is defended by walls and palisades, is the principal residence of the merchants and dealers, and stands close to the Palanka, a further line of suburbs, which surround the citadel on the south and east. These two quarters contain nearly a hundred mosques and churches, two handsome besesteins or bazars, twelve baths, and other public edifices, among which we may mention the palace of the prince of Servia and a spacious school. The Servians, also, have several well built dwellings, and a neat coffee-house in this part of the town.

But in speaking of Belgrade and its streets we must warn the reader, that they are not composed of lines of modern houses, but, in general, of rows of wooden stalls, in which the owner arranges his merchandise with no small degree of taste, and parades his customers, surrounded by his workmen intent upon their several tasks. The barber and coffee-vender alone carry on their trade in closed shops, and enjoy the luxury of glazed windows. To any traveller fresh from western Europe, the motley population of this town is a novel and highly interesting scene; the tailor and the gunsmith, the baker and the victualer, by their white turbans, sallow sombre faces, and haughty mien, will be instantly recognised as Turks; the red cap, sharp eye, and insinuating manners of the merchant and dealer betray their Greek extraction; and the merry countenance of the shopkeeper smirks beneath the round close

bonnet of the native Servian. Independently of the Turkish garrison, which seldom exceeds five or six thousand men, the inhabitants of Belgrade do not at present amount to more than twenty thousand; but even in its present state they carry on so considerable a trade, both internal and external, that the customs produce 15,000*l.* per annum and upwards. The extensive manufactures for which it was formerly celebrated are now reduced to a few establishments, in which wolens, carpets, leather, ironware, and arms, are made. In other hands than those of its Turkish masters, it would rapidly rise into importance; at present, attractive as its outward appearance may be at a distance, no spot can be more disgusting on close examination, for there is not a street or public place in which every rule of cleanliness does not seem to be almost studiously violated. The surrounding country is diversified with gentle hills and richly wooded; and the public thoroughfares are embellished with many traces of Turkish piety—the inclosed well and fountain, and the caravanserai.

Belgrade has been the theatre of many important events. It first fell under the Hungarian sceptre in 1086, when king Solyman wrested it from the Greek empire. Three years after the fall of Constantinople in 1456, it was besieged by the Turks, but rescued from their hands by the gallant Hunyady, voyvode of Transylvania, who drove them back with great loss. The second attempt made by them in 1522, was met by a resolute but fruitless resistance; the Turkish sultan, Solyman, succeeded in planting the crescent upon its walls, and it was possessed by his successors until the year 1688 when the elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Austrian forces, laid siege to it, and expelled the Turks from the place. Two years, afterwards, Belgrade again fell into their hands, under Amurath II. and in 1693 the Imperialists re-appeared upon the spot, but were baffled in their endeavor to regain it. In 1717 the celebrated Prince Eugene, leading the Austrians in his second campaign against Turkey, met his enemy under the walls of Belgrade on the 16th of August, destroyed nearly the whole of his army, entered Belgrade, and reduced the greater portion of Servia under the Imperial sway. The extensive scale upon which the Austrians now enlarged and completed the fortifications of the place cost them at least 400,000*l.* (4,000,000 of guildens); and their possession of it was confirmed to them by the sultan in the treaty of Passarowitz on the 21st of July following. In 1739 about which time Belgrade attained the height of its commercial splendor, the war which Austria unadvisedly undertook against Turkey, in conjunction with Russia, by whom

she was suddenly and faithlessly abandoned, terminated in the signal defeat of her forces at Krotzka on the Danube, the abandonment of her conquests in Servia, and the restitution of Belgrade to the sultan by the treaty which he dictated to her generals in a moment of panic. In conformity with this treaty, all the new fortifications were razed at the emperor's expense. The disastrous opening of the Austrian campaign against the Turks in 1789, was counterbalanced in the succeeding year by Marshal Loudon's brilliant successes against them, and the re-capture of Belgrade; but the weakness of Austria forced her to restore it, with her other Servian acquisitions, at the peace of Szistova in 1791. It has remained ever since in the occupation of Turkey, except for a short time during the Servian insurrection, which broke out under the conduct of Czerny George (the Black George) in 1801. The intrepid patriot laid siege to the town, and expelled the Ottomans from it in 1806; he re-

tained possession of Belgrade until the year 1813, when he was at length obliged to abandon it to them, but not before the inhabitants had set fire to and destroyed the suburbs, and blown up the fortifications. The destruction thus brought upon the town has since been partially repaired, and its defences have been restored to some extent; but the happier consequence of the spirit with which the Servians then asserted their independence, has been that they have gained it; and that under the conditions of the treaty of 1815, by which Turkey recognises their free institutions, Belgrade is the only spot in the country where the Sultan is allowed to maintain a garrison.

Belgrade is in 41° 50' N. lat. and 20° 39' E. long. Above the town are three long, narrow islands in the Danube, divided from the land by a natural canal, which forms a safe harbor; and opposite the Rascian Town, near the mouth of the Save, lies another islet, called the Gipsies' Island.

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO WILLIE, IN THE WEST.

You have heard the wayward things,
I in sport can do;
So you need not wonder, Willie,
If I rhyme for you;
Marvel not if nonsense flows
From my white-wing'd pen;
Know you not, "the wisest relish
Nonsense now and then?"

Out among the western "clearings,"
Have you never seen
Any thing that looked like fairies,
Tripping o'er the green?
I can scarcely think a landscape,
Quite complete without them,
So if you should see them, Willie,
Send us word about them.

Seek them when the friendly moonlight
Sleeps among the trees,
Then (I'm told) they hold their revels
"Thick as blackberries;"
Peep in every flower-cup
For the little elves,
Sometimes in their merry sports,
There they hide themselves.

I profess a faith in fairies
Quite behind the age,
Now that argument and reason
Seem to be the rage;
Scarce a flower bursteth open,
With a sudden spring,

But I deem "a passing fairy,
Touched it with her wing."

When the far-off stars go shooting
Through the gloom of night,
They to me are only tokens
Of a fairy's flight;
And the twilight's pleasant music,
Lulling, low and long,
Bird, and breeze, and distant streamlet,
Make one fairy song;
And the radiant summer heavens
With their thousand lights;
And the beauty of the sunset,
These are fairy sights.

Yet my fairies are not such
As the thoughtless deem,
Fays and sylphs of idle legends,
Creatures of a dream:
But—sweet bursts of warm affection,
Feelings pure and true,
All that hallows recollection,
Is a fairy too.

Every act of loving kindness,
Every pure delight,
Is a fairy monitor
Leading us aright.
Willie—heed the gentle teachings
Of this spirit band,
Then thy western home will be
One bright fairy land.

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

AN AMBITIOUS CURATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE LACROIX.

BY A. ROLAND.

THERE lived, some years ago, in a poor village of Auvergne, one of the most indigent curates that had ever traversed the rugged defiles of Cevennes. The hovel which served him as a place of habitation, would not have been coveted by the most wretched peasant employed to dive into the depths of the mouftain to extract thence its coal and antimony. Built against a little church of grey stone, surmounted by an iron cross, it might have been taken for one of those pious hermitages sometimes found upon mountain tops, far from paths marked out by human footsteps. From the plateau, on which it was situated, the eye plunged down into the fertile valley of Limagne, bounded by the river Allier, which, in the distance, resembled a silvery ribbon. Behind the church, upon the declivity of the mountain, some cabins were situated, at intervals, presenting the appearance of a caravan climbing up a steep pathway. From this point, could be seen the whole length of the chain of mountains which bounded the valley below.

Such was the place inhabited, for ten years, by the Curé de ——. (The delicacy which prevents us from naming the village, as well as our reluctance to alter the exactitude of the least details of this simple history, by the adoption of a fictitious name, will be readily comprehended.) The curé de —— was about sixty years of age thin and active, with a gentle and benevolent physiognomy. The simplicity of his heart did not exclude the refinement or elevation of intelligence nor his austere manners diminish any of his natural indulgence for others. His faith was ardent and his zeal for his flock had no other bounds than those which nature had imposed upon his physical powers. His charity, in this respect, enabled him to accomplish miracles. No winter was cold enough, no snow thick enough, no mountain ravine deep enough, no darkness frightful enough to arrest him in the exercise of

his laborious functions. And all was done unostentatiously, without the most secret impulse of vanity and with that air of good nature which takes away even the thought of sacrifice.

One summer evening, about eight o'clock, the curé was seated, in silence, after having finished reading as usual, a portion of his breviary, at a low window, looking down upon the village. A storm was gathering, and the curé, who had returned, late, from a long and fatiguing journey, respired the refreshing, though somewhat heavy air, with a sweet voluptuousness. Marguerite, his house keeper, was arranging upon the shelves of an oaken dresser, the plates which had served for her master's frugal meal; for, in his visits to the different localities of his parish, the minister was often kept out till a late hour and had adopted from necessity, if not from choice, this old custom of the inhabitants of the country. Besides the piece of furniture we have mentioned, the room contained a dining table at which, during the long winter evenings, the curé gravely disputed the chances of a game of chess or dominos with Marguerite. Opposite to this was a black trunk, and, at the bottom of the room, near a little door, was the most conspicuous piece of furniture, although of patriarchal simplicity, the bed of the curé. An ivory crucifix, the magnificent present of a noble lady, was placed above a *prie-dieu* of dark wood. At one of the angles formed by the mantel-piece, of a vast chimney, stood one of those long, square, many-colored boxes, which bear considerable resemblance to the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, and, above it, appeared the dial of a village clock. Some coarse rush-bottomed chairs completed the furniture. The door at the foot of the bed led into the chamber of Marguerite where, if possible, a more evangelical simplicity reigned than in that of her master.

Marguerite, a respectable matron, with a short round figure, attached to the service of the curé

after having long passed the canonical age, was the true sovereign of this modest domain. The legitimate master had, little by little, abdicated all his administrative authority in her favor; and save some abuse of her power, and some fits of scolding humor to which she was occasionally subject, it must be admitted that nothing was done which did not tend to the common interest. Her government was perfectly in accordance with the absolute carelessness of the curé with regard to the little details of life, and, particularly, his personal appearance. His negligence in this last respect went so far as to effect very seriously, his personal interests, and furnished to Marguerite an inexhaustible text for sermons, but little orthodox; it was also, to her, a subject of anxious reflections, in which, perhaps, the *ego* was not entirely a stranger.

The present was just one of those unlucky days, when the discontent of the old housekeeper darkened her brow, like the clouds which hovered, at this moment, above the mountain. Her abrupt movements and redoubled activity gave evidence of a secret agitation, which only waited a suitable occasion, to burst forth. The countenance of the curé, on the contrary, expressed that placidity and tranquility of soul which were habitual to him. A certain air of triumph, indeed, but little in accordance with his natural modesty and precepts of christian humility, might have been observed on his brow. From time to time he turned his eyes from the vast horizon where they seemed to be wandering, and stole a glance at Marguerite. A rapid smile, at such times, passed over his lips, which gave evidence of delight not exempt from a certain mischievous expression. Night, however, had come; the sky was obscured by dark clouds from which the moon stole out but at long intervals and the wind began to toss the tops of the high chestnut trees which stood before the doors of the presbytery.

"After your fatiguing excursions to-day," said Marguerite, suddenly, with an air of maternal authority, "sleep would be much better at this hour than the air. The breeze from the plain is not wholesome and a storm is not far off—you should at least, shut the window."

"I do not feel fatigued, Marguerite—but, as regards the air, you are right, and I obey—although," added he, half to himself, "the storm most to be feared at this moment is not, perhaps, that which threatens without."

Marguerite did not hear, or pretended not to hear; the curé re-seated himself.

"Are you discontented with me to-day?" continued he, slowly, looking at her with an air of

affected doubt; "this time you are wrong, Marguerite."

The apparent sincerity with which these words were pronounced, brought forth the anticipated explosion.

"Ah! truly. I am wrong," cried she, with a ludicrous indignation; "I should be satisfied with you! A day out of the house without any thing to eat or drink, at your age! That is wise and praiseworthy without doubt! This course will be ruinous I tell you."

At this moment a sharp flash of lightning lit up the room. The curé and the housekeeper crossed themselves. Marguerite lit a small lamp and placed it upon the chimney-piece.

"Peace! Marguerite, peace!" said the curé timidly, "our ministry has laborious duties."

"Ah! heaven! you make a great talk about your pretended duties! The church, as you say yourself, every day, does not require us to kill the body to save the soul. But if this brought you any thing but benedictions! See, indeed, to what it has brought you. Look around, here is all that you possess!—here are the fruits of thirty years of labor! There are never fifty francs in your purse."

"Who knows?" murmured the curé, "we should never cease to trust to Providence."

"True, indeed! for if it had not been for a kind Providence we should not have a morsel of bread in our old days, since you do not know how to keep that which it sends you. Look you, if you please—there is not so poor a man as you in all the parish! Where are the fine promises you made me at Easter! Here is almost Assumption and what have we done—what has been the fruit of to-day's journeyings, for instance? Nothing."

The curé smiled mysteriously.

"Or, at most, some miserable little silver coins—fine money, truly, to buy a new cassock!—"

Here Marguerite was interrupted by a tremendous clap of thunder which shook the house and traced upon the side of the mountain a brilliant train of fire. The housekeeper seized a branch of box wood, dipped it in a holy-water vase, which hung against the wall, and sprinkled the consecrated fluid around the room, whilst the curé recited a short prayer.

During this time the sound of the thunder became more distant, but the rain fell in abundance.

"Marguerite, I wish you to ascertain if there is a tailor in the country capable of making a new cassock for—your curé?"

"What!" said the housekeeper, who did not believe she had heard aright; "what do you say?"

"I say you have forgotten that it is almost the 25th of July."

"Well!"

"Well! I visited the Baroness Dubief, at her castle, to day; she renewed her desire with regard to the ten masses for the repose of the soul of her late husband, and has prayed me to accept, as a compensation, two hundred francs, which are here."

As he said this, the curé drew from beneath his cassock a leathern purse of a very agreeable rotundity. Marguerite reached out her hand as if to assure herself of the reality of the fact, when the curé started up with a loud cry—a bright light illuminated the window. The curé ran to open the door of the presbytery. A column of fiery smoke poured from the roof of a house in the village.

"Fire!" cried the curé, "hasten, Marguerite, and ring the church bell to call out assistance."

Marguerite went out at a door which communicated with the vestry. The curé took his hat and cane and started, notwithstanding the obscurity of the night, towards the scene of the disaster.

The fire was soon extinguished. A single habitation only, the most miserable in the village, had been destroyed—but the curé found the next morning that he had lost, in the midst of the flames, a piece of his cassock.

"Happily," said Marguerite, as she finished repairing the loss with a piece not in strict accordance as regarded color, with the general character of the cassock. "Happily, thanks to the generosity of madame la baroness, the evil this time, is not irreparable."

"Alas! my good Marguerite," said the curé, with an embarrassed air, "even if it were so, it would not be so great a misfortune as has befallen these poor people."

"Well! you will preach a sermon and take up a collection for them. They will be aided, without doubt."

"It is to be hoped, at least, but does it not become us, Marguerite, to set the example?"

"Now here you are with your false ideas. It is the duty of every one to assist the poor according to his means—the rich with money and clergymen with their good words. Remember that you have hardly the necessaries of life."

"Remember that they lack even these."

"But you are in need of a cassock."

"They have neither bread nor clothing."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the housekeeper, struck with a sudden thought; "what have you done with the money you showed me, last night?"

"Marguerite," replied the curé, in confusion, "you need not go to order the new cassock of which we were speaking. I will wear this one at the coming holyday."

The curé had voluntarily lost the means of procuring a new cassock. Notwithstanding his extreme readiness, on this occasion, to sacrifice his exterior dignity to the necessities of others, it must not be supposed that the curé was entirely insensible with regard to his personal appearance. He was not one of those rigorists who make all appearance of concession to prejudice or public opinion a crime; and still less was he one of those proud apostles who cover themselves with rags. He felt his wretchedness and bore it bravely, but was always ready to sacrifice when it was necessary his most legitimate desires. Thus for ten years, notwithstanding his continual privations, he had not been able to amass the trifling sum necessary to the accomplishment of his most ardent desire, the acquisition of a new cassock. In consequence of thinking of it so constantly and, thanks to the incessant sermons of Marguerite, this hope or dream took hold of his mind with the tenacity of a fixed idea. There was, at least, judging by the deplorable aspect of the good curé's principal piece of clothing, nothing unreasonable in this, and it was impossible in observing it, to help cursing with him the evil genius who, every time he was on the point of seizing it, caused the, so much desired, cassock to disappear. Years rolled on, holydays and disappointments succeeded each other, the poor curé constantly repeating, with indefatigable perseverance:

"I shall have it for next year: for Easter; for Pentecost; for Assumption; for Christmas."

Vainly had he passed ten times through this fatal circle—the seasons renewed themselves; the holydays returned with a pitiless regularity, leaving at each return a more sensible trace of their passage upon the unfortunate cassock.

An unexpected event came, in the following spring, to redouble the anxiety of the curé. The rumor was suddenly circulated of a visit from the bishop to all the parishes in his diocese. This news, at first, threw the curé into that kind of torpor which sometimes results from the sight of imminent danger; for an instant he was struck with a vertigo and the earth seemed to tremble under his feet. Then, to this prostration of all his faculties succeeded a sort of delirious agitation, a supernatural activity. He went, and came, acting without motive or relaxation, completing and recommencing the same things at every succeeding moment. He talked loudly, to himself, when alone, and gave himself up to all those acts of superexcitation, by which cowards endeavor to deaden a sense of danger or to assure themselves against their own weakness. Gratuitous exertions! all his efforts tended to this unhappy result, that he was obliged at last to

renounce all hope of issuing honorably from this terrible trial. Already was he contemplating himself appearing abashed, slighted and miserable, as a vulgar hind, before his superior ecclesiastic, when Providence came, once more, to his relief, under the form of a charitable widow, who had been secretly informed of his condition by Marguerite. A tailor was ordered immediately from a neighboring town. Time pressed. The tailor was poor: and it was necessary to pay him in advance for his labor and furnish him with money to purchase the necessary materials. On his way home the tailor, who was fond of his cups, stopped at a tavern; the wine which he drank had such a marvellous effect upon his imagination as to cause him to lose entirely, his discernment between *meum* and *tuum*. The curé supported this new loss with the apparent insensibility of an unfortunate being who has not enough strength left to suffer. The thief was arrested, but released at the instance of the curé, who, saying that one misfortune never repairs another, declared that the money spent by the tailor was not a trust but a gift. Marguerite at this declaration, thought her master had certainly gone mad.

The redoubtable day came. The ringing of the church bells announced that the prelate had entered upon the territory of the parish. The curé accompanied by his sexton, and two of the boys who assisted in the performance of the religious ceremonies, in official costume, left the presbytery to go forwards to the entrance of the village to receive his highness. The authorities, in official costume, bore the canopy under which the bishop, with the usual ceremonies, was to be conducted to the church. The curé, himself, confident and happy under the rich surplice, which covered his cassock, advanced at the head of this little escort, upon a way strewn with flowers, between two lines of small houses hidden behind white drapery. The bishop appeared. The procession took its way toward the church. The curé officiated. After the mass he was admitted, to present his salutations to the prelate.

His highness was seated between two vicars, who remained standing with a respectful attitude. He was a very fine looking man about forty years of age. His manners were those of a courtier; his countenance was noble and he expressed himself with the grace and fluency of an orator accustomed to speak before the great. The curé felt his firmness desert him the moment he was compelled to put off his official surplice. The young prelate, at the sight of the venerable curé's dilapidated cassock, knit his brows; the curé trembled like a criminal before his judge.

"Is your parish so poor, sir, and is your income so meagre, that you are unable to procure

even those articles which the dignity of the priesthood requires?"

"I beg your highness to pardon me——"

"We are far, sir," continued the bishop, gravely, "from that happy period, when the church, honored for herself, appeared only in the austere virtues of her servants. Ministers are no longer martyrs nor apostles; they are conciliating men, of agreeable exterior and attractive conversation; who labor skilfully to light up faith by rendering religion easy and delightful. To act in any other spirit, M. le Curé, is to give evidence of an unskilfulness or an arrogance, equally deplorable."

"My slender means, I assure you, my lord——;" the curé stopped; the desire to justify himself had caused him to utter an untruth.

"I know all; I know that your improvidence and erroneous ideas of charity, interfere with that consideration which is necessary to a minister of the gospel and I strongly blame such considerate conduct. Go sir, and remember that a person who sacrifices what he owes to himself is apt to be wanting in that respect which he owes to others."

As soon as the curé had gone out, the prelate turned to the spectators of this little comedy.

"The lesson was a rough one," said he, "but it was necessary. I think our honest curé is corrected for a long time of his excessive liberality. Be that as it may, M. le Abbé," added he, addressing one of the vicars, "be sure to provide, promptly, a new cassock for my worthy penitent and three hundred francs to provide for any new exigency."

Before returning to the presbytery, the curé, whom this scene had deeply affected, prayed a long while in the church. A cold perspiration covered his brow, and when he entered his house he had a high fever. Marguerite scolded more gently than usual, and obliged him to go to bed.

Some days after a physician was standing, with a sorrowful air, by the bedside of the curé. Marguerite was near with her face hid in her hands. A stranger entered. He bore upon one arm a cassock of the finest black and held, in one of his hands, a full purse.

"From my lord, the bishop," said he.

The sick man smiled sadly.

"Thank, I pray you," said he, elevating his voice, "his highness—in the name of my successor, and recommend to his care," added he, pointing to Marguerite, "a zealous preacher to whom I have paid but too little attention. My father," continued he, in a lower voice, "I have been ambitious I know; but since it is so difficult to have a new cassock in this world, make, I pray you, the poor less numerous and housekeepers more tractable."

These were his last words.

THE TIMELY AID.

(See Plate.)

"TAKE care of that wolf, my son," said Mrs. Maylie to a boy about twelve years old, who had come home from school in a very ill humor with a playmate, and kept saying harsh things about him, which were but oral evidences of the unkind feelings he cherished within.

"What wolf, mother?" asked Alfred, looking up with surprise.

"The wolf in your heart. Have you already forgotten what I told you last evening about the wild beasts within you?"

"But you told us, too," spoke up little Emily, "about the innocent lambs. There are gentle and good animals in us, as well as fierce and evil ones."

"O yes. Good affections are the innocent animals of your hearts, and evil affections the cruel beasts of prey that are lurking there, ever ready, if you will permit them, to rise up and destroy your good affections. Take care, my children, how you permit the wild beasts to rage. In a moment that you know not, they may ravage some sweet spot."

"But what did you mean by saying that there was a *wolf* in brother Alfred? Tell us the meaning of that mother."

"Yes, do, mother," joined in Alfred, whose ill humor had already begun to subside. "I want to know what the wolf in my heart means."

"Do you know any thing about the nature of wolves?" asked Mrs. Maylie.

"They are very cruel, and love to seize and eat up dear little, innocent lambs," said Emily.

"Yes, my children, their nature is cruel; and they prey upon innocent creatures. Until now, Alfred, you have always loved to be with your playmate, William Jarvis."

Alfred was silent.

"Was it not so, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; I used to like him."

"Frequently you would get from me a fine large apple, or a choice flower from the garden to present to him. But the tender and innocent feel-

ings that prompted you to do this have perished. Some wolf has rushed in and destroyed them. Is it not so?"

Alfred sat in thoughtful silence.

"Think, my son," continued Mrs. Maylie. "How innocent, like gentle lambs, were your feelings, until now. When you thought of William, it was with kindness. When you played by his side, it was with a warm, even tender regard. But it is not so now. Some beast of prey has devoured these lambs—these innocent creatures that sported in your bosom. If the angry, raging wolf has not eaten them up, where are they? Before you permitted yourself to feel anger against William, gentle creatures leaped about happily, in your breast: but you feel them no longer,—only the wolf is there. Will you let him still rage, and devour your lambs, or, will you drive him out?"

"I will drive him out, mother, if I can. How shall I do it?" Alfred said, earnestly, and with a troubled look.

"By resisting him, even unto the death. You have the power. You have weapons that will prevail. Try to forget the fault of William—try to excuse him—think of his good qualities, and assure yourself of what I know to be true, that he never meant to offend you. If the angry wolf growl in your bosom, thrust bravely at him, as you would, were you, weapon in hand, defending a sheep fold; and he will, and must retire, or die at your feet. Then, innocent lambs will again be seen, and their sports delight your heart. Then you will feel no more anger towards your young friend, but love instead."

"I don't think I am angry with William, mother," Alfred said—

"But you were just now."

"Yes—but the wolf is no longer in my heart," the boy replied, smiling. "He has been driven out."

"And innocent creatures can now sport there unharmed. I am glad of it. Do not again Alfred, do not any of you, my children, permit ravenous

beasts to prey upon the lambs of your flocks. Fly from them in as much terror as you would fly from the presence of a wolf, a tiger, or a lion, were one to meet you in a forest. They are equally hurtful—one injures the body, the other the soul."

"Tell us now, mother, about the wolf that like to have killed Uncle Harper when he was a little boy, no bigger than me," spoke up Charley, the youngest of Mrs. Maylie's treasures.

"O yes, mother, tell us all about it," said Alfred.

"I've told you that very often," the mother returned.

"But we want to hear it again. Tell it to us, wont you, mother?"

"O certainly. Many years ago, when I was a little girl, not bigger than Emily, we lived at the foot of a high mountain, in a wild, unsettled country. There were but few neighbors and they were at great distances from us. At that time, bears, wolves, and panthers were in the region where we lived, and often destroyed the sheep of the settlers and otherwise annoyed them. The men used frequently to go out and hunt them, and kill off these their forest-enemies in great numbers.

"One day, when your Uncle Harper was about five years old, our father took us in his wagon to visit a neighbor about six miles up among the mountains. This neighbor had a little boy just Harper's age, and they were together in the garden, and about the house all the morning. After dinner, they were dressed up nicely, and again went out to play.

"Come," said Harper's companion, 'let us go and see brother Allen's bird trap. He caught three pheasants, yesterday. Maybe we'll find one in it to-day.'

"Harper was very willing to go. And so they started right into the woods, for the forest came up close to the house, and went off entirely out of sight. They had not been gone long before a neighbor, who lived about a mile off, came over to say that a very large wolf had been seen a few hours before.

"Where is Harper?" my mother asked, quickly, going to the door and looking out.

"I saw him a little while ago, playing about here with Johnny some one replied.

"But where is he now?" and our mother went out of doors, and looking all around the house and in the garden.

"They've gone off to my bird trap, without doubt," said Allen, a stout boy, over sixteen years of age. 'Johnny has been there several times within a day or two.'

"Do run and see," urged our mother. Allen took

up his gun and started off quickly towards the place where he had set his bird trap. Two or three took other directions, for, now that it was known a wolf had been seen, all were alarmed at the absence of the children. In about five minutes after Allen had left the house, we were startled by the sharp crack of a rifle in the direction he had taken. For the next five minutes we waited in dreadful suspense; then we were gladdened by the sight of Allen, bringing home the two children. But when we heard all that had occurred, we trembled from head to foot. Allen had gone quickly towards the place where he expected to find the little truants. When he came in sight of the trap, he saw them on the ground close to it, and was just going to call out to them to take care or they would spring it, when the dark body of a large wolf came quickly in between him and the children. There was not a moment to be lost, if the cruel beast reached them, destruction would be inevitable. Quickly presenting his rifle, he took a steady aim and fired. A fierce howl answered the report,—as the smoke arose from before his eyes, he saw the "gaunt gray robber" of the wilderness, rolling upon the ground. The bullet had sped with unerring certainty.

"How thankful we were," added Mrs. Maylie, "when, knowing how great had been the danger, we saw the children safe from all harm."

"Does Uncle Harper remember it?" asked Charley.

"Yes; he says he can just remember something about it; but he was a very small boy then."

"That was a *real* wolf," remarked Emily—"but the wolves, and tigers, and lambs you have been telling us about, are not real, are they? Real animals can't live in us."

"If there was nothing real about them, could they hurt you, dear?"

"No."

"But the wolves, I spoke about do hurt you. Must they not be real, then?"

"Not real like the big hairy wolf I saw at the show?"

"Oh, no, not real, like that; not clothed in flesh; but still real, so far as power to harm you is concerned; and surely that is reality enough,—don't you think so?"

"Yes, real, that way. But, still," Alfred said, "I can't understand how a real wolf can be in me; for a wolf is much bigger than I am."

"But I don't mean a flesh and blood wolf, but something in you that partakes of the wolf's cruel nature, and, like the wolf, seeks to destroy all in you that is good, and harmless, and innocent. There may be in you something that corresponds

to the fierce nature of the wolf, and something that corresponds to the gentle nature of the lamb. Both of these cannot be active at the same time. If you let the wolf rule your gentle lambs, as I before told you, will be destroyed."

The children now understood their mother better, though they could not clearly comprehend

all that was meant by the wild beasts and innocent creatures of the human heart. Perhaps some of riper years, who have been tempted to read thus far, in the hope of getting something better than has been given, will see the subject more clearly.

To them we would say—

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view.
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

At evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed?

What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God?

NAMES.

BY A UTILITARIAN.

IF Shakspeare, when writing his oft quoted phrase of "what's in a name," had been capable of seeing the many villanous applications to which it has been tortured, he would have written it with a reservation—a restriction of meaning—for, although there can be no doubt concerning the self-evident proposition that "a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet," or, as Burns says,

"A man's a man for a' that,"

Still, it is to be doubted whether the devoted Juliet would have been equally ardent in her passion, had her lover's name been less loveable. Had he rejoiced in the harmonious cognomen of Tom Hobbs, or Peter Biggs, she certainly could not have apostrophised him with the same satisfaction that she uttered the soft word "Romeo."

In our own opinion, there is much in a name, Shakspeare to the contrary nevertheless. Sounds convey certain ideas to the mind, and as names are more or less euphonious, so do they strike upon the ear, and act upon the mind; this is the cause of peculiar ideas being conveyed by names, and so powerful is this chain of intelligence, that we are often disappointed at not finding people answering in personal appearance to the sound of their names;—Theresa Sophia Amelia, must be a graceful and elegant girl to satisfy us, and when, by chance, such appellatives, are represented by some squat, dumpy, young lady, who is a personification of extreme vulgarity, how thoroughly we are disappointed. When a romantic young lady sees, or hears of some Hastings Montague, or Montague Hastings, she straightway exclaims "what a charming name!"—begins to think what a delightful lover its possessor would be, and when the Montague Hastings proves to be a diminutive youth of five feet two, with red hair and an unconquerable snub, her disappointment and grief remains perfectly incurable until the advent of a new novel illumines

her benighted mind. If there be nothing in a name, whence comes these feelings?—and that they exist every one will admit.

Names have an imperceptible, but very considerable influence upon us. We apply certain characteristics to them, and when it happens that a man's christian name is specially long, and his patronymic remarkably short, we feel as though some of "the proprieties" had been outraged, and are annoyed accordingly. Thus, Washington Tibbs, Wellington Snooks, and Julius Cæsar Stubbs, jar upon the ear, and produce an instantaneous objection to the absurdity of such a combination.

If there be nothing in names, why do gentlemen get offended with those who call them hard ones? Why should one man be called out for having called another a scoundrel? Why should "liar," "fool," "villain," and so on, be offensive to our delicacy? "What's in a name?" Why feel more dissatisfied at being called "confounded rascal," than at being styled a "thoroughly honest fellow?"—it's all alike, for "what's in a name?" says Shakspeare.

"Oh! Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" Oh! Washington! Washington! wherefore art thou Washington? Any other cognomen would have left you as great a man, and yet, when we hear the name of Washington, the idea of a combination of every virtue that can adorn humanity is brought to the mind, while the name of some notorious villain carries villany in its very sound.

In all ages, much store has been set upon names—lucky and unlucky ones have been believed to exist. The ancients were accustomed to think that the names of soldiers influenced their success; and Cæsar gave the command of an army to an obscure relative of the Scipios, because the Scipios were considered invincible in Africa. Achilles was said to be fated to conquer Hector, from the numeral letters in his name amounting

to a higher number than his rival's. One of the greatest philosophers of ancient or modern times, Plato, was not insensible to the effect of names, and considered it essential that they should be harmonious and pleasing.

Say what we will—quote Shakspeare as much

as we please—exercise our philosophy as extensively as we can—yet names have a powerful effect upon us, and it is no use whatsoever to try to reason against it, for they influence the wisest and the best—ever have influenced them, and ever will do so.

STANZAS ON THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

AND it hath gone into the grave of time—
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all !
That solemn sound—the midnight's mournful chime,
Was its deep dead-bell—but within the hall
The old and young hold gladsome festival.—
What hath it left them thus to cause such joy ?—
Grey hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and
silently !

Strange time for mirth !—when round the leafless
tree

The wild winds of the winter moan and sigh,
And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,
Mute every woodland's evening melody—
Mute the wild landscape—save where, hurrying by,
Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,
Or, slowly sailing through the black'ning sky,
Hoots unto solitude the bird of night,
Seeking the domeless wall—the turret's hoary height.

And yet with nature, sooth, we need not grieve ;
She does not heed the woes of human kind .
No : for the tempests howl, the waters heave
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,
And the poor bark no resting-place can find ;
And friends on shore shall weep—and weep in vain,
For, to the ruthless elements consign'd,
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main,
Ne'er to be seen by them, nor heard of e'er again !

Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on ;—
Where is the place of your abode, ye dead ?
To what far regions have your spirits gone ?
But ye are silent—silent as the stone
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,
And from the land of souls returneth none
To tell us of the place to which we haste ;
But time will tell us all—and time will tell us best.

How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all
The scene around !—the silent earth and air !
What glorious lamps are hung in Night's high hall !
Her dome—so vast, magnificent, and fair !
Oh ! for an angel's wing to waft me there !
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,
To leave this cold, dull sphere of cloud and care,
And, midst the immortal bowers above, to stray
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay !

Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come ;
It swells from out thy depths, Immensity !
And tells us, this is not our final home.
As the toss'd bark amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the
wave ;
So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon-lights beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we
hope to save !

Now gleams the moon on Arthur's mighty crest,
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone ;
Hush'd is the city in her nightly rest ;
But hark !—there comes a sweet and solemn tone.
The lingering strains, that swell'd in ages gone.
The music of the wake—oh ! many an ear,
Raised from the pillow gentle sleep hath flown,
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,
As recollections rise of many a vanish'd year.

It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the loved and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening woos from harp-strings gently crost ;
And thoughts and feelings crowd—a varied host,
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep !



[North Porch of Redcliff Church.]

For Arthur's Magazine.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY, REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

BESIDES the interest attached to this venerable building, as a specimen of parochial church architecture in England, the Redcliffe Church is notorious as the one from the archives of which Chatterton pretended to have taken his specimens of the poetry of Mr. Canynge and Thomas Rowley, said to have been written in the fifteenth century.

The uncle of Chatterton's father was sexton of St. Mary's. In 1727 an old chest in the church was opened, in order to search for some title deeds. The contents of this were left exposed, and many of the parchments carried off by the father of Chatterton, who made no use of them,

except to cover books. A thread-paper, belonging to his mother, made of one of these parchments, attracted the notice of young Chatterton, soon after he had become articled to an attorney at Bristol. So much was his curiosity excited by the contents of this parchment, that he collected all that were unused in the house, and, subsequently, carried off from the church the whole of what remained in the chest. These parchments were declared by Chatterton to contain poetical and other compositions by Thomas Rowley, who he at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. At the opening of the new bridge at Bristol in

October, 1768, he drew up a Description of the Friar's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript. This was communicated to Farley's Bristol Journal, and the authorship traced to young Chatterton; being questioned in an authoritative tone, he haughtily refused to give his interrogators any satisfaction. Milder usage induced him to enter into explanations, when, after some pervarication, he asserted that he had received the paper in question from his father, who had found it, with several others in Redcliffe church. The report that he was in possession of the poetry of Canynge and Rowley was now spread about, and coming to the ears of Mr. Catcott of Bristol, a man of an inquiring turn, he procured an introduction to Chatterton, who furnished him with various poetical pieces under the name of Rowley. These were introduced to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who was then employed in writing a history of Bristol, into which he introduced several of the above fragments, by the permission of Chatterton.

From this time he continued at intervals to introduce to public notice his extracts from Rowley. At length he offered to furnish Horace Walpole with some account of a series of eminent painters who had flourished at Bristol, at the same time enclosing him two small specimens of the Rowley poems. These were pronounced by Gray and Mason to be forgeries, and Walpole, who had been inclined to feel an interest in

young Chatterton, and to admire the spirit of poetry displayed in the extracts sent him, wrote him a cold, monitory letter, advising him to apply himself to his profession. This deeply incensed the excitable, erratic young man, who replied as his feelings prompted. Here all intercourse ceased between them, and upon this simple circumstance has been founded the charge against Mr. Walpole of barbarously neglecting Chatterton, and causing him finally to commit suicide. But the untimely death of the unhappy man had, it is believed, no true connection with this incident.

A warm controversy afterwards arose in regard to the poems of Rowley, some contending that they were genuine, and others that they were written by Chatterton himself and imposed upon the public. In this controversy, Gibbon, Johnson, and the two Whartons engaged; they contended that Chatterton wrote the poems, and settled in most minds the question in dispute by the argument, that however extraordinary it was for Chatterton to produce such compositions in the eighteenth century, it was impossible that Rowley could have written them in the fifteenth.

Our cut represents the north porch, the grand though disused entrance of Redcliffe church. It furnishes some idea of the labor bestowed in the architectural decorations. It is a splendid specimen of its kind.

ECHO.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen

Within thy æry shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Cans't thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, nor pain:
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world, only, made for me!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In closing up this number the Editor finds himself again at the end of a volume, and naturally pauses to look back and review what has been done, and then turn his eyes upon the future. In doing so he cannot say that he feels so much self-complacency for the past as confidence for the time to come. In assuming the entire control of this work, he did so with the determination to give to it his best efforts,—to make it sound and healthy in its moral tone; manly and vigorous in its literary character, and to unite with these a high degree of interest. As has frequently before been said, he determined to pass by all mere parade of names, and to rely entirely upon the intrinsic merit of articles. In doing this, he was well aware, that, in the start, he should have some up hill work: that people had got so in the habit of looking to names for deeds, that his magazine would be thought inferior because this great man or the other in the literary world, was not held forth to view as a leading object of attraction. For a time, the disadvantage was felt. But, as number after number of his work went forth, freighted with its varied store of good things, it began to be seen and acknowledged that few magazines equalled it in the point of interest. Gradually, this turned the tide, and now, from all parts of the country come crowding in upon him the most encouraging and flattering testimonials of its merit.

To the future he looks with confidence. And for the future excellence of the work, he is prepared to pledge all the talent, industry, and energy of character he possesses. His magazine must, and will, steadily improve. Backed by publishers whose taste is undoubted, and whose enterprise and resources will command a high order of typographical and artistical beauty, he can confidently promise that the coming volume will be one of great beauty and sterling merit.

To those of his readers who have gone with him through the past two volumes, he still tenders the hand of fellowship, and hopes that he shall long have the favor of their good company.

AMERICAN NOVEL WRITERS.—In the London Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review is an article on American Works of Fiction, written, mainly, with the design of showing the influence of English writers on American imagination. This design is carried out only in part; a few writers of our country are compared with their supposed prototypes in England. As, for instance, Charles Brockden Brown is denominated “a coarse Godwin;” Cooper applies “Scott’s dramatic and pictorial manner of description to the scenes and characters of the new world;” the style of Willis “is an *olla* made up from the stories of Moore, and D’Israeli the younger, and Charles

Lamb, and Christopher North—with all its faults, nevertheless, having sufficient vivacity and sparkle to carry the reader along with it;” and Mrs. Kirkland, better known as Mrs. Mary Clavers, “has taken for her model Miss Mitford’s ‘Our Village,’ a work greatly in request in America.”

Not much beyond this does the reviewer go in his comparisons of American with certain English writers. How far he is right, taking mere appearances for a guide, we shall not pretend to say. But the *real* truth is this,—each of the above named writers has an individuality of character, as an author, peculiarly his or her own, which exists independent of the supposed models. If the genius of Brown resembled that of Godwin, his efforts as an author must, necessarily, have a family likeness with those of the English novelist; and it may even be true, that, as face answereth to face in water, so the genius of the one quickened into activity the genius of the other. But in each will be found something so essentially his own, that it cannot be said to have its likeness in any other mind. The same will hold good, when applied to all the examples given. Cooper’s peculiar talents as a writer, may have been, unconsciously to himself, warmed into life by the wonderful creations of Scott. But this fact does not, necessarily, make the former an imitator of the latter.

A large portion of the article mentioned, is devoted to an examination of the merits of a number of American writers of fiction, as Brown, Irving, Cooper, Miss Sedgewick and a few others. In doing this, the reviewer shows a familiarity with his subject. He has analytical power, and is tolerably well acquainted with American writers. This is set off by his national prejudice, and a good natured disposition, occasionally shown, to pat us upon the head and say “well done, for you!” Taking the whole article through, it will be considered offensive only to those whom it happens to hit rather hard; and, perhaps, some of their interested friends may think it as well to display a little honest indignation. Cooper, while he is placed foremost among American novelists, will hardly feel flattered at some of the opinions expressed. Washington Irving, however, cannot complain. Very pleasant things are said of him in a very pleasant way. Take the following, for instance:

“But though the novels of Mr. Brown have *worn*, to the extent of being included in a Library of Standard English Fiction—they are far from having made the same sensation in their day, as was excited by the writings of his successor, Washington Irving.—Dare we say, that, in the extravagant popularity of this writer’s ‘Sketch Book,’ and ‘Bracebridge Hall,’ was more distinctly implied contempt

of the Americans, than in most of the attacks which have been launched against their taste and intellect? '*Mon âme parle, et même il parle bien!*' We did not put ourselves out of the way to enter into the dry local humor of Knickerbocker's History—we could not, in the light and graceful sketches by which Geoffrey Crayon won his spurs, foresee the chronicler of Columbus, and Granada, and Astoria; but we could raise up eyes and clap hands at the American who absolutely loved Stratford-upon-Avon, and Falstaff's London haunts, and the old-fashioned merriment of Christmas at Brereton Hall, as if it was a miracle that an American should feel the poetry and humor of these things! Or shall we lay Mr. Irving's immediate acceptance here to the account of his taste in style and expression—a gift how increasingly rare in these days? Never was any writer less Puritanical or exclusive in his cast of mind; he sympathizes with, while he smiles at, Fray Antonio Agapida; his whole heart and soul go forth with the *Caballero*, Columbus, on his voyage of discovery; though he loves the old houses of Manhattan well, the obscurest nook of the Alhambra or the Alhambra is dearer to him than could be a wilderness of palaces at home. Yet was never any one more chastely reserved in thought and word than Mr. Irving. He laughs loud, but the jest might be sifted for the pastime of Una herself. He is as delicate in his mirth as in his pathos—'as modest as a maid,' while he can use broad-sword and quarter-staff like any lusty bachelor. Was it the purity of his mind and the harmony of his language, then, which told on our public, and not the wonder at the source whence such good gifts sprung? Be this as it may, it was his English and European sketches, 'The Broken Heart,' and the 'Stout Gentlemen,' and 'The Bold Dragoon,' and 'Annette Delarbre,' Lady Lillycraft with her dogs, and Master Simon with his village choir, which won Irving his thousands of readers. We are now inclined to apportion all these a place in the distance, compared with his capital Dutch American legends. In these he is unequalled. Nothing so good of their kind as Rip van Winkle, and Ichabod Crane, and Dolph Heyliger, had been given to the world since the days of the Primroses and the Flamboroughs and Beau Tibbs—and the former worthies had the advantage of being set in a framework of manners at once rich and homely, quaintly elaborate, but curiously in harmony with our sympathies. These few stories, separated from their companions, lay a capital basis for an American *Endenspiegel*, or Gammere Grettel. It is grievous that their author should so soon have become wearied of telling them. Even at this distance of time, now that he has become an historian and a grave diplomat, we cannot resist crying out like children for 'more!'"

The tone of the first part of this extract is not in the very best taste, but that can easily be placed to account of the reviewer's real contempt for mind in this country, which is ever showing itself. His notice of Cooper's Leatherstocking is fair and honest. Being unable to find his prototype among English heroes of fiction, he is compelled to acknowledge him as an original. He seems to do this with reluctance, but in doing it he makes a virtue of necessity.

"The existence of this being in America it is not ours to question:—neither whether such a compound of fine heart and rough hand, child-like simplicity and profound resource, (not to say cunning,) is possible in any state of society. Leatherstocking is, throughout, a coherent actual being; and so entirely do his exploits and sayings,—given to the public through some eighteen volumes,—satisfy us of his worth and individuality, that we do not even care to know who or what were his parents; how, as a child, he was thrust out into the wilderness for education and maintenance, or, in what course of events was contracted that close and life-binding Indian friendship, which makes him rarely appear—never in moments of emergency and peril—without his red-skinned Orestes at his side. Enough, that his truth, and honesty, and gentleness, never disappoint us: and if the patience, endurance, and keenness of wit, with which he is gifted, be miraculous, they are developed with so gradual a strain upon the credulity, that it is not the breathless reader who will perceive the exaggeration, but the heartless weigher of probability by drachm and scruple,—the critic; who returning dispassionately to consider the proportions of the figure, finds the benevolent and philosophical white savage of the woods of the heroic stature,—that is, above the size of life."

There is a good deal of candor in the sober, second-thought notice taken of Willis's disclosures of real life in England, as published in "Pencilings by the Way." We may remark, in passing, however, that the error of one writer is no justification of a similar error in another. The reviewer says:—

"His attempts at delineating the superficial peculiarities of our London men of letters (to digress for a moment) are among the happiest things of their kind in modern literature. As regards the right or the wrong of the disclosures contained in his 'Pencilings by the Way,'—the virtuous indignation thereby excited in the coteries of London, now calmly reviewed, appears indeed ridiculous. Before we were so open-mouthed to condemn, we should have been convinced that our own purity was immaculate. The American sketches of London society, for the amusement of his countrymen, could hardly have been so indignantly resented had we recollected the popularity of 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' in which the wits and worthies of Edinburgh were more minutely, if less gaily pencilled. And ere we went into fits at the desecration of the privacy of Castle Garden, we should for decency's sake have been sure that no Basil Hall was, even then, at the door, with his minute and unreserved catalogue of the furniture and family secrets of Schloss Hainfield!"

We might fill pages with extracts that would interest our readers, but have not space to do so. Mr. Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" are warmly commended; Miss Sedgewick is criticised with some severity, and at the same time commended as "honestly and complacently national." The opinion of her expressed in the Quarterly, appears to have been biased by a perusal of her "Letters from

Abroad to Kindred at Home," in which, like all tourists in all countries, she expresses dissatisfaction at some things that fell under her notice.

The conclusion of the article to which we have referred bears honorable testimony to one or two virtues in American writers—virtues, acknowledged to be peculiarly our own. We like it so well, that we copy it entire; and, in doing so, close our remarks upon the paper, which, while it says some pretty plain things, and shows its moiety of prejudice and self-complacency, is, nevertheless, one that it will do us no harm to read. Above all, let it not put us out of temper. That would be both weakness and folly :—

"We must now have done, when, for the sake of justice, we have pointed out two omissions in the Library of American Fiction, which are worthy of all honor. As far as we are aware, the personality which has tainted some of our best modern novels, has never been used, by any writer of reputation. We have yet to hear of a transatlantic novel with 'a key'—of a transatlantic 'Cecil-ia,' who thrusts herself into doublet and hose, that, under the flimsy assumption of male coxcombery, she may 'show up' such rival authoresses as do not chance to belong to her visiting-list. The fertile soil of the New World has produced, we doubt not, its Mrs. Leo Hunters, among its other curiosities; we have ourselves admired one, wandering through the world with a French watch on her forehead, by way of head-tire—but we have never encountered either lady or watch in print. Let this courteous and moral abstinence,—a shame to a people who pique ourselves on understanding 'the point of honor,'—be set against the offences of a prurient and shameless newspaper press. Bad as the latter is, we had rather see judge A, or militia-general B, run down by name in this *Scourge* and the other *Sentinel*, than be arrested in our elbow-chair, when wishing to escape into fairy land, by the winked and whispered intimation, that the new novel is more edifying than the last—Asmodeus having therein exceeded his usual exceedings, by revealing all the secrets of — House, or the precise grounds of separation betwixt the two personages of distinction 'whose affairs have lately been so unhappily brought before the public.'

"The Americans are scantily if at all chargeable with another mistake—the Religious Novel—and this is remarkable in a society where shades of sectarian difference abound, tempting the weak and the earnest to controversy; and where pastoral discipline, and religious exercise, minister to a large population that excitement which we Europeans are accustomed to find in other objects. Our hearts sink so low, while contemplating the vast field of washy literature of this class with which the readers of England have been inundated, and while recollecting that clever women and learned men have permitted themselves to use an engine of mere amusement for the discussion of sacred things,—that we cannot but record the absence of American 'Cælebs,' and 'Father Clements,' as a sign of health and sound sense, worthy of our serious contemplation. We could say more on this point, which must be one

of painful interest to all thinking and believing men—were we not bound to refrain from church as well as from state matters in this article. Here, then, we part from the writers of American Fiction in good will. If we have spoken without reserve of their deficiencies, it is because we think highly of their opportunities; and are too anxious for some new appearance of Imaginative Power, to care whether it comes from North or South,—the bush of Australia, the keys of Florida, or the mysterious ruins of Central America."

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Woodcutter," a deeply interesting story from the German of Caroline Pichler will appear in our January number. "Night Contemplation" and "The Burning Ship" are respectfully declined. "The Sewing Society" is a very fair sketch, and a very fair hit. It will be published. "Allston" has hardly sufficient interest for our pages.

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NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE.—This is a new candidate for public patronage, and one that must meet with favoring gales. Mr. Jos. C. Neal, author of the celebrated "Charcoal Sketches," is the editor. He is devoting to it his best efforts, and these will "tell" largely for the publishers. Success, say we, to the enterprise.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"AFLOAT AND ASHORE."—Among other publications which have appeared since our November number went to the press, is the completion of Cooper's last work, "*Afloat and Ashore*," in two more volumes. We cannot but express our dislike of the book-making system here apparent, by which a work is spun out into four volumes, containing no more incident than might reasonably be compressed within two. There is nothing very new, or interesting, in the plot of this tale; like most novels, the finale—the result—is pretty apparent from the beginning, the interest being rarely sufficiently absorbing to render an interruption in its perusal at all annoying. It however, leaves a pleasing impression upon the mind, from its evident tendency to inculcate good moral principles, and from the occasional display of an unprejudiced, and manly view of our own position among nations. In speaking of the right of search exercised by belligerent powers, the author says—

"It is not my intention to dwell further on the policy of England and France, during their great contest for superiority, than is necessary to the narrative of events connected with my own adventures; but a word in behalf of American seamen in passing, may not be entirely out of place or season. Men are seldom wronged without being calumniated, and the body of men of which I was then one, did not escape that sort of reparation for all the grievances they endured, which is dependant on demonstrating that the injured deserved their sufferings. We have been accused of misleading English cruisers by false information, of being liars to an unusual degree, and of manifesting a grasping love of gold, beyond the ordinary cupidity of man. Now I will ask our accusers, if it were at all extraordinary that

they who felt themselves daily aggrieved, should resort to the means within their power to avenge themselves? As for veracity, no one who has reached my time of life, can be ignorant that truth is the rarest thing in the world, nor are those who have been the subjects of mystification got up in payment for wrongs, supposed or real, the most impartial judges of character or facts. As for the charge of an undue love of money, it is unmerited—money will do less in America than in any other country of my acquaintance, and infinitely less than in either France or England. There is truth in this accusation as applied to a particular class, or to the body of American people, only in one respect. It is undeniable that as a new nation, with a civilization which is wanting in so many of its higher qualities, while it is already so far advanced in those which form the basis of national greatness, money does not meet with the usual competition among us. The institutions, too, by dispensing with hereditary consideration, do away with a leading and prominent source of distinction that is known to other systems, thus giving to riches an exclusive importance, that is rather apparent, however, than real. I acknowledge, that little or no consideration is yet given among us to any of the more intellectual pursuits, the great bulk of the nation regarding literary men, artists, and professional men, as so many public servants, that are to be used like any other servants, respecting them and their labors only as they can contribute to the great stock of national wealth and renown. This is owing in part to the youth of a country in which most of the material foundation was recently to be laid, and in part to the circumstance that men, being under none of the factitious restraints of other systems, coarse and vulgar minded declaimers make themselves heard and felt to a degree that would not be tolerated elsewhere. Notwithstanding all these defects, which no intelligent, and least of all, no travelled American should or can justly deny, I will maintain that GOLD is not one tittle more the goal of the American, than it is of the native of other active and energetic communities. It is true, there is little besides gold just now, to aim at in this country, but the great number of young men who devote themselves to letters and the arts, under such unfavorable circumstances, a number greatly beyond the knowledge of foreign nations, proves it is circumstances, and not the grovelling propensities of the people themselves, that give gold, a so nearly undisputed ascendancy. The great numbers who devote themselves to politics among us, certainly anything but a money-making pursuit, proves that it is principally the want of other avenues to distinction that renders gold apparently the sole aim of American existence."

In another passage, he says "Manliness of character is far more likely to be the concomitant of aristocratic birth, than of democratic, I am afraid; for while those who enjoy the first feel themselves above popular opinion, those who possess the last bow to it, as the Asiatic slave bows to his master. I wish I could think otherwise; but experience has convinced me of these facts, and I have learned to feel the truth of an axiom that is getting to be somewhat familiar among ourselves, viz.—that it takes an aristocrat to make a true democrat." Certain I

am that all the real, manly, independent democrats, I have ever known in America, have been accused of aristocracy, and this simply because they were disposed to carry out their principles, and not to let that imperious sovereign 'the neighborhood' play the tyrant over them."

Our space will not allow of more extracts, or we might give many touches of pure morality, that in conjunction with such passages redeem the work, which looked at simply as a work of fiction is far inferior to the author's earlier productions. One thing we confess excites our surprise, and that is the excessively vulgar language which one of the characters is made to utter. It is true, that, from the mate of a merchantman, we do not look for the most refined English; a certain coarseness of expression being the inevitable result of his position; still, in this instance, indelicate language occurs so repeatedly as to be remarkable, when we consider the good taste and refinement displayed in the early works of this well known writer.

"*The works of the Rev Sydney Smith*, or Sydney Smith's Miscellanies," have also been presented to the public. Sydney Smith is best known on this side the water as a bitter and malignant foe to repudiation. As a literary man, his talent is unquestionable, and although his sound judgment is occasionally warped by spleen, and his good sense perverted by malice, he yet displays so much ability, that we cannot avoid admiring his talent while we deplore his ill-nature. The volume which is just published, contains a collection of articles that originally appeared in the Edinburgh Review, and a variety of speeches made at different times and occasions; they are remarkable, alike, for profundity of learning, brilliant wit, bitter satire, and shrewd common sense—with a strong leaven of ill-nature glancing from every passage. This last characteristic set aside or got over, there is much in his works to instruct and amuse, and no person of common ability can peruse them without materially increasing his information upon a great number of subjects. Although Sydney Smith is more generally known here on account of his hostility to us, many of his writings exhibit considerable interest in our welfare and success.

In an article written for the Edinburgh Review in 1820—reviewing a work published in Philadelphia in 1818 entitled "*Statistical Annals of the United States of America*," after reviewing the work, he says, "such is the land of Jonathan, and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavors to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult, we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does—remembering that it is the constant tendency of those entrusted with power, to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation, for the benefit of others."

In the same article after deprecating war, and the glory said to result from victory, he declares the inevitable consequences to be, "TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every

thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes upon every thing on earth, and on the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drugs that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope that hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay—the schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent.—flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.—and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent.—Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the charnel, his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

Such is the fate of our neighbors—let their experience teach us wisdom.

Medicines, their Uses and Modes of Administration, including a Complete Conspectus of the three British Pharmacopæias, an Account of all the New Remedies, and an Appendix of Formulæ. By J. Moore Neligan, M. D. With Notes and Additions conforming to the Pharmacopæia of the United States, and all that is New or Important in Recent Improvements. By David Meredith Reese, A. M. M. D.—The above is the title of a work of four hundred and fifty pages, just issued by the Harpers, which by the concise though clear manner in which it is written, recommends itself very strongly to the public, as a book of reference for the practitioner of medicine, and an outline of materia medica for the student. It is based, in its arrangement, upon the ultimate medicinal effects of remediate agents, and is an approximation to the so much desired Physiological classification. In describing each medicinal substance the following plan is adopted:

1st. The official appellation and English name is given; and, in the case of a vegetable substance the native Country, and Botanical classification of the plant from which it is obtained. For the advantage of the student, the most important characters of each medicinal plant are concisely described.

2nd. The physical properties.

3d. The chemical properties.

4th. The mode of preparation.

5th. The adulterations, and the manner in which they may be detected.

6th. The therapeutical effects, and the uses of the substance in the treatment of disease.

7th. The dose and mode of administration.

8th. The incompatibles.

9th. In the case of poisons, the antidotes, and mode of treatment.

Unpretending as is its title, "this single volume," remarks the American Editor, whose notes and additions to the original work are of great value, "will be found to compress within its pages, not merely medicines, their uses and mode of administration," but a compendium of *Chemistry, Pharmacy, Toxicology, Pathology, and Therapeutics*, so far as these several departments are connected with the details of materia medica; and an elucidation of the nature, physical and chemical properties, modes of preparation and administration, and methods of adaptation to morbid conditions of function and structure of every individual agent employed in the art of healing. And, so skillfully is this work of condensation elaborated to our hands, that at a single glance and, for the most part, within the compass of a page all these several aspects of the individual articles may be summarily examined."

Besides this, the author has added an appendix of Formulæ, which are principally confined to the new remedies described in the work, and also, an extended Posological Table. For sale by E. Ferrett & Co.

"*Peter Ploddy, and other Oddities*" by J. C. Neal, is a volume of quaint essays and sketches, similar in character to the Charcoal Sketches of this celebrated author. We think the present volume even superior to his former productions. Of Mr. Neal's ability it is almost unnecessary to speak—it is too well known, and too universally appreciated. He stands alone—unrivalled in his style of writing—a style perhaps the most difficult of any. It is easy to write heroics, or grave common sense, but to write mock heroics, or to make ridiculous subjects shine forth, thoroughly ridiculous, yet with an under current, a sort of accompaniment, of good sense—at once amusing the fancy, and satisfying the mind, is no easy task. Mr. Neal's book is respectably gotten up, and illustrated with several wood-cuts.

"*Punch's Complete Letter Writer*" is a collection of the humorous letters which have of late appeared in the London Punch. They are droll, yet serious—inculcating a healthy moral in such a garb that it necessarily strikes even those who prefer amusement to instruction. These letters while they satisfy the fancy, by offering great abundance of wit and humor, cannot fail to call forth serious reflections concerning the abuses upon which they treat. Punch is a severe satirist, and if satire does wound like a razor, Punch's has a most capital edge.

"*A History of the Siege of Londonderry*" published by Campbell—is a sterling work, although one that will most probably have but a limited circulation, from its treating of passages in history less interesting here than in the old country—the early Protestants' struggle in the time of James II. We, who are so accustomed to religious liberty and tolerance, cannot fully enter into and appreciate the misery endured by a persecuted sect. To all who have had their attention turned in that direction, the siege of Derry will be an interesting book, and those who have not, will, by reading this work, be better enabled to enjoy the blessings of our own government. The volume is well printed and will not discredit any library.

We have a series of books by Mrs. Hosland enti-

tioned "*Energy*," "*Decision*," "*Moderation*," and "*Integrity*"—written in illustration of these different principles. Mrs. Holland is one of the most charming and instructive writers we have. There is a pure morality, a benevolent object and end in all her novels, calculated to elevate the female character to the highest point of excellence. Unlike the usual routine of novels, her books improve the mind;—it is impossible to read any of them, without feeling better fitted to fill the various occupations of life—to perform our several duties with comfort to ourselves, and advantage to our domestic circle. This should be the aim of all authors—the mere "tittle tattle" of fashionable life, trashy and ridiculous, enervates the mind and weakens the nervous system, producing a feeling of ennui, wholly opposed to healthy exertion, and wholesome labor, while such books as Mrs. Holland's teach us that we are sent here to be actively useful, and not to dream away our existence.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

With this number closes the second volume of "Arthur's Magazine." The third volume will commence with the January number. By referring to the Prospectus accompanying this, our readers will see that we design to make our work for 1845 one of the most attractive magazines in the country. We have means, talent, energy, and perseverance, enough to do all we propose; and we are determined that no work shall exceed ours in interest, beauty, strength and manliness of tone and character. Namby pambyism, and mawkish sentimentality, have long enough had their sway in our magazines of elegant literature. But, this day is over, so far as our work is concerned. We placed our foot, from the first, upon a higher plane, and there we intend to stand. To us, it has been a source of pride and gratification to find that the tone of our work has been appreciated, and that from all quarters commendation has been poured in upon us. We intend to merit in a still higher degree this warmly expressed approval.

OUR PLATES FOR 1845.—We have already completed, or, in the hands of engravers, a number of very beautiful steel plates, designed to embellish our magazine during the next year. In this department, our readers may be sure that we will not permit ourselves to be surpassed by any contemporary. The experience which the publication of two volumes has given us, and the resources that have, during the time, been opened up to our hands, enables us now to enter the field of competition, fully prepared. We shall try hard to let none surpass us in the beauty, and real attractiveness of our plates.

FASHIONS.—These are well enough in their place, and we will not find fault with those who deem it best to unite them with magazine literature. But, for our part, we do not think fashion plates have any business in a work like ours, and, therefore, we shall not give them. The money, time, and taste we have to bestow shall be employed to much better purpose in the procurement of literary articles of a high order of merit, and real works of art for the embellishment of our magazine.

We have made arrangement with a gentleman of high standing in the literary world, to furnish us with a regular series of papers of a more solid character than have usually been given in a magazine like ours. Those will consist, mainly, of strongly written reviews of such works as stand forth prominently, and require to be treated with philosophical discrimination. This feature of our magazine will be an attractive one to all persons of literary taste, because the articles are to be sound, manly, and searching in their character.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR THE NEW VOLUME.—We would invite the attention of all to our prospectus for a new volume, which accompanies this number. Read it over carefully.

¶ The January number, being the first of the new volume is now nearly ready. Send for a specimen number before subscribing to any magazine for 1845.

¶ TALES AND SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER, BY MRS. S. C. HALL.—We would particularly refer to an advertisement, on the second page of the cover, of Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character. This will be one of the most elegant works ever published in this country. The wood cuts alone will cost several hundred dollars. It will comprise twenty-four weekly numbers, and will be equal in appearance to the elegant London illustrated edition.

We need not urge the merit of these sketches upon our readers. Those who remember "Alice Mulvaney," "Take it Easy," and "Captain Andy," will be anxious to obtain a complete copy of Mrs. Hall's admirable portraits. The work contains nothing that is sectarian, or at all offensive to any class.

As it is appearing regularly in weekly numbers, it can be sent by mail at periodical postage. Price of the whole work \$3.

TO OUR BRETHREN OF THE PRESS.—The prospectus of our new volume which accompanies this number, we are anxious to have circulated as extensively as possible through the country, in order to let the public see what we propose doing for the next year. As an inducement to have it copied, we will not only exchange, but send to every editor who publishes it "MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER," which will be, when completed, a most splendid volume. See the advertisement of it on cover.

A specimen number of "Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character" will be sent to any one who will write to us free of postage.

THE TIMELY AID.—No mother can look at this exquisite picture without a thrill of interest. It is truly a gem. We have a companion to it, which is still more attractive. It will be given early in the next volume.

¶ It is hardly necessary to call the attention of our readers to the *Saturday Courier*, the prospectus of which will be found on our cover this month. It is an old favorite with the public.

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